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with CRITICAL STUDIES *of the* WORLD'S GREAT ORATORS *by* EMINENT ESSAYISTS

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Edition de Luxe

IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME XII.

ILLUSTRATED

E. J. BOWEN & COMPANY

NEW YORK

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME XII

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XII

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to strengthen our faith and renew our hope, by a glance at the pathway along which our people have travelled. It is now three days more than one hundred years since the adoption of the first written constitution of the United States, the articles of confederation and of perpetual union. The new Republic was then beset with danger on every hand. It had not conquered a place in the family of nations. The decisive battle of the war for independence, whose centennial anniversary will soon be gratefully celebrated at Yorktown, had not yet been fought. The colonists were struggling, not only against the armies of Great Britain, but against the settled opinions of mankind, for the world did not believe that the supreme authority of government could be safely intrusted to the guardianship of the people themselves. We cannot overestimate the fervent love of liberty, the intelligent courage, and saving common sense, with which our fathers made the great experiment of self-government. When they found, after a short time, that the confederacy of States was too weak to meet the necessities of a vigorous and expanding Republic, they boldly set it aside, and, in its stead, established a national Union, founded directly upon the will of the people, and endowed it with future powers of self-preservation, and with ample authority for the accomplishments of its great objects. Under this constitution the boundaries of freedom have been enlarged, the foundations of order and peace have been strengthened, and the growth, in all the better elements of national life, has vindicated the wisdom of the founders, and given new hope to their descendants. Under this constitution our people long ago made themselves safe against danger from without, and secured for their marines and flag an equality of rights on all the seas. Under the constitution twenty-five States have been added to the

Union, with constitutions and laws, framed and enforced by their own citizens, to secure the manifold blessings of local and self-government. The jurisdiction of this constitution now covers an area fifty times greater than that of the original thirteen States, and a population twenty times greater than that of 1870. The supreme trial of the constitution came at last, under the tremendous pressure of civil war. We, ourselves, are witnesses that the Union emerged from the blood and fire of that conflict purified and made stronger for all the beneficent purposes of good government, and now at the close of this first century of growth, with inspirations of its history in their hearts, our people have lately reviewed the condition of the nation, passed judgment upon the conduct and opinions of the political parties, and have registered their will concerning the future administration of government. To interpret and execute that will, in accordance with the constitution, is the paramount duty of the Executive.

Even from this brief review, it is manifest that the nation is resolutely facing to the front, resolved to employ its best energies in developing the great possibilities of the future. Sacredly preserving whatever has been gained to liberty and good government during the century, our people are determined to leave behind them all those bitter controversies concerning things which have been irrevocably settled, and the further discussion of which can only stir up strife and delay the onward march. The supremacy of the nation and its laws should be no longer a subject of debate. That discussion, which for half a century threatened the existence of the Union, was closed at last in the high court of war, by a decree from which there is no appeal, that the constitution and laws made in pursuance thereof shall continue to be

the supreme law of the land, binding alike upon the States and upon the people. This decree does not disturb the autonomy of the States, nor interfere with any of their necessary rules of local self-government, but it does fix and establish the permanent supremacy of the Union. The will of the nation, speaking with the voice of battle, and through the amended constitution, has fulfilled the great promise of 1776, by proclaiming, "Liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

The elevation of the negro race from slavery to the full rights of citizenship is the most important political change we have known since the adoption of the constitution of 1787. No thoughtful man can fail to appreciate its beneficent effect upon our institutions and people. It has freed us from the perpetual danger of war and dissolution. It has added immensely to the moral and industrial forces of our people. It has liberated the master as well as the slave from the relation which wronged and enfeebled both. It has surrendered to their own guardianship the manhood of more than 5,000,000 people, and has opened to each one of them a career of freedom and usefulness; it has given new inspiration to the power of self-help in both races, by making labor more honorable to one, and more necessary to the other. The influence of this force will grow greater and bear richer fruit with coming years. No doubt the great change has caused serious disturbance to our southern community. This is to be deplored, though it was unavoidable; but those who resisted the change should remember that, under our institutions, there was no middle ground for the negro race between slavery and equal citizenship. There can be no permanent disfranchised peasantry in the United States. Freedom can never yield its fulness of blessings as long as law, or its

administration, places the smallest obstacle in the pathway of any virtuous citizen. The emancipated race has already made remarkable progress. With unquestioning devotion to the Union, with a patience and gentleness not born of fear, they have 'followed the light as God gave them to see the light." They are rapidly laying the material foundations for self-support, widening the circle of intelligence, and beginning to enjoy the blessings that gather around the homes of the industrious poor. They deserve the generous encouragement of all good men. So far as my authority can lawfully extend, they shall enjoy the full and equal protection of the constitution and laws.

The free enjoyment of equal suffrage is still in question, and a frank statement of the issue may aid its solution. It is alleged that in many communities negro citizens are practically denied the freedom of the ballot. In so far as the truth of this allegation is admitted, it is answered that in many places honest local government is impossible, if the mass of uneducated negroes are allowed to vote. These are grave allegations. So far as the latter is true, it is the only palliation that can be offered for opposing the freedom of the ballot. A bad local government is certainly a great evil which ought to be prevented, but to violate the freedom and sanctity of suffrage is more than an evil; it is a crime, which, if persisted in, will destroy the government itself. Suicide is not a remedy. If in other lands it be high treason to compass the death of the king, it should be counted no less a crime here to strangle our sovereign power and stifle its voice. It has been said that unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations; it should be said, with the utmost emphasis, that this question of suffrage will never give repose or safety to the States or to the nation until each,

within its own jurisdiction, makes and keeps the ballot free and pure by the strong sanctions of law.

But the danger which arises from ignorance in the voter cannot be denied. It covers a field far wider than that of negro suffrage, and the present condition of that race. It is a danger that lurks and hides in the courses and fountains of power in every State. We have no standard by which to measure the disaster that may be brought upon us by ignorance and vice in citizens when joined to corruption and fraud in suffrage. The voters of the Union, who make and unmake constitutions, and upon whose will hangs the destiny of our governments, can transmit their supreme authority to no successor, save the coming generation of voters, who are sole heirs of our sovereign powers. If that generation comes to its inheritance blinded by ignorance and corrupted by vice, the fall of the Republic will be certain and remediless. The census has already sounded the alarm in appalling figures, which mark how dangerously high the tide of illiteracy has risen among our voters and their children. To the south the question is of supreme importance, but the responsibility for the existence of slavery did not rest on the south alone. The nation itself is responsible for the extension of suffrage, and is under special obligations to aid in removing the illiteracy which it has added to the voting population of the north and south alike. There is but one remedy. All the constitutional power of the nation and of the States and all the volunteer forces of the people should be summoned to meet this danger by the saving influence of universal education.

It is a high privilege and sacred duty of those now living to educate their successors, and fit them by intelligence and virtue for the inheritance which awaits them in this beneficent work. Sections and races should be forgotten, and

partisanship should be unknown. Let our people find a new meaning in the divine oracle which declares that "a little child shall lead them." For our little children will soon control the destinies of the Republic.

My countrymen, we do not now differ in our judgment concerning the controversies of past generations, and fifty years hence our children will not be divided in their opinions concerning our controversies. They will surely bless their fathers and their fathers' God that the Union was preserved, that slavery was overthrown, and that both races were made equal before the law. We may hasten or we may retard, but we cannot prevent the final reconciliation. Is it not possible for us now to make a truce with time, by anticipating and accepting its inevitable verdicts? Enterprises of the highest importance to our moral and material well-being invite us, and offer ample scope for the employment of our best powers. Let all our people, leaving behind them the battle-fields of dead issues, move forward, and, in the strength of liberty and a restored Union, win the grander victories of peace.

The prosperity which now prevails is without parallel in our history. Fruitful seasons have done much to secure it, but they have not done all.

The preservation of the public credit, and the resumption of specie payments, so successfully attained by the administration of my predecessors, has enabled our people to secure the blessings which the seasons brought. By the experience of commercial nations in all ages, it has been found that gold and silver afford the only safe foundation for a monetary system. Confusion has recently been created by variations in the relative value of the two metals, but I confidently believe that arrangements can be made between the leading commercial nations which will secure the general use of both

metals. Congress should provide that compulsory coinage of silver now required by law may not disturb our monetary system by driving either metal out of circulation. If possible, such adjustment should be made that the purchasing power of every coined dollar will be exactly equal to its debt-paying power in the markets of the world. The chief duty of the national government, in connection with the currency of the country, is to coin and declare its value. Grave doubts have been entertained whether Congress is authorized, by the constitution, to make any form of paper money legal tender. The present issue of United States notes has been sustained by the necessities of war, but such paper should depend for its value and currency upon its convenience in use and its prompt redemption in coin at the will of a holder, and not upon its compulsory circulation. These notes are not money, but promises to pay money. If holders demand it, the promise should be kept.

The refunding of the national debt, at a lower rate of interest, should be accomplished without compelling the withdrawal of the national bank notes, and thus disturbing the business of the country. I venture to refer to the position I have occupied on financial questions, during my long service in Congress, and to say that time and experience have strengthened the opinions I have so often expressed on these subjects. The finances of the government shall suffer no detriment which it may be possible for my administration to prevent.

The interests of agriculture deserve more attention from the government than they have yet received. The farms of the United States afford homes and employment for more than one half the people, and furnish much the largest part of all our exports. As the government lights our coasts for

the protection of mariners and for the benefit of commerce, so it should give to the tillers of the soil the lights of practical science and experience.

Our manufactures are rapidly making us industrially independent, and are opening to capital and labor new and profitable fields of employment. This steady and healthy growth should still be maintained.

Our facilities for transportation should be promoted by the continued improvement of our harbors and great interior water-ways, and by the increase of our tonnage on the ocean. The development of the world's commerce has led to an urgent demand for shortening the great sea voyage around Cape Horn, by constructing ship canals or railways across the isthmus which unites the two continents. Various plans to this end have been suggested, but none of them have been sufficiently matured to warrant the United States extending pecuniary aid. The subject is one which will immediately engage the attention of the government, with a view to thorough protection to American interests. We will urge no narrow policy, nor seek peculiar or exclusive privileges in any commercial route; but, in the language of my predecessors, I believe it is to be "the right and duty of the United States to assert and maintain such supervision and authority over any inter-oceanic canal across the isthmus that connects North and South America as will protect our national interests."

The constitution guarantees absolute religious freedom. Congress is also prohibited from making any law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. The Territories of the United States are subject to the direct legislative authority of Congress, and hence the general government is responsible for any violation of the

constitution in any of them. It is, therefore, a reproach to the government that in the most populous of the Territories the constitutional guarantee is not enjoyed by the people, and the authority of Congress is set at naught. The Mormon church not only offends the moral sense of mankind by sanctioning polygamy, but prevents the administration of justice through the ordinary instrumentalities of law. In my judgment it is the duty of Congress, while respecting to the utmost the conscientious convictions and religious scruples of every citizen, to prohibit, within its jurisdiction, all criminal practices, especially of that class which destroy family relations and endanger social order; nor can any ecclesiastical organization be safely permitted to usurp in the smallest degree the functions and powers of the national government.

The civil service can never be placed on a satisfactory basis until it is regulated by law. For the good of the service itself, for the protection of those who are intrusted with the appointing power, against the waste of time and the obstruction to public business caused by inordinate pressure for place, and for the protection of incumbents against intrigue and wrong, I shall, at the proper time, ask Congress to fix the tenure of minor offices of the several executive departments, and prescribe the grounds upon which removals shall be made during the terms for which the incumbents have been appointed.

Finally, acting always within the authority and limitations of the constitution, invading neither the rights of States nor the reserved rights of the people, it will be the purpose of my administration to maintain authority, and in all places within its jurisdiction to enforce obedience to all the laws of the Union; in the interest of the people, to demand a rigid economy in all the expenditures of the government, and to

require honest and faithful services of all the executive officers, remembering that offices were created not for the benefit of incumbents or their supporters, but for the service of the government.

And, now, fellow citizens, I am about to assume the great trust which you have committed to my hands. I appeal to you for that earnest and thoughtful support which makes this government—in fact as it is in law — a government of the people. I shall greatly rely upon the wisdom and patriotism of Congress, and of those who may share with me the responsibilities and duties of the administration; and, above all, upon our efforts to promote the welfare of this great people and their government I reverently invoke the support and blessing of Almighty God.

DEAN FARRAR

THE VERY REV. FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR, D. D., a distinguished English church dignitary and preacher, dean of Canterbury, was born at Bombay, India, Aug. 7, 1831. He was educated at King William's College, Isle of Man, King's College, London, and Trinity College, Cambridge, ordained deacon in the English Church in 1854, and took priest's orders in 1857. He was an assistant master at Harrow, 1855-71, and headmaster of Marlborough College, 1871-76. In the latter year he was appointed canon in Westminster Abbey and rector of St. Margaret's Church, and archdeacon of Westminster in 1883, becoming dean of Canterbury in 1895. He has several times been select preacher at each of the universities, delivering the Hulsean lectures at Cambridge in 1870, and the Bampton lectures at Oxford in 1885. From 1869 to 1873 he was honorary chaplain to the late Queen Victoria and subsequently one of her chaplains-in-ordinary. He has taken an active part in the cause of temperance and other reforms, but is especially noted for his liberal utterances on the subject of eternal punishment. His religious works, which have been widely popular in England and America, and have in some cases been translated into a number of languages, include "Seekers after God" (1868); "The Witness of History to Christ" (1871); "In the Days of Thy Youth" (1877); "The Life of Christ," a work which has had an immense sale (1874); "Life of St. Paul" (1879); "Early Days of Christianity" (1882); "Eternal Hope" (1880); "Darkness and Dawn"; "Life of Christ in Art"; "The Voice of Sinai"; "The Young Man, Master of Himself" (1897); "The Bible, Its Meaning and Supremacy" (1897). "The Herods" (1897); "The Life of Lives" (1899); "Texts Explained" (1899). Dr. Farrar has also written three popular books for boys, "Eric" (1858); "Julian Home" (1859); and "St. Winifred's, or the World of School" (1863). Still other works by him are "The Origin of Language" (1860); "Chapters on Language" (1865); "Greek Syntax" (1866); "Families of Speech" (1870); "Language and Languages" (1878), and "The History of Interpretation" (Bampton Lectures). His sermons are always ornate and eloquent.

EULOGY OF GENERAL GRANT

[The following eloquent address was delivered by Dean (then Archdeacon) Farrar at the impressive memorial service, held in Westminster Abbey, August 4, 1885, as an expression of England's sympathy for the loss sustained by the United States in the death of General Grant.]

EIGHT years have not passed since the Dean of Westminster, whom Americans so much loved and honored, was walking round this Abbey with General Grant and explaining to him its wealth of great memorials.

Neither of them had attained the allotted span of human life, and for both we might have hoped that many years would elapse before they went down to the grave full of years and honors. But this is already the fourth summer since the Dean "fell on sleep," and to-day we are assembled for the obsequies of the great soldier whose sun has set while it yet was day, and at whose funeral service in America tens of thousands are assembled at this moment to mourn with his weeping family and friends.

Life at the best is but as a vapor that passeth away.

> "The glories of our birth and state
> Are shadows, not substantial things."

When death comes, what nobler epitaph can any man have than this — that "having served his generation, by the will of God he fell on sleep!"

Little can the living do for the dead. The voices of praise cannot delight the closed ear, nor the violence of censure vex it. I would desire to speak simply and directly, and, if with generous appreciation, yet with no idle flattery, of him whose death has made a nation mourn. His private life, the faults and failings of his character, whatever they may have been, belong in no sense to the world. We touch only on his public actions and services — the record of his strength, his magnanimity, his self-control, his generous deeds.

His life falls into four marked divisions, of which each has its own lesson for us. He touched on them himself in part when he said, "Bury me either at West Point, where I was trained as a youth; or in Illinois, which gave me my first commission; or at New York, which sympathized with me in my misfortunes."

His wish has been respected, and on the bluff overlooking

the Hudson his monument will stand to recall to the memory of future generations those dark pages of a nation's history which he did so much to close. First came the long early years of growth and training, of poverty and obscurity, of struggle and self-denial. Poor and humbly born, he had to make his own way in the world. God's unseen providence, which men nickname chance, directed his boyhood. A cadet-ship was given him at the military academy at West Point, and after a brief period of service in the Mexican war, in which he was three times mentioned in despatches, seeing no opening for a soldier in what seemed likely to be days of unbroken peace, he settled down to humble trades in provincial districts. Citizens of St. Louis still remember the rough backwoodsman who sold cord-wood from door to door. He afterward entered the leather trade in the obscure town of Galena.

Men who knew him in those days have said that if any one had predicted that the silent, unprosperous, unambitious man, whose chief aim was to get a plank road from his shop to the railway depot, would become twice President of the United States and one of the foremost men of his day, the prophecy would have seemed extravagantly ridiculous.

But such careers are the glory of the American continent. They show that the people have a sovereign insight into intrinsic force. If Rome told with pride how her dictators came from the plough-tail, America too may record the answer of the President, who, on being asked what would be his coat of arms, answered, proudly mindful of his early struggles, "A pair of shirt sleeves."

The answer showed a noble sense of the dignity of labor, a noble superiority to the vanities of feudalism, a strong conviction that men are to be honored simply as men, not for

the prizes of accident and birth. You have of late years had two martyr Presidents. Both were sons of the people. One was the homely man who at the age of seven was a farm-lad, at nineteen a rail-splitter, at twenty a boatman on the Mississippi, and who in manhood proved to be one of the strongest, most honest, and most God-fearing of modern rulers. The other grew up from a shoeless child in a log hut on the prairies, round which the wolves howled in the winter snow, to be a humble teacher in Hiram Institute. With these Presidents America need not blush to name also the leather-seller of Galena.

Every true man derives his patent of nobleness direct from God. Did not God choose David from the sheepfolds to make him ruler of his people Israel? Was not the "Lord of life and all the worlds" for thirty years a carpenter at Nazareth? Do not such careers illustrate the prophecy of Solomon, "Seest thou the man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." When Abraham Lincoln sat, book in hand, day after day, under the tree, moving round it as the shadow moved, absorbed in mastering his task; when James Garfield rang the bell at Hiram Institute, day after day, on the very stroke of the hour, and swept the school-room as faithfully as he mastered the Greek lesson; when Ulysses Grant, sent with his team to meet some men who were to load the cart with logs, and finding no men there, loaded the cart with his own boy strength — they showed in conscientious duty and thoroughness the qualities which were to raise them to rule the destinies of men.

But the youth was not destined to die in that deep valley of obscurity and toil in which it is the lot — perhaps the happy lot — of many of us to spend our little lives. The hour came; the man was needed.

In 1861 there broke out the most terrible war of modern days. Grant received a commission as colonel of volunteers, and in four years the struggling toiler had risen to the chief command of a vaster army than has ever been handled by any mortal man. Who could have imagined that four years could make that stupendous difference? But it is often so. The great men needed for some tremendous crisis have often stepped as it were through a door in the wall which no one had noticed, and unannounced, unheralded, without prestige, have made their way silently and single-handed to the front.

And there was no luck in it. He rose, it has been said, by the upward gravitation of natural fitness. It was the work of inflexible faithfulness, of indomitable resolution, of sleepless energy, of iron purpose, of persistent tenacity. In battle after battle, in siege after siege, whatever Grant had to do he did it with his might. He undertook, as General Sherman said, what no one else would have adventured, till his very soldiers began to reflect some of his own indomitable determination. With a patience which nothing could tire, with a firmness which no obstacle could daunt, with a military genius which embraced the vastest plans, yet attended to the smallest minutiæ, he defeated one after another every great general of the Confederates except General Stonewall Jackson.

Grant had not only to defeat armies, but to "annihilate resources"— to leave no choice but destruction or submission. He saw that the brief ravage of the hurricane is infinitely less ruinous than the interminable malignity of the pestilence, and that in that colossal struggle victory — swift, decisive, overwhelming, at all costs — was the truest mercy. In silence, in determination, in clearness of insight, he was

your Washington and our Wellington. He was like them also in this, that the word "can't" did not exist in his soldier's dictionary, and that all that he achieved was accomplished without bluster and without parade.

After the surrender at Appomattox, the war of the Secession was over. It was a mighty work, and Grant had done it mightily. Surely the light of God, which manifests all things in the slow history of their ripening, has shown that for the future destinies of a mighty nation it was a necessary and a blessed work. The Church hurls her most indignant anathema at unrighteous war, but she has never refused to honor the faithful soldier who fights in the cause of his country and his God. The gentlest and most Christian of poets has used the tremendous words that —

> "God's most dreaded instrument,
> In working out a pure intent,
> Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter;
> Yea, carnage is his daughter."

We shudder even as we quote the words; but yet the cause for which Grant fought — the unity of a great people, the freedom of a whole race of mankind — was as great and noble as that when at Lexington the embattled farmers fired the shot which was heard round the world. The South has accepted that desperate and bloody arbitrament. Two of the Southern generals will bear General Grant's funeral pall. The rancor and the fury of the past are buried in oblivion. True friends have been made out of brave foemen, and the pure glory and virtue of Lee and of Stonewall Jackson will be part of the common national heritage with the fame of Garfield and of Grant.

As Wellington became Prime Minister of England, and was hooted in the streets of London, so Grant, more than half against his will, became President, and for a time lost

much of his popularity. He foresaw it all; but it is for a man not to choose, rather to accept his destiny. What verdict history will pronounce on him as a politician I know not; but here and now the voice of censure, deserved and undeserved, is silent. When the great Duke of Marlborough died, and one began to speak of his avarice, "He was so great a man," said Bolingbroke, "that I had forgotten he had that fault."

It was a fine and delicate rebuke; and ours at any rate need not be the "feeble hands iniquitously just" which rake up a man's faults and errors. Let us write his virtues "on brass for man's example; let his faults, whatever they may have been, be written in water." The satirist has said how well it would have been for Marius if he had died as he stepped from the chariot of his Cimbric victory; for Pompeius, if he had died after his Mithridatic war. And some may think how much happier it would have been for General Grant had he died in 1865, when steeples clashed and cities were illuminated, and congregations rose in his honor. Many and dark clouds overshadowed the evening of his days — the blow of financial ruin, the dread of a tarnished reputation, the terrible agony of an incurable disease.

To bear that sudden ruin and that speechless agony required a courage nobler and greater than that of the battlefield, and human courage rose to the height of human calamity. In ruin, in sorrow, on the lingering deathbed, Grant showed himself every inch a hero, bearing his agonies and trials without a murmur, with rugged stoicism, and unflinching fortitude, and we believe with a Christian prayer and peace. Which of us can tell whether those hours of torture and misery may not have been blessings in disguise?

We are gathered here to do honor to his memory. Could

we be gathered in a more fitting place? We do not lack here memorials to recall the history of your country. There is the grave of André; there is the monument raised by grateful Massachusetts to the gallant Howe; there is the temporary resting-place of George Peabody; there is the bust of Longfellow; over the Dean's grave there is the faint semblance of Boston harbor.

We add another memory to-day. Whatever there be between the two nations to forget and to forgive, it is forgotten and it is forgiven. "I will not speak of them as two peoples," said General Grant in 1877, "because in fact we are one people with a common destiny, and that destiny will be brilliant in proportion to the friendship and co-operation of the brethren dwelling on each side of the Atlantic."

If the two peoples which are one people be true to their duty, true to their God, who can doubt that in their hands are the destinies of the world? Can anything short of utter dementation ever thwart a destiny so manifest? Your founders were our sons. It was from our past that your present grew. The monument of Sir Walter Raleigh is not that nameless grave in St. Margaret's; it is the State of Virginia. Yours alike and ours are the memories of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas, of the Pilgrim Fathers, of General Oglethorpe's strong benevolence of soul, of the mission labors of Eliot and Brainerd, of the apostolic holiness of Berkeley, and the burning zeal of Wesley and Whitefield. Yours alike and ours are the plays of Shakespeare and the poems of Milton: ours alike and yours all that you have accomplished in literature or in history — the wisdom of Franklin and Adams, the eloquence of Webster, the song of Longfellow and Bryant, the genius of Hawthorne and Irving, the fame of Washington, Lee, and Grant.

But great memories imply great responsibilities. It was not for nothing that God has made England what she is; not for nothing that the "free individualism of a busy multitude, the humble traders of a fugitive people," snatched the New World from feudalism and from bigotry — from Philip II and Louis XIV; from Menendez and Montcalm; from the Jesuit and the Inquisition; from Torquemada and from Richelieu — to make it the land of the Reformation and the Republic, of prosperity and of peace. "Let us auspicate all our proceedings on America," said Edmund Burke, "with the old Church cry, *sursum corda*." It is for America to live up to the spirit of such words. We have heard of

> "New times, new climes, new lands, new men; but still
> The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill."

It is for America to falsify the cynical foreboding. Let her take her place side by side with England in the very van of freedom and of progress. United by a common language, by common blood, by common memories, by a common history, by common interests, by common hopes, united by the common glory of great men, of which this temple of silence and reconciliation is the richest shrine, be it the steadfast purpose of the two peoples who are one people to show to all the world not only the magnificent spectacle of human happiness, but the still more magnificent spectacle of two peoples who are one people loving righteousness and hating iniquity, inflexibly faithful to the principles of eternal justice, which are the unchanging law of God.

VISCOUNT GOSCHEN

The Right Hon. George Joachim Goschen, P.C., D.C.L., a distinguished English statesman and financier, was born at London, of German parentage, Aug. 10, 1831, and educated at Rugby and Oriel colleges, Oxford. After leaving the university in 1853 he engaged at once in mercantile life giving especial attention to financial questions and becoming vice-president of the board of trade and a director of the Bank of England. In 1863, he entered Parliament as a Liberal member for London, and took a prominent part in the movement for opening the universities to dissenters and abolishing religious tests. He was a privy councillor in 1865, chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster in 1866, president of the Poor Law board, 1868–71, and first lord of the admiralty, 1871–74. In 1876, Mr. Goschen and M. Joubert were sent to Cairo as delegates of English and French holders of Egyptian bonds to arrange plans for the conversion of these debts, and in 1880 while ambassador extraordinary to Constantinople, Mr. Goschen secured the cession of certain territory from Turkey to Greece. On the formation of the Liberal-Unionist party, in 1887, he seceded from the Liberal ranks and ceased to act with Mr. Gladstone. He became chancellor of the exchequer in Lord Salisbury's administration in 1887, and in 1889, he achieved the great feat of transforming and readjusting the national debt. In 1895, he was again appointed first lord of the admiralty. He was elected lord rector of the University of Aberdeen in 1874 and 1888, and lord rector of the University of Edinburgh, 1890. For many years he has been considered the highest living authority on finance. Among his speeches are: "Address on Education and Economic Subjects" (1885), and speeches on the "Oxford University Tests Abolition Bill" and on "Bankruptcy Legislation." He has published "The Theory of Foreign Exchanges" (1863), and "Probable Result of an Increase in the Purchasing Power of Gold" (1883). In December, 1900, Mr. Goschen was raised to the peerage as Viscount Goschen.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE IMAGINATION

FROM ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE, LIVERPOOL NOVEMBER 29, 1877

I ADDRESS these words in favor of the cultivation of the imagination to the poorest and most humble in the same way that I address them to the wealthiest and those who have the best prospects in life. I will try not to make the mistake which doctors commit when they recommend patients

But great memories imply great responsibilities. It was not for nothing that God has made England what she is; not for nothing that the "free individualism of a busy multitude, the humble traders of a fugitive people," snatched the New World from feudalism and from bigotry — from Philip II and Louis XIV; from Menendez and Montcalm; from the Jesuit and the Inquisition; from Torquemada and from Richelieu — to make it the land of the Reformation and the Republic, of prosperity and of peace. "Let us auspicate all our proceedings on America," said Edmund Burke, "with the old Church cry, *sursum corda*." It is for America to live up to the spirit of such words. We have heard of

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in receipt of two pounds a week to have recourse to champagne and a short residence at the seaside.

In what sense, then, do I use the word imagination? Johnson's dictionary shall answer. I wish you particularly to note the answer Johnson gives as regards the meaning of "imagination." He defines it as "the power of forming ideal pictures;" "the power of representing absent things to ourselves and to others."

Such is the power which I am going to ask you, confidently, to cultivate in your schools, by your libraries at home, by every influence which I can gain for the cause; and I hope I shall be able to carry you with me and show you why you should cultivate that power. I repeat it is the power of forming ideal pictures and of representing absent things to yourselves and to others. That is the sense in which I shall use the word imagination in the course of my address.

Now follow out this thought and I think I can make my meaning clear. Absent things! Take history. History deals with the things of the past. They are absent in a sense, from your minds—that is to say you cannot see them; but the study of history qualifies you and strengthens your capacity for understanding things that are not present to you, and thus I wish to recommend history to you as a most desirable course of study.

Then again take foreign countries—travels. Here again you have matters which are absent, in the physical sense, from you; but the study of travels will enable you to realize things that are absent to your own minds. And as for the power of forming ideal pictures, there I refer you to poets, dramatists, and imaginative writers, to the great literature of all times and of all countries Such studies as these will enable you to live, and to move, and to think, in a world different from

the narrow world by which you are surrounded. These studies will open up to you sources of amusement which, I think I may say, will often rise into happiness..

I wish you, by the aid of the training which I recommend, to be able to look beyond your own lives and have pleasure in surroundings different from those in which you move. I want you to be able—and mark this point—to sympathize with other times, to be able to understand the men and women of other countries, and to have the intense enjoyment—an enjoyment which I am sure you would all appreciate—of mental change of scene. I do not only want you to know dry facts; I am not only looking to a knowledge of facts, nor chiefly to that knowledge. I want the heart to be stirred as well as the intellect. I want you to feel more and live more than you can do if you only know what surrounds yourselves. I want the action of the imagination, the sympathetic study of history and travels, the broad teaching of the poets, and, indeed, of the best writers of other times and other countries, to neutralize and check the dwarfing influences of necessarily narrow careers and necessarily stunted lives. That is the point which you will see I mean when I ask you to cultivate the imagination. I want to introduce you to other, wider, and nobler fields of thought, and to open up vistas of other worlds, whence refreshing and bracing breezes will stream upon your minds and souls. . . .

And do not believe for a moment—I am rather anxious on this point—that the cultivation of this faculty will disgust you or disqualify you for your daily tasks. I hold a very contrary view. I spoke just now of mental change of scene; and as the body is better for a change of scene and a change of air, so I believe that the mind is also better for occasional changes of mental atmosphere. I do not believe that it is

good either for men or women always to be breathing the atmosphere of the business in which they are themselves engaged.

You know how a visit to the seaside sometimes brings color to the cheeks and braces the limbs. Well, so I believe that a mental change of scene which I recommend will bring color into your minds, will brace you to greater activity, and will in every way strengthen both your intellectual and your moral faculties. I want you—if I may use the phrase—to breathe the bracing ozone of the imagination.

And over what worlds will not fancy enable you to roam?—the world of the past, ideal worlds, and other worlds beyond your sight, probably brighter worlds, possibly more interesting worlds than the narrow world in which most of us are compelled to live; at all events, different worlds and worlds that give us change. . . .

I am an enthusiast for the study of history and I entreat you to give it as much attention as you can at this place. You will see that my whole argument tends to the study of history and of general literature, not for the sake of the facts alone, not for mere knowledge, but for their influence on the mind. History may be dry and technical if you confine yourself to the chronological order of facts—if you study only to know what actually took place at certain dates.

I am sure we have all suffered from the infliction of skeleton histories—excellent tests of patience, but I am afraid as little exciting to the imagination as any other study in which any one can possibly engage. What I am looking to is rather the coloring of history—the familiarity with times gone by, with the characters, the passions, the thoughts and aspirations of men who have gone before us. History with that life and color—and many historians of the present day

write histories which fulfil these conditions—history with that life and color cultivates the imagination as much and better than many of the best romances.

When thus written and when once the reader is fairly launched into it history is as absorbing as a novel and more amusing and interesting than many a tale.

I will be quite candid with you. I am something of a novel reader myself. I admit that I like reading a novel occasionally. The fact is there is one difference between a novel and a history which is in favor of the former at the first start. In a history the first fifty pages are often intolerably dull, and it is the opening which, to use a familiar expression, chokes off half the readers. You generally have some preliminary description—of the state of Europe, for instance, or of the state of India, or the state of France, or some other country at a given time. You don't come to the main point—you don't come to what interests you at first sight; and thus many persons are frightened off before they thoroughly get into the book, and they throw aside a history and characterize it as being very dull. Now, in a novel you very often begin to enjoy yourself at the very first page.

Still, when I have taken up some interesting history—for instance, lately I have been reading "Kaye's History of the Sepoy War"—and when I have got over the first few introductory pages, which are a little heavy, I say to myself, How is it possible that a man of sense can spend his time on reading novels when there are histories of this absorbing interest which are so vastly more entertaining, so vastly more instructive, and so much better for the mind than any novel? Believe me an intelligent and a systematic study of history contains a vast resource of interest and amusement to all those who will embark in it.

Let me explain a little more. Histories, if you only deal with chronological details, you may possibly find to be exceedingly like "Bradshaw's Railway Guide"—very confusing, very uninteresting in themselves, only useful sometimes in enabling you to know how to go from one period to another—to make an historical journey.

Or you might compare these general surveys of history of which I was speaking to a skeleton map of a country of which you know very little. You see the towns noted down. They are but uninteresting spots on the map. They convey nothing to you; they don't interest you. But if you have travelled in that country, if you know the towns mentioned on the map, then you pore over the map with a very different interest. It gives you real personal pleasure; your mind and imagination recall the country itself. So you will find that the grand secret to enjoy history is to get beyond the outlines, to be thoroughly familiar with a particular period, to saturate yourselves with the facts, the events, the circumstances, and the personages which belong to a certain time in history.

When you have done this, the men and women of that period become your personal friends; you take an intense delight in their society, and you experience a sense of pleasure equivalent to what is given by any novel. I heard yesterday an anecdote of a lady who had lived a great deal in political circles. She had received from a friend a book about Sir Thomas More. When she had read it she wrote back and thanked the sender of the book, telling him with what delight she had perused it, and adding, "Sir Thomas More and Erasmus are particularly intimate friends of mine." She was so well acquainted with that period that all that was written about it came home to her heart—she knew it, she had lived

in it, and it had a living interest for her. That is the mode and manner in which I would recommend you to study history.

Let me be more precise. I would not gallop through histories any more than I would through a country if I wanted to explore it. I would take a particular period and read every book bearing on that particular period which my library supplied me, and which I had time to read. Then I would read the poets who had written in the same period. I should read the dramas relating to that period, and thus I should saturate myself with everything which was connected with it, and by that means I would acquire that power which I value, which I want you to have individually and which I should like every English man and woman to have as far as they could, namely, the power of being able to live in other times and sympathize with other times, and to sympathize with persons and races and influences different from those amongst which we move.

And do not think that in such studies you lose your time. Are there fathers and mothers here who hold that it is a dangerous doctrine which I preach? If so, I hope I may be able to reassure them; for I hold that in all spheres and all classes culture of this kind is of the highest value and that it does not disqualify, but the reverse, for business life. Amongst the wealthier classes of business men I rejoice to think that prejudice against culture as being dangerous to business is rapidly dying out, and that a university education is no longer regarded with suspicion.

"What do men learn at Oxford and Cambridge that will fit them for business?" was formerly often asked; but I do not think this question is put quite so often now. I will tell you what once occurred to myself in regard to this point. Some eight years ago I met a distinguished modern poet, call-

ing at the same house where I was calling, and he asked, "What becomes of all the senior wranglers and of all the Oxford first class men? One does not hear of them in after life." I ventured very modestly to say in reply that, not being a Cambridge man, I could not speak on behalf of Cambridge men; but as to Oxford I was able to inform him that eight of her first class men were at that moment in her Majesty's cabinet.

But you may say, "This is all very well for the greater affairs of life, but as regards the general rough-and-tumble of business life, why should you have this cultivation? Is it not dangerous and does it not rather hamper a young man when he goes into business life?"

Let me give you another instance on this point and you will forgive me if it is somewhat of a personal character; but it may come home to some of the young men here more forcibly than the most eloquent generalization. My own father came over to England as a very young man, with one friend as young as himself, and with very little more money in his pocket than a great many of the students here, I dare say, possess; and he has told me, half in joke and half in earnest, that he was obliged to found a firm because he wrote such a bad hand that no one would take him for a clerk. But he was steeped to the lips in intellectual culture. In his father's[1] house, as a boy, he had met all the great literary men of the best period of German literature. He had heard Schiller read his own plays. He had listened to the conversation of great thinkers and great poets. He was a good historian, an acute critic, well versed in literature, and a very good musician to boot. But did this stand in his way as a young man coming over to London with a view to found a business? Has

[1] Georg Joachim Goschen (1752-1828), the famous Leipzig bookseller.

it stood in his way of founding a firm of which I, as his son, am very proud? It did not stand in his way. On the contrary it aided his success; and, with this before me, I hope you will say that I am able to speak with affectionate conviction of the fact that culture will not interfere with the due discharge of the duties of business men in any sphere of business life.

I will not add to what I have said about the great increase of happiness and amusement to be gained for your own leisure in after-life if you follow the studies I have named. It is most certainly for your happiness and advantage; but you may remember that I used much stronger language than this. I said it was not only of advantage for the young themselves, but for the national advantage, that imaginative culture should be considered as one of the aims of education.

I have still got to make this point good. Consider what are the duties of this country in which we live. Let me now take you away from Liverpool—away even from England—and ask you to look at our imperial duties—at our colonies, at our vast empire, at our foreign relations—and then I want you to ask yourselves whether it is important or not that Englishmen shall be able to realize to themselves what is not immediately around them, that they shall be able to transport themselves in imagination to other countries over which they rule. It is not sufficient for Englishmen to think only of their own surroundings.

There was a time when the destinies of England used to be wielded by a few individual men, or by small coteries of trained statesmen. India was governed for years externally to the influence of public opinion. But that is past now. Public opinion is now stepping in; and if public opinion steps in I wish that public opinion to be properly trained. Why,

even ministers for foreign affairs now declare that they wait the behests of the public, their employers, before they take any decided step. If public opinion assumes these responsibilities, again I say, "Let us look to the formation of that public opinion, and see that the young generation of Englishmen are trained properly for the discharge of these functions."

Parliament is more and more sharing with the executive government of the country the duties of administration, and the press and the public are more and more sharing this duty with Parliament. Therefore you will understand the importance I attach to the training of the coming generation, not only in useful knowledge, but in all that they ought to know and ought to be able to feel and think when they are discharging imperial duties.

And, I ask, by what power can this result be better obtained than by the intelligent study of history and of modes of thought which lie beyond our own immediate range? It is no easy thing for democracies to rule wisely and satisfactorily self-governing colonies or subject races. Imagination, in its highest and broadest sense, is necessary for the noble discharge of imperial duties.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY

IGNATIUS DONNELLY, American politician, humorist, author, and orator was born at Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 3, 1831, and died at Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 2, 1901. Educated at the Central High School in Philadelphia, in 1852 he was admitted to the Bar and four years later removed to Minnesota, where he became prominent and was elected successively lieutenant-governor and governor of the State. In 1863, he was returned to Congress and served for six years. He was president of the State Farmers' Alliance of Minnesota and chairman of the National anti-Monopoly convention that nominated Peter Cooper for President in 1872. He engaged actively in newspaper work and was repeatedly a member of the Minnesota legislature. In 1899, he was nominated for Vice-president of the United States by the anti-Fusion wing of the People's party. Among his publications are "The Great Cryptogram," a work in which he sought by a word cipher to prove that Francis Bacon was the author of the plays attributed to Shakespeare: "Atlantis, the Ante diluvian World," "Ragnarök," "The Golden Bottle," and "Cæsar's Column."

RECONSTRUCTION

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JANUARY 18, 1866

[The House having under consideration House bill No. 543, to provide for restoring to the States lately in insurrection their full political rights, Mr. Donnelly said:]

MR. SPEAKER,—I desire to express myself in favor of the main purposes of the bill now under consideration. [To provide for restoring to the States lately in insurrection their full political rights.]

Through the clouds of a great war and the confusion of a vast mass of uncertain legislation we are at length reaching something tangible; we have passed the "Serbonian bog," and are approaching good dry land.

This is the logical conclusion of the war. The war was simply the expression of the determination of the nation to

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subordinate the almost unanimous will of the white people of the rebellious States to the unity and prosperity of the whole country. Having gone thus far we cannot pause. We must still subordinate their wishes to our welfare.

This bill proposes to commence at the very foundation and build upward.

We have the assurance of President Johnson that "the rebellion has in its revolutionary progress deprived the rebellious States of all civil government," and that their State institutions have been "prostrated and paid out upon the ground."

In such a state of anarchy and disorganization the very foundations of society are laid bare; and we reach, as it were, the primary rocks, the everlasting granite of justice and right which underlies all human government.

In the language of the great Edmund Burke:

"When men break up the original compact or agreement which gives its corporate form and capacity to a State they are no longer a people; they have no longer a corporate existence; they have no longer a legal coactive force to bind within nor a claim to be recognized abroad. They are a number of vague, loose individuals, and nothing more; with them all is to begin again. Alas! they little know how many a weary step is to be taken before they can form themselves into a mass which has a true political personality."[1]

I shall not stop to consider the objection made to the second section of the bill by the gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Paine]. With the purpose and intent of his remarks I thoroughly concur. I conclude, howe er, that the object of the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Stevens], in providing for such a partial and temporary recognition of the rebel governments, was to protect society from the evils of a total abrogation of all law and order. But it seems to me that whatever

[1] Burke's Works, vol. iii, p. 82.

binding force those governments can have, founded as they are upon revolution and by the hands of revolutionary agents, is to be derived solely from such recognition as Congress may give them. It may be possible in this and other particulars to perfect the bill. I desire to speak rather to its general scope and purpose.

Government having, by the acknowledgment of the President, ceased to exist, law being swept aside, and chaos having come again in those rebellious States, by what principle shall the law-making power of the nation—the Congress—govern itself? Shall it bend its energies to renew old injustice? Shall it receive to its fraternal embrace only that portion of the population which circumstance or accident or century-old oppression may have brought to the surface? Shall it—having broken up the armies and crushed the hopes of the rebels—pander to their bigotries and cringe to their prejudices? Shall it hesitate to do it right out of deference to the sentiments of those who but a short time since were mowed down at the mouth of its cannon?

It is to my mind most clear that slavery having ceased to exist the slaves became citizens; being citizens they are a part of the people; and being a part of the people no organization deserves a moment's consideration at our hands which attempts to ignore them. If they were white people whom it was thus sought to disfranchise and outlaw not a man in the nation would dare to say nay to this proposition; every impulse of our hearts would rise up in indignant remonstrance against their oppressors. But it has pleased Almighty God, who takes counsel of no man, not even of the founders of the rebellion, to paint them of a different complexion, and that variation in the *pigmentum mucum* is to rise up as a perpetual barrier in our pathway toward equal justice and equal rights

For one, with the help of God, I propose to do what I know to be right in the face of all prejudices and all obstructions; and so long as I have a seat in this body I shall never vote to reconstruct any rebellious State on any such basis of cruelty and injustice as that proposed by the Opposition here.

Take the case of South Carolina. She has 300,000 whites and 400,000 blacks; and we are asked to hand over the 400,000 blacks to the unrestrained custody and control of the 300,000 whites. We are to know no one but the whites; to communicate with no one but the whites; this floor is to recognize no one but white representatives of the whites. The whites are to make the laws, execute the laws, interpret the laws, and write the history of their own deeds; but below them, under them, there is to be a vast population—a majority of the whole people—seething and writhing in a condition of suffering, darkness, and wretchedness unparalleled in the world.

And this is to be an American State! This is to be a component part of the great, humane, Christian Republic of the world. This is to be the protection the mighty Republic is to deal out to its poor black friends who were faithful to it in its hour of trial; this is the punishment it is to inflict upon its perfidious enemies.

No, sir, no sophistry, no special pleading, can lead the American people to this result. Through us or over us it will reconstruct those States on a basis of impartial and eternal justice. Such a mongrel, patchwork, bastard reconstruction as some gentlemen propose, even if put into shape, would not hold together a twelvemonth. Four million human beings consigned to the uncontrolled brutality of 7,000,000 of human beings! The very thought is monstrous. The instinct of justice which God has implanted in every soul revolts at it. The voice of lamentation would swell up from that wretched land and fill the ears of mankind. Leaders and avengers would spring up on every hilltop of the north. The intellect, the morality, the soul of the age would fight in behalf of the oppressed, and the structure of so-called reconstruction would go down in blood.

Does any man think that it is in the American people, who rose at the cry of the slave under the lash of his master, to abide in quiet the carnival of arson, rapine, and murder now raging over the south? Sir, a government which would perpetuate such a state of things would be a monstrous barbarism; the legislative body which would seek to weave such things into the warp and woof of the national life would deserve the vengeance of Almighty God.

A senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. Cowan] the other day in the United States Senate said:

"I have no doubt but there are large numbers of the American people who are exceedingly anxious to compel negro suffrage through the southern States. But has any one of them ever made an argument to show that the southern States would be better governed; that there would be more peace and more quiet in consequence of it? I have never heard those arguments if they have been made, and I do not know now anybody could make them."

I will give the honorable senator an argument most potent and convincing as to the kind of "peace and quiet" which now reign in the south without negro suffrage and which will reign there so long as negro suffrage is denied. General Ord has just made a report upon the condition of things in Arkansas. He sums up matters as follows:

"Outrages, assaults, and murders committed on the persons of freed men and women are being continually reported from

all sections of the State, and a decided want of disposition to punish offenders apparently exists with the local civil officers and in the minds of the people. There have been reported fifty-two murders of freed persons by white men in this State in the past three or four months, and no reports have been received that the murderers have been imprisoned or punished. In some parts of the State, particularly in the southwest and southeast, freedmen's lives are threatened if they report their wrongs to the agent of the bureau, and in many instances the parties making reports are missed and never heard of afterward. "It is believed that the number of murders reported is not half the number committed during the time mentioned."

Or if this is not sufficient, I would answer the distinguished senator still further by quoting from the report of the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau as to the state of affairs in Tennessee as a further testimony to the condition of southern society without impartial suffrage:

"Captain Kendrick reports in substance that having proceeded to Union City, he conversed with many of the citizens, who told him that but few freedmen were left about there, as they were driving them away as rapidly as possible. There seems to be a fixed determination that the freedmen shall not reside there, and the citizens force them to fly by ravishing the females, shooting, beating, whipping, and cheating them. The superintendent of the bureau there, while investigating a case of assault upon a negro, was compelled to desist by threats upon his life. The magistrate of the town states that he is powerless to administer justice, owing to the feeling in the community.

"Captain Kendrick mentions the case of a freedwoman named Emeline, living in Union City, who, during the absence of her husband, was brutally violated by a party of whites. She appealed to the justice of the peace, who informed her that nothing could be done for her on account of the feeling in the town. The next day two men, named Goodlow and Avons, of Union City, took her into a field and whipped her. A freedman named Callum was whipped by a man named

Stanley for saying that he had fought in the Union army. A Mr. Roscol, county trustee, has been persistently persecuted by a gang of desperadoes because he was prominent in defending the Union, and has been shot at several times while sitting in his house. About a dozen bullet holes may be seen in his door. At Troy the freedmen are getting on prosperously and have no complaints to make. The feeling of hostility toward northern men at this place, the captain reports, is more bitter even than at Union City. Loyal citizens are waylaid and shot and the ruffians escape punishment.

"A man named Hancock was called out of church, where he had just experienced religion, by a Dr. Marshall, who told him two persons outside wished to see him. When he had gone a short distance two men named Carruthers attacked and severely beat him with clubs because Hancock wore a federal uniform coat. Several other cases of outrage of an aggravated character and even murder are reported by Captain Kendrick, and those who are thus maltreated dare not utter a word of complaint through fear of the desperadoes. He recommends that a detachment of troops be permanently stationed in this county, and says that matters will grow worse instead of better until it is done."

I find in the morning papers the following letter, which explains itself:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
CHARLESTON, S. C., *Jan.* 10, 1867.

GENERAL — According to an article in the Charleston "Daily News" of this morning, it appears that the jail at Kingstree, South Carolina, has been destroyed by fire, and twenty-two colored prisoners smothered or burned to death, while the only white prisoner was permitted to escape. The article states that the jailer, who had the keys, refused to open the doors without the authority of the sheriff, and the sheriff refused to act without the orders of the lieutenant commanding the troops at Kingstree. This statement presents a degree of barbarity that would appear incredible except in a community where no value is placed upon the lives of colored citizens. The general commanding directs that you cause an immediate

and thorough investigation of this affair; that in the meantime you arrest the sheriff and jailer, and if the facts prove to be as stated, that you hold them in military confinement under the charge of murder until the civil authorities shall be ready and willing to try them.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. W. CLOUS,
Brev. Capt. and First Lieut. Sixth Infantry,
A.A.A.G

Brev. Maj. Gen. H. K. SCOTT,
Com. Mil. Com., S. C.

I might fill pages with similar testimony, but it is not required.

It is too evident that when you strip a man of all means of self-defence, either through the courts or the laws, deprive him of education and leave him to the mercy of his fellow men, he must suffer all the pangs which our unworthy human nature is capable of inflicting. Who is there believes that man can safely intrust himself solely and alone to the mercy of his fellow man? Let such a one step forward and select his master! Let him in the wide circle of the world choose out that man—pure, just, and humane—upon whose vast, all-embracing charity he can throw the burden of his life. Alas! there is no such man.

Life is a perpetual struggle even under the most favorable circumstances; an unending fight of man against man,

"For some slight plank whose weight will bear but one."

And occasionally how monstrous and horrible are the giant selfishnesses which start up under our feet like ghouls and affrights!

History is the record of the gradual amelioration of deep-rooted, ancient injustice. What a hard, long, bloody, terrible fight it has been! But for the fact that our national organi-

zation rests upon a basis of new colonizations we would not possess the large measure of liberty we now enjoy; we would be as are the old lands of the world, still weighed down by the burdens of feudality and barbarism. But being peopled by the overflowings of the poor laboring people of Europe, who left the errors and prejudices of the Old World in mid-ocean, we have started upon our career of national greatness on the grand basis of the perfect political equality of all men.

We cannot fail to recognize the all-fashioning hand of God as clearly in this sublime declaration as in the geologic eras, the configuration of the continents, or the creation of man himself. What a world of growth has already budded and flowered and borne fruit from this seed! What an incalculable world of growth is to arise from it in the future!

Now, then, comes the question to each of us, by what rule shall we reconstruct these prostrated and well nigh desolated States? Shall it be by the august rule of the Declaration of Independence; or shall we bend our energies to perpetuate injustice, cruelty, and oppression; and make of this fair government a monstrosity, with golden words of promise upon its banners, a fair seeming upon its surface, but a hideous and inhuman despotism within it; the Christianity and civilization of the nineteenth century crystallized into a nation with Dahomey and Timbuctoo in its bowels! A living lie, a rotten pretense, a mockery, and a sham, with death in its heart.

There are but two forms of government in the world; injustice, armed and powerful and taking to itself the shape of king or aristocracy; and, on the other hand, absolute human justice, resting upon the broad and enduring basis of equal rights to all. Give this and give intelligence and education to understand it and you have a structure which will stand while the world stands. Anything else than this is mere repression, the

piling of rocks into the mouth of the volcano, which sooner or later will fling them to the skies.

What is this equality of rights? Is it the prescribing of a limit to human selfishness. It is the hospital measure which gives so many feet of breathing space to each man in the struggle for life. I must not intrude upon my neighbor's limit nor he upon mine. It is universal selfishness regulated by a sentiment of universal justice; fair play recognized as a common necessity. Break down this barrier and the great waves sweep in and all is anarchy. Hear Motley's description of society in the ancient time, ere this principle arose "to curb the great and raise the lowly:"

"The sword is the only symbol of the law, the cross is a weapon of offence, the bishop a consecrated pirate, and every petty baron a burglar; while the people alternately the prey of duke, prelate, and seignior, shorn and butchered like sheep, esteem it happiness to sell themselves into slavery or to huddle beneath the castle walls of some little potentate for the sake of his wolfish protection."[1]

Sir, all history teaches us that man would be safer in the claws of wild beasts than in the uncontrolled custody of his fellow men. And can any man doubt that he who lives in a community and has no share in the making of the laws which govern him is in the uncontrolled custody of those who make the laws? The courts simply interpret the laws, and what will it avail a man to appeal to the courts if the laws under every interpretation are against him?

Set a man down in the midst of a community, place the mark of Cain upon his brow, declare him an outlaw, take from him every protection, and you at once invite everything base, sordid, and abominable in human nature to rise up and assail

[1] Rise of the Dutch Republic, p. 14.

him. Is there any man within the sound of my voice who thinks so highly of our common humanity that he would dare trust himself in such a position for a day or for an hour?

But if to this you superadd the fact that the poor wretch so stripped of all protection was but the other day a bondman, and was forcibly wrested from the hands of his master, and that to the common sordidness of our nature must be added the inflamed feelings growing out of a long civil war and the wrath and bitterness begotten of disappointed cupidity, you have a condition of things at which the very soul shudders.

But this is not all; you must go a step farther and remember that the poor wretch who thus stands helpless, chained, and naked in the midst of his mortal foes was our true, loyal, and faithful friend in the day of our darkness and calamity; and that those who now flock around him like vultures gathering to the carnage were but the other day our deadly enemies and sought our destruction and degradation by bloody and terrible means.

Sir, I say to you that if, in the face of every prompting of self-interest and self-protection, and humanity and gratitude, and Christianity and statesmanship, we abandon these poor wretches to their fate the wrath of an offended God cannot fail to fall upon the nation.

There never was in the history of the world an instance wherein right and wrong met so squarely face to face and looked each other so squarely in the eyes as in this matter. Never did truth array herself in such shining and glorious habiliments; never did the dark face of error look so hideous and forbidding as in this hour. And yet in the minds of some we find hesitation and doubt.

I cannot but recur to a famous parallel in history.

On the 22d of January, 1689, the English Parliament as-

sembled to decide upon the most momentous question ever submitted to that body. The king, James II, had fled the realm; the great seal of royalty had been thrown into the Thames; William had landed; the nation was revolutionized.

The great debate commenced. On the one side was the party of human liberty striving to cast down forever a dynasty strangely devoted to tyranny and absolutism; striving to make plainer the doctrine that the king reigned by virtue of the consent of his subjects. On the other hand were arrayed all the evil forces of the time and all the restraints of conservatism.

In precisely the same temper in which it is now argued that a State can do no wrong and that under no circumstances can it cease to be a State, it was then argued that, although the king had fled the land and was at the court of France, nevertheless the magistrate was still present, that the throne, by the maxim of English law, could not be vacant for a moment; and that any government organized to act during the king's absence must act in the king's name.

It was most plain that the liberty, the prosperity of England could only be secured by the deposition of James; and yet those who sought by direct measures to reach that end were encountered at every step by a mass of technical objections. The musty precedents of the law, a thousand years old, were raked up; and texts of the Holy Book were called into the defence of royalty as liberally as we have seen them in our own day paraded in defence of slavery. St. Paul's injunction to the Romans to obey the civil power played as important a part in those debates as the texts of Ham and Onesimus have played upon the floor of this House.

Either the liberty of England must have perished, encumbered in this mass of precedents and technicalities, or the

common sense of England must reach its own safety over the whole mass of rubbish. The common sense of England triumphed. James having fled, he was declared to have abdicated the throne, and the throne being vacant, Parliament asserted the right to fill it.

Now, in like manner at this day the resolute common sense of the American people must find its way out of the entanglements that surround it and go straight forward to its own safety.

The purpose of government is the happiness of the people, therefore of the whole people. A government cannot be half a republic and half a despotism—a republic just and equable to one class of its citizens, a depotism cruel and destructive to another class; it must become either all despotism or all republic.

If you make it all republic the future is plain. All evils will correct themselves. Temporary disorders will subside, the path will lie wide open before every man and every step and every hour will take him farther away from error and darkness. Give the right to vote and you give the right to aid in making the laws; the laws being made by all will be for the benefit of all; the improvement and advancement of each member of the community will be the improvement and advancement of the whole community. . . .

Let us then go straight forward to our duty, taking heed of nothing but the right. In this wise shall we build a work in accord with the will of him who is daily fashioning the world to a higher destiny; a work resting at no point upon wrong or injustice, but everywhere reposing upon truth and justice; a work which all mankind will be interested in preserving in every age, since it will insure the increasing glory and well-being of mankind through all ages.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE

THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., popular American Presbyterian clergyman and lecturer, was born at Bound Brook, N. J., Jan. 7, 1832, and educated at the University of the City of New York. He studied divinity at the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J., and became pastor of a Reformed Dutch Church at Belleville in his native State, 1856–59, and of a church at Syracuse, N. Y., 1859–62. For the next seven years he was in charge of a Presbyterian Church at Philadelphia, being already extensively known as a preacher and lecturer. He was called to the Brooklyn Tabernacle in 1870, remaining there until 1894, when he took charge of the Lincoln Memorial Church at Washington, D. C. He has been a constant contributor to the religious press, and for many years his sermons have been issued weekly. He has edited among other serials "The Christian at Work" and "The Christian Herald." Among his published works are "The Almond Tree in Blossom"; "Crumbs Swept Up" (1870); "Sermons" (1872–75); "Abomination of Modern Society" (1872); "The Battle for Bread"; "Old Wells Dug Out" (1874); "Sports that Kill" (1875); "Everyday Religion" (1875); "Night Sides of City Life" (1878); "The Mask Torn Off" (1879); "The Marriage Ring" (1886); "The Pathway of Life"; "From the Pyramids to the Acropolis" (1892); "From Manger to Throne" (1894); "The Earth Girdled" (1896).

CHANT AT THE CORNER-STONE

"Who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"
—Job. xxxviii, 6, 7.

WE have all seen the ceremony at the laying of the corner-stone of church, asylum or Masonic temple. Into the hollow of the stone were placed scrolls of history and important documents, to be suggestive if, one or two hundred years after, the building should be destroyed by fire or torn down. We remember the silver trowel or iron hammer that smote the square piece of granite into sanctity. We remember some venerable man who presided, wielding the trowel or hammer. We remember also the music as the choir stood on the scattered stones and timber of the building about to be constructed. The leaves of the notebooks fluttered in the wind and were turned over with a great rustling, and we remember how the bass, baritone, tenor, contralto, and soprano voices commingled. They had for many days been rehearsing the special program that it might be worthy of the corner-stone laying. The music at the laying of corner-stones is always impressive.

In my text God, addressing the poet of Uz, calls us to a grander ceremony—the laying of the foundation of this great temple of a world. The corner-stone was a block of light and the trowel was of celestial crystal. All about and on the embankments of cloud stood the angelic choristers unrolling their librettos of overture, and other worlds clapped shining cymbals while the ceremony went on, and God, the architect, by stroke of light after stroke of light, dedicated this great cathedral of a world, with mountains for pillars, and sky for frescoed ceiling, and flowering fields for floor, and sunrise and midnight aurora for upholstery. "Who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"

The fact is that the whole universe was a complete cadence, an unbroken dithyramb, a musical portfolio. The great sheet of immensity had been spread out and written on it were the stars, the smaller of them minims, the larger of them sustained notes. The meteors marked the staccato passages, the whole heavens a gamut with all sounds, intonations and modulations; the space between the worlds a musical interval, trembling of stellar light a quaver, the thunder a base clef, the wind among trees a treble clef. That is the way God made all things a perfect harmony.

But one day a harp-string snapped in the great orchestra. One day a voice sounded out of tune. One day a discord, harsh and terrific, grated upon the glorious antiphone. It was sin that made the dissonance, and that harsh discord has

been sounding through the centuries. All the work of Christians and philanthropists and reformers of all ages is to stop that discord and get all things back into the perfect harmony which was heard at the laying of the corner-stone when the morning stars sang together.

Before I get through, if I am divinely helped, I will make it plain that sin is discord and righteousness is harmony. That things in general are out of tune is as plain as to a musician's ear is the unhappy clash of clarionet and bassoon in an orchestral rendering. The world's health out of tune; weak lung and the atmosphere in collision, disordered eye and noonday light in quarrel, rheumatic limb and damp weather in struggle, neuralgias and pneumonias and consumptions and epilepsies in flocks swoop upon neighborhoods and cities. Where you find one person with sound throat and keen eyesight and alert ear and easy respiration and regular pulsation and supple limb and prime digestion and steady nerves, you find a hundred who have to be very careful because this or that or the other physical function is disordered.

The human intellect out of tune; the judgment wrongly swerved, or the memory leaky, or the will weak, or the temper inflammable, and the well-balanced mind exceptional.

Domestic life out of tune; only here and there a conjugal outbreak of incompatibility of temper through the divorce courts, or a filial outbreak about a father's will through the surrogate's court, or a case of wife-beating or husband-poisoning through the criminal courts, but thousands of families with June outside and January within.

Society out of tune; labor and capital, their hands on each other's throats. Spirit of caste keeping those down in the social scale in a struggle to get up, and putting those who are up in anxiety lest they have to come down. No wonder the

old pianoforte of society is all out of tune when hypocrisy and lying and subterfuge and double-dealing and sycophancy and charlatanism and revenge have all through the ages been banging away at the keys and stamping the pedals.

On all sides there is a perpetual shipwreck of harmonies. Nations in discord without realizing it, so antipathetic is the feeling of nation for nation, that symbols chosen are fierce and destructive. In this country, where our skies are full of robins and doves and morning larks, we have for our national symbol the fierce and filthy eagle, as immoral a bird as can be found in all the ornithological catalogues. In Great Britain, where they have lambs and fallow deer, their symbol is the merciless lion. In Russia, where from between her frozen north and blooming south all kindly beasts dwell, they chose the growling bear; and in the world's heraldry a favorite figure is the dragon, which is a winged serpent, ferocious and dreadful.

And so fond is the world of contention that we climb out through the heavens and baptize one of the other planets with the spirit of battle and call it Mars, after the god of war, and we give to the eighth sign of the zodiac the name of the scorpion, a creature which is chiefly celebrated for its deadly sting. But, after all, these symbols are expressive of the way nation feels toward nation. Discord wide as the continent and bridging the seas.

I suppose you have noticed how warmly in love drygoods stores are with other drygoods stores, and how highly grocerymen think of the sugars of the grocerymen on the same block. And in what a eulogistic way allopathic and homeopathic doctors speak of each other, and how ministers will sometimes put ministers on that beautiful cooking instrument which the English call a spit, an iron roller with spikes on it, and turned

by a crank before a hot fire, and then if the minister who is being roasted cries out against it, the men who are turning him say: "Hush, brother, we are turning this spit for the glory of God and the good of your soul, and you must be quiet, while we close the service with:

'Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.'"

The earth is diametred and circumferenced with discord, and the music that was rendered at the laying of the world's corner-stone when the morning stars sang together is not heard now; and though here and there, from this and that part of society, and from this and that part of the earth, there comes up a thrilling solo of love, or a warble of worship, or a sweet duet of patience, they are drowned out by a discord that shakes the earth.

Paul says, "The whole creation groaneth," and while the nightingale and the woodlark and the canary and the plover sometimes sing so sweetly that their notes have been written out in musical notation, and it is found that the cuckoo sings in the key of D, and that the cormorant is a basso in the winged choir, yet sportsmen's gun and the autumnal blast often leave them ruffled and bleeding or dead in meadow or forest. Paul was right, for the groan in nature drowns out the prima donnas of the sky.

Tartini, the great musical composer, dreamed one night that he made a contract with Satan, the latter to be ever in the composer's service. He thought in his dream that he handed to Satan a violin, on which Diabolus played such sweet music that the composer was awakened by the emotion and tried to reproduce the sounds, and therefrom was written Tartini's most famous piece, "The Devil's Sonata;" a dream, ingenious but faulty, for all melody descends from heaven and only dis-

cords ascend from hell. All hatreds, feuds, controversies, backbitings, and revenges are the devil's sonata, are diabolic fugue, are demoniac phantasy, are grand march of doom, are allegro of perdition.

But if in this world things in general are out of tune to our frail ear, how much more so to ears angelic and deific. It takes a skilled artist fully to appreciate disagreement of sound. Many have no capacity to detect a defect of musical execution and, though there were in one bar as many offences against harmony as could crowd in between the low F of the bass and the high G of the soprano, it would give them no discomfort; while on the forehead of the educated artist beads of perspiration would stand out as a result of the harrowing dissonance.

While an amateur was performing on a piano and had just struck the wrong chord, John Sebastian Bach, the immortal composer, entered the room, and the amateur rose in embarrassment, and Bach rushed past the host who stepped forward to greet him, and before the strings had stopped vibrating put his adroit hands upon the keys and changed the painful inharmony into glorious cadence. Then Bach turned and gave salutation to the host who had invited him.

But worst of all is moral discord. If society and the world are painfully discordant to imperfect man, what must they be to a perfect God. People try to define what sin is. It seems to me that sin is getting out of harmony with God, a disagreement with his holiness, with his purity, with his love, with his commands; our will clashing with his will, the finite dashing against the infinite, the frail against the puissant, the created against the Creator.

If a thousand musicians, with flute and cornet-a-piston and trumpet and violincello and hautboy and trombone and all the wind and stringed instruments that ever gathered in a Diissel-

dorf jubilee should resolve that they would play out of tune, and put concord on the rack, and make the place wild with shrieking and grating and rasping sounds, they could not make such a pandemonium as that which a sinful soul produces in the ears of God when he listens to the play of its thoughts, passions and emotions—discord, lifelong discord, maddening discord!

The world pays more for discord than it does for consonance. High prices have been paid for music. One man gave two hundred and twenty-five dollars to hear the Swedish songstress in New York, and another six hundred and twenty-five dollars to hear her in Boston, and another six hundred and fifty dollars to hear her in Providence. Fabulous prices have been paid for sweet sounds, but far more has been paid for discord.

The Crimean war cost one billion seven hundred million dollars, and our American civil war over nine and a half billion dollars, and our war with Spain cost us about three hundred million dollars, and the war debts of professed Christian nations are about fifteen billion dollars. The world pays for this red ticket, which admits it to the saturnalia of broken bones and death agonies and destroyed cities and ploughed graves and crushed hearts, any amount of money Satan asks. Discord! Discord!

But I have to tell you that the song that the morning stars sang together at the laying of the world's corner-stone is to be resumed. Mozart's greatest overture was composed one night when he was several times overpowered with sleep, and artists say they can tell the places in the music where he was falling asleep and the places where he awakened. So the overture of the morning stars, spoken of in my text, has been asleep, but it will awaken and be more grandly rendered by

the evening stars of the world's existence than by the morning stars, and the vespers will be sweeter than the matins. The work of all good men and women and of all good churches and all reform associations is to bring the race back to the original harmony. The rebellious heart to be attuned, social life to be attuned, commercial ethics to be attuned, internationality to be attuned, hemispheres to be attuned.

In olden times the choristers had a tuning fork with two prongs and they would strike it on the back of pew or music rack and put it to the ear and then start the tune, and all the other voices would join. In modern orchestra the leader has a perfect instrument, rightly attuned, and he sounds that, and all the other performers tune the keys of their instruments to make them correspond, and sound the bow over the string and listen, and sound it out over again, until all the keys are screwed to concert pitch, and the discord melts into one great symphony, and the curtain hoists, and the baton taps, and audiences are raptured with Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," or Rossini's "Stabat Mater," or Bach's "Magnificat" in D or Gounod's "Redemption."

Now our world can never be attuned by an imperfect instrument. Even a Cremona would not do. Heaven has ordained the only instrument, and it is made out of the wood of the cross and the voices that accompany it are imported voices, cantatrices of the first Christmas night, when heaven serenaded the earth with "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men."

Lest we start too far off and get lost in generalities, we had better begin with ourselves, get our own hearts and lives in harmony with the eternal Christ. Oh, for his almighty Spirit to attune us, to chord our will and his will, to modulate our life with his life, and bring us into unison with all that is pure

and self-sacrificing and heavenly. The strings of our nature are all broken and twisted and the bow is so slack it cannot evoke anything mellifluous. The instrument made for heaven to play on has been roughly twanged and struck by influences worldly and demoniac. Oh, master-hand of Christ, restore this split and fractured and despoiled and unstrung nature until first it shall wail out for our sin and then trill with divine pardon.

The whole world must also be attuned by the same power. A few days ago I was in the Fairbanks weighing scale manufactory of Vermont. Six hundred hands, and they have never made a strike. Complete harmony between labor and capital, the operatives of scores of years in their beautiful homes near by the mansions of the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise. So, all the world over, labor and capital will be brought into euphony.

You may have heard what is called the "Anvil Chorus." composed by Verdi, a tune played by hammers, great and small, now with mighty stroke and now with heavy stroke, beating a great iron anvil. That is what the world must come to—anvil chorus, yard-stick chorus, shuttle chorus, trowel chorus, crowbar chorus, pick-axe chorus, gold-mine chorus, rail-track chorus, locomotive chorus. It can be done and it will be done. So all social life will be attuned by the gospel harp.

There will be as many classes in society as now, but the classes will not be regulated by birth or wealth or accident, but by the scale of virtue and benevolence, and people will be assigned to their places as good or very good or most excellent. So also commercial life will be attuned and there will be twelve in every dozen and sixteen ounces in every pound and

apples at the bottom of the barrel will be as sound as those on the top and silk goods will not be cotton, and sellers will not have to charge honest people more than the right price because others will not pay, and goods will come to you corresponding with the sample by which you purchased them, and coffee will not be chickoried, and sugar will not be sanded, and milk will not be chalked, and adulteration of food will be a State-prison offense.

Aye, all things shall be attuned. Elections in England and the United States will no more be a grand carnival of defamation and scurrility, but the elevation of righteous men in a righteous way.

In the sixteenth century the singers called the Fischer Brothers reached the lowest bass ever recorded, and the highest note ever trilled was by La Bastardella, and Catalini's voice had a compass of three and a half octaves; but Christianity is more wonderful; for it runs all up and down the greatest heights and the deepest depths of the world's necessity, and it will compass everything and bring it in accord with the song which the morning stars sang at the laying of the world's corner-stone. All the sacred music in homes, concert halls, and churches tends toward this consummation. Make it more and more hearty. Sing in your families. Sing in your places of business. If we with proper spirit use these faculties we are rehearsing for the skies.

Heaven is to have a new song, an entirely new song, but I should not wonder if as sometimes on earth a tune is fashioned out of many tunes, or it is one tune with the variations, so some of the songs of the glorified of heaven may have playing through them the songs of earth; and how thrilling, as coming through the great anthem of the saved, accompanied by the harpers with their harps and trumpeters with their trum-

pets, if we should hear some of the strains of Antioch and Mount Pisgah and Coronation and Lenox and St. Martin's and Fountain and Ariel and Old Hundred. How they would bring to mind the praying circles and communion days and the Christmas festivals and the church worship in which on earth we mingled! I have no idea that when we bid farewell to earth we are to bid farewell to all these grand old gospel hymns, which melted and raptured our souls for so many years.

Now, my friends, if sin is discord and righteousness is harmony, let us get out of the one and enter the other. After our dreadful Civil War was over and in the summer of 1869 a great National Peace Jubilee was held in Boston, and as an elder of this church had been honored by the selection of some of his music, to be rendered on that occasion, I accompanied him to the jubilee. Forty thousand people sat and stood in the great coliseum erected for that purpose. Thousands of wind and stringed instruments. Twelve thousand trained voices. The masterpieces of all ages rendered, hour after hour, and day after day—Handel's "Judas Maccabæus," Sphor's "Last Judgment," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Haydn's "Creation," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Meyerbeer's "Coronation March," rolling on and up in surges that billowed against the heavens.

The mighty cadences within were accompanied on the outside by the ringing of the bells of the city, and cannon on the commons, discharged by electricity, in exact time with the music, thundering their awful bars of a harmony that astounded all nations. Sometimes I bowed my head and wept. At other times I stood up in the enchantment, and there were moments when the effect was so overpowering I felt I could not endure it.

When all the voices were in full chorus and all the batons in full wave and all the orchestra in full triumph, and a hundred anvils under mighty hammers were in full clang, and all the towers of the city rolling in their majestic sweetness, and the whole building quaked with the boom of thirty cannon, Parepa Rosa, with a voice that will never again be equalled on earth until the archangelic voice proclaims that time shall be no longer, rose above all other sounds in her rendering of our national air, the "Star Spangled Banner." It was too much for a mortal and quite enough for an immortal to hear, and while some fainted, one womanly spirit, released under its power, sped away to be with God.

O Lord, our God, quickly usher in the whole world's peace jubilee, and all islands of the sea join the five continents, and all the voices and musical instruments of all nations combine, and all the organs that ever sounded requiem of sorrow sound only a grand march of joy, and all the bells that tolled for burial ring for resurrection, and all the cannon that ever hurled death across the nations sound to eternal victory, and over all the acclaim of earth and minstrelsy of heaven there will be heard one voice sweeter and mightier than any human or angelic voice, a voice once full of tears, but then full of triumph, the voice of Christ saying, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Then, at the laying of the top-stone of the world's history, the same voices shall be heard as when at the laying of the world's corner-stone "the morning stars sang together."

AMBASSADOR CHOATE

JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE, an eminent American lawyer and diplomatist, was born at Salem, Mass., Jan. 24, 1832, and educated at Harvard University. He studied law at the Harvard Law School and in 1855 was admitted to the Bar. In the following year he removed to New York city, where he rapidly rose to eminence in his profession and was connected there with many of the most important legal cases. During the political campaign of 1856, Choate spoke frequently in support of Frémont, the Free-Soil candidate for the Presidency, and after that time became attached to the Republican party, although opposed to machine management. In 1898, as president of the American Bar Association, he made a memorable address before it in defence of trial by jury. He was president of the New York State Constitutional Convention in 1894, but until 1898 had held no political office. At the close of that year he succeeded Hon. John Hay as Ambassador from the United States to England, in which capacity he has been exceedingly popular in England, where he is widely and influentially known as a fine speaker and a man of great social and literary gifts.

ORATION ON RUFUS CHOATE

DELIVERED AT THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF RUFUS CHOATE IN THE COURT HOUSE OF BOSTON, OCTOBER 15, 1898

MANY a noted orator, many a great lawyer, has been lost in oblivion in forty years after the grave closed over him, but I venture to believe that the bar of Suffolk, aye, the whole bar of America, and the people of Massachusetts, have kept the memory of no other man alive and green so long, so vividly and so lovingly, as that of Rufus Choate. Many of his characteristic utterances have become proverbial and the flashes of his wit, the play of his fancy, and the gorgeous pictures of his imagination are the constant themes of reminiscence wherever American lawyers assemble for social converse. What Mr. Dana so well said over his bier is still true to-day: "When as lawyers we meet together in tedious hours and seek to entertain ourselves, we find we do

better with anecdotes of Mr. Choate than on our own original resources." The admirable biography of Professor Brown and his arguments, so far as they have been preserved, are text-books in the profession—and so the influence of his genius, character, and conduct is still potent and far-reaching in the land.

You will not expect me, upon such an occasion, to enter upon any narrative of his illustrious career, so familiar to you all, or to undertake any analysis of those remarkable powers which made it possible. All that has been done already by many appreciative admirers and has become a part of American literature. I can only attempt, in a most imperfect manner, to present a few of the leading traits of that marvellous personality which we hope that this striking statue will help to transmit to the students, lawyers and citizens who, in the coming years, shall throng these portals.

How it was that such an exotic nature, so ardent and tropical in all its manifestations, so truly southern and Italian in its impulses, and at the same time so robust and sturdy in its strength, could have been produced upon the bleak and barren soil of our northern cape and nurtured under the chilling blasts of its east winds is a mystery insoluble. Truly "this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

In one of his speeches in the Senate he draws the distinction between "the cool and slow New England men and the mercurial children of the sun who sat down side by side in the presence of Washington to form our more perfect union."

If ever there was a mercurial child of the sun, it was himself most happily described. I am one of those who believe that the stuff that a man is made of has more to do with his career than any education or environment. The greatness

that is achieved, or is thrust upon some men, dwindles before that of him who is born great. His horoscope was propitious. The stars in their courses fought for him. The birthmark of genius, distinct and ineffaceable, was on his brow. He came of a long line of pious and devout ancestors, whose living was as plain as their thinking was high. It was from father and mother that he derived the flame of intellect, the glow of spirit, and the beauty of temperament that were so unique.

And his nurture to manhood was worthy of the child. It was "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." From that rough pine cradle, which is still preserved in the room where he was born, to his premature grave at the age of fifty-nine, it was one long course of training and discipline of mind and character, without pause or rest. It began with that well-thumbed and dog's-eared Bible from Hog Island, its leaves actually worn away by the pious hands that had turned them, read daily in the family from January to December, in at Genesis and out at Revelations every two years; and when a new child was born in the household the only celebration, the only festivity, was to turn back to the first chapter and read once more how "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth" and all that in them is.

This book, so early absorbed and never forgotten, saturated his mind and spirit more than any other, more than all other books combined. It was at his tongue's end, at his fingers' ends—always close at hand until those last languid hours at Halifax, when it solaced his dying meditations. You can hardly find speech, argument or lecture of his, from first to last, that is not sprinkled and studded with biblical ideas and pictures and biblical words and phrases. To him the book of Job was a sublime poem. He knew the Psalms by heart

and dearly loved the prophets, and above all Isaiah, upon whose gorgeous imagery he made copious drafts. He pondered every word, read with most subtle keenness, and applied with happiest effect. One day, coming into the Crawford House, cold and shivering—and you remember how he could shiver—he caught sight of the blaze in the great fireplace and was instantly warm before the rays could reach him, exclaiming "Do you remember that verse in Isaiah, 'Aha! I am warm. I have seen the fire?'" and so his daily conversation was marked.

And upon this solid rock of the Scriptures he built a magnificent structure of knowledge and acquirement, to which few men in America have ever attained. History, philosophy, poetry, fiction, all came as grist to his mental mill. But with him time was too precious to read any trash; he could winnow the wheat from the chaff at sight, almost by touch. He sought knowledge, ideas, for their own sake and for the language in which they were conveyed.

I have heard a most learned jurist gloat over the purchase of the last sensational novel, and have seen a most distinguished bishop greedily devouring the stories of Gaboriau one after another, but Mr. Choate seemed to need no such counter-irritant or blister to draw the pain from his hurt mind. Business, company, family, sickness—nothing could rob him of his one hour each day in the company of illustrious writers of all ages. How his whole course of thought was tinged and embellished with the reflected light of the great Greek orators, historians and poets; how Roman history, fresh in the mind as the events of yesterday, supplied him with illustrations and supports for his own glowing thoughts and arguments, all of you who have either heard him or read him know.

But it was to the great domain of English literature that he daily turned for fireside companions and really kindred spirits. As he said in a letter to Sumner, with whom his literary fraternity was at one time very close: "Mind that Burke is the fourth Englishman,—Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Burke;" and then in one of those dashing outbursts of playful extravagance which were so characteristic of him, fearing that Sumner in his proposed review might fail to do full justice to the great ideal of both, he adds: "Out of Burke might be cut 50 Mackintoshes, 175 Macaulays, 40 Jeffreys, and 250 Sir Robert Peels, and leave him greater than Pitt and Fox together."

In the constant company of these great thinkers and writers he revelled and made their thoughts his own; and his insatiable memory seemed to store up all things committed to it, as the books not in daily use are stacked away in your public library, so that at that moment, with notice or without, he could lay his hand straightway upon them. What was once imbedded in the gray matter of his brain did not lie buried there, as with most of us, but grew and flourished and bore fruit. What he once read he seemed never to forget.

This love of study became a ruling passion in his earliest youth. To it he sacrificed all that the youth of our day—even the best of them—consider indispensable, and especially the culture and training of the body; and when we recall his pale face, worn and lined as it was in his later years, one of his most pathetic utterances is found in a letter to his son at school: "I hope that you are well and studious and among the best scholars. If this is so, I am willing you should play every day till the blood is ready to burst from your cheeks. Love the studies that will make you wise, useful, and happy

when there shall be no blood at all to be seen in your cheeks or lips."

He never rested from his delightful labors—and that is the pity of it—he took no vacations. Except for one short trip to Europe, when warned of a possible breakdown in 1850, an occasional day at Essex, a three days' journey to the White Mountains, was all that he allowed himself. Returning from such an outing in the summer of 1854, on which it was my great privilege to accompany him, he said, "That is my entire holiday for this year."

So that when he told Judge Warren so playfully that "The lawyer's vacation is the space between the question put to a witness and his answer," it was of himself almost literally true. Would that he had realized his constant dream of an ideal cottage in the old walnut grove in Essex, where he might spend whole summers with his books, his children, and his thoughts.

His splendid and blazing intellect, fed and enriched by constant study of the best thoughts of the great minds of the race; his all-persuasive eloquence, his teeming and radiant imagination, whirling his hearers along with it and sometimes overpowering himself, his brilliant and sportive fancy, lighting up the most arid subjects with the glow of sunrise, his prodigious and never-failing memory, and his playful wit, always bursting forth with irresistible impulse, have been the subject of scores of essays and criticisms, all struggling with the vain effort to describe and crystallize the fascinating and magical charm of his speech and his influence.

And now, in conclusion, let me speak of his patriotism. I have always believed that Mr. Webster, more than any other man, was entitled to the credit of that grand and universal outburst of devotion with which the whole north

sprang to arms in defence of the constitution and the Union many years after his death, when the first shot at Fort Sumter, like a fire-bell in the night, roused them from their slumber and convinced them that the great citadel of their liberties was in actual danger.

Differ as we may and must as to his final course in his declining years, the one great fact can never be blotted out, that the great work of his grand and noble life was the defence of the constitution—so that he came to be known of all men as its one defender—that for thirty years he preached to the listening nation the crusade of nationality and fired New England and the whole north with its spirit. He inspired them to believe that to uphold and preserve the Union against every foe was the first duty of the citizen; that if the Union was saved, all was saved; that if that was lost, all was lost. He molded better even than he knew. It was his great brain that designed, his flaming heart that forged. his sublime eloquence that welded the sword which was at last, when he was dust, to consummate his life's work and make liberty and union one and inseparable forever.

And so, in large measure, it was with Mr. Choate. His glowing heart went out to his country with the passionate ardor of a lover. He believed that the first duty of the lawyer. orator, scholar was to her. His best thoughts, his noblest words were always for her. Seven of the best years of his life, in the Senate and House of Representatives, at the greatest personal sacrifice he gave absolutely to her service.

On every important question that arose he made, with infinite study and research, one of the great speeches of the debate. He commanded the affectionate regard of his fellows and of the watchful and listening nation. He was a

profound and constant student of her history and revelled in tracing her growth and progress from Plymouth Rock and Salem Harbor until she filled the continent from sea to sea. He loved to trace the advance of the Puritan spirit, with which he was himself deeply imbued, from Winthrop and Endicott, and Carver and Standish, through all the heroic periods and events of colonial and revolutionary and national life, until in his own last years it dominated and guided all of free America.

He knew full well and displayed in his many splendid speeches and addresses that one unerring purpose of freedom and of union ran through her whole history; that there was no accident in it all; that all the generations, from the "Mayflower" down, marched to one measure and followed one flag; that all the struggles, all the self-sacrifice, all the prayers and the tears, all the fear of God, all the soul-trials, all the yearnings for national life, of more than two centuries, had contributed to make the country that he served and loved. He, too, preached, in season and out of season, the gospel of Nationality.

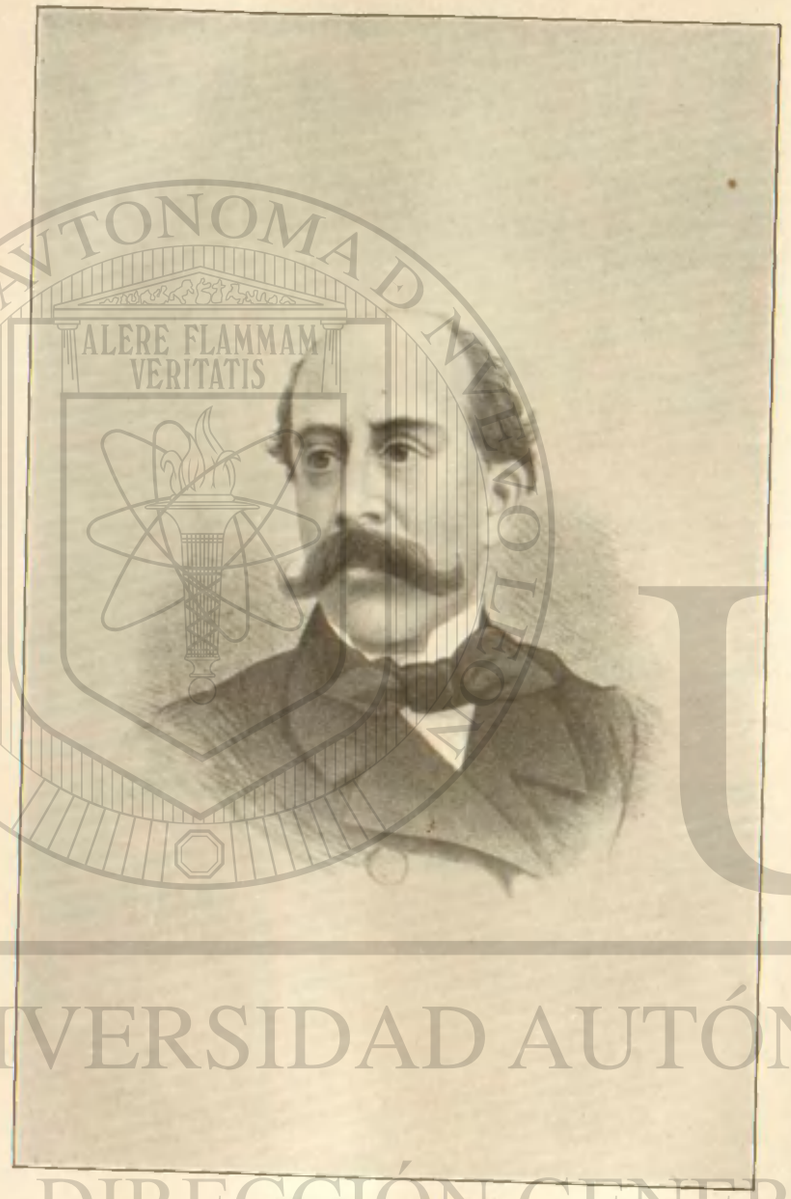
He was the faithful disciple of Webster while that great master lived, and after his death he bore aloft the same standard and maintained the same cause. Mr. Everett spoke nothing more than the truth when he said in Faneuil Hall, while all the bells were tolling, at the moment when the vessel bringing home the dead body of his life-long friend cast anchor in Boston harbor: "If ever there was a truly disinterested patriot, Rufus Choate was that man. In his political career there was no shade of selfishness. Had he been willing to purchase advancement at the price often paid for it, there was never a moment from the time he first made himself felt and known that he could not have commanded

anything that any party had to bestow. But he desired none of the rewards or honors of success."

He foresaw clearly that the division of the country into geographical parties must end in civil war. What he could not see was, that there was no other way—that only by cutting out slavery by the sword could America secure liberty and union too; but to the last drop of his blood and the last fibre of his being he prayed and pleaded for the life of the nation, according to his light. Neither of these great patriots lived to see the fearful spectacle which they had so eloquently deprecated.

But when at last the dread day came, and our young heroes marched forth to bleed and die for their country—their own sons among the foremost—they carried in their hearts the lessons which both had taught; and all Massachusetts, all New England, from the beginning, marched behind them, "carrying the flag and keeping step to the music of the Union," as he had bade them; and so, I say, let us award to them both their due share of the glory.

Thus to-day we consign this noble statue to the keeping of posterity, to remind them of "the patriot, jurist, orator, scholar, citizen, and friend," whom we are proud to have known and loved.



EMILIO CASTELAR

EMILIO CASTELAR

EMILIO CASTELAR, Spanish statesman, orator, and author, was born at Cadiz, Spain, Sept. 8, 1832, and died at San Pedro, Murcia, May 25, 1899. While still young, he made several ventures in literature, and at the age of twenty-four became Professor of History and Philosophy in the University of Madrid, and delivered lectures which attracted attention. Eight years later, however, he was deprived of his professorship on account of his editorial association with a radical newspaper ("La Democracia") which opposed the party in power and advocated Republican ideas. In 1866, not only was the newspaper suppressed, but he himself was sentenced to death, and had to remain in exile until the flight of Isabella II enabled him, in 1868, to return to Madrid and resume his professorship. Elected to the Cortes in the following year, he took a memorable part in debate, and, in the provisional republic which succeeded the short-lived monarchy of Amadeus, he became minister of foreign affairs, and president of the executive. Constrained to resign his office, in 1874, he remained for many years leader of the Moderate Republicans, and universally acknowledged the greatest of Spanish orators; but in 1893 he announced his retirement from politics, expressing a regret that he had not supported the limited monarchy of 1869. His chief writings embrace a "Life of Columbus," and a work entitled "Old Rome and New Italy."

A PLEA FOR REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS

IN THE SPANISH ASSEMBLY, DECEMBER 18, 1869

BEFORE replying to Minister Sagasta's speech of last Saturday, I desire to say that my public life forbids me to defend myself against personal attacks such as the gentleman seems to delight in. The Minister of Government was extremely kind in speaking of my address as a brilliant one and extremely severe when he declared that it was wanting in truth. Neither criticism was just. Gentlemen, I would not have to defend my own speeches if they had the resplendency and the beauty attributed to them by Mr. Sagasta. I would be content to let them

shine, confident, with the most eloquent and greatest of ancient philosophers, that "Beauty is the resplendency of Truth." After all, if there is any grand quality in this Assembly it is eloquence, the expressing of grand sentiments and sublime ideas in fervent language. I have heard such speeches come from every side of the Assembly and I would like to hear one, in the language of moderation, from the government. Discussions carried on in that manner, with eloquence and good judgment, give us hope for the future, for the laws of history do not permit a dictatorship to fasten itself upon a people whose faces are lighted by the fires of eloquence—a sure sign of grand apostolic work in social life.

I have said this, not being able to proceed without repelling a calumnious imputation directed against me by the Minister of Government. To a question of Mr. Oria relative to an attack on property, the gentleman replied that it was the work of the Federalists. In what article, in what proclamation, in what programme, in what bulletin, in what periodical, in what speech of a Federalist has the gentleman discovered that we attack property? Against the robbers are the courts and the judges, and it is an imposition on the Assembly and a calumny on our social conditions to charge us with such crimes and to seek to spatter this minority with the mud that bespatters all of you. This is not just.

Now, I must answer with calmness another slanderous imputation. The Minister of Government says that the Federal Republican party desired the dismemberment, the dissolution, the breaking up of this country. A party that aspires to a European confederation, a party that desires to see the abominable word "war" abolished, a party that desires to unite disunited people cannot seek the dismemberment of a country bound together by tradition and law. We desire that from Barcelona to Lisbon, from Irun to Cadiz, there shall be but one flag—a flag, however, under whose folds the citizen may have freedom, the municipality autonomy, and the province rights that belong to the whole country.

The accusation of the gentlemen reminds me of the one concerning decentralization made by the Moderate party against the Progressive party, and the claim of the Moderates that with decentralization national unity was impossible. Notwithstanding this claim, it is generally believed to-day that people who suffer most in their independence have a centralized government, because it is enough to aim a blow at their head, like the blow aimed by the allied powers in Paris in 1815. The belief is general that those nations that have great internal dissensions are centralized nations, because they have an apoplectic head on a weak, stiff body. And I say that, as centralization is believed in to-day, federation will be to-morrow—a federation the belief in which will result sooner or later in the organization of the United States of Spain within the United States of Europe.

Mr. Sagasta began to defend the dictatorship, and in defending it he drew an awful picture of our social condition, talking of crimes and criminals, and telling you that our education in the past was very bad, and that the corruption of to-day is very great. And what have the Republicans to see from that? For three centuries, yes, more than three centuries, our Church has been as an enemy to the human conscience. For many centuries it has been inimical to the national will. Consequently, if there is anything very bad

or vicious here to-day, it is owing to institutions with which we have nothing to do. And more, this evil, this viciousness, owe their existence to a lack of respect among the people for the law. And this lack of respect for the law is born of the systematic abuse of power by our arbitrary government. Judges nominated by a party and appointed to revise the electoral lists; schools, so-called, for filling convents and military barracks; the jury outlawed; public life closed to the Democracy; political corruption extending from above down in all directions—this is the product, and these the products, of the sore and wounded people painted by Mr. Sagasta; people who are the natural offspring of a long heredity of crime and error. It is impossible to cure the people if the system is not changed. . . .

Well, deputies, what form of government has come to Spain since the September revolution? The republican form has come and is still here. It so happens that you have not been able yet to implant monarchical institutions in its place. After having been fifteen days in power you declared yourselves for the monarchy. Did the monarchy come? After the elections you declared yourselves monarchists and us outlaws. Did you create the monarchy in the primaries? When the Assembly convened, the monarchy was proposed; there we have had great battles. Has the monarchy been established? The Conservatives, although they have not said so, have, I believe, agreed upon a candidate; the Radicals, more loquacious, have told us theirs; but have you, separated or united, produced a monarchy?

The Conservatives have a candidate who really represents the latest privilege granted the middle classes. Why is it that they do not bring him here? Because they know

that this is a democratic monarchy, based, as it is supposably, on universal suffrage, and because the candidate has not, never had, and never will have, the votes, the indorsement, the backing of the people. And you? You want a monarchy to keep up appearances, a monarchy in order that Europe may say, "See how prudent, how God-fearing, how wise, how intelligent are the Spaniards; they have a disguised republic!" After a provisional government and a provisional regency you want a provisional monarchy also. You do not expect or want to be strong in the right, in liberty, in the will of the people or in national sovereignty. All you want is a king who shall represent the predominance and the egotism of a party. You ought to know that as the candidate of the Conservatives cannot come here without the consent of the people your candidate cannot come without the consent of the Conservatives. Do you believe that your candidate will last if all the Conservative forces do not support him? Notwithstanding all that the Conservatives have declared to their representatives here, not one of them has said that he renounces his dynastic faith. Therefore, deputies, you cannot establish the monarchy.

On Saturday I pictured to you, in colors more or less vivid, the prestige which monarchical institutions have enjoyed in our country, and for this the Minister of State upbraided me without understanding my arguments. I ask you to concentrate your attention for a moment upon the parallel which I am going to present and which may be called a summary of this speech. I said the other afternoon, that to establish monarchical institutions it was necessary to possess monarchical faith and sentiment. One must have the poetry and the traditions of mon-

archy. I said this because I know that, although the Assembly and the official authorities can make laws, they cannot decree ideas or sentiments, those real and solid foundations of institutions. Formerly, in other times, kings were representative of the national dignity, and now from those same benches we have heard that they sold their native soil to a foreigner and even prostrated themselves at his feet, the people in the meantime answering the enemy with the second of May and the siege of Saragossa. Formerly poetry, addressing the throne, exclaimed:

"Oh! what a profound abyss
Of iniquity and malice
The mighty of the world
Have made of your justice!"

Formerly art sketched the apotheosis of Charles V. with Titian's brush, or the ladies-in-waiting of Philip VI. with the brush of Velasquez; now it sketches the image of the communists, of the victims of Charles V., or the ship in which the Puritans took the republic to the bosom of virgin America. Formerly, the gala days of the people were the birthdays of kings and the anniversaries of the beginning of their reigns. Now, the great days of celebration are the tenth of August, the thirtieth of July, the twenty-fourth of February, and the twenty-ninth of September, days marking the expulsion of kings. Formerly, when a navigator landed in America, or an explorer went into the interior of a new country, the purest piece of gold, the largest pearl, the clearest diamond was reserved for the king. Now, your Minister of the Treasury claims from the king even the clasp which holds the royal

mantle about his shoulders. I will not continue this parallel, as the Chamber clearly sees the application.

What does this mean? What does it signify? If the throne has fallen, if the throne is broken, if the throne is dishonored, if the throne cannot be restored, Conservatives, Unionists, Progressists, Democrats, repeat with the poet:

"Mankind, weep;
All of you laid your hands on him."

As there is no possibility of establishing the monarchy, as no candidate acceptable to all can be found, it is necessary, it is indispensable to get rid of the suspense, and I say that we should establish a republic. Have you not said that the forms of government are accidental? Gentlemen, you know the republic I want. It is a federal republic. I shall always defend the federal republic. I am a Federal, but, deputies, understand one thing, the republic is a form of government which admits many conditions, and which has many grades. From the republic of Venice to that of Switzerland there is an immense scale. Adjoining Mexico, where Church and States are separated, there is Guatemala, where the clergy have great power. Close to the decentralized and federal Argentine Republic is the Chilian Republic, another decentralized country enjoying great prosperity, its paper money being quoted in all the markets of Europe as high as that of England. Consequently, deputies, amid this great affliction and this great trouble and this unstable equilibrium, which surrounds you, you can establish a form of government which is of the people and for the people, a form of government in harmony with the institutions you have proclaimed, and

with the sentiment which all of you guard in the bottom of your hearts.

Have you not seen in history the inability of an assembly or any power to establish a form of government in conflict with great ideas? Remember the eighteenth century. Never had a monarchy attained more power, never was absolutism so strong, never was the destruction of obstacles in the way of kings more complete. Philosophy ascended the throne with them, ascended with Charles III. and Aranda and Tombal. It ascended with Joseph I., with Frederick the Great, with Leopold of Tuscany. All seemed to conspire to establish the same idea, the idea of a philosophy and a liberalism. And did they succeed? No, they were the Baptists of the Revolution. They repented late, and the philosophy they had thrown at the feet of the thrones came to naught. And what happened? Some were sentenced by the Assembly. The crowns of divine right were melted into cannon balls by the soldiers of the Revolution. What does this signify? That great powers cannot place absolutism above philosophy any more than you can build monarchical institutions on individual rights. Therefore, I beseech you to establish the republic. You are assured of our patriotism, our great interest in the country, our abnegation. Cato committed suicide because he found a Caesar. Radicals of Spain, do not commit suicide because you cannot find a monarch. I have spoken.

SPEECH ON THE POLITICAL OATH

DELIVERED APRIL 7, 1883

GENTLEMEN,—The political oath is dead throughout Europe. Nominally it is still enforced. Custom preserves a worn-out institution of which the spirit has long since expired. Just as we still see the light of far distant suns long after they have been extinguished.

It is undeniable that if the political oath was a great and worthy institution it would merit the fate of all great and worthy institutions and be as immortal as compassion, charity, and beneficence.

There is a proper place for the oath; it belongs solely to the great and solemn functions of life, so let it not be contaminated by the strife of party politics.

Witness the stress laid upon oaths in every secret society; the more idolatrous a religion is, the more complicated its system of oaths, the greater the mystery, the more frequent the invocation to the supernatural; you see this in all secret societies, because there injustice and mystery are the rule; but you do not see it in public societies, because there law and order prevail.

Compare the mysteries of Eleusis and those for admission to the temple of the goddess Isis; compare any of the pagan liturgies with the command not to take the name of God in vain, and tell me, as Catholics, as believers in the Bible, as Christians, that it is not necessary to abolish the oath.

The modern social order is an evolution of natural law, and the natural law has as its characteristic note liberty of

conscience, and liberty of conscience rejects the useless multiplication of oaths. Why then should you civil and political legislators exact irrational formulas? Be satisfied with external obedience and respect for the law, which is the only thing you can demand by reason of the authority which the nation has given you and the only thing that we, as free and true citizens, can promise.

But you will reply that we have abolished the oath that confirms a promise. And here let me say a few words regarding this absurd concession.

Laws are not made for imaginary people, but for those that really exist. The idealist suggests that we content ourselves with pure law, but in truth we must derive our inspiration from reality.

Now, gentlemen, there is a contrast, a deep contrast between the expression of external respect for the official religion and the profound indifference that there is in most souls and in the majority of consciences.

Go to the house of a sceptic, a freethinker, of any kind of a rationalist, go to that house and you will see expression of outward respect. The unbeliever scoffs at the efficacy of baptism, but although he disbelieves, he will have all his children baptized with due form and ceremony. At the table, where the soup and fish are steaming, he will ridicule the lenten discipline and criticise the proclamation of the Bull, but he will take good care to join his family in refraining from meat on Friday, through love for his wife, through consideration for his daughter, through respect for his mother, and even through fear of his mother-in-law; he will not communicate at Easter, oh, no, because he is secretly afraid of committing a profanation; but he will secretly bribe the priest or the sacristan of the parish to obtain the certificate

that he has received his Easter communion, so that he may place it in the family prayer-book or present it to the pastor on his Easter visit.

He will work here in the Congress and in the cabinet that education may be freed from priestly influence, that marriage may be merely a civil ceremony, that the cemetery ought to be under the control of the laity; but nevertheless in his last will and testament he will request that he be buried in the shadow of the cross, under which rest his ancestors; for although he has really given up his faith and his religion, he has breathed it in from the very air; he has become so accustomed to it that it has permeated his whole being, and he wishes to die in that faith whose *dies iræs* and *misereres* have taught him the terrors of death and whose prayers and psalms have given him assurance of immortality.

Well, gentlemen, do you wish some one to make promises. No one shall promise anything, I least of all. So then, instead of abolishing the oath, you have made it more burdensome.

Gentlemen, I am going now to differ from my friend the Marquis de Pedal. Do you think that any people could be more interested in the improvement of the moral conscience and even the religious conscience than the Republican party?

I have said a thousand times that as soon as material ties are broken moral ones become more binding. If this is true is it necessary to strengthen them either in Congress, in the committees, or in our public ceremonies, jubilees, and festivals in which all unite in their supplications to one God, whom they implore to guard them and to protect their rights.

And here, gentlemen, I call your attention—the attention

of all Liberals—to the fact that I have the same regret my friend the Marquis de Pedal has for the religious crisis, for the philosophical crisis through which the human mind is passing, for that cloud of sophism and error which at this very moment threatens all that we have loved and adored on the face of this planet. I also, gentlemen, protest against that philosophy which proclaims mere materialism and which worships blind force.

I cannot endure the thought that the immensity of space is only a funeral shroud, under the gloomy folds of which humanity lies as inert and soulless as stone.

I cannot endure the thought that time is only an eternal river, without beginning and without end, on the surface of which we behold human beings idly drifting toward a bottomless abyss, in which they are at last to be swallowed up.

I cannot bear to think of dwelling in a universe without ideals, without law and order, governed by chance and bounded by oblivion, that ogre which devours human souls and consigns them to nothingness.

Gentlemen, I abhor these errors, and lifting my arms toward heaven, I implore God to enlighten these blinded people who ask him nothing less than the proof of his existence; as if fundamental truth could be demonstrated and as if mathematical axioms were not undemonstrable postulates, without which other demonstrable truths would not exist.

God is seen in the light, is felt in the heat; we are conscious of him throughout our whole being; and the more weak and sinful we are, the more we deserve his mercy; the more wretched and miserable this world is, the more we need the aid of his divine Providence.

Gentlemen, now that I have protested against these doctrines which declare that the human being is but a collection of atoms, conscience and the mind merely an association of ideas; now that I have protested, I say that we must avoid another form of materialism. I mean that ecclesiastical materialism which converts the ministers of Christ into Carlists, which makes Mount Esquinza an altar, and which blesses the infamous gems of the Curate of Santa Cruz.

Yet, on the other hand, it is most necessary that sincere belief should have its foundation in the intellect, for we may be sure that if the soul is left free it will seek God as its centre of gravity.

Gentlemen, do you know what are the faults of Catholicism? That is to say, the faults of the practice of Catholicism (it would be a profanation to say that Catholicism in itself has faults). Do you know wherein it fails? In its form and ritual. For men go to Mass without understanding the prayers that are said, and to the Communion without realizing why they participate. They worship with their lips but not with their hearts.

Gentlemen, the longer we live the more we become convinced that there are no new revelations. The longer we live the more we are convinced that no new religious ideas are necessary; but what we do need is that the people of the Latin race should spiritualize the old ones. We find ourselves in a position analogous to that which characterized the sixteenth century. We of the nineteenth century need an ideal as they needed it then, when Martin Luther kindled the fires of the glorious Reformation; that great and extraordinary man, the successor of Armenius, educated, as he was, in a monastery, and so prone to mysticism that he saw angelic visions and imagined that the devil himself came to tempt him, this great man, I say, believed that as an antidote to

ecclesiastical materialism it was needful to read but one book, necessary only to follow the inspiration of conscience.

Luther recoiled from the marble cloisters surrounded with luxurious gardens, from incongruous groups of virgins and fawns, from elegant Ciceronians speaking classic Latin, which they were so anxious to retain that instead of praying to God they invoked the heathen deities of Rome.

Thus Luther brought forth that religious idea which in Germany has substituted the leadership of Protestant Prussia for the leadership of Catholic Austria, which has given to the world, instead of the Spanish colonial empire, the British colonial empire. And this new religion penetrates to the very heart of the people, and has made them more orthodox, because it has given them free thought and has proclaimed the great principle of the sacredness, the individuality, and the spirituality of conscience.

We need Christian unison; well, let us seek for it in our hearts. Do not demand a formal and liturgical oath; but instead take for an example the spontaneous prayer of gratitude which you offer God every day in return for his gracious gift of life.

I do not rise with a spirit of antagonism, gentlemen, but with a spirit of conciliation. I have no objection as long as they do not humiliate my conscience, my life, my traditions.

Why should I have any objections to using the name of God, gentlemen of the Congress? I see him in the realm of nature; I listen to him in the harmony of the spheres. I feel him in the beauty of art. I know him as the supreme immortal being. I proclaim him as the absolute truth in religion and in conscience.

I have no objection whatsoever to swearing by the holy

gospels, because, after having read the greatest books, I have found none more sublime than these. I have studied the greatest orators and have listened to their words, but I know of no oration so sublime, so divine as that which declares "blessed are they that mourn," "blessed are they that are persecuted." I know of nothing equal to our Lord's Sermon on the Mount.

I have seen the great places of the world—the Capitol which was called the head of the earth; the Parthenon, which was the spring of art; and I believe that there is no loftier height than the Cross, because its arms reach the heavens.

If you wish, I swear by God and the holy gospels, in the name of all we have respected on the face of this earth, with my hand upon my heart I swear fidelity by him alone who is eternal. I swear by him whose power has placed us upon earth; I swear by him, gentlemen, an eternal and inviolable fidelity to my country. But I will never take any other oath.

[Special translation.]

ANDREW D. WHITE

ANDREW DICKSON WHITE, a distinguished American educator, author, and diplomat, was born at Homer, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1832. He received his early education in the public schools of Syracuse and graduated at Yale College in 1853. He afterwards studied at the College of France and at the University of Berlin. In 1857, after serving as attache to the United States legation at St. Petersburg, he was appointed professor of history at the University of Michigan, where he taught for seven years. In 1863, he was elected a member of the New York senate, and sat in that body until he became president of Cornell University in 1867. In 1871, he was sent to the republic of Santo Domingo as a special commissioner, and in 1878 was appointed special commissioner to the Paris Exposition. In 1879, he became United States Minister to Germany, a post he held until 1881. In 1885, he resigned the presidency of Cornell University, and in 1892 became Ambassador to Russia. In 1897, after having rendered signal services as a member of the Venezuela commission, he was again sent to Germany, but now with the rank of Ambassador. He was a member of the Peace commission which met at The Hague in 1899; a regent of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.; and an officer of the Legion of Honor of the French Republic. Besides many contributions to the magazines and reviews of the day, he has published "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology"; "Lectures on Mediæval and Modern History"; "History of the Doctrine of Comets"; "Paper Money Inflation in France"; "The New Germany"; and "Studies in General History."

"THE APOSTLE OF PEACE AMONG THE NATIONS"

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE

YOUR EXCELLENCIES, Mr. Burgomaster, Gentlemen of the University Faculties, My Honored Colleagues of the Peace Conference, Ladies and Gentlemen,—The Commission of the United States comes here this day to discharge a special duty. We are instructed to acknowledge, on behalf of our country, one of its many great debts to the Netherlands.

This debt is that which, in common with the whole world, we owe to one of whom all civilized lands are justly proud,—the poet, the scholar, the historian, the statesman, the diplomatist, the jurist, the author of the treatise "De Jure Belli ac Pacis."

Of all works not claiming divine inspiration, that book, written by a man proscribed and hated both for his politics and his religion, has proved the greatest blessing to humanity. More than any other it has prevented unmerited suffering, misery, and sorrow; more than any other it has ennobled the military profession; more than any other it has promoted the blessings of peace and diminished the horrors of war.

On this tomb, then, before which we now stand, the delegates of the United States are instructed to lay a simple tribute to him whose mortal remains rest beneath it—Hugo de Groot, revered and regarded with gratitude by thinking men throughout the world as "Grotius."

Naturally we have asked you to join us in this simple ceremony. For his name has become too great to be celebrated by his native country alone; too great to be celebrated by Europe alone: it can be fitly celebrated only in the presence of representatives from the whole world.

For the first time in human history there are now assembled delegates with a common purpose from all the nations, and they are fully represented here. I feel empowered to speak words of gratitude, not only from my own country, but from each of these. I feel that my own country, though one of the youngest in the great sisterhood of nations, utters at this shrine to-day, not only her own gratitude, but that of every part of Europe, of all the great Powers of Asia, and of the sister republics of North and South America.

From nations now civilized, but which Grotius knew only as barbarous; from nations which in his time were yet unborn; from every land where there are men who admire genius, who reverence virtue, who respect patriotism, who are grateful to those who have given their lives to toil, hardship, disappointment, and sacrifice, for humanity,—from all these come thanks and greetings heartily mingled with our own.

The time and place are well suited to the acknowledgment of such a debt. As to time, as far as the world at large is concerned, I remind you, not only that this is the first conference of the entire world, but that it has, as its sole purpose, a further evolution of the principles which Grotius first, of all men, developed thoroughly and stated effectively. So far as the United States is concerned, it is the time of our most sacred national festival—the anniversary of our national independence. What more fitting period, then, in the history of the world and of our own country, for a tribute to one who has done so much, not only for our sister nations, but for ourselves.

And as to the place. This is the ancient and honored city of Delft. From its Haven, not distant, sailed the "Mayflower"—bearing the Pilgrim Fathers, who, in a time of obstinate and bitter persecution, brought to the American continent the germs of that toleration which had been especially developed among them during their stay in the Netherlands, and of which Grotius was an apostle. In this town Grotius was born; in this temple he worshipped; this pavement he trod when a child; often were these scenes revisited by him in his boyhood; at his death his mortal body was placed in this hallowed ground. Time and place, then, would both seem to make this tribute fitting.

In the vast debt which all nations owe to Grotius, the United States acknowledges its part gladly. Perhaps in no other country has his thought penetrated more deeply and influenced more strongly the great mass of the people. It was the remark of Alexis de Tocqueville, the most philosophic among all students of American institutions, that one of the most striking and salutary things in American life is the widespread study of law. De Tocqueville was undoubtedly right. In all parts of our country the law of nations is especially studied by large bodies of young men in colleges and universities; studied, not professionally merely, but from the point of view of men eager to understand the fundamental principles of international rights and duties.

The works of our compatriots, Wheaton, Kent, Field, Woolsey, Dana, Lawrence, and others, in developing more and more the ideas to which Grotius first gave life and strength, show that our country has not cultivated in vain this great field which Grotius opened.

As to the bloom and fruitage evolved by these writers out of the germ ideas of Grotius I might give many examples, but I will mention merely three:

The first example shall be the act of Abraham Lincoln. Amid all the fury of civil war he recognized the necessity of a more humane code for the conduct of our armies in the field; and he entrusted its preparation to Francis Lieber, honorably known to jurists throughout the world, and at that time Grotius's leading American disciple.

My second example shall be the act of General Ulysses Grant. When called to receive the surrender of his great opponent, General Lee, after a long and bitter contest, he declined to take from the vanquished general the sword

which he had so long and so bravely worn; imposed no terms upon the conquered armies save that they should return to their homes; allowed no reprisals; but simply said, "Let us have peace."

My third example shall be the act of the whole people of the United States. At the close of that most bitter contest, which desolated thousands of homes, and which cost nearly a million of lives, no revenge was taken by the triumphant Union on any of the separatist statesmen who had brought on the great struggle, or on any of the soldiers who had conducted it; and, from that day to this, north and south, once every year, on Decoration Day, the graves of those who fell wearing the blue of the North and the gray of the South are alike strewn with flowers. Surely I may claim for my countrymen that, whatever other shortcomings and faults may be imputed to them, they have shown themselves influenced by those feelings of mercy and humanity which Grotius, more than any other, brought into the modern world.

In the presence of this great body of eminent jurists from the courts, the cabinets, and the universities of all nations, I will not presume to attempt any full development of the principles of Grotius or to estimate his work; but I will briefly present a few considerations regarding his life and work which occur to one who has contemplated them from another and distant country.

There are, of course, vast advantages in the study of so great a man from the nearest point of view; from his own land, and by those who from their actual experience must best know his environment. But a more distant point of view is not without its uses. Those who cultivate the slopes of some vast mountain know it best; yet those who view it

from a distance may sometimes see it brought into new relations and invested with new glories.

Separated thus from the native land of Grotius by the Atlantic, and perhaps by a yet broader ocean of customary thinking; unbiassed by any of that patriotism so excusable and indeed so laudable in the land where he was born; an American jurist naturally sees, first, the relations of Grotius to the writers who preceded him. He sees other and lesser mountain peaks of thought emerging from the clouds of earlier history, and he acknowledges a debt to such men as Isidore of Seville, Suarez, Ayala, and Gentilis. But when all this is acknowledged he clearly sees Grotius, while standing among these men, grandly towering above them. He sees in Grotius the first man who brought the main principles of those earlier thinkers to bear upon modern times,—increasing them from his own creative mind, strengthening them from the vast stores of his knowledge, enriching them from his imagination, glorifying them with his genius.

His great mind brooded over that earlier chaos of opinion, and from his heart and brain, more than from those of any other, came a revelation to the modern world of new and better paths toward mercy and peace. But his agency was more than that. His coming was like the rising of the sun out of the primeval abyss: his work was both creative and illuminative. We may reverently insist that in the domain of international law, Grotius said "Let there be light," and there was light.

The light he thus gave has blessed the earth for these three centuries past, and it will go on through many centuries to come, illuminating them ever more and more.

I need hardly remind you that it was mainly unheeded at first. Catholics and Protestants alike failed to recognize it.

"The light shone in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."

By Calvinists in Holland and France, and by Lutherans in Germany, his great work was disregarded if not opposed; and at Rome it was placed on the Index of books forbidden to be read by Christians.

The book, as you know, was published amid the horrors of the Thirty Years' War; the great Gustavus is said to have carried it with him always, and he evidently at all times bore its principles in his heart. But he alone, among all the great commanders of his time, stood for mercy. All the cogent arguments of Grotius could not prevent the fearful destruction of Magdeburg, or diminish, so far as we can now see, any of the atrocities of that fearful period.

Grotius himself may well have been discouraged; he may well have repeated the words attributed to the great Swedish chancellor whose ambassador he afterward became, "Go forth, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed." He may well have despaired as he reflected that throughout his whole life he had never known his native land save in perpetual, heartrending war; nay, he may well have been excused for thinking that all his work for humanity had been in vain when there came to his deathbed no sign of any ending of the terrible war of thirty years.

For not until three years after he was laid in this tomb did the plenipotentiaries sign the Treaty of Münster. All this disappointment and sorrow and lifelong martyrdom invests him, in the minds of Americans, as doubtless in your minds, with an atmosphere of sympathy, veneration, and love.

Yet we see that the great light streaming from his heart and mind continued to shine; that it developed and fructified

human thought; that it warmed into life new and glorious growths of right reason as to international relations; and we recognize the fact that, from his day to ours, the progress of reason in theory and of mercy in practice has been constant on both sides of the Atlantic.

It may be objected that this good growth, so far as theory was concerned, was sometimes anarchic, and that many of its developments were very different from any that Grotius intended or would have welcomed. For if Puffendorff swerved much from the teachings of his great master in one direction, others swerved even more in other directions, and all created systems more or less antagonistic. Yet we can now see that all these contributed to a most beneficent result,—to the growth of a practice ever improving, ever deepening, ever widening, ever diminishing bad faith in time of peace and cruelty in time of war.

It has also been urged that the system which Grotius gave to the world has been utterly left behind as the world has gone on; that the great writers on international law in the present day do not accept it; that Grotius developed everything out of an idea of natural law which was merely the creation of his own mind, and based everything on an origin of jural rights and duties which never had any real being; that he deduced his principles from a divinely planted instinct which many thinkers are now persuaded never existed, acting in a way contrary to everything revealed by modern discoveries in the realm of history.

It is at the same time insisted against Grotius that he did not give sufficient recognition to the main basis of the work of modern international jurists; to positive law, slowly built on the principles and practice of various nations in accordance with their definite agreements and adjustments.

In these charges there is certainly truth; but I trust that you will allow one from a distant country to venture an opinion that, so far from being to the discredit of Grotius, this fact is to his eternal honor.

For there was not, and there could not be at that period, anything like a body of positive international law adequate to the new time. The spirit which most thoroughly permeated the whole world, whether in war or peace, when Grotius wrote, was the spirit of Machiavelli,—unmoral, immoral. It has been dominant for more than a hundred years. To measure the service rendered by the theory of Grotius, we have only to compare Machiavelli's "Prince" with Grotius's "De Jure Belli ac Pacis." Grant that Grotius's basis of international law was, in the main, a theory of natural law which is no longer held: grant that he made no sufficient recognition of positive law; we must nevertheless acknowledge that his system, at the time he presented it, was the only one which could ennoble men's theories or reform their practice.

From his own conception of the attitude of the Divine Mind toward all the falsities of his time grew a theory of international morals which supplanted the principles of Machiavelli: from his conception of the attitude of the Divine Mind toward all the cruelties which he had himself known in the Seventy Years' War of the Netherlands, and toward all those of which tidings were constantly coming from the German Thirty Years' War, came inspiration to promote a better practice in war.

To one, then, looking at Grotius from afar, as doubtless to many among yourselves, the theory which Grotius adopted seems the only one which, in his time, could bring any results for good to mankind.

I am also aware that one of the most deservedly eminent historians and publicists of the Netherlands during our own time has censured Grotius as the main source of the doctrine which founds human rights upon an early social compact, and, therefore, as one who proposed the doctrines which have borne fruit in the writings of Rousseau and in various modern revolutions.

I might take issue with this statement; or I might fall back upon the claim that Grotius's theory has proved, at least, a serviceable provisional hypothesis; but this is neither the time nor the place to go fully into so great a question. Yet I may at least say that it would ill become me, as a representative of the United States, to impute to Grotius, as a fault, a theory out of which sprang the nationality of my country: a doctrine embodied in that Declaration of Independence which is this day read to thousands on thousands of assemblies in all parts of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

But, however the Old World may differ from the New on this subject, may we not all agree that, whatever Grotius's responsibility for this doctrine may be, its evils would have been infinitely reduced could the men who developed it have caught his spirit,—his spirit of broad toleration, of wide sympathy, of wise moderation, of contempt for "the folly of extremes," of search for the great principles which unite men rather than for the petty differences which separate them?

It has also been urged against Grotius that his interpretation of the words *jus gentium*[1] was a mistake, and that other

[1] The right of nations, in other words, international law.

mistakes have flowed from this. Grant it; yet we, at a distance, believe that we see in it one of the happiest mistakes ever made; a mistake comparable in its fortunate results to that made by Columbus when he interpreted a statement in our sacred books, regarding the extent of the sea as compared with the land, to indicate that the western continent could not be far from Spain,—a mistake which probably more than anything else encouraged him to sail for the New World.

It is also not infrequently urged by eminent European writers that Grotius dwelt too little on what international law really was, and too much on what, in his opinion, it ought to be. This is but another form of an argument against him already stated. But is it certain, after all, that Grotius was so far wrong in this as some excellent jurists have thought him? May it not be that, in the not distant future, international law, while mainly basing its doctrines upon what nations have slowly developed in practice, may also draw inspiration more and more from "that Power in the Universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness."

An American, recalling that greatest of all arbitrations yet known, the Geneva Arbitration of 1872, naturally attributes force to the reasoning of Grotius. The heavy damages which the United States asked at that time, and which Great Britain honorably paid, were justified mainly, if not wholly, not on the practice of nations then existing, but upon what it was claimed ought to be the practice; not upon positive law, but upon natural justice: and that decision forms one of the happiest landmarks in modern times; it ended all quarrel between the two nations concerned, and bound them together more firmly than ever.

But while there may be things in the life and work of Grotius which reveal themselves differently to those who study him from a near point of view and to those who behold him from afar, there are thoughts on which we may all unite, lessons which we may learn alike, and encouragements which may strengthen us all for the duties of this present hour.

For, as we now stand before these monuments, there come to us, not only glimpses of the irony of history, but a full view of the rewards of history. Resounding under these arches and echoing among these columns, prayer and praise have been heard for five hundred years. Hither came, in hours of defeat and hours of victory, that mighty hero whose remains rest in yonder shrine and whose fame is part of the world's fairest heritage. But when, just after William the Silent had been laid in the vaults beneath our feet, Hugo de Groot, as a child, gazed with wonder on this grave of the father of his country, and when, in his boyhood, he here joined in prayer and praise and caught inspiration from the mighty dead, no man knew that in this beautiful boy, opening his eyes upon these scenes which we now behold, not only the Netherlands, but the whole human race, had cause for the greatest of thanksgivings.

And when, in perhaps the darkest hour of modern Europe, in 1625, his great book was born, yonder organ might well have pealed forth a most triumphant Te Deum; but no man recognized the blessing which in that hour had been vouchsafed to mankind: no voice of thanksgiving was heard.

But if the dead, as we fondly hope, live beyond the grave; if, undisturbed by earthly distractions, they are all the more observant of human affairs; if, freed from earthly trammels, their view of life in our lower world is illumined by that infinite light which streams from the source of all that is true

and beautiful and good,—may we not piously believe that the mighty and beneficent shade of William of Orange recognized with joy the birth-hour of Grotius as that of a compatriot who was to give the Netherlands a lasting glory? May not that great and glorious spirit have also looked lovingly upon Grotius as a boy lingering on this spot where we now stand, and recognized him as one whose work was to go on adding in every age new glory to the nation which the mighty Prince of the House of Orange had, by the blessing of God, founded and saved; may not, indeed, that great mind have foreseen in that divine light, another glory not then known to mortal ken? Who shall say that in the effluence of divine knowledge he may not have beheld Grotius, in his full manhood, penning the pregnant words of the "De Jure Belli ac Pacis," and that he may not have foreseen—as largely resulting from it—what we behold to-day, as an honor of the august Monarch who convoked it, to the Netherlands who have given it splendid hospitality, and to all modern states here represented,—the first conference of the entire world ever held, and that conference assembled to increase the securities for peace and to diminish the horrors of war.

For, my honored colleagues of the Peace Conference, the germ of this work in which we are all so earnestly engaged lies in a single sentence of Grotius's great book. Others, indeed, had proposed plans for the peaceful settlement of differences between nations, and the world remembers them with honor: to all of them, from Henry IV, and Kant, and St. Pierre, and Penn, and Bentham, down to the humblest writer in favor of peace, we may well feel grateful; but the germ of arbitration was planted in modern thought when Grotius, urging arbitration and mediation as preventing war, wrote these solemn words in the "De Jure Belli ac Pacis": "Maxime autem

christiani reges et civitates tenentur hanc inire viam ad arma vitanda."[1]

My honored colleagues and friends, more than once I have come as a pilgrim to this sacred shrine. In my young manhood, more than thirty years ago, and at various times since, I have sat here and reflected upon what these mighty men here entombed have done for the world, and what, though dead, they yet speak to mankind. I seem to hear them still.

From this tomb of William the Silent comes, in this hour, a voice bidding the Peace Conference be brave, and true, and trustful in that Power in the Universe which works for righteousness.

From this tomb of Grotius I seem to hear a voice which says to us, as the delegates of the nations: "Go on with your mighty work: avoid, as you would avoid the germs of pestilence, those exhalations of international hatred which take shape in monstrous fallacies and morbid fictions regarding alleged antagonistic interests. Guard well the treasures of civilization with which each of you is entrusted; but bear in mind that you hold a mandate from humanity. Go on with your work. Pseudo-philosophers will prophesy malignantly against you; pessimists will laugh you to scorn; cynics will sneer at you; zealots will abuse you for what you have not done; sublimely unpractical thinkers will revile you for what you have done; ephemeral critics will ridicule you as dupes; enthusiasts, blind to the difficulties in your path and to everything outside their little circumscribed fields, will denounce you as traitors to humanity. Heed them not,—go on with your work. Heed not the clamor of zealots, or cynics, or pessimists, or pseudo-philosophers, or enthusiasts,

[1] "But above all, Christian kings and states are bound to take this way of avoiding recourse to arms."

or fault-finders. Go on with the work of strengthening peace and humanizing war; give greater scope and strength to provisions which will make war less cruel; perfect those laws of war which diminish the unmerited sufferings of populations; and, above all, give to the world at least a beginning of an effective, practicable scheme of arbitration."

These are the words which an American seems to hear issuing from this shrine to-day; and I seem also to hear from it a prophecy. I seem to hear Grotius saying to us: "Fear neither opposition nor detraction. As my own book, which grew out of the horrors of the Wars of Seventy and the Thirty Years' War, contained the germ from which your great Conference has grown, so your work, which is demanded by a world bent almost to breaking under the weight of ever-increasing armaments, shall be a germ from which future Conferences shall evolve plans ever fuller, better, and nobler."

And I also seem to hear a message from him to the jurists of the great universities who honor us with their presence to-day, including especially that renowned University of Leyden which gave to Grotius his first knowledge of the law; and that eminent University of Königsberg which gave him his most philosophical disciple: to all of these I seem to hear him say: "Go on in your labor to search out the facts and to develop the principles which shall enable future Conferences to build more and more broadly, more and more loftily for peace."

And now, your excellencies, Mr. Burgomaster, and honored deans of the various universities of the Netherlands, a simple duty remains to me. In accordance with instructions from the President and on behalf of the people of the United States of America, the American Commission at the Peace

Conference, by my hand, lays on the tomb of Grotius this simple tribute. It combines the oak, symbolical of civic virtue, with the laurel, symbolical of victory. It bears the following inscription:

"TO THE MEMORY OF HUGO GROTIUS
IN REVERENCE AND GRATITUDE
FROM THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
ON THE OCCASION OF THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONFERENCE
AT THE HAGUE
JULY 4, 1899"

—and it encloses two shields, one bearing the arms of the House of Orange and of the Netherlands, the other bearing the arms of the United States of America; and both these shields are bound firmly together. They represent the gratitude of our country, one of the youngest among the nations of the earth, to this old and honored Commonwealth,—gratitude for great services in days gone by, gratitude for recent courtesies and kindnesses; and above all they represent to all time a union of hearts and minds in both lands for peace between the nations.

BJORNSON

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON, a distinguished Norwegian dramatist, novelist, and orator, was born at Kvikne, Oesterdal, Norway, Dec. 8, 1832. He was the son of a Lutheran clergyman, and, after studying at the Latin school at Molde, in 1852 he entered the University of Christiania. His attention was early drawn to literature, and his first book "Synnove Solbakken," a novel of Norwegian peasant life, appeared in 1857. It was almost immediately popular and was followed by "Arne" (1858), "En Glad Gut" (A Happy Boy) (1859), and "Fiskerjenten" (The Fisher Maiden) (1868). During this period he was engaged also in producing dramas, which did not so quickly win their way to favor, the first of them being a tragedy, "Halte-Hulda" (Lame Hulda). To this succeeded "Kong Sverre" (1861); "Sigurd Slembe" (1862), a masterly trilogy which showed him at his best; "De Nygifte" (The Newly Married) (1865), a comedy; "Maria Stuart" (1867), a tragedy. After 1870, Bjornson devoted himself assiduously to the study of foreign thought and literature, with the result that by 1874 he became an advocate of republican ideas and of free thought in religion. Besides declaring his new views in various utterances and addresses, he gave form to them in a notable series of dramas bearing upon the problems of the time, such as "Redakteren" (The Editor) (1874); "En Fallit" (A Bankruptcy) (1875); "Det nye System" (The New System) (1875); "Kongen" (The King) (1879); "Leonarda" (1879); "En Hanske" (A Glove) (1883); and "Over Evne" (Overstrained) (1883). Among other works of his are: "Magnhild" (1877); "Kaptejn Mansana" (1879); "Arnljot Gelline" (1892); and "Johanne" (1898). Bjornson was for many years popular as an orator. To English readers, he is perhaps best known by translations of his novels: "In God's Way," "Arne," and "The Fisher Maiden," and by his drama "The Pillars of Society."

FROM ADDRESS AT THE GRAVE OF OLE BULL

OLE BULL was loved,—that has been shown at his grave to-day. Ole Bull was honored; but it is more to be loved than to be honored. If we wish to understand the origin of this deep affection for Ole Bull—to understand Ole Bull himself, what he was, and what he now is for us—we must go back to the time when he first came before the public.

We were a poor and diminutive people with a great past behind us and ambitions for the future which we were unable to fulfil; so we were looked upon with scorn. We were thought incapable of intellectual independence; even the so-called best among us thought the same. A Norwegian literature was thought an impossibility, even with its then rich beginnings; the idea of an independent Norwegian school of history was something to laugh at; our language was rough and unrefined, and not to be listened to unless spoken with the Danish accent; the development of Norwegian dramatic art was something too absurd to be thought of.

In politics it was the same. We had been newly bought and sold; and the freedom which we dared to take and which we had dared both to hold and to extend, even that gave us no security. We dared not show even "official" gladness, as it could be made uncomfortable for us in high places. . . .

Then a new generation came up, bred in those first years of our national life, which had not shared the burden of its elders nor sympathized with their forbearance and silence. On the contrary, it was inspired by a feeling of resentment; it was aggressive and restless as the sea. It revelled in the morning feeling of freedom; and just at this time Ole Bull's music came as the first gleams of the sun on the mountain's summit.

Our folk melodies were just beginning to be recognized as music; the democratic element was slowly leavening the aristocracy; a national feeling was being born.

When we talk with old people of the time when Ole Bull suddenly came before the world, of how he stood before emperors and kings; of how the great opera houses of Europe were thronged to listen to his music; how he played with a wild and mysterious power, a power peculiar

to himself, which was heartfelt, was Norwegian; when they read to us how his violin sang the Norwegian folk melodies while his audiences laughed and cried, and behind all rose visions of our people and our magnificent country,—one can understand the promise, the feeling of self-dependence, of strength, of pride he awakened—he first—in Norwegian hearts.

When he came home from his first tour abroad, only to see him was a feast; when he played the old airs which had lain hidden in the hearts of the people, but which had been listened to with delight by kings and princes, then young Norway felt itself lifted to the supremest height of existence. To his immortal honor, he gave us the gift which at that time we most needed—self-confidence.

It may be asked how did it happen that Ole Bull was the one set apart to accomplish this work. He came of a musical race, but that would have availed little had it not been for his burning patriotism. He was a child in the time of our war for independence, and his young voice mingled with the first hurrah for our new freedom. When he was a lad his violin sang in jubilant tones our first national songs at the student quarters of Henrik Wergeland. Patriotism was the creative power in his life. When he established the Norwegian theatre; when he supported and encouraged Norwegian art; when he gave his help to the National museum; when he played for every patriotic object; when he stretched out a helping hand, wherever he went, to his countrymen in need,—it was not so much for the person or object as for Norway. He always in all places and under all conditions felt himself our representative.

There was something naive, something jealous about his patriotism, born of the peculiar conditions of the time. But

it was something for us that our "finest" man, fresh from the courts and intellectual circles of Europe, could and would go arm-in-arm with our poor beginnings which were even less "fine" than now. It was this steadfast devotion to the things in which he believed that made Ole Bull dear to the people.

When he talked about his art he used to say, that he learned to play from the Italians. That was in a measure true. The outward form, the technique, was learned in Italy, but that in his playing which touched the heart and brought smiles and tears was born in his own soul, and its direct messenger was the folk song, tinged and permeated with the love of the fatherland.

[Special translation by Charles E. Hurd.]

GENERAL J. B. GORDON

JOHN BROWN GORDON, American Democratic senator, Confederate general, and ex-Governor of Georgia, was born in Upson Co., Ga., Feb. 6, 1832, and educated at the University of Georgia. He subsequently studied law and was admitted to the Bar. In the Civil War, he espoused the Southern side, entered the Confederate army, and rose from the ranks to be major-general. He was eight times wounded, and severely so at Antietam, and at Appomattox Court House was in command of a wing of General R. E. Lee's army. In 1868, he was Democratic candidate for the governorship of his own State, but was unsuccessful at that time in his aspirations. In 1868 and again in 1872 he was a delegate to the national Democratic conventions of those years, also presidential elector for the State at large. From 1872 to 1880 he was a member of the United States Senate, and from 1887 to 1890 was Governor of Georgia. In 1890, he was again returned to the United States Senate.

ON SILVER COINAGE

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, AUGUST, 1893.

MR. PRESIDENT, as a loyal soldier of the bimetallic cause, enlisted for the war, I had hoped to stand shoulder to shoulder here and elsewhere with the friends of that cause until its ultimate triumph. I had hoped to surrender any convictions of my own as to plans of action and follow the programme marked out by their combined wisdom. But, sir, as the difficulties and perplexities and dangers of this strange and unprecedented condition thicken around us, and as the responsibilities bear more and more heavily upon individual shoulders, each of us must feel that for himself, and not for others, he must answer by his act to his own conscience, his constituency, and the country.

As one in a darkened chamber from which the lights have been suddenly extinguished gropes his way in uncertainty until, the eye becoming more accustomed to the darkness, he begins to see still faintly, but somewhat more clearly, the objects around him, so some of us, struggling to penetrate this dense financial gloom, are stumbling here and there upon facts which ought to modify, and which must modify, our convictions of duty.

Every day by wire and by mail there come to me from my own State increased evidence of the belief that the purchasing clause of the Sherman law is primarily, if not largely, responsible for the present panic. What matters it, sir, whether that be true or not; what matters it whether these beliefs be well or ill founded? Belief in such case is as hurtful as reality. Of all the wild vagaries to which the human intellect is subject, causeless panic is the most unreasonable. An alarm of fire is heard in a theater or a crowded hall. The alarm is false, but the panic is real. "We are flanked," flies along the lines in the fury of battle, and without a moment's reflection, without a single effort to ascertain the truth, the bravest battalions at times break in wild and senseless panic.

Mr. President, the Sherman law, rightfully or wrongfully, justly or unjustly, in public estimation is the alarming agency which has brought the chill, frozen the currents, and stilled the heart-throbs of trade. Sir, it is perfectly immaterial to the argument whether its effects be reasonable or unreasonable. It is perfectly immaterial to the argument whether they were legitimate or have been systematically procured by designing men, as has been repeatedly charged on this floor. It is immaterial, I say, how it comes. The great fact, tne momentous fact, still stands that it is the pernicious

agent which has made men who have hitherto loaned money withdraw it and hide it; which has produced the distrust, the rush upon the banks, the deadly paralysis. It is the murderer, guilty of the blood of public confidence, and ought to die.

Mr. President, two plans are suggested for executing this criminal.

The amendment proposes bimetallism and repeal simultaneously. It is not necessary for me to say, I trust, that I would unhesitatingly support and vastly prefer this amendment, if prompt and favorable action upon it by both Houses of Congress were practicable or possible. But with a majority in the other end of this Capitol uncompromisingly committed to unconditional repeal, what Senator in this Chamber is sanguine enough to promise the country that we can agree upon a coinage bill, or any conditional bill, for weeks or months to come? In the meantime, while we delay, the condition of the whole country grows more and more alarming. In the meantime, while we delay, Southern cotton is seeking a market, with few buyers except foreign houses or their agents, and the price falls far below the cost of production.

In the meantime, while we delay, unhappy growers of that great staple, with hope almost gone and treading on the very verge of bankruptcy and despair, are imploring us to take some action, and without delay. Sir, standing in the deep shadows of these impending and immeasurable disasters, I can not consent to vote for any measure which involves additional delay, because the other branch of Congress is committed against it. I can not, therefore, and for that reason only, support that amendment. The majority bill for repeal means no delay, because the other branch of

Congress is for repeal. I therefore, and for that reason, support it.

Mr. President, our friends who oppose unconditional repeal believe that the Sherman law is not wholly or largely responsible for the condition of the country, and that repeal of that law will therefore fail to bring relief; that unconditional repeal under the circumstances is an extreme measure without any or at least sufficient compensating results.

In reply to the last suggestion, I beg to say that considering the certain damage done by this law to bimetallism, and the possible damage done by it in aiding the panic, no adverse action we could take with it could be extreme. But even if repeal be so regarded, the answer is that extreme remedies are often the essence of conservatism. Let me illustrate by the laws of nature, which are always conservative.

When the forest is uprooted by the storm or shivered by the lightning's bolts, these remedies would be regarded from a human standpoint as extreme; but when we remember that they were needed to stir the deadly calm and to sweep away by the tornado's wing the poisons lurking in the stagnant air, we begin to appreciate their value. Sir, the deadly calm and the stagnation in business are all around us. The Sherman law, in public estimation, is the pernicious agency that has caused the depression. If its removal will start the slightest healthful current it is our duty to apply the remedy. Suppose it be admitted, for the sake of argument, that its repeal will not accomplish all that is needed to restore the country to its normal and healthful condition; and I am one of those who believe that it is but the first step toward relief. Are we to refuse to take any step until in the laboratory of Congress we can concoct all the physic which the

country needs? If your friend were sinking in the lake too far from shore to be grappled with hooks and drawn into safety, would you wait until you could send miles away for a lifeboat, or would you shove out to him the tiny plank at your feet in order that he might sustain himself until the lifeboat could arrive? If we cannot at once rescue the country bodily from the dead sea of distrust in which it is drowning, let us at least lift its head above the waves that it may gather breath and strength for the next struggle.

But we are asked if unconditional repeal will bring relief? I answer that in the opinion of those who usually lend money, but who now hoard and hide it, and I think in the opinion of the great majority of the people, repeal will bring speedy and certain relief. I trust that it will; but I do not know. This, however, I do know: That if this Senate insists upon settling ratios before repeal and the House insists on settling ratios after repeal, the disagreement involves indefinite delay. This we all know, that with the Senate moving in one direction and the House moving in the opposite direction, we shall place the country between the upper and nether millstones of Congressional disagreement and grind it to powder.

But we are told that unconditional repeal leaves this country in the relentless clutch of monometallism. Mr. President, if that were true, we might well stand appalled before so fatal a step. If I believed that to be true, I should turn my back upon the majority bill as being inimical to the highest interest of this country. And if unconditional repeal is passed and Congress should seek to take advantage of the situation in order to establish monometallism as the permanent policy of this Government, it would arouse from sea to sea the indignant people of this Union as they have never been except by the patriotic frenzy of the sixties.

No, Mr. President, repeal does not mean monometallism. Repeal is no menace to the double standard; but it does mean to take from the statute books a law which has dishonored silver, which has deprived it of its scepter and power as money; which is the accomplice, in disguise, of the single gold standard; which is the accomplice, in disguise, of the single gold standard; which every friend of silver on this side of the Chamber denounced on its passage and has denounced continually since, and which no Senator on either side of the Chamber will claim has sustained the price of silver or aided in preventing panic. Repeal rids us of that law, but more than that. It disencumbers the cause of bimetallism from this body of death and places that cause upon its own intrinsic, unassailable merits, with its friends no longer separated but united, and rallying to its support every Democrat, every Republican, and every Populist who regards a public pledge to the people as sacred and binding. Sir, if with these indisputable facts before us, to vote for the immediate repeal of such a law be treason to bimetallism, then loyalty is treason and treason is loyalty.

Mr. President, I come now to our next promise to place gold and silver upon the same footing. It is safe to say, I think, that bimetallism was the most popular, if not the most potential factor in the last campaign. It was the one plank common to all national platforms. It was the one force which made itself felt under all conditions and placed its seal on every party's banner. Like the great Roman before whose proud eagles the world succumbed, bimetallism can proudly boast "veni, vidi, vici," in every national convention. Republicans, Democrats, Populists, and Prohibitionists bowed down before its altar and worshipped at the common shrine. Its spirit fell upon hostile camps or oppos-

ing conventions, and at once Minneapolis and Chicago and all the rest unite in sounding its praises.

What a political Pentecost was that, Mr. President? Medes, Parthians, Elamites, and the dwellers in India and Mesopotamia, all are found in the same spirit and with one accord speaking the same tongue. Sir, this is the most remarkable spectacle in political history, and it becomes important to inquire into its meaning. We shall not search long, I apprehend, before finding it. It means that bimetallism is a vote-winner. It means that the American people are for it and the political parties knew it. Hence, with a unanimity without parallel, they protest to the people undeviating loyalty and undying allegiance to both metals.

It is true, sir, that these protestations and promises antedated the election; and it may be interesting hereafter to compare votes in Congress with votes in conventions, or party action in Congress with party promises in platforms. I fear, sir, that the contrast would put to shame the wonder-inspiring patent medicine advertisement, "Before and after taking."

Mr. President, I wish again to remind the Senate that my object to-day is not to discuss the general subject of finance, except so far as it is necessary in urging compliance with party pledges and in analyzing the excuses for noncompliance. The Chicago platform meant, if it meant anything, that if the people would give us the power we could give them both metals as standard money, placed upon an equal footing, but upon some ratio that would make them interchangeable. This was the interpretation placed upon the platform in Georgia; and but for the belief in the sincerity of these platform pledges, that hitherto steadfast State would have been lost to the Democracy. I believe the same may be affirmed of other Southern States.

I wish now to examine very briefly some of the excuses given for noncompliance with these promises.

It is not true that since we met at Chicago the conditions have so changed as to absolve us from our obligations. With the exception of the closing of the Indian mints, I believe no material change has occurred, and we knew what the policy of England and of Europe was when the platform was made. Neither is it true that the increased production of silver has caused the decline. It is undoubtedly true that the great increase of supply in any mere commodity without a corresponding demand will affect the price; but the stubborn facts and an overwhelming array of statistics which might be piled mountain high, but with which I will not again encumber the records, are directly in the teeth of the theory.

I could cite, and others have already cited, I believe, long periods of time in the past, where a vast increase in the supply of one metal as compared with the other has had no appreciable effect on the relative value of each. At some periods when the mines of the world yielded a much larger proportion of one metal, that metal has persisted in advancing in relative value. At others, when the relative supply of the mines of one metal decreased, the relative value of that metal also decreased—thus demonstrating, if facts and statistics can demonstrate anything, that as long as both metals were recognized by governmental statutes as money, and legal tender money, the law of supply and demand, so often appealed to in this debate, has been absolutely impotent in fixing their value. Legislative law, and not the law of supply and demand, is the more important influence upon the price of the metals.

Mr. President, of course the price of silver has fallen. Its

great function was to supply money, currency, or a basis for currency. Deprived of this function, dishonored before the law, discredited by the Government, the marvel is not that its price decreases, but that it has not fallen to a much lower point. A greater marvel is that our people still take it and even hoard it; and the greatest marvel of all is that in face of all this adverse legislation here and elsewhere, and in the face of the action in India, the price rallied after a temporary depression in the very citadel of its inveterate foe, with the imperial heel of England upon it. Sir, from prehistoric ages to this unhappy hour no metal or commodity has ever shown under unfriendly conditions such inherent, self-asserting, and self resurrecting power.

Will the contention be made that the supply and the demand, as of other commodities, fixes the prices of the precious metals, in the face of the indisputable facts that when Peru and Mexico, and the Comstock lode and Idaho, and Australia and California, and our Pacific slopes under the picks and shovels of the old "Forty-niners," poured their steady and swollen currents of both metals into the world's supply, there was no appreciable decline in value of either metal, or change in their relative value one toward the other. Indeed, the only effect was to stimulate the industries, increase the enterprise, and augment the wealth, the comforts, contentment, and happiness of mankind.

If, then, hostile legislation dealt the unjust blow, friendly legislation should make the atonement, and restore to its rightful position this great metal upon which, in the almost unanimous judgment of the people, so much of their future prosperity depends.

Sir, we are, indeed, a peculiar people—a torch-bearing people. We have led in railroads and in all material development. We have filled the marts of the world with products of our brain and muscle, and amazed Christendom with the wonders of telegraphy and telephones, and the ten thousand products of our inventive genius. But this is not the highest commission given us by providence. On that loftiest plane of human endeavor, the plane of self-government by a people, we have achieved a success beyond the hopes of the founders. We have demonstrated that all popular rights may be intrusted to popular government. We have taught mankind that a Republic with more than forty coequal republics, acting in concert and unity, resting solely on the loyalty of its citizens and controlled by their free ballots, may change its laws, its chief executive and all its rulers without shock or violence; that the Republic itself may be rent in twain to-day and reunited to-morrow in bonds of stronger and more enduring fraternity.

Mr. President, the day will come—has it not already come—when it will be our duty to lead in broader financial policies? Suppose this country now follows Europe in its contracted gold policy. It requires no gifts of prophecy to foretell the results. With this nation and all the other nations bidding and scrambling for gold, that metal must necessarily appreciate until the products of labor will lose half their value, while debts will be doubled. Sir, some power must be found which can resist the march of this remorseless policy—remorseless in its results—however differently intended by able and honest advocates. I am not here, sir, to impugn the motives or assail the judgment of those who differ with me on this issue of such transcendent moment to the American people. I no more doubt the sincerity of our great cities than I doubt the honest, sturdy yeomanry of the country.

I know that the great throbbing heart of these great American cities would respond with lavish generosity to appeals for needed help, whether that help were intended to alleviate Eastern or Western, Northern or Southern woe. But, sir, it is a characteristic of human intellects, however vast their capabilities, and though their every fibre were strength and honesty, to be more or less receptive of the influences around them. Let us recognize this truth in dealing with this great issue. Let us not indulge in criminations and recriminations. Let us not by speech erect walls of prejudice and passion between sections or classes, but let us recognize the sincerity of all, the patriotism of all, the intelligence of all, and after sifting the arguments and weighing the suggestions of all, determine the best policy for the prosperity of all.

WAYNE MacVEAGH

Wayne MacVeagh, American lawyer, politician, and diplomat, was born at Phœnixville, Pa., April 19, 1833, and graduated at Yale College in 1853. Three years later, he was admitted to the Bar, and from 1859 until 1864 was district attorney of Chester County, Pa. During the war, when the Confederate forces threatened to invade Pennsylvania, he served as captain of infantry. In 1863, he was chairman of the Pennsylvania Republican State Committee. In 1870, he was appointed United States minister to Turkey, and on his return served for two years as a member of the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention. In 1877, he was head of the so-called MacVeagh commission sent to Louisiana to adjust party troubles in that State. During the Presidency of Rutherford B. Hayes, he was United States attorney-general, but in 1881 he resigned and resumed the practice of his profession at Philadelphia, supporting in the following year Grover Cleveland for the Presidency. From 1893 until 1897, he was ambassador to Italy, and on his return settled at Washington, D. C. He has taken an active interest in reform movements, having been chairman of the Civil Service Reform Association of Philadelphia, and also of the Indian Rights Association.

IDEALS IN AMERICAN POLITICS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY AT CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE 27, 1901

THE yearly observance of academic festivals in America has always seemed to me to be one of the most gracious and the most useful of the time-honored customs of our national life. They bring us together in the full beauty of our midsummer, with its wealth of fragrance and of bloom; and, while persuading us to lay aside the anxious cares, the absorbing pursuits, the engrossing ambitions which so easily beset us and fill far too large a part of our daily lives, they enable us to breathe a purer and serener air, to refresh ourselves with unaccustomed joys and a nobler reach of

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vision, and to live through these days of June less in the spirit of the age and more in the spirit of the ages.

Such an occasion is inspiring alike to the older alumni and to the younger. It is inspiring to those of us who in serenity of spirit bring hither a long retrospect of a life of labor passed in fairly good ways and in works which, if not filled with benediction, have been at least reasonably free from harm to our fellow men.

It is inspiring also to the ardent graduates of yesterday, who are just crossing the threshold which divides youth from manhood, and have before them a long prospect of days yet to be passed, let us hope, in ways and works at least equally free from blame—a prospect now seen through

> "Magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas in faery lands."

And such a festival at the seat of this ancient and honored university is necessarily fraught with the buoyant and generous hopefulness born of her splendid history. In the grateful shade of these old elms, surrounded by these noble halls dedicated to the culture alike of character and of intelligence, the history of Harvard unrolls itself as on a golden page as we follow the slow procession of the fruitful years from its small beginnings to its present measure of renown and usefulness.

It is indeed impossible to measure the measureless bounty of this seat of liberal learning in that long interval to America. We cannot even recount the names of her illustrious dead, the priests and the poets, the scholars and the statesmen, the jurists and the soldiers, who received here for the first time the sign of the cross upon their foreheads, consecrating them as servants of mankind unto their life's end.

This uplifting work for the nation has gone steadily on,

with ever-widening influence, to its present yearly contribution of great numbers of young men of generous training and a high sense of duty, fitted to teach by precept and by example a nobler standard of life to their less fortunate brothers; for four years spent here at that period of life when the mind is most open to elevating impressions cannot fail to imbue them with unfaltering loyalty to their alma mater, and with a noble pride in what she has been and what she has done,—in her lasting contributions to scholarship, and to literature, her generous culture, her catholic toleration of all seekers after truth, and her ineffable charm for all her sons.

It seems to me there is no better work to be done at present by an American university than to again unseal those fountains of idealism where the human spirit has so often refreshed itself when weary of a too material age, to reawaken that enthusiasm for the moral law which we have all somehow lost, and to impress upon a people essentially noble, but now too deeply absorbed in the pursuit of wealth for wealth's sake, the advantages which the cherishing of ethical ideals may bring to all of us, even to those who pride themselves, above all things, upon being practical. It is for that reason that I venture to ask you to consider, during the time at our disposal, the value of such ideals in American politics.

While we must, of course, always insist upon the one vital distinction between true and false American patriotism, recognizing only as true that which possesses the ethical spirit, and rejecting as false that which does not possess it, we must also recognize that such a subject can be properly discussed only with that liberal and catholic feeling which makes the amplest allowances for difference of opinion; and upon an academic occasion like the present all discussion should be in a spirit

even more liberal and more catholic than might otherwise be necessary, crediting all others with the same patriotism we claim for ourselves, and displaying a charity satisfying the apostolic definition, which vaunteth not itself, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, and yet rejoiceth in the truth.

It is assuredly the part of wisdom to recognize an existing situation with equal frankness whether it happens to meet our approval or our disapproval. Among the many wise sayings of Bishop Butler none was wiser than his declaring that "things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be"; and his question, like that of Pilate, has never been answered, "Why, then, should we, as rational creatures, seek to deceive ourselves?"

There is therefore no reason why we should not cheerfully admit that the controlling consideration in the immediate present is that of money, and that the controlling aspiration of the vast majority of men who have received more or less of intellectual training is to follow Iago's advice and put money in their purses. In thus frankly confronting existing conditions it is not at all necessary to be depressed by them or to acquire "a moping melancholy."

There is, indeed, a sheer delusion cherished by unintelligent people, of which it is desirable that they should free their minds. They stupidly imagine that whoever finds fault with existing conditions in American society must necessarily think the past age better than the present; but the exact contrary is the truth. It is because we know, and are glad to know, that there has been a steady progress, alike in spiritual and material blessings, since men first lived in civilized society together, that we so earnestly desire such progress to continue.

We appreciate with cheerful thankfulness that the vast ma-

jority of mankind are now living in far happier conditions, possess far better guarantees of liberty and peace, and are more fully enjoying the indispensable conditions of any life worth living than ever before; but this conviction only makes us the more ardently desire that that progress should not now be stayed, but rather should be continued and with ever-accelerated speed, and our discontent is only with the unnecessary obstacles to such continuance and acceleration.

The men who desire the world to be better than it is contemplate with abundant pleasure the promise of the new century, opening, in spite of all its serious drawbacks, upon a brighter prospect for that religion of humanity which preceded it, and it is because they know that each succeeding century of the Christian era has been better than its predecessor that they are impatient of any apparent relaxation of that progress, and they are quite as often amused as annoyed by the very stupid apologies offered them for such relaxation.

The human spirit has in different ages and in different countries devoted itself to varying aims and objects: to religion, as in Palestine; to art and letters, as in Greece; to arms and law, as in Rome; to the aggrandizement of the Church, as in Italy in the Middle Ages; to maintaining the Protestant religion, as in Germany after the revolt of Luther; and in America to the doctrine of liberty and equality among men, ever since the landing at Jamestown; and it has been found entirely compatible with the divine order in the education of the world, and not at all disastrous to the welfare of the race, that different nations should cherish such wholly different aspirations, for the pursuit of each object has in almost every case been found to furnish a basis for further progress in good directions.

The fact, therefore, that this age is devoted to the making of

money as its chief ambition need not disturb us, for it is not at all certain that any better ambition could have been found at this time for the class of men engaged in practical business. It may, indeed, well happen that their labors are laying enduring foundations for far nobler standards of conduct, of effort, and of life than we are now enjoying; and, while it is true that so far these results have not been apparent, it is equally true that it is far too soon to expect them. In saying this I do not forget that Cicero declared that a general desire of gain would ruin any wealthy and flourishing nation, but I do not forget either that Mr. Burke, a far safer guide in the philosophy of politics than Cicero, declared that the love of gain is a grand cause of prosperity to all States.

Assuming, therefore, that we must deal with conditions as they exist, and present considerations likely to be acceptable to those to whom they are addressed, I have thought it might be useful to call the attention of our men of business to the commercial value of ethical ideas in American politics. If it is possible to satisfy them that the cherishing of such ideals may be of pecuniary advantage—may be, in truth, treated as a commercial asset—they may appreciate the wisdom of ceasing their efforts to destroy them, and may be persuaded to help in the good work of maintaining them and of extending their beneficent influence.

It would, of course, be foolish to undervalue the animosity men of practical business and men of practical politics now cherish toward such ideals. They insist—and I have no reason to doubt they honestly believe—that neither the business of the world nor its politics can now be successfully carried on if any respect is to be paid to such ideals.

A prosperous man is said to have recently declared that he had a great dislike for pessimists, and when asked what kind

of people they were, he replied: "The people who are always talking of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, when everybody of sense knows you cannot conduct business or politics with reference to them." "Anyhow," he added, "my pastor assures me they were only addressed to Jews."

It is a part of the creed of such men that the substitution of money for morals is the only wise course for practical men to pursue in these days of ardent competition and of strenuous efforts by each man to get rich faster than his fellows and at their expense; but this belief is probably in great part founded upon a total misapprehension of the character of the idealism which it is desired to recommend to their favorable consideration. They have persuaded themselves that we wish to insist upon the immediate practical application of the standards of conduct of a far-distant and imagined perfection,—that if a person invades your household and takes your coat you shall now follow him upon the highway and beg him to accept your cloak also; and if a reckless assailant smites you upon one cheek you must now offer him the other for a like blow; while if you insist upon the wickedness of unnecessary or aggressive warfare you are supposed to imply that righteous warfare, animated by a noble purpose and struggling to attain a noble end, is unjustifiable.

What we ask is nothing impracticable or unreasonable. It is only that we shall return to the ancient ways of the fathers and again enjoy the elevation of spirit which was part of their daily lives. They were, as we ought to be, far from being blind to material advantages and far enough from being willing to live as idle enthusiasts. "Give me neither property nor riches" was their prayer, with an emphasis upon "poverty." They sought, as we do, to acquire property. They

meant, as we mean, to get what comfort and enjoyment they could out of the possession of the world in which they worked and worshipped, and they felt themselves, as we ought to feel ourselves, co-workers with God when "the orchard was planted and the wild vine tamed, when the English fruits had been domesticated under the shadow of savage forests, and the maize lifted its shining ranks upon the fields which had been barren."

Surely there can be nothing impracticable, nothing un-American in striving to persuade ourselves again to cherish the lofty, inspiring, transforming, ethical ideals which prevailed at the birth of our country and have illumined, as with celestial light, the fiery ridges of every battle in which her sons have died for liberty.

Unhappily there is no immediate danger even of the most distant approach to a realization of such ideals—no alarming prospect that the noble conditions of human life such ideals encourage will too soon brighten the earth. They will probably always remain unattainable; but they are none the less always worth striving for and hoping for, and it is as certain as anything can be that to keep such ethical ideals constantly before the minds of the plain people born in America, as well as before the minds of the hordes of untaught immigrants who are flocking to our shores from every quarter of the globe, will have a tendency to soften their asperities, to lessen their animosities, and to encourage them to bear with greater patience the bitter and ever-growing contrast between the lives of idleness and luxury which we and those dear to us are privileged to lead, and the lives of labor and poverty which they and those equally dear to them are condemned to endure; for there is now no longer any pathway open by which many men who live upon the labor of their own hands can

hope to pass into the class of those who live upon the labor of other men's hands.

The stock certificate and the corporate bond, in return for their many conveniences, have destroyed that possibility, as well as wrought other serious evils to society in divorcing the possession of wealth not only from all moral responsibility for the ways in which it is created, but even from all knowledge of the men and women whose toil creates it.

It is not difficult to understand why the free government under which we are privileged to live especially needs the influence of ethical ideals in the conduct of life, or why we may possibly incur danger if we are without the protecting and conservative influence of such ideals in that not-distant future when we may find them indispensable; for the essential difference which separates American democracy from the governments which have preceded it, as well as from those which are contemporary with it, is in the last analysis an ethical difference.

The three hundred Greeks who on that long summer day held the pass by the sea against the Persian invader were seeking to hold it for Greece alone. The splendid valor of the Roman soldiers who encompassed Cæsar as with triple lines of steel on the day he overcame the Nervii was a valor displayed for Rome alone. Even the long, heroic struggle of the Netherlands against the despotism of Philip, perhaps the most heroic struggle in history, was primarily a struggle for their own liberties.

The same absence of any ethical ideal runs through all the aggressions of the great Powers of Europe. In the seizure of India by the agency of Clive and Hastings, and the cynical acceptance of the unutterable infamies they perpetrated, as well as in exploiting that unhappy country to-

day, though decimated by famine and desolated by the plague, there is no inconsistency with any standard Great Britain has proclaimed.

The same absence of inconsistency is observable in the forcible partition of Poland under the auspices of what was blasphemously called the Holy Alliance; in the annexation of Nice and Savoy by France; in the annexation by Germany of a part of Denmark and of two great provinces of France; in the steady and vast territorial aggrandizements of Russia; in the partition of Africa which has just been accomplished; or in the partition of China, which is in process of accomplishment.

Nothing can fairly be said to have been done, in any one of these conquests, incompatible with the avowed doctrines of those great predatory governments, for they never proclaimed an evangel of the rights of man, they never incurred any obligations to use the power they possessed for the advancement of the welfare or the promotion of the liberties of mankind.

It was permitted to each, without furnishing any basis for the charge of inconsistency, to rob any weaker people of its territory, to impose its own absolute and arbitrary will upon any weaker race upon which it possessed the physical power to impose it, and to take whatever such a people had of value for themselves.

But it would be very unwise for us to forget that American democracy has had a wholly different history. Not only was its inspiring and directing force the greatest ethical movement in the history of the human race, the struggle for civil and religious freedom, but it may be said without exaggeration to owe its very existence to it.

Lord Bacon, in the true marshalling of the sovereign

degrees of honor, assigns the first place to the founders of empires; and of all such founders none deserve more generous praise than those who came hither as from the fires of civil and religious persecution in the Old World to lay broad and deeper foundations of civil and religious freedom in the world just then offered to them for their new and far-reaching experiment.

From almost every civilized nation some of its best citizens sought safety in exile from their old homes in the wilderness of the New World, where they were free to strive at least for the realization of their belief in a common brotherhood of man on earth and a common fatherhood of God in heaven. No doubt with this ennobling creed there was mingled something of the dross of the weakness of human nature, but this was but as an atom in the great mass and had no shaping influence upon the fortune or the destiny of America; for the vast multitudes who come hither were actuated by the desire to secure for all other men the same measure of liberty they sought for themselves, the liberty conferred by equality of membership in a free church and equality of citizenship in a free State.

It is not at all necessary to take an alarmist view of the problems awaiting solution here in order to insist upon the practical and commercial value of the ethical ideals which have heretofore stood the nation in such good stead. Macaulay was not a profound student of comparative politics, and his well-known prophecy of the evil days which await the republic need not greatly disquiet us, although part of his prophecy has already been verified by the result. But Mr. Webster was a wise statesman, perhaps our wisest, and a profound student of our system of government, and he has left for our instruction this grave and weighty warning:

"The freest government would not be long acceptable if the tendency of the laws was to create a rapid accumulation of property in few hands, and to render the great mass of the population dependent and penniless. . . . In the nature of things, those who have not property and see their neighbors possess much more than they think them to need cannot be favorable to laws made for the protection of property. When this class becomes numerous it grows clamorous. It looks upon property as its prey and plunder, and is naturally ready at all times for violence and revolution."

Now, it is at least quite possible that in the not-distant future American politics may transform Mr. Webster's warning into history, for our electorate is already beginning to be divided, and must, in obedience to the law of social evolution, continue more and more to be divided, by that sharp cleavage which separates those who are contented with their lot from those who are discontented with their lot.

Under whatever disguises, called by whatever names, inheriting or seizing whatever partisan organizations, the alignment of the two great political divisions of American voters, who will sooner or later struggle against each other for the possession of the government, will inevitably be upon the basis I have named. The party of the contented will be ranged under one banner, and the party of the discontented will be ranged under the other, and that alignment will steadily develop increasing sharpness of division until the party of the discontented, being the majority, has obtained the control of the government to which, under our system, they are entitled; and then they will be sure to remodel the present system for the distribution of wealth, unless we have previously done so, upon bases wiser and more equitable than those now existing.

The one party will be, under whatever name, the party

of capital; and the other party will be, under whatever name, the party of labor. If any doubt had existed upon this subject among men accustomed seriously to reflect upon political problems, it ought to have disappeared in view of the developments of the last two presidential elections and of the present growing tendency alike of capital more and more to consolidate itself in great masses as in preparation for the coming struggle, and of the brotherhood of American labor more and more to consolidate itself in one organization in like preparation.

Ominous signs are indeed almost daily discernable that those leaders of confederated labor who are really loyal to it and are not purchasable by the party of capital have discerned that the true remedy for what seems to them the present unjust inequality in the distribution of wealth is through legislation.

If yesterday they foolishly resorted to attempts to overawe the nominees of the party of capital, sitting as legislators, by a display of force and threats of violence, by to-morrow they will probably have learned that the ballot in America, while not so noisy, is far more peremptory than the dynamite bomb. It does not explode, but it controls; and its control will be as resistless as fate if the party of labor decides to clothe all its demands, as it has already clothed many, in acts of legislation, for then will occur what the Duke of Wellington foresaw, "a revolution under the forms of law."

My purpose, therefore, is to point out, without the slightest bitterness, to the members of the contented class, the commercial value of ethical ideals as the safest source of the political aspirations of the majority of our people and the most conservative influence in our national life, and also to

point out to them the grave dangers, from a business standpoint, in these days of possible conflict between capital and labor, of continuing to substitute money for morals as the permanent and controlling force in American politics.

In pointing out these dangers I accept to the fullest extent the proposition that this is an age of business, and I am quite willing to admit that the moral law is difficult of application to existing conditions. It is very apparent that difficulty is increased by the conduct of other nations which are now controlled by a consideration only of their material interests, the securing by force of new markets, the expansion of trade by war, the subjection of weaker peoples to the will of the stronger, and the ultimate partition, by blood and iron, of the whole habitable globe.

For us to enter upon a like course of expansion seems to many devout clergymen, to many successful politicians, and to many true patriots, our wisest policy. The gravity and the suddenness of our change of views in these matters is fitly illustrated by the recent voyage of capitalists of New York to England to indulge in expressions of sympathy and promises of alliance with a government which is now maintaining in the Transvaal camps of concentration as brutal and as inexcusable as those of Weyler in Cuba, the detestation of whose horrors only three years ago greatly helped to drive us headlong into war with Spain.

I am not aware that history offers another example of so grave a change of opinion in so short a time; but I cannot help believing that the destruction and denial of ethical ideals, so far as regards American democracy, is very poor religion, very poor business, and very poor politics.

The first ethical ideal which it seems to me it would be wise for us, even from the point of view of the stock ex-

change, to guard most zealously just now, is the ideal condition of society with which President McKinley closed his congratulations upon the opening of the exposition at Buffalo—that of peace on earth and good will to men; for it may well happen that the safety of our institutions requires that the masses of our people shall continue to cherish the ethical ideals of Christianity, and that whoever lessens respect for them inevitably weakens the reverence of the majority of voters for the principles upon which our government is founded.

I observe with especial sorrow that many Protestant clergymen mistakenly suppose that they can safely substitute at this day and in our country the teaching of Mohammed for the teaching of Christ. We all know the temptations to which such clergymen are exposed.

It is so much more comfortable to "swim with the tide," and it is so much more certain that the incomes on which themselves and their families are dependent for the comforts and luxuries of life will share in the commercial prosperity of the country if the doctrines preached by them and advocated in their religious journals recognize that the making of money is the first duty of man in the new century, and that keeping one's self unspotted from the world, so far from being, as was formerly supposed, true religion and undefiled, is a foolish and sentimental expression, incapable of application in the rough world in which we live, where each man's duty is to take care of himself.

Knowing the despotism the practical men in the pews exercise over the pulpit in such matters, we ought to think with great charity, not only of the clergymen who fail to preach Christianity and who substitute Mohammedanism in its place, but also of the missionaries who, in distant lands and sur-

rounded by traders and soldiers, have persuaded themselves that the robbery and murder of weaker peoples, with their attendant horrors, cannot really be helped in an age so practical as ours and so determined to pursue only practical ends, and that therefore such crimes are no longer to be unsparingly condemned; but, after making all the allowance the most abundant charity can suggest, it will still remain a grave and menacing peril to American respect for the moral law if clergymen are permitted without rebuke to preach the righteousness of unnecessary or aggressive warfare, the killing of weaker peoples in order to reduce them to subjection, and the robbing them of their possessions.

Indeed, our silence in presence of the appalling and even unnamable atrocities recently perpetrated in China by the nations calling themselves Christian is a terrible blow dealt to the faith of common men in a religion whose professors thus allow its fundamental principles to be trampled under foot without a word of protest or reprobation; and if the faith of our laboring people in the ethical ideals of Christianity is once destroyed by its professors here, as its professors destroyed it among the laboring people of France a hundred years ago, there will be lost one of the most valuable and conservative influences we possess,—an influence which it is not too much to say may yet prove to be absolutely indispensable to the preservation of that respect for law and order upon which, in the last resort, American society must depend for its peace.

Let us therefore ardently hope that the true American ideal of peace on earth and good will to men will again take possession of our hearts, and enable us, clergymen and laymen alike, to believe that it is not robbery, or conquest, or slaughter, or expansion, or even wealth, but righteousness only,

which exalteth a nation; for if, in a free state like ours, you substitute the Mohammedan ideal, which is now so popular, of war on earth and the subjection of the weak to the strong, you help to undermine the very ground upon which respect for private property, when gathered in great masses in few hands and often displayed in vulgar and offensive forms, must ultimately rest.

If fighting and killing are to be encouraged; if those who indulge in them are to be especially honored, and if oppression of the weak is to be cherished, it will be difficult to prevent the class of the discontented from familiarizing themselves too thoroughly with fighting and killing, and from learning to cherish in their hearts a desire to oppress their weaker but more wealthy fellow citizens.

It seems to me quite too plain for dispute that no single member of a weaker race can be killed; no hut of such a race, however humble, can be burned; no one can be selected for special honor for his part in such pitiful warfare,—without its helping to light the torch which starts the fire by which some hapless negro is to be burned at the stake in our own country, not only in defiance but in contempt of law, and all such acts must be surely followed by greater insecurity for the surplus wealth which the contented class possesses

We all read the other day that in a community almost within sight of Wall Street, where the cruel plot for the killing of the king of Italy was hatched, plots as cruel are now hatching for the killing of more crowned heads of the Old World; and I beg you to believe that that insensate rage against the sense of inequality and of pretended superiority to their fellows which these maddened members of the working classes attribute to crowned heads to-day may easily be transferred to-morrow to those of our citizens whose distinc-

tion rests upon the possession of too abundant riches; and for that reason, while the Mohammedan ideal of war on earth and the subjection of the weak to the strong must always lessen the security of private property in America, the Christian ideal of peace on earth and good will to men will always increase it.

It is quite possible there may also be great commercial value for us at the present time in the ethical ideal that all men are born equal, and equally entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I fully recognize the present unpopularity of this ideal. I know that to declare one's belief in it is to expose oneself to the dreadful charge of disloyalty; but as in matters of religion American democracy rested at its birth upon the message of the herald angels, so in politics it rested at its birth upon the doctrine of the equality of men.

It is true that doctrine was not formulated in words until the necessity arose for binding the scattered colonies together in their effort to assert their right to be an independent nation; but it was an essential part of the very atmosphere which the first settlers breathed when they landed on these shores. There never was a single step taken of any enduring character toward civil government in the colonies which was not, consciously or unconsciously, based upon it.

From Massachusetts Bay to Georgia many theories of government found expression, and there were "many men of many minds" engaged in the work of settling the continent; but through all instinctively ran one great underlying ethical doctrine—that of equality of political rights.

Subsequently, no doubt, the importation of slaves from Africa, and to a much greater degree the inventions which made slave labor profitable, colored the judgments of many

Southern men and induced them to believe that that doctrine was inapplicable to a weaker people of a different color and from a different clime, and that they and their descendants, even if born here, might be rightly held in slavery forever.

Indeed, many of the statements we now read of the necessity of the strong and wise governing the weak and ignorant are almost literal reproductions of the arguments advanced by the slaveholders of the South in defence of slavery just preceding the outbreak of the Civil War. That divergence from our original ideal produced the pregnant sayings of Mr. Lincoln, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," and its corollary, "This nation cannot permanently endure half slave and half free." He saw clearly that American democracy must rest, if it continues to exist, upon the ethical ideal which presided over its birth—that of the absolute equality of all men in political rights.

I am well aware that it is supposed that exigencies now exist which require us to disavow that ideal, and to abandon the doctrine of equality we inherited, and to which Mr. Lincoln so frequently expressed his devotion. We are asked to take a new departure, to turn our backs upon the old doctrine, and to declare that our fathers were mistaken when they brought forth a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to such an impracticable proposition as the equality of all men before the law. We are told that the exigencies of modern business and modern trade require a wholly different ideal to be set before the new century; that our present duty is to conquer any weaker people whose territory we covet, and to subject them to such government as in our opinion will best promote our profit and their welfare.

Of course many of the Southern people, brought up in the

belief that the subjection of the weak to the will of the strong was a divine institution, eagerly welcome our apparent conversion to their creed; and while I do not question the excellence of the motives of these new guides in American patriotism, I venture to warn you that if you follow them you abandon your best heritage,—that of being a beacon light and a blessing to all the oppressed of the earth.

Great popularity no doubt just now attaches to money, and great unpopularity to morals, on the ground that money is modern and practical, while morals are antiquated and impracticable; and, as conclusive arguments, they tell us that England has destroyed two republics in the interests of the capitalists who own the gold and diamond mines of South Africa; that Germany has seized a vast territory in China; that France has appropriated Madagascar; that Russia is benevolently assimilating Finland and absorbing Manchuria; and that Japan is casting longing eyes upon Korea; and they insist that, unless we bestir ourselves to like measures, we will be found to be laggards in the race of to-day, which is a race for new markets won by war, for the exploiting of weaker peoples, for larger armies, for ever-increasing navies, for expanding trade, and for greater wealth.

I confess I should have thought the growth of our own beloved country in material wealth and prosperity in the last thirty years of unbroken peace and of amity with all mankind had more than satisfied any avarice which could have found a place even in the dreams of civilized men. The marvellous story of that material progress is still dazzling the imaginations of all serious economists, and it is literally true of it, "State the figures however high, while the dispute exists the exaggeration ends."

The results of the thirty years from 1870 to 1900 prove beyond all question, and even beyond all cavil, that in order far to excel, not only all nations of the past, but also all nations of the present, in growth of agriculture, of manufactures, of commerce, of exports and of imports, and, above all, in population, it is not necessary to step beyond our own great, rich, and powerful country to subdue any weaker people, of whatever color, in any quarter of the globe; so that we are urged to betray the loftiest and noblest traditions of our history without even the poor excuse of needing the money we hope to make by such betrayal of the inspiring doctrine which Jefferson formulated and for which Washington fought. Those thirty years demonstrated that in order to be a world Power we need not be a robber nation.

There is still another ethical ideal which may soon prove to be of very great commercial value in American politics—the ideal of the citizen, whether in or out of office, exhibiting moral courage in dealing with important public questions. However much we may differ on other subjects, I cannot doubt we all recognize and regret that we are just now exhibiting a very pitiful moral cowardice in shirking such questions,—a cowardice which may be fraught with great evils, for it is still true that unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations.

It is somewhat trying to the patience of the most patient to listen to the noisy and senseless rhetoric which seeks to hide our lack of moral courage by extolling that mere physical courage which all men of the fighting races and many brutes possess, and which flamed just as high in the breasts of the conscript youth of France, fighting to subdue other kingdoms to be trodden under foot by their imperial master, as it flamed in the breasts of their fathers, rushing to fling themselves upon embattled Europe in defence of the liberties of France. The

physical courage in both cases was just the same, and will never be excelled.

The only difference was an ethical difference: the fathers were fighting in a just cause, and the sons were fighting in an unjust cause. The truth is that physical courage has always been the most commonplace of virtues, and could aways be bought at a very cheap price, so that it has become an unfailing proof of decadence for any people to become hysterical over exhibitions of animal courage without regard to the moral quality of the service in which it was displayed or of the comparative weakness of the adversary.

Just the contrary is true of moral courage. It is among the rarest of virtues, and its services are of far greater value in the democratic ages than ever before. Indeed, the days may not be distant when the existence of law and order in America may depend upon it, for it may be found that it, and it alone, can protect us from the dangers which Mr. Webster believed would follow our present condition, "a rapid accumulation of property in few hands."

For that reason the commercial value of such courage in a government by the majority can hardly be over-estimated; and surely, if we are to find it a bulwark of defence in our day of need, we ought to be now commending it by our example, showing how really brave men face grave problems of government and set themselves, as brave men should, to finding the best possible solution of them.

It is perhaps inevitable, but it is none the less to be regretted, that a distinct lowering of moral standards should follow a state of war, inducing us to cherish the delusion that if we talk loudly enough and boast foolishly enough of our physical prowess by sea and land, and give our time and thought only to warlike actions and preparations, as we have

been doing for the last three years, all serious moral and domestic questions will somehow settle themselves.

Such a delusion is equally childish and cowardly, and it is only necessary to glance at such questions to discover that instead of settling themselves they are daily growing in gravity, and how unwise it is, instead of facing them, to be actually running away from them. It is certainly in no spirit of criticism, and with no feeling of censoriousness, that I thus call your attention to the corroding influence of war and commercialism upon moral courage, but simply because a recrudescence of moral courage in dealing with these problems closely concerns the present peace and the future welfare of our beloved country.

As one example, take our attitude toward the corrupt use of money in our elections and in our representative bodies. Even the dullest intelligence must see that if we continue to destroy, as for some time past we have been destroying, the belief of the majority of our fellow citizens that elections are honestly conducted and laws are honestly made, we are destroying the best possible basis for the security of private property; for there can be no reverence for law where laws and law makers are bought with money, and I fear we are rapidly destroying the possibility of such reverence in the minds of the masses of our countrymen.

We ought never to forget that in democratic governments the black flag of corruption is very likely to be followed by the red flag of anarchy. Yet we close our eyes in sheer cowardice to this evil and the danger it is creating, and we gravely pretend to each other that it does not exist, while we all well know that it does exist. Representatives of vast accumulations of property, guardians of great trusts, individuals profiting by the opportunity offered here for suddenly acquiring

colossal fortunes, and even those of us who have no fortunes, have not hesitated to give whatever money is needed to be applied to the purchase of the electorate and, when necessary, of the representative bodies elected by them.

Our municipal governments have long been a by-word of hissing and of shame, and they have been so because we decided we could make money by corrupting them. We have given freely to assist in electing persons known to be ready at the first opportunity to betray the sacred trust of the people committed to their keeping, in order to put the spoils of such betrayal in our own pockets. Many State legislatures have become equally objects of contempt and derision for the same reason. Then those corrupting influences have not hesitated to advance a step farther and lay their hand upon members of both branches of the national legislature until at last, so callous have we become upon the subject, that, if the case I am about to imagine occurred, I venture to assert that no earnest protest would be made by men of our class against its consummation.

Suppose an ambitious man, desiring to obtain the only success now deemed important in American life, should set himself to the work of making a large sum of money, and, having in any one of the ways now open to such efforts, succeeded beyond his hopes, he looked around to see what other distinction was open to him wherein he could use a portion of his gains so as bring to himself the most gratification; and that he should deside that he would give himself most pleasure by debauching the electorate of a State and thereby securing for himself a seat in the Senate of the United States.

Suppose, also, that he had so far imbibed the present American spirit as to feel quite sure that there was no need

for secrecy in these operations, but that they were rather a subject of legitimate pride; and that in the course of time he had so far succeeded that only a minority of citizens and legislators of his own party stood between him and the realization of his desire, but that the members of that minority proved to be incorruptible, either by the baser temptation of money or in the more plausible form of public office, and that, continuing bravely to stand for the purity of American politics and the honor of their native State, they succeeded in defeating the success of such debauchery,—would their conduct be received with the applause it deserved?

If not, I venture to say that it is very poor politics for the party of capital thus openly and cynically to notify the party of labor that no respect is due to law or to the makers of law; that it is wholly a question of money and not at all a question of morals; that the right to make laws is now as legitimate a subject of bargain and sale as that of any merchandise, and that therefore nobody ought to pay any respect to law except where it happens to comport with his pecuniary advantage to do so.

I may be needlessly concerned about the matter, but I confess, in spite of my ardent Americanism and my confidence in the law-abiding spirit of my countrymen, I am disturbed when I see what I regard as one of the best protections of the future thus openly undermined and destroyed, while the moral cowardice of those of us who do not ourselves corrupt anybody prevents our uttering a word of protest against it.

Upon the ground of expediency alone, regarding it only as an element in our commercial expansion, in our growth of trade, in our increase of wealth, in the prosperity of our stock exchanges—even from this standpoint it is assuredly

great practical folly to destroy the ethical ideal of law, as we are striving so earnestly to do.

There is another very grave problem which we are also refusing to consider, and by which refusal the ethical ideal of law is also being destroyed. It is the problem presented by our negro population, now approaching ten millions of souls. We gave them the suffrage, and we have allowed some of them to be killed for possessing it. We appointed some of them to office, and have stood meekly by when they were shot for having our commission in their hands. They are being burnt before our eyes without even a pretence of trial. We are allowing State after State openly, even contemptuously, to nulify a solemn amendment of the constitution enacted for their protection, to secure which we poured out our treasure without limit and shed the blood of our sons like water.

All of us, whether in public office or in private station, now concur in trying to ignore the existence of any such problem at our doors, while, laughing like the Roman augurs in each other's faces, we indulge in self-congratulations about the blessings we are carrying to another ten millions of dark-skinned races in far-distant lands.

I fully appreciate the difficulty in finding the best solution of this awful problem, but I do insist that our evasion of it is utterly unworthy of American manhood. It is not fair to the men and women of the South to leave them to settle it as they please, so long as we have duties connected with it; and it is useless to suppose that a problem involving ten millions of people is being solved by a few industrial schools fitting an inconsiderable fraction of the youth of both sexes for occupations most of which they will not be allowed to follow, and thereby unfitting them for the only occupations

in which they will be at liberty to earn their bread; and it is equally useless for us to pretend that by making contributions to such institutions we have done our whole duty in meeting the test this problem presents of our courage alike as citizens and as men.

We ought in the North as in the South to face our responsibilities toward these descendants of a people we brought here against their will and solely for our own profit, and we ought seriously to discuss and determine, in Congress and out of it, what is the best possible relation to be established between them and us; and then we ought to have the courage to give that relation the sanction of law and to see that such law is respected and obeyed.

Such treatment of this problem would be a far greater security for our future peace than many new regiments and many new ships of war. At present the condition of the whole subject is lawlessness, and such a condition is disgraceful to us all and is fraught with the serious dangers which lawlessness always brings in its train—as the exact opposite of the ethical ideal of law.

Indeed, the ethical ideal of the legislator and the citizen, as men zealous to know their public duty and brave enough to do it, is also rapidly being destroyed by our failing even to attempt to deal seriously and adequately with many other problems now imperatively demanding our attention. Among these problems are the reform of our present shameless and corrupt pension legislation, costing us over $150,000,000 a year, although a quarter of a century ago it was demonstrated by the tables of mortality that $35,000,000 was the maximum sum which could properly be expended for legitimate pensions; the reform of much other equally shameless and corrupt legislation, of which a fair specimen is that

known as the river and harbor bill; the courageous maintenance and extension of the merit system in appointments to subordinate positions under the government; the reform of the present system of taxation, so as to make wealth bear its proper share of the cost of government; the subjecting of the great monopolies which now control so much of the business of the country and so many of the necessaries of life to inspection and control by public authority; the devising of some just system of preventing the rapidly increasing conflicts between employers and employed; and the establishing of just and proper qualifications alike for immigrants and for electors.

It certainly would tend to make private property far more secure in America if the less fortunate majority of our population saw us of the more fortunate minority giving courage and time and thought to efforts to solve these problems and others like them, and thereby to lessen some of the evils which in many cases bear so heavily and so unjustly upon the poor.

Indeed, the influence of ethical ideals upon American democracy ought to be considered of value if only because the cultivation of such ideals will inevitably tend to make more really patriotic all classes of our countrymen, for such ideals lift us all above the unsatified standards of public duty with which we are vainly trying to content ourselves.

They bring us into the air of a higher and purer love of country, and they set us face to face with the early American spirit in its best estate. In such communion a sordid and selfish public opinion, with low methods to mean ends, tends to disappear, and a cowardly and corrupt public life becomes less possible.

You may not agree with me, but I am sure you will pardon

me for speaking of what seem to me to be the grave evils of the present tendencies of our national life and the serious dangers which, because of them, threaten the future of this government of ours, which our fathers sought to rest upon the enduring basis of liberty regulated by law,—a government which has the devotion of all our hearts to such degree that to keep it strong and pure and free we would all gladly lay down our lives; and while we must never despair of the republic, we must never cease our efforts to make it more worthy of the greatness of the opportunity offered it,—that of the leadership of the nations toward a civilization more peaceful, more serene, and more humane than the world has ever known.

Meanwhile it is consoling to know that, notwithstanding our failure to discharge our civic duties, many of the currents of our national life flow smoothly on, for the daily and obscure labors of the vast majority of our fellow citizens continue year after year in all the different phases of our national existence, and the laborers themselves have been sowing and reaping, working steadily at the tasks appointed them, taking the sunshine and the rain, mutely enduring the sufferings and the burdens given them to bear, and quitting themselves worthily as good men and women ought to do; and that daily confronting of the daily task, and doing it with patience, contentment, and courage, is as true to-day as ever; while it is also true that the recompense of such deserving labors, while less proportionately, is actually far greater in all measures, material and spiritual, than ever before, so that after all abatement we may regard the past with abundant gratitude and the future with absolute confidence, while on the threshold of the new century it is still true that the happiest of political fortunes is to be an American citizen, and that

fortune is sure to grow happier "with the process of the suns."

The present paralysis of our moral courage; our present cowardly tolerance of loathsome corruption and its kindred evils, which seem seriously to threaten our peace; our present animal lust for blood; and the general degradation of the national spirit we are here considering,—will prove to be only temporary evils and will soon pass away, for the American conscience is not dead, but sleepeth, and even if we do not, our children will return to the old ways and the old faith.

Let me repeat once more for your encouragement and my own those inspired words of the first great American: "The nation shall under God have a new birth of freedom, and government of the people by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

I am very grateful to this learned society for the repeated expression of its desire that I should address it. This year your invitation overtook me in the South, where—

"By the beached margent of the sea"

—I had just been reading a tale, the scene of which was laid in Italy, and cherishing the illusion that I was again standing for a moment on "the parapet of an old villa built on the Alban hills." Below I seem to see—

—"olive vineyards and pine plantations sink slope after slope, fold after fold, to the Campagna, and beyond the Campagna, along the whole shining land of the west, the sea met the sunset, while to the north a dim and scattered whiteness, rising from the plain, was—Rome."

And then, turning the leaves in the hope of finding another familiar scene, I was surprised to read these words:

"There are symbols and symbols. That dome of St. Peter's yonder makes my heart beat, because it speaks so much—half the history of our race. But I remember another symbol, those tablets in Memorial Hall to the Harvard men that fell in the war—that wall, those names, that youth and death, they remain as the symbol of the other great majesty in the world—one is religion and the other is country."

Reading those words, I seemed to hear again the illustrious laureate of your illustrious dead, who gave their youth for liberty, and standing here they seem indeed to—

—"come transfigured back,
Secure from change in the high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white shields of expectation."

In the spirit of their great sacrifice let us all cherish, in cheerfulness and in hopefulness an abiding devotion to both symbols,—that of religion and that of country; and let us labor together to the end that all the elevating influences which wait upon civilization may be more widely and generally diffused among all classes of our countrymen, and that we may all more ardently cherish the ethical idealism which seeks after peace and liberty, after equality and fraternity, and after respect and reverence for law.

In these ways, and in others we know not of, our American system of social and political life, by far the best ever yet enjoyed upon earth, may be placed upon the broad and enduring basis of true religion and true patriotism, and then at last the nation long foretold may appear, whose foundations are laid in fair colors and whose borders are of pleasant stones, and to it the promise of the prophet may be redeemed: "All their children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of their children."

SAMUEL E. DAWSON

SAMUEL EDWARD DAWSON, Litt. D., a prominent Canadian author, King's printer to the Dominion Government, Ottawa, was born at Halifax, June 1, 1833, and was educated in that city — commencing his business career of bookseller and stationer at Montreal in partnership with his father. He was one of the founders of the "Dominion Bank Company," 1879, and one of the promoters of the "Montreal News Company," 1880. Appointed a member of the Board of Protestant School Commissioners, Montreal, 1878, he became also a member of the Board of Arts and Manufactures of the Province of Quebec, and was subsequently for some years president of that body, and also secretary to the Art Association. Dr. Dawson was one of the earliest contributors to the "Canadian Monthly Magazine," and has written many essays and articles on literary and historic subjects for the Athenæum Club, the Montreal "Gazette," the Montreal "Star," the Toronto "**Week,**" and other well-known journals. He has also written on the topic of "International Copyright." Of separate works from his pen, the most important is "A Study of Lord Tennyson's Poem 'The Princess'" (1882; 2d ed., 1884), which has been pronounced "the best and most appreciative study of the poem that has anywhere appeared." The preface to the last edition contains an interesting letter from the late English poet laureate, which "throws light upon some important literary questions regarding the manner and method of the poet's working," and repudiates the charge of conscious imitation or plagiarism. Lord Tennyson truthfully described the "Study" as "an able and thoughtful essay." Dr. Dawson has also written two monographs on the voyages of the Cabots and the land-fall of 1497, which were read before the Royal Society of Canada, of which body he was elected a Fellow in 1893. In 1890. he received the degree of Litt. D. from Laval University, and in 1891 was appointed "Queen's Printer, and Controller of Stationery of Canada." He still fills this office, now styled "King's Printer."

THE PROSE WRITERS OF CANADA

[Address prepared for the American Library Association and delivered at Montreal, June 11, 1900. The fact that it was written for the librarians of America will account for the line of thought running through the address; because, outside of a few great institutions, few Canadian books are found in the libraries of the United States.]

IT is not possible in the compass of one lecture to give an adequate account of the prose-writers of Canada. In the first place there is the difficulty of dealing with a bi-lingual literature, and then there is the difficulty of separating

that which deserves mention from the current mass of printed communication. When one is called upon—in this age of newspapers and magazines—to decide as to what is and what is not prose literature, the difficulty is enhanced by the fact that some of our best prose-writers have never published a single detached volume.

In a general review such as this it will be profitable to inquire into the circumstances under which Canadian literature originated and by which it was directed into its actual channels, when we will at once perceive that, with reference to the history of the other nations of America, Canada is both young and old. Jamestown, the first English settlement on this continent, was founded in 1607. It has been desolate for two hundred years, but Quebec—founded in 1608, only one year later—is still flourishing.

Besides being brave soldiers and skilful seamen, both Samuel de Champlain and Captain John Smith were authors and led the way in English and French prose-writing in America; but there was a break in the continuity of development in the north, while in the south the colony of Massachusetts became the centre of an intellectual life which, though it flowed in a narrow channel, was intense and uninterrupted.

Canadian literature and Canadian history open with the works of Samuel de Champlain. Champlain was an author in the fullest sense of the word; for he even illustrated his own works and drew excellent maps which he published with them. His works include not only his voyages in Acadia and Canada, but his previous voyage to the West Indies and his description of Mexico. He wrote also short treatises on navigation and map-making which are still useful to explain early cartography. The edition of his works published at

Quebec in 1870, under the auspices of Laval University, is a monument of the scholarship of the Abbe Laverdiere, its editor, and of the generosity of its publisher. A librarian need no longer spend money upon original editions, for this is the most complete of all, and it is, besides, the most creditable specimen of the printer's art ever published in Canada.

From the time of Champlain down to the conquest in 1759 learned and cultivated men, ecclesiastics for the most part, wrote in and about Canada; but their books were published in Europe. Marc Lescarbot, a companion of Champlain in Acadia, wrote, in French, a history of New France and enticed "Les Muses de la Nouvelle France" to sing beside the rushing tides of the Bay of Fundy.

Then came the long series of Jesuit Relations, the books of Father Le Clercq, the Latin history of Du Creux, the learned work of Father Lafiteau, the letters of Marie Guyart, the Huron Dictionary and the History of Father Sagard, the Travels of Hennepin, the general treatise of Bacqueville de La Potherie, and the works of Father Charlevoix, still the great resource of writers on Canadian subjects.

There were many others. There was De Tonti—never since Jonathan was there friendship so devoted as his was to La Salle. There was Denys—the capable and enterprising governor of Cape Breton; and Boucher—the plain colonist from the frontier post of Three Rivers (then beset with savage Iroquois) who stood up before the Great King and pleaded the cause of the despairing colony; and then, lest we become too serious, we have that frivolous young officer, the Baron de Lahontan, who paid off the pious priests of Montreal for tearing leaves out of his naughty pagan books by telling slanderous stories of all the good people of Canada.

But this literature, while considerable in extent, was not

indigenous to the soil, although in quality it was, perhaps, superior to that of the English colonies. There were educational institutions and teaching orders and cultivated people; but education did not reach the mass. A printing-press was set up at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the year 1639, but one hundred and twenty years later, when Canada passed under British rule, there was not one printing-press in the whole of New France. Even the card money was hand-written, and the Ordonnances—a sort of government debentures passing current as money—were printed in France. There was in New France a polite and cultivated society; but the literature which existed was a reflex of the culture of Old France—of the France of the Bourbon kings. This jealousy of the press in Canada is very remarkable, because there was at least one printing-press in Mexico in 1539, and in Peru in 1586.

Upon a people thus socially organized the English conquest fell with great force, for, at the peace in 1763, when New France was definitely ceded, a large number of the educated laymen emigrated to France and left the people without their natural leaders.

I am aware that this has been recently disputed; but I am loath to believe that Bibaud, Garneau, and above all the conscientious and judicious Abbé Ferland, can be in error. The truth lies probably between the two extremes, and it will be safer to say that those who had any concern with the French government or army, or who had any claims upon or connection with the French court, emigrated. Now, when we consider that the government was despotic, and that there was no semblance of free institutions to afford an outlet for independent energy or ambition, we will recognize the effect of such an emigration. It is to the honor of the clergy that

they did not abandon their charge. Bowing to circumstances beyond their control, they severed their connection with their motherland; and, if French literature in Canada now breathes with a life all its own, it is due to the Church which sustained it in its time of sore discouragement.

Literature could not flourish under such conditions; moreover, French and English Canadians both had yet to undergo many trials and many political and military experiences. These they shared in common; for in those days intermarriages were frequent, and the two races understood each other better than they do now. Was it because the age of newspapers had not come?

The English who first came to Canada did not come in pursuit of literature; and, besides, the air was charged with electricity; for the treaty of peace had scarcely been ratified when the Stamp Act was passed. In the ensuing struggle, after some hesitation, the new subjects of England sided with her; for, in the much maligned Quebec Act, she had dealt justly, and even kindly, with them, and they rallied to her support. The war swept to the walls of Quebec, and yet the commissioners of the Continental Congress could not sweep the province into the continental union. Even the astute Franklin, in whose hands Oswald, and Hartley, and Lord Shelburne were as wax, and who was able to outwit even a a statesman like Vergennes, was foiled at Montreal by the polite but inflexible resolution of the French-Canadian clergy and gentry.

The tide of invasion receded, and peace came at last—but not repose; for with peace came the sorrowful procession of proscribed refugees who laid the foundations of English Canada. United Empire Loyalists they were called, and United Empire Loyalists are their descendants to the present

day. Well is it for us they were educated men; for the institutions their fathers had helped to found had to be left behind; and they set their faces to the unbroken wilderness where the forest came down to the water's edge, where the only roads were Indian trails or paths made by wild animals through the thickets. The time for literature had not come; for there were farms to be cleared, and roads and bridges and churches and schoolhouses to be built. All these lay behind them in the homes from which they had been driven. Clearly, then, if we want original Canadian works for our libraries, we must pass over these years.

But not yet was this people to find repose, for our grandparents had scant time to organize themselves into civil communities when war broke out again and once more they took up arms for the principles they held dear. The struggle was exhausting, for they had to fight almost alone. The mother country could give very little assistance, because she was engaged in a life-and-death conflict with a world in arms. In that "splendid isolation" which has more than once been the destiny of England, the little half-French, half-English dependency stood firm; but her frontiers were again swept by invasion.

The destruction of war and subsequent recovery from its effects postponed again the era of literature; for our land was all border land and felt the scourge of war in its whole extent. At last came peace, and the Canadian people could settle down to the normal development of their own institutions; but long, long years had been lost, and it was not until 1825 or 1830 that any interest in the pursuit of literature began to be felt.

And now that I have endeavored to make plain the circumstances which retarded the development of Canadian

literature, I will pass on to a short and necessarily imperfect survey of the books of which it is composed, and you will find, as might have been supposed, that our prose literature has naturally followed up those directions which had special reference to practical life.

No one, I think, but Rich, had been devoting himself to the bibliography of American books when Faribault published in 1837, at Quebec, in French, his "Catalogue of works on the history of America with special reference to those relating to Canada, Acadia, and Louisiana." He had served in the war; but when the Literary and Historical Society was founded he became one of its most active members. He was president and then perpetual secretary, and in his time were published those reprints of scarce works which are now so rare. He had been chief adviser in collecting the "Americana" in the Parliamentary library which was burned in 1849, and he was then sent to Europe to make purchases to replace the loss. Faribault's catalogue contains valuable notes, both original and extracted. It is now very scarce—a copy in the Menzies sale brought $8.

Morgan's "Bibliotheca Canadensis" is the next in order. It is a work of great industry and covers the whole period from the conquest down to the time of its appearance in 1867. The same writer's "Canadian Men and Women of the Time," published in 1898, practically continues the first work; for, although it contains notices of a vast number of people who are not in the remotest way connected with letters, yet all the *littérateurs* are there—"all," I said somewhat inadvertently, for there are a few important names omitted.

In 1886 the late Dr. Kingsford published a book called "Canadian Archæology," dealing with early printed Canadian books, and he supplemented it, in 1892, by another—the "Early Bibliography of Ontario"—for the first had been written too hurriedly to be accurate. Sir John Bourinot also has done excellent work in this field in his "Intellectual Development of the Canadian People" (Toronto, 1881), and in a monograph for the Royal Society of Canada, "Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness" (1893).

A work of great importance on Canadian bibliography is by Phileas Gagnon—"Essai de Bibliographie Canadienne"—a handsome octavo of 722 pages, published by the author at Quebec in 1895. It contains valuable notes and facsimile reprints of rare title-pages. Besides these there is an exhaustive annotated bibliography, by Macfarlane, of books printed in New Brunswick (St. John, 1895); Lareau's "Histoire de la Littérature Canadienne" (Montreal, 1874); and Haight's "Catalogue of Canadian Books" (Toronto, 1896). I can mention only these few: there are besides innumerable monographs in French and English, separate and in magazines, for the subject is a favorite one with Canadians. The catalogues of the parliamentary library at Ottawa and of the public library at Toronto are also very useful to collectors and students.

The English kings entertained no jealousy of the printing-press. William Caxton had a good position at the court of Margaret Plantagenet, Duchess of Burgundy, and her brother, King Edward IV, received him into high favor. In 1503 two of his apprentices were made "King's Printers," and since that time there has always existed by patent a royal printer ("Regius Impressor") through whom alone the orders and proclamations of the government were issued.

The office of king's printer became thereafter an important factor in English administration, and it was introduced

into all the colonies. No sooner, therefore, was Canada definitely ceded in 1763 than a printing-office became a government necessity at Quebec, and in 1767 Brown & Gilmore published, by authority, a folio volume of Ordinances. William Brown continued to print for the Crown; but the first imprint which appears to indicate the existence of a formal royal patent direct from the Crown is that of William Vondenvelden in 1797. John Bennett was king's printer in Upper Canada in 1801. Christopher Sower was king's printer in New Brunswick in 1785, and John Bushell was king's printer in Nova Scotia as early as 1752. In 1756 we find his name affixed to a proclamation offering £25 for every Micmac scalp. Settlers on the outskirts of Halifax had been losing scalps; for the Micmacs made their collection a labor of love, and the Abbé le Loutre, who controlled the Micmacs, could buy eighteen British scalps for only 1,800 livres. Naturally they had to bid higher at Halifax. All this did not invite to literary pursuits; but the volumes of statutes and official documents were well printed, and if literature did not flourish it was not for want of a printing-office. These volumes were books, but not literature and cannot be noticed here.

It will be of interest to say a few words about the first books—the Canadian "incunabula" so precious to bibliophiles. The first book printed at Quebec was "Le Catéchisme du Diocèse de Sens" (Brown & Gilmore, 1764—one year after the cession). Only one copy is now known. Then followed, in 1767, an "Abridgment of Christian Doctrine," in Montagnais, by Father Labrosse. Then Cugnet's "Traité de la Loi des Fiefs"—and other branches of the old French law (for it was in four parts) (William Brown, 1775). Cugnet was a very able civil lawyer. He became clerk to

the Council and assisted the English government by advising them upon the old laws of Canada.

The first book printed at Montreal was "Le Réglement de la Confrèrie de l'Adoration Perpétuelle du Saint Sacrement" (Mesplet & Berger, 1776). Then we have "Le Juge a Paix," a translation of a portion of Burn's "Justice of the Peace," by J. F. Perrault, a volume of 560 pages, octavo, printed by Mesplets in 1789. Religion and law are the two organizing factors of society, and this practical people were chiefly concerned with conduct in this world, not forgetting regard to the next, in which everybody fully believed. Later on, in 1810, we find the imprint of Nathan Mower on a reprint of Bishop Porteous's "Evidences." In 1812 appeared Blyth's "Narrative of the Death of Louis XVI," and in 1816 a volume of Roman Catholic prayers in Iroquois. These are not all the books printed in those years, but the titles indicate the tendencies of the people.

We have in Huston's "Répertoire National" (the first edition of which is very scarce, but which was reprinted in four volumes at Montreal in 1893) a collection of extracts, —in fact a cyclopædia of native French-Canadian literature from the earliest times down to 1848. One piece alone (a poem) bears date prior to the English period. It is dated 1734. From 1778 to 1802 there are only twelve articles. It was not until 1832 that the French national spirit became thoroughly awake, and from that year the extracts became increasingly numerous.

The first books in general literature began to appear in 1830 and 1831, and in 1832 the Legislative Assembly passed the first Copyright Act. That year would then be a convenient date from which to reckon the revival of literature in Canada. Do not suppose that the Canadian people were

uncultivated in those days. Although they were too busy to become writers they were great readers, and there were more book-stores in proportion to the population than now.

The first book in general literature published in Upper Canada was a novel, "St. Ursula's Convent; or, The Nun of Canada," printed at Kingston in 1824. There was also a press at Niagara (on the Lake) which did some reprinting; for we find that in 1831 Southey's "Life of Nelson" and Galt's "Life of Byron" were printed there. The same press issued in 1832 an original work by David Thompson, a "History of the War of 1812," and in 1836 was printed at Toronto a book of 152 pages in octavo, "The Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, and the Origin of the North American Indians." This book was reprinted in the United States.

I cannot pretend, in a paper like this, to give more than a general indication of the extent of publication in those days. There were books and pamphlets I shall not have space to mention; but there were very few books published in Lower Canada before 1833, and in Upper Canada before 1841. During all that period, however, there were many prose-writers; for the newspaper press was very active, and in the times before telegraphs, when news came by letter, the newspapers contained more original matter, compared with advertisements, than they do now. Newspapers did not contain so many contradictory statements, for there was more time to secure accuracy. They were diligently read, and editorials were more valued than now. Dare I say they were more carefully written?

The political circumstances of Canada are so exceptional that almost every problem which can arise in the domain of politics has been, at some time or other, encountered by our

statesmen. Questions of race, of language, of religion, of education—questions of local government, of provincial autonomy, of federative union—of the relative obligations between an imperial central power and self-governing colonies—have all been, of necessity, threshed out in the Dominion of Canada. Their underlying principles have not only been laid bare, but legislation has built firm social and political structures upon them.

For this reason there has always been a great deal of political pamphleteering in Canada, and of solid thinking also, which in later days and in larger communities would have been expanded into books. I have a great respect for a pamphlet upon a serious subject, because I feel sure the author did not write it for money, but because he had something to say. Pamphlets come hot from the brain of a man who cannot help writing. Great revolutions have been wrought by pamphlets falling, like burning coals, upon inflammable materials. Many of the pamphlets relate to the union of the colonies. Many of them look forward to the organization of the Empire, but, able though many of them were, the times were not ripe. The people of England were then, as they still are, in political thought far behind the colonists.

For the reasons cited above, the number of our prose-writers who have devoted their labors to constitutional and parliamentary history and law is large. Two, however, stand out before the others and have won high reputation throughout Britain and her colonies. Dr. Alpheus Todd and Sir John Bourinot are known wherever parliamentary institutions are studied. Dr. Todd's chief work, "Parliamentary Government in England," is one of the great standard authorities. It has passed through two editions, and a con-

densed edition has been published by a leading English writer. It has also been translated into German and Italian. He wrote also a work, indispensable to the self-governing colonies of the Empire, "Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies," in which is set forth in clear detail and with abounding references the mode of adaptation of the British parliamentary system to all the diverse colonies of the Empire.

The name of Sir John Bourinot, the Clerk of the House of Commons, must frequently be mentioned in any account of Canadian literature. His literary work is large in extent and is valued throughout all English-speaking communities. His "Parliamentary Procedure" is the accepted authority of our Parliament. His "Constitutional History of Canada" is the best manual on the subject. His two series of "Lectures on Federal Government in Canada" and "Local Government in Canada" have been published in the Johns Hopkins "University Studies," and his "Comparative Study of the Political Systems of Canada and the United States," read before Harvard University and the Johns Hopkins School of Political Science, has been published in the "Annals of the American Academy of Political Science." On these and kindred subjects he has contributed largely, not only to the periodicals of his native country, but to reviews in England and in the United States.

Although I have specially mentioned these two writers there are many others who have done important work in this field; as, for instance, Prof. Ashley, now of Harvard, whose "Lectures on the Earlier Constitutional History of Canada" are highly esteemed, and William H. Clement, whose volume on "Canadian Constitutional Law" is the text-book at Toronto University. The field was very wide, and from the

first the problems to be solved after the cession were complex and difficult. A people, alien in race, religion, and language, and immensely superior in numbers, were to be governed, not as serfs, but as freemen and equals. It was a civilization and a system of law equal to their own with which the English had to reckon; and with a religion which penetrated to the very foundation of society as deeply as did their own national churches. The subject is profoundly interesting, and there is a mass of literature relating to it.

A few English immigrants who came in from the southern colonies immediately after the conquest thought to govern the country without reference to the institutions of the conquered people, and the early English governors, General Murray and Lord Dorchester, were to the French Canadians a wall of defence. The period may be studied in the works of Baron Maseres, a man of great ability who was attorney-general of the Province and afterward baron of the exchequer court in England. He was of Huguenot stock and had strong anti-Roman prejudices, though personally very amiable. He could not see why the French should not prefer the English civil and ecclesiastical laws, and he wrote a number of books to persuade them to do so. He utterly failed to comprehend the French Canadians, though he was French in race and spoke and wrote French like a native. Later on came the discussions which led to the division of the Province and the separation of Upper from Lower Canada. Then followed the agitations of Papineau in the Lower, and of Gourlay and Mackenzie in the Upper Province, with an abundant crop of pamphlets leading up to the re-union.

But while these were sometimes merely party pamphlets of no real value, there was also much writing by such men as the Howes, Sewells, Stuarts, Robinsons, Haliburtons, and

others of refugee stock. These men were exponents of views concerning the destiny of the English race and the importance of an organization of the Empire which had been held by Shirley, Hutchinson, Dickinson, and even by Franklin himself in 1754 and down to a short time previous to the Revolution. The Loyalists had been, and these men were, as jealous of constitutional freedom as the leaders of the popular party.

Their successors in our days, Col. Denison, Dr. Parkin, O. W. Howland, and the Imperial Federation League, as well as our youth who have so recently fought in South Africa, are the heirs and representatives of the men who dreamed that great dream which Thomas Pownall (governor of the colonies of South Carolina, New York, and Massachusetts, from 1753 to 1768) printed in capital letters in his "Administration of the Colonies," namely, that "Great Britain might no more be considered as the kingdom of this isle only, with many appendages of provinces, colonies, settlements, and other extraneous parts, but as a great marine dominion consisting of our possessions in the Atlantic and in America united into a one Empire in a one centre, where the seat of government is."

The dream was shut up for many days—and even many years; for the times of the "Little Englanders" were to come; but it may be that in the latter days, if not a *pax Britannica* a *pax Anglicana* may reach round the world—a peace of justice, of freedom, of equality before the law—and who can tell where the centre of the English-speaking world may then be?

The history of Canada and of its separate provinces has been the favorite theme of our writers of prose. The histories written during the French régime were published in

France; but soon after the cession a new movement toward the study of Canadian history commenced. Heriot—Deputy Postmaster-General of Canada—wrote, in 1804, a "History of Canada," of which only one volume appeared, but it was published in London and had no original merit.

The first really Canadian history was published by Neilson at Quebec in 1815. It is in two octavo volumes and is very fairly printed. The author, William Smith, was clerk to the Legislative Assembly, and besides Charlevoix (of whose labors he made free use) he had the records of government at his service. Nevertheless the work is not of much historical value. It is very scarce and a good copy will bring about $40. Robert Christie—a Nova Scotian by birth—is the next in order of date, and his literary work extends over a long life. He wrote a volume on the "Administrations of Craig and Prevost," which was published in 1818, and the same year a "Review of the Political State of Canada under Sir Gordon Drummond and Sir John Sherbrooke." He wrote also a "History of Lower Canada from 1791 to 1841," defective in literary form, but valuable as a mine of documents and extracts.

Michel Bibaud's volume of "Epîtres, Chansons, Satires, et Épigrammes," published in 1830, marked the commencement of modern French-Canadian literature. He wrote also a "History of Canada" in two volumes, published in 1837 and 1844, now very scarce and little referred to. Garneau is the first French-Canadian historian worthy of the name, both for literary style and for original research. His history is a work of great merit and in many respects has not been surpassed. Garneau's "History" was written in French, and the four octavo volumes of which it consists appeared between 1845 and 1852, a period of storm and stress in Canadian

politics; hence it is animated by strong prejudice against his English compatriots. There have been several editions in French, and there is an English translation by Bell with corrective anti-Gallic foot-notes, after the manner of some of the orthodox annotated editions of Gibbon's History.

Very different is the "Histoire du Canada" of the Abbé Ferland, published from 1861 to 1865 at Quebec. It consists of a course of lectures which, as a professor of history, the author delivered at Laval University. The work, unfortunately extends only as far as the cession in 1763. It is the result of great labor and research and is written with impartiality. The same period is covered in English by a carefully written summary by Dr. H. H. Miles. This was published in 1881, and is a very convenient manual of the history of the French domination.

Benjamin Sulte's "Histoire des Canadiens-français," published in 1882-1884 in eight quarto parts, is a very valuable history, and, if it had been published in a more convenient form, would be known as widely as it deserves to be. The author's minute acquaintance with the inner life of the French-Canadian people makes his work necessary for reference. Mr. Sulte is one of our most prolific writers on historical subjects. His style is happy and his information accurate.

Dr. William Kingsford's "History," in ten volumes octavo, is the most important historical work which has hitherto been produced in Canada, and it extends from the discovery of the country down to the union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841 He wrote with great independence of judgment, and he is the first of our writers to make extensive use of the precious collection of original papers collected by Dr. Brymner, the Dominion Archivist. His industry was

indefatigable. His work is enduring, but his reward was inadequate, and the last years of his life were spent in labor which is now only—after he is dead—commencing to be appreciated.

A notice of the prose writers of Canada is incomplete without mention of the Rev. Dr. Withrow, who has published a work on the Catacombs or Rome which passed through several editions and met with favor among the reviewers of the United Kingdom. He has written on the "Romance of Missions" and on the "Early History of the Methodist Church," and a list of his works would be too long to give here. A "History of Canada" by him, published in 1880, is highly esteemed. Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, better known for his poetry, wrote a small popular "History of Canada" for the Appletons; but the most convenient manual of the history of Canada is that written by Sir John Bourinot for the "Story of the Nations" series and published in London and New York. An essential volume of reference for the student is Houston's volume of "Documents Illustrative of the Canadian Constitution, with Notes and Appendixes." It contains the foundation documents of the English period.

The war of 1812-14 is the subject of a number of narratives; but no connected work of special merit or research has appeared. One of the first volumes printed in Upper Canada was David Thompson's "History of the War of 1812," published at Niagara in 1832. It is now very rare. There is also a book on that war by Major Richardson, published at Brockville in 1842, and now scarce, and one by Auchinleck, published in Toronto in 1855. Colonel Coffin commenced to write, but his work did not reach a second volume. McMullan's "History of Canada," the first edition

of which was printed at Brockville in 1855, contained the best Canadian history of the war until Dr. Kingsford's large work appeared. There are, however, innumerable pamphlets and articles treating of episodes of this war published by local historical societies or in magazines.

I come now to more specialized histories—and what shall I say? for the roll is long and the time is fleeting. There are George Stewart's "Life and Times of Frontenac" in Winsor's great work; Gerald Hart's "Fall of New France;" the Abbé Verreau's collection of "Memoirs on the Invasion of 1775;" the Abbé Casgrain's works on "Montcalm and Levis." There is the great work of the Abbé Faillon on the foundation of Montreal, published by the Gentlemen of the Seminary, and there are also a series of histories, bringing down to the present day the narratives of the general histories, such as Bedard's "Histoire de Cinquante Ans, 1791-1841;" Turcotte's "Canada sous l'Union, 1841-1867," and David's "L'Union des Deux Canadas." In Ontario there are a large number of corresponding works, such as Dent's "Last Forty Years," and his "Story of the Upper Canada Rebellion." Such books are rich material for the future historian when the calm comes after the heat of political struggle has been dissipated.

Then there are the histories of the separate Provinces. Commencing, where so much commences, with the Province by the sea, there is Haliburton's "History of Nova Scotia," in two volumes octavo, published as early as 1829. It is a history based on original research and a work of literature in every sense. Murdoch's "History," in three volumes octavo, is arranged more as annals, and is an important work as a quarry for succeeding writers. Dr. Akins has published valuable extracts from the archives of the Province, and Sir

John Bourinot's "Builders of Nova Scotia" (written last year for the Royal Society of Canada, but also published separately) will give the reader, not only in the letterpress, but by the numerous illustrations, a vivid picture of the early days of the colony. Cape Breton, now a part of Nova Scotia —an island interesting from its connection with the discovery of the continent and the eventful episode of Louisbourg —has its histories. Robert Brown wrote a scholarly history of the island, and Sir John Bourinot's monograph in the Transactions of the Royal Society has left nothing to be desired.

The first New Brunswick historian was the Rev. Robert Cooney, who wrote a history of that Province, printed at Halifax in 1832. There is also a volume by Alexander Munro; but the "History of Acadia" by James Hannay is the most important work of this class emanating from New Brunswick.

And then there is the Northwest with its wild and romantic annals and its literature of exploration, adventure, and daring courage. For this you must consult Masson's "Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nordouest," Joseph Tassé's "Les Canadiens de l'Ouest," Beckles Willson's "History of the Hudson's Bay Company," and Dr. Bryce's recent work on the same subject. Manitoba has a group of writers. Professor Bryce's work on Manitoba and his "Short History of the Canadian people" were published in England and are much esteemed. Alexander Begg's "History of the Northwest," in three volumes, is an important work published in Toronto in 1894. Another writer of the same name has published a "History of British Columbia"—a well-written and useful work. These works (although there are many others I might name) cover the whole area of the continent west of

Ontario—to the green slopes of the western ocean and the ice-bound margin of the sluggish polar sea.

A leading American author in one of his early books, writing at Niagara and standing on his own side of the river, says with compassionate sententiousness, "I look across the cataract to a country without a history." He was looking into the emptiness of his own mind; for at that very time his countryman, Parkman, had commenced the brilliant series of histories of this country which have won for him an enduring name.

History! What country of the new world can unroll a record so varied and so vivid with notable deeds? From this very town went the men who opened out the continent to its inmost heart before the English had crossed the Alleghany Mountains. The streets of the old city have been thronged with painted warriors of the far unknown West, with boisterous *voyageurs*, with the white-coated soldiers of the French king, and with the scarlet uniforms of the troops of the English crown. For Montreal, from the earliest times, has been the vortex of the conflicting currents of our national life.

Few vestiges remain of the old town. The hand of the Philistine has been heavy. It is not so very long since I used to wander with Francis Parkman about the older streets; but landmark after landmark is gone or has suffered the last indignity of restoration. I remember taking Dean Stanley into the older part of the Seminary with a half-apology for its being little more than two hundred years old; while his own abbey reached back for nearly a thousand.

"I have learned," he replied, "to look upon two hundred years in America as equivalent to a thousand in Europe. They both reach back to the origins of things."

He had just come from Chicago, and they had shown him thousands of hogs marching to their doom; but the gentle scholar would not stay to hear an exposition of the amazing economies in the disposal of those hogs, rendered possible by the advance of science, but started for the east by the next train.

It is the mind which apprehends; for many have eyes and see not; but to men like Francis Parkman, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Dean Stanley every vestige of the quaint old town brought back memories of a picturesque and adventurous life which had thronged the narrow streets. Narrow—yes, they were narrow, but just as passable after a snowstorm and just as clean.

But I have lost my way in the old town with companions of former years. They talked so well that I forgot—I only wanted to explain to my American friend across Niagara that this land has a history and we have matters of surpassing interest to relate. There is the story of the Acadian exile—Longfellow told it without ever visiting the locality or knowing much of the matter. If you wish to have the responsibility for the action brought home to the doors of the New England colonies, read Richard's "Acadia" and the series of monographs by the Abbé Casgrain; but if, on the other hand, you wish to know of the provocations the English suffered, you will learn them from Dr. Akins and Lieutenant-Governor Archibald. The controversy is keen, and from the conflicting writers the true motive (if you are clever) may be gathered.

Many of the local histories are full of interest,—histories of Annapolis, Yarmouth, Pictou, and Queen's counties in Nova Scotia; of St. John, New Brunswick; of Huntingdon and the Eastern Townships in Quebec; of Peterborough,

Dundas, Welland, and Wentworth in Ontario. Interesting also is the mass of historical and legendary lore collected in numerous volumes by Sir J. M. Lemoine about Quebec and the lower St. Lawrence. Hawkins's "Picture of Quebec," and Bosworth's "Hochelaga Depicta; or, Picture of Montreal," are scholarly works now become very scarce; and Dr. Scadding, the learned annalist of Toronto, has written much upon that city and its surroundings. John Ross Robertson's "Landmarks of Toronto," and Graeme Mercer Adam's Centennial volume, "Toronto New and Old," are continuous pictures of the growing life of the Queen City of the Canadian West. Even in the wilderness of Muskoka, to the north of Toronto, is a history written in blood; for there the forest has grown over the sites of the Huron towns and obliterated the traces of a war ruthless and horrible, but redeemed by the martyrdom of the saintly missionaries expiring under tortures with words of blessing and exhortation on their lips.

All these things have exercised the pens of the prose-writers of Canada; but how can I attempt to enumerate the books in which they are recorded? Time is passing, and you will soon be weary of my theme, so I must hurry on and turn a deaf ear to those voices of the past.

Much good prose-writing exists in Canada under the kindred heading of Biography. The political history of the last sixty years may be found in such works as Lindsay's "Life of William Lyon Mackenzie," in Mackenzie's "Life of George Brown," in Pope's "Life of Sir John A. Macdonald," in Sir Francis Hincks's "Autobiography," and in Buckingham and Ross's "Life of Alexander Mackenzie." The stir of the political arena runs through these; but there are others, such as Read's "Lives of the Judges," his "Life

and Times of General Simcoe" and of "Sir Isaac Brock," which are freer from politics. There is also much matter of historical interest interwoven in such biographies as Bethune's "Life of Bishop Strachan," Hodgins's "Life of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson," Patterson's "Life of the Rev. Dr. McGregor."

No—I repeat it—our writers had not to cross the ocean for their inspiration. They had subjects for song and story full of heart-break and tears which they have not yet exhausted, and which some United States writers, notably Lorenzo Sabine of Maine, and Prof. Tyler of Cornell, have treated with generous sympathy. What could be more tragic than the exile of the United Empire Loyalists? There had been nothing like it for many centuries; there was nothing like it in Alsace or as a sequel to the late Civil War in the United States. Whoever were rebels, these were not; for they sided with the established existing government. There are not many books devoted specially to this subject, but there is a wilderness of detached monographs, and the "Transactions" of the literary societies are full of interesting reading-matter concerning it. Canniff's "History of the Settlements Round the Bay of Quinté" relates the fortunes of the earliest group of refugees in Ontario. The principal work is, however, Dr. Egerton Ryerson's "Loyalists of America and their Times," published at Toronto in 1880. Dr. Ryerson was a strong writer, but deficient in literary skill, and his work is rather materials for history than a finished historical treatise.

Much valuable prose-writing will be found in the "Transactions" of the learned Societies of Canada: such as the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, the oldest of all, founded in 1824; the Historical Societies of Montreal, of

Nova Scotia, of Manitoba; of the Canadian Institute of Toronto, and of the smaller societies.

Then there is the "Canadian Magazine," established in Toronto in 1893—an illustrated magazine of the latest type. The larger universities have periodicals of their own, and, in French, among others, is the "Revue Canadienne," published in Montreal since 1864, and containing the best writings of French-Canadian *littérateurs*. The University of Toronto prints an "Annual Review" of all literature relating specially to Canada, extending its survey to works treating of the discovery of the Western World. It is made up of contributions by specialists upon the subjects of the books reviewed, and, being edited by the librarian and professor of history in the University, is an exceedingly interesting series. Last, but not least, is the Royal Society of Canada, whose "Annual Transactions," now in their seventeenth year, contain monographs by leading writers of Canada upon the history, literature, and natural history of the country. Of the invaluable services of Dr. Brymner, the Dominion Archivist, I need not speak. Every librarian in America knows the value of his "Annual Reports" and the research and accuracy of his copious annotations.

It would naturally follow, from what I have told you of the practical character of the Canadian people, that the literature of law is very extensive. This I cannot even touch upon, but would only remark that the variety which distinguishes the Dominion in other matters extends even to this branch of knowledge. While the English law prevails in Ontario and westward and in the provinces by the sea, the Roman Civil Law rules the Province of Quebec.

Law-books, however, are, of necessity, limited in scope to our own country, but the military instincts of the people,

arising perhaps from the constant alarm in which they have grown up, have given us a writer on military history whose reputation extends over Europe. Colonel Denison, of Toronto, wrote in 1868 a work on "Modern Cavalry"; and, in 1877 he published a "History of Cavalry" which won the first prize in a competition instituted by the Emperor of Russia for the best work on that subject. It has been translated into Russan, German, and Hungarian, and is being translated into Japanese. Colonel Denison was the first to recognize that in the school of the American Civil War new principles of cavalry service had arisen which were destined to sweep away all the maxims of the European schools. It would have been well if the British Staff College had studied this work—even though it was written by a colonel of colonial militia; for the principles he laid down are those by which Roberts and Kitchener recently mobilized the army in South Africa.

Among the first books published in Montreal was the "Travels" of Gabriel Franchere—a native of this city, who was one of the founders of Astoria on the Columbia. The volume in its original French form is now exceedingly scarce, but it was translated and printed in New York in 1853. This leads to the remark that the exploration and discovery of the north and west of this continent has been mainly done by Canadians and Hudson's Bay *voyageurs;* although the books have generally been printed out of Canada. Sir Alexander Mackenzie was the first to reach the Pacific and Arctic oceans across the continent by land. His work has been printed in different editions. He was a partner in the Northwest Company of Montreal. Henry, whose adventures were published in New York in 1809, was a merchant of this city, and Harmon, whose "Travels" were published at Andover in 1820,

was also a member of the Northwest Company. The travels of Ross Cox, Maclean, Ogden, Long, and other officers of the great fur companies, belong to our literature, though published in England. It was Dease and Simpson, and Rae and Hearne who traced out most of the Arctic coast of America. The work of these men is still being carried on by Tyrrell, McConnell, Low, Bell, and George Dawson. The writings of these last, and of many more whom I cannot stop to name, whether published elsewhere or embodied in reports or contributed to foreign periodicals and learned societies, are yet the works of Canadian prose-writers.

Canadian writers have also done good work in the archæology and languages of the Indian tribes. I have already said that among the "incunabula" of Canada are catechisms in Montagnais and Iroquois. Among the chief workers in this field was Dr. Silas Rand. He wrote upon the "History, Manners, and Language of the Micmac Tribe," and translated the Gospels and Epistles into Micmac. His Dictionary, English and Micmac, was published at the cost of the government; and the other half, Micmac into English, is in manuscript at Ottawa. A vote has been passed for money to print it. He wrote also a book on the "Legends of the Micmacs" which was published in New York and London in 1894. Canon O'Meara published the Common Prayer Book, the New Testament, the Pentateuch and a hymn book in Ojibway. Bishop Baraga is the author of an Ojibway dictionary, and Father Lacombe of one of the Cree language.

Father Petitot, for more than twenty years a missionary in the farthest north, has written much upon the Chippewayan tribes and the Esquimaux people. His works are published for the most part in France, and are better known there than here.

The Abbé Cuoq has published a dictionary of Iroquois, and grammars of both Iroquois and Algonquin, besides his "Etudes Philologiques" on both these languages. The Abbé Maurault wrote a "History of the Abenakis," the Rev. Peter Jones (an Ojibway by birth) wrote a history of his people, and a Wyandot, Peter Dooyentate Clarke, wrote a small volume on the "Origin and Traditional History of the Wyandots."

We cannot count the late Horatio Hale as a Canadian writer, although he lived in Canada for the latter years of his life and contributed to the "Transactions of the Royal Society," but we have in the Rev. Dr. Maclean a writer who has both the literary training and the actual experience to make anything from his hand upon Indian life valuable. His work, "Canadian Savage Folk—the Native Tribes of Canada," published in 1896 at Toronto, is one of much interest. He is, besides, a frequent contributor to periodical literature on ethnological subjects.

Sir Daniel Wilson, late Principal of the University of Toronto, although some of his works were written before he came to Canada, must be enrolled among Canadian prose-writers, for he was a frequent contributor to the "Canadian Journal" and to the Royal Society on his favorite subjects, archæology and ethnology. Some very important works—notably his "Prehistoric Man; or, Researches into the Origin of Civilization in the Old and New World"—were written in Canada.

Sir William Dawson also wrote much on kindred subjects, and in his book "Fossil Man," he employed the results of a long study of the Indians of Canada to illustrate the character and condition of the prehistoric men of Europe. His son, Dr. George M. Dawson, has not only written papers of value

upon the races and languages of the Pacific coast, but he has assisted in the publication of many excellent monographs by missionaries resident among the western tribes.

I must not close without mention of the Rev. Prof. Campbell. His large work on the Hittites is well known. His contributions on Phœnician, Egyptian, Mexican, and Indian ethnology and philology will be found in many Canadian transactions and periodicals.

I ought not to speak of Canadian literature without mention of Dr. Goldwin Smith. He is not a product of our society. He does not think as we do; but neither does he think as anybody else does. He is *sui generis*—a product of the severest Oxford University culture mitigated by a quarter of a century's residence in Canada. It is not from Canadian springs that he draws the pure, pellucid English that reflects his thought like the still water of a forest lake. It is not from us that he derives that condensation of style —terse without obscurity—revealing great stretches of historic landscape in a few vivid phrases. These are not our gifts—but he could never have written his incomparable "History of the United States" had it not been for the constant attrition of twenty-five years of Canadian society. No unmitigated Oxford professor could have, or rather would have, understood the subject; and so we may claim some little share in that almost faultless history, which, if any man read, it will make him well and truly informed upon a subject above all others overlaid with falsehood and bombast. For edification and reproof has Dr. Smith been sent to us by a happy fortune, and though we hit back at times we must be grateful to a man who, in addition to the benefit we have derived from his literary labors, has out of his own private resources stimulated Canadian letters by the establishment or support of such publications as the "Nation," the "Week," the "Canadian Monthly," and the "Bystander."

You will scarcely be surprised if I say that the soil of Canada has not proved productive of writers upon metaphysics and logic. I can remember only two,—Prof. J. Clark Murray, of McGill, and Prof. Watson, of Queen's University. Their works have been published in England and in the United States, and their contributions to leading reviews in those countries, as well as to Canadian periodicals of the higher class, have been frequent. Dr. Murray has written an "Exposition of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," published in Boston, and a "Handbook of Psychology," published in London, and he has translated from the German "The Autobiography of Solomon Maimon"—a pessimistic philosopher who preceded Schopenhauer by more than one hundred years. Prof. Watson has written "Kant and his English Critics" (Glasgow, 1881); an "Exposition of Schelling" (Chicago, 1882); and the "Philosophy of Kant" (Glasgow and New York, 1892). Why commercial cities like Chicago, St. Louis, and Glasgow should be centres of philosophical speculation, and Montreal and Toronto be impervious to metaphysics, is a question worth consideration.

While no very remarkable work in mathematics and physics has yet been done among us, in the natural sciences Canadian writers are known and esteemed all over the world. Every standard book on geology, in America or in Europe, will be found to contain frequent references to Canadian writers and illustrations reproduced from their drawings. McGill University and the Geological Survey were the two centres of this strong eddy toward the study of natural his-

tory, and the dominant personalities of the principal of one, Sir William Dawson, and the first director of the other, Sir William Logan, were the chief moving springs. Sir William Logan was not a writer of books, beyond his reports, although he was a contributor to learned transactions and reviews; but Sir William Dawson, during all his lifetime, was a most industrious writer of books, monographs, and occasional articles. His writings cover the whole area of geology, botany, and zoology and, beyond these, the relations between natural science and religion were constantly the subject of his ready pen. I cannot begin to give you the names, even, of his works; but I have counted 107 important contributions to transactions of learned societies and reviews, and twenty separate volumes of notes. These are but a portion of the total mass of his writings, and his accurate and extensive knowledge and easy style made his works popular throughout the English-speaking world. The results of his laborious and self-sacrificing life are around you. Wherever you turn you will see them—and his influence for all that is wise and good and noble will endure in Canada for generations to come.

Other workers in this field are not to be forgotten. The pioneer, Abraham Gesner, of Nova Scotia, published a volume on the geology of that Province as early as 1836. Prof. Henry Youle Hind published, in 1860, the scientific results of the expedition of 1857 sent to find a practicable immigrant route from Canada to Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, on the Red River. Three years later he published two volumes of "Explorations in Labrador." He has been a very frequent contributor to the "Canadian Journal," and to other scientific reviews here and in Europe. Nor should Elkanah Billings be forgotten, whose labors in palæontology are met with

in every text-book; nor G. F. Matthew, of St. John, nor Prof. Bailey, of Fredericton. The officers of the Geological Survey are among our leading prose-writers—the present director, Dr. George M. Dawson, is known throughout Europe and America as the writer of important works on the geography, geology, and natural history of the Dominion, and he, as well as Dr. Robert Bell, Dr. Whiteaves, Prof. Macoun, and others, have enriched Canadian literature by numerous contributions to scientific publications.

The set toward the study of the natural sciences was not so dominant in the other cities of Canada, but Prof. Chapman and Dr. Coleman, of Toronto, are among our writers on chemistry and geology, and Dr. James Douglas, now of New York, is a writer of authority on all questions of metallurgy and mining. We must count among our writers, though now connected with Harvard University, Dr. Montagu Chamberlain, a New Brunswicker who has written extensively on the ornithology of Canada and on the Abenaqui and Malicete Indians of his native Province; and Ernest Seton Thompson, born in Toronto, but now residing in New York, who has written for the government of Manitoba upon the ornithology and mammalia of that Province. Sir James Lemoine and C. E. Dionne have published studies of the ornithology of Quebec; and the late A. N. Montpetit's work, "Les Poissons d'Eau Douce," is an illustrated octavo volume of ichthyology of the same Province.

Any notice of the prose-writers of Canada would be very imperfect without mention of Dr. Sterry Hunt, who was not only a chemist, geologist, and mineralogist of wide reputation, but a graceful and accurate master of English style. His contributions to these sciences extend over the transactions of learned societies in Europe and America, and many

of them were translated into French, German, and Italian. He was born in Connecticut, and the last few years of his life were spent in New York, but all the strength of his manhood was spent in Canada and devoted to Canadian subjects. His chief works are "Mineral Physiology and Physiography," "Mineralogy According to a Natural System," "A New Basis for Chemistry," and a volume of "Chemical and Geological Essays." His life-work is stamped with rare originality and has left its impress on the sciences he followed.

Almost while I write, a Canadian well known for his contributions to scientific periodicals and as the leader in the movement for the appraisal of literature has stepped into the front rank of popular expositors of science. The handsome volume, "Flame, Electricity, and the Camera," by George Iles, is not merely a vivid exposition—it is an original explanation of the *rationale* of the rapid progress of science during the last years of the century, and of the causes of the accelerating speed of its advance.

I had hoped to say a few words about some of those strong prose-writers who in the greater newspapers wield more influence over the Canadian mind than most of the writers of books; but time will not permit. Not all our newspapers have succumbed to the scrappiness of newsiness. Thoughtful and finished editorials in dignified style may yet be found in number sufficient to send a note of sweeter reason through the din of political strife. It is in Canada as elsewhere; the sands are strewn with the wreck of ventures of purely "literary papers free from the ties of party or sect." Such were the "Week" and the "Nation," and many others; but, although it is abundantly clear that literature alone cannot support a newspaper, the greater newspapers have departments, sacred from intrusion, where reviews are faithfully given and questions of pure literature are discussed.

And here let me pause to regret the loss of the excellent literature which lies dead in our dead magazines. From 1824 literature has never been without a witness in our land. Some magazine, French or English, has stood as a living witness that we are not made to live by bread alone, and afterward fallen as a dead witness that bread also is necessary in order to live. This is a subject by itself and would require a separate paper to elucidate it fully.

Finally we reach the region of belles lettres, sometimes called "pure literature," and here we encounter a strong contrast between the English and French sides of our community. There are many volumes of *causeries, mélanges, revues, essais,* in French. Buies, Routhier, Marchand, Chauveau, and all the French writers of note are represented in this class. Such writing in English has seldom been published in the form of books.

I remember a book called "Trifles from my Portfolio," by Dr. Walter Henry, a retired army surgeon, published at Quebec by Neilson in 1839. The doctor had been stationed at St. Helena while Napoleon Bonaparte was confined there, and he had some interesting things to say about that. There were other army experiences, but his experiences in salmon-fishing took up a good share of the two volumes. Writing of this class will, however, be found abundantly in the contributions to the Saturday editions of the leading newspapers of the large cities. Much of it is exceedingly good, and while we read with pleasure the weekly contributions of Martin Griffin, John Reade, Bernard McEvoy, or George Murray, we feel regret that so much learning and cleverness should be in so ephemeral a form. I am glad, however, to recall in this

connection Dr. Alexander's "Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning." For critical insight and appreciation the volume is worthy of remark.

One name must always be remembered when we take account of Canadian letters, and that is the creator of the inimitable Yankee peddler, "Sam Slick." Judge Haliburton unconsciously created a type to be as well known as Sam Weller, and while he was intent only upon quizzing his fellow Nova Scotians in the columns of a Halifax newspaper he woke up to find himself a favorite among the literary people of London.

But literature, in the opinion of the majority of the present day, consists mainly of fiction. More than three fourths of the books taken out from the public libraries are novels, and the world in its old age is going back to the story-tellers. Nor are we able to endure the long novels which held our parents in rapt attention. The stories must be shorter, and the more pictures the better. This last phase of literature is cultivated by all our younger writers, and, while the task is too extensive for anything but most imperfect performance, a few words on this branch of my subject are necessary.

One remark only I venture to make in the way of criticism, that, while in science we have produced some few men who stand in the very front of their respective subjects, we cannot boast yet of a novelist who has taken rank with the great masters of the craft, and none, perhaps, who have attained to the very forefront of the second class; but then it is only a few years since we made a beginning.

We cannot commence our review of Canadian fiction with the "History of Emily Montague," published in 1769. Even if it was written at Quebec the authoress was an Englishwoman not a permanent resident; nor even with "St. Ursula's Convent," for, although that story was publshed at Kingston in 1824, no one seems to know who wrote it, nor does there appear to be a copy now in existence.[1]

We must commence with Major Richardson's "Écarté," published in New York in 1829. In 1833 he published "Wacousta," a tale of Pontiac's war. It is really a good novel and contains an excellent picture of the siege of Detroit. The same author published at Montreal "The Canadian Brothers," in 1840, and afterward four or five other novels in New York. In 1833 two members of the Strickland family, Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Traill, came to Canada and settled near Peterborough. They kept up their literary activity during their lives. Mrs. Moodie wrote many books, and from 1852 to 1860 she produced a number of fair novels. At the same time Mrs. Leprohon was writing stories. Her first novel appeared in the "Literary Garland" in 1848, and she followed it with a number of others.

The Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, in 1852, led the way in French novel-writing with "Charles Guérin," and was followed in 1863, in "Les Anciens Canadiens," by Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, which has recently been translated and published in New York. It is thought to be the best French-Canadian novel, although it was its author's first book and was written when he was past seventy. Then followed Bourassa, Marmette, Beaugrand, Gérin-Lajoie, and others, but no important work was produced.

I do not recall anything in English of note until 1877, when William Kirby published "Le Chien d'Or." This was

[1] Kingsford ("Early Bibliography," p. 30) observes that "it is stated" that Miss Julia Beckwith, of Fredericton, wrote this book. The same statement has been repeated as a certainty in a recent issue of the "Montreal Star." No evidence of this has, however, been adduced. Dr. Kingsford never saw a copy of the book, and I have never met anyone who has seen it. Our knowledge of it is derived from a contemporary review.

long thought to be the best Canadian novel. It has met with much favor outside of Canada. The story, as given in the legend, is intrinsically of very exceptional interest, and it is told with considerable literary skill.

Since then writers of stories have become numerous in Canada. It will be impossible to mention more than a few. Miss Machar, of Kingston, has written some capital novels of Canadian life. Mr. James Macdonald Oxley is fully equal to the best writers of books of adventure for boys. Since 1877 he has produced a surprising number of books, published usually out of Canada, though all upon Canadian life and history.

Gilbert Parker is the chief name among Canadian writers of fiction, and he has won high position in the mother land. Although he now resides in England his subjects are Canadian and his books abound with local color and incident. He stands now among the leading novelists of the day.

During the last few years William McLennan has made a reputation far beyond the limits of Canada, not only by his dialect stories, but by his charming book, "Spanish John," a novel without a woman and yet full of interest. This book is remarkable for its singularly pure English style. "The Span o' Life," which he wrote in collaboration with Miss McIlwraith (a Hamilton lady well known as a contributor of bright essays and stories in British and American magazines) is a novel of the same period as the "Chien d'Or." It is written with the same charm of style as Mr. McLennan's other books. The plot is original and there is a very loveable heroine in it. The setting is historically true and the local color is faithful.

Miss Lily Dougall, not long ago, surprised the English public by a strong novel in an original vein, "Beggars All,"

published by Longmans. The subject was not Canadian, but her later books deal with more familiar scenes. Nor should we omit to count Miss Blanche Macdonald and Mrs. Harrison in the number of our novelists. We must not forget to make mention also of William Lighthall, whose two novels "The Young Seigneur" and "The False Repentigny" have met with much acceptance. Within the last few weeks Miss Agnes Laut, of Ottawa, has published "The Lords of the North," a novel upon the struggle between the two great fur companies which entitles her to an assured place among Canadian writers of fiction.

Mrs. Coates, now of Calcutta, formerly Sara Jeannette Duncan, of one of our Canadian cities, has written books, not only bright and interesting, but with a vein of most charming humor. One was a volume of travels around the world, another "The American Girl in London," an exceedingly clever story which appeared first in the "Illustrated London News," and the third "A Voyage of Consolation." She has written other books, but these are her best.

Robert Barr is a Canadian, now well established in England as a popular writer, whose first success was in Canadian story-writing. He has recently chosen other themes, and two of his later books, "Tekla" and "The Strong Arm," are historical novels of the Holy Roman Empire at the period of Rodolph of Hapsburg. His writings are sparkling and clever, but he has much to learn before he begins to understand anything of that complex institution, the Holy Roman Empire.

It is a far cry to Rodolph of Hapsburg, and the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, of Winnipeg (better known as Ralph Connor), has had the insight to find, among devoted missionaries on the outskirts of civilization, heroes who are fighting

among the foothills of the Rocky Mountains as real a battle for civil order and righteousness as Rodolph ever fought. In "Black Rock" and the "Sky Pilot" are vivid pictures of life on the western plains and mountains. In that grand and solemn world which he describes with loving power his heroes labor and struggle and endure—true Galahads fighting the ceaseless battle of good against the evil and recklessness and profanity of border life. Stories these are—and good stories—but they are more, they are tonics for enfeebled faith, full of literary vigor, and instinct with highest truth.

The latest development of modern literature is the short story, and E. W. Thompson now on the staff of the "Youth's Companion" is a master in that art. There are many others, well known in the popular American magazines, among them Duncan Campbell Scott, better known as a poet, W. A. Fraser, and Dr. Frechette (whose French poetry was crowned by the Academy of France), who has achieved the success of writing a book of capital short stories in English and so of winning laurels in two languages.

Ernest Seton Thompson occupies a place by himself in his books "Wild Animals I have Known," "The Sand-Hill Stag," and "The Biography of a Grizzly." The sympathetic naturalist tells these stories from the animal's own point of view—a method which imparts much freshness into the narration. Mr. Thompson's skill as an artist adds charm to his books, and his wife, accomplished not only in the art of getting up pretty books, but also in the unconventional art of taking care of herself on the western prairies, has contributed another volume, "A Woman Tenderfoot," to our open-air literature.

Mr. W. A. Fraser has gone further in this direction, and his "Mooswa and Others of the Boundaries" makes the wild

animals talk as they do in Kipling's "Jungle Book." His hero is a moose whose moral character has developed beyond that of the usual run of the Christians who hunt and trap in the spruce forests of the upper Athabasca. Our natural history is leading us back to Æsop and the dawn of literature, but our wild animals have not the keen wit and didactic brevity of the Greek creatures. They tend toward diffuseness and to the northwest superfluity of expletives.

Canadian history and scenery are beginning to make their appearance in novels by outside writers who, having no real knowledge of either, seek it in the pages of Francis Parkman with indifferent success. We may read with amused wonder (in a very successful American novel) of Daulac's wife—a Laval-Montmorenci—starting from Montreal in the year 1660 for Carillon on the Ottawa, with one Indian girl attendant, making a raft at Ste. Anne's with knives, and floating up the current to the north shore. We may follow her there to the seven chapels on the mountain where she and her attendant sleep and find food convenient for them in the bread and roasted birds which a pious devotee is accustomed to place upon the altar. It is only eighteen years since Maisonneuve landed, but Daulac has on Isle St. Bernard, at the mouth of the Chateaugay, a strong baronial castle built of stone with lancet windows, and we follow him also with wonder as he steps into his canoe at midnight and goes down to Montreal by the Lachine rapids, evidently his usual route to town; but this was his last trip down, for he was preparing for his fight at the Long Sault.

In like manner Dr. Conan Doyle, in the "Refugees," with much ingenuity rescues some Huguenots at Quebec from imprisonment for their faith. A fanatical Franciscan friar tracks them up the St. Lawrence and Richelieu rivers until

they find refuge from persecution in the English colonies. This is hard to bear; for New France is the only region where there has never been persecution for the sake of religion. The only law relating to Huguenots was that they could not winter in the country without permission, or assemble for public worship. From such absurdities as these we must look to our native writers to protect us. It is enough for Edwin and Angelina to harrow our feelings with their woes without harrowing our geography and history also.

Apart from the choice of subject-matter the prospect for a distinctive Canadian school of literature is not bright; and in truth any provincial narrowness of style or language is not desirable. Our writers can reflect lustre on their country only when they venture into the broad world of our language and conquer recognition in the great realm of Anglo-Saxon letters. The great centres of our race, where are to be won the great prizes of life, must always attract the brightest and most ambitious spirits. One of our own people—a successful author now in London—writes in the "Canadian Magazine" to reproach us for underestimating ourselves. It is a good fault, even if uncommon among English speakers. Our youth are unlearning it; but they will not grow great by self-assertion, only by performance.

I have tried to set forth in detail the reasons of our retarded commencement—our growth of late years has been rapid. We have to guard against materialism and to watch lest literature be oppressed by the pursuit of practical science. We see the workers toiling and we hear the din, but the world is saved by the dreamers who keep the intellect of mankind sane and sweet by communion with the ideal. Canada must not regret her children if they achieve fame in other lands. John Bonner and William G. Sewell left Quebec long ago

for the "Herald," and "Harper's," and the "New York Times." Lanigan wrote "The Akhound of Swat" one night waiting for telegrams in the "World" office. Nova Scotia lost John Foster Kirk, who completed Prescott's great task, and Simon Newcomb, of the United States Navy Department, astronomer and mathematician. From New Brunswick went Professor De Mille, the brilliant author of the "Dodge Club;" George Teall, the archivist and leading writer of South Africa; and May Agnes Fleming, a story-writer who for many years earned with her pen in New York an income as large as that of a cabinet minister at Ottawa. From Kingston went Grant Allen and Professor George Romanes—the latter a star of intellect in the regions of the higher science where it touches the realm of metaphysics. His premature death was lamented as a loss to Cambridge University. I could tell of many others if there were time—but I must close.

We read that in remote ages the followers of Pythagoras, and in mediæval times the adepts of the Rosy Cross had the power of separating at will their souls from their bodies, and then their spirits would travel away with the speed of thought and hover in the semblance of stars over far-off lands, but always a long trail of faint phosphorescent light connected the shining spirit with the quiet body in which its light was born.

So it is with us—we follow with interest the fortunes of our countrymen—we rejoice in their advancement, and star after star may leave us, but still we feel that their success is ours, and some faint lustre of their brilliance quickens with pride the heart of their motherland.

COLONEL R. G. INGERSOLL

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL, a noted American lawyer, orator, and lecturer, the son of a clergyman, was born at Dresden, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1833, and died at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., July 21, 1899. He was educated in the common schools, studied law, and, after being admitted to the Bar, settled first at Shawneetown, Ill., but in 1857 removed to Peoria in the same State. In 1860, he was an unsuccessful Democratic candidate for Congress. He entered the Federal Army in 1862 as colonel of an Illinois regiment and was for some months captive in a Confederate prison. Resigning his commission in 1864, he resumed his law practice at Peoria, and, having now become a Republican, was in 1866 appointed attorney-general of Illinois. In a masterly speech, delivered by him before the Republican Convention of 1876, he proposed the name of Blaine as the Republican nominee, alluding to him as "the Plumed Knight of Maine." From that time Ingersoll was in frequent request as a campaign speaker. He was a vigorous rhetorician, and chiefly known as a free-thought or agnostic lecturer. He removed to Washington after a time, and later to New York city, where he practiced his profession with success. He had great gifts as an orator, and the keenest wit and the deepest pathos were generally at his command,—a man of broad sympathies, but of most destructive beliefs. His published works include "The Gods, and other Lectures" (1878); "Ghosts" (1879); "Some Mistakes of Moses" (1879); "Prose Poems" (1884); and "Great Speeches" (1887).

BLAINE, THE PLUMED KNIGHT

NOMINATING SPEECH IN THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI, JUNE 15, 1876[1]

MASSACHUSETTS may be satisfied with the loyalty of Benjamin H. Bristow; so am I; but if any man nominated by this convention cannot carry the State of Massachusetts I am not satisfied with the loyalty of that State. If the nominee of this convention cannot carry the grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts by seventy-five thousand majority, I would advise them to sell out Faneuil

[1] From the "New York Times," June 16, 1876.

Hall as a Democratic headquarters. I would advise them to take from Bunker Hill that old monument of glory.

The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in the great contest of 1876 a man of intellect, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political opinion. They demand a statesman. They demand a reformer after, as well as before, the election. They demand a politician in the highest and broadest and best sense of that word. They demand a man acquainted with public affairs—with the wants of the people—with not only the requirements of the hour, but with the demands of the future.

They demand a man broad enough to comprehend the relations of this government to the other nations of the earth. They demand a man well versed in the powers, duties, and prerogatives of each and every department of this government.

They demand a man who will sacredly preserve the financial honor of the United States—one who knows enough to know that the national debt must be paid through the prosperity of this people. One who knows enough to know that all the financial theories in the world cannot redeem a single dollar. One who knows enough to know that all the money must be made, not by law, but by labor. One who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money and the honor to pay it over just as fast as they make it.

The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together. When they come they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindle and the turning wheel; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the flaming forges;

hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire by the hands of the countless sons of toil.

This money has got to be dug out of the earth. You cannot make it by passing resolutions in a political meeting.

The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this government should protect every citizen at home and abroad; who knows that any government that will defend its defenders and will not protect its protectors is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of church and school. They demand a man whose political reputation is spotless as a star; but they do not demand that their candidate shall have a certificate of moral character signed by a Confederate Congress. The man who has in full-heaped and rounded measure all of these splendid qualifications is the present grand and gallant leader of the Republican party—James G. Blaine.

Our country, crowned with the vast and marvellous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of her past—prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who is the grandest combination of heart, conscience, and brains beneath the flag. That man is James G. Blaine.

For the Republican host led by that intrepid man there can be no such thing as defeat.

This is a grand year: a year filled with the recollections of the Revolution; filled with proud and tender memories of the sacred past; filled with the legends of liberty; a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountain of enthusiasm; a year in which the people call for a man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the field; a year in which we call for the man who has torn from

the throat of treason the tongue of slander—a man that has snatched the mask of Democracy from the hideous face of Rebellion—a man who, like an intellectual athlete, stood in the arena of debate, challenged all comers, and who, up to the present moment, is a total stranger to defeat.

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lances full and fair against the brazen foreheads of every defamer of his country and maligner of its honor.

For the Republican party to desert a gallant man now is worse than if an army should desert their general upon the field of battle.

James G. Blaine is now, and has been for years, the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republic. I call it sacred because no human being can stand beneath its folds without becoming, and without remaining, free.

Gentlemen of the Convention, in the name of the great Republic, the only republic that ever existed upon this earth; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers who died upon the field of battle; and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so eloquently remembers, Illinois nominates for the next President of this country that prince of parliamentarians, that leader of leaders, James G. Blaine.

ORATION AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF EBON C. INGERSOLL, IN WASHINGTON, JUNE 3, 1879[1]

MY FRIENDS —I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but, being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For, whether in mid-sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights

[1] Copied from the New York "Tribune," June 4, 1879.

and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms; with loyal heart and with purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshipper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "For justice all place a temple, and all seasons, summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath: "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, and tears and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

And now to you who have been chosen, from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no greater, stronger, manlier man.

ORATION ON HUMBOLDT

DELIVERED AT HOUSE'S HALL, PEORIA, ILL., AT THE UNVEILING OF A STATUE OF HUMBOLDT, SEPTEMBER 14, 1869

GREAT men seem to be a part of the infinite—brothers of the mountains, and the seas.

Humboldt was one of these. He was one of those serene men, in some respects like our own Franklin, whose names have all the lustre of a star. He was one of the few, great enough to rise above the superstition and prejudice of his time, and to know that experience, observation, and reason are the only basis of knowledge.

He became one of the greatest of men in spite of having been born rich and noble—in spite of position. I say in spite of these things, because wealth and position are generally the enemies of genius, and the destroyers of talent.

It is often said of this or that man, that he is a self-made man—that he was born of the poorest and humblest parents, and that with every obstacle to overcome he became great. This is a mistake. Poverty is generally an advantage. Most of the intellectual giants of the world have been nursed at the sad and loving breast of poverty. Most of those who have climbed highest on the shining ladder of fame commenced at the lowest round. They were reared in the straw thatched cottages of Europe; in the log-houses of America; in the factories of the great cities; in the midst of toil; in the smoke, and din of labor, and on the verge of want. They were rocked by the feet of mothers, whose hands, at the same time, were busy with the needle or the wheel.

It is hard for the rich to resist the thousand allurements of pleasure, and so I say, that Humboldt, in spite of having

been born to wealth and high social position, became truly and grandly great.

In the antiquated and romantic castle of Tegel, by the side of the pine forest, on the shore of the charming lake, near the beautiful city of Berlin, the great Humboldt, one hundred years ago to-day, was born, and there he was educated after the method suggested by Rousseau,—Campe the philologist and critic, and the intellectual Kunth being his tutors. There he received the impressions that determined his career; there the great idea that the universe is governed by law, took possession of his mind, and there he dedicated his life to the demonstration of this sublime truth.

He came to the conclusion that the source of man's unhappiness is his ignorance of nature.

After having received the most thorough education at that time possible, and having determined to what end he would devote the labors of his life, he turned his attention to the sciences of geology, mining, mineralogy, botany, the distribution of plants, the distribution of animals, and the effect of climate upon man. All grand physical phenomena were investigated and explained. From his youth he had felt a great desire for travel. He felt as he says, a violent passion for the sea, and longed to look upon nature in her wildest and most rugged forms. He longed to give a physical description of the universe; a grand picture of nature; to account for all phenomena; to discover the laws governing the world; to do away with that splendid delusion called special providence, and to establish the fact, that the universe is governed by law.

To establish this truth was, and is, of infinite importance to mankind. That fact is the death-knell of superstition; it gives liberty to every soul, annihilates fear, and ushers in the Age of Reason.

The object of this illustrious man was to comprehend the phenomena of physical objects in their general connection, and to represent nature as one great whole, moved and animated by internal forces.

For this purpose he turned his attention to descriptive botany, traversing distant lands and mountain ranges to ascertain with certainty the geographical distribution of plants. He investigated the laws regulating the differences of temperature and climate, and the changes of the atmosphere. He studied the formation of the earth's crust, explored the deepest mines, ascended the highest mountains, and wandered through the craters of extinct volcanoes.

He became thoroughly acquainted with chemistry, with astronomy, with terrestrial magnetism; and as the investigation of one subject leads to all others, for the reason that there is a mutual dependence and a necessary connection between all facts, so Humboldt became acquainted with all the known sciences.

His fame does not depend so much upon his discoveries (although he discovered enough to make hundreds of reputations) as upon his vast and splendid generalizations.

He was to science what Shakespeare was to the drama.

He found, so to speak, the world full of unconnected facts —all portions of a vast system—parts of a great machine; he discovered the connection that each bears to all; put them together, and demonstrated beyond all contradiction that the universe is governed by law.

He knew that to discover the connection of phenomena is the primary aim of all natural investigation. He was infinitely practical.

Origin and destiny were questions with which he had nothing to do.

His surroundings made him what he was.

In accordance with a law not fully comprehended, he was a production of his time.

Great men do not live alone; they are surrounded by the great; they are the instruments used to accomplish the tendencies of their generation; they fulfill the prophecies of their age.

Nearly all of the scientific men of the eighteenth century had the same idea entertained by Humboldt, but most of them in a dim and confused way. There was, however, a general belief among the intelligent that the world is governed by law, and that there really exists a connection between all facts, or that all facts are simply the different aspects of a general fact, and that the task of science was to discover this connection; to comprehend this general fact, or to announce the laws of things.

Germany was full of thought, and her universities swarmed with philosophers and grand thinkers in every department of knowledge.

Humboldt was the friend and companion of the greatest poets, historians, philologists, artists, statesmen, critics, and logicians of his time.

He was the companion of Schiller, who believed that man would be regenerated through the influence of the Beautiful; of Goethe, the grand patriarch of German literature; of Weiland, who has been called the Voltaire of Germany; of Herder who wrote the outlines of a philosophical history of man; of Kotzebue who lived in the world of romance; of Schleiermacher, the pantheist; of Schlegel who gave to his countrymen the enchanted realm of Shakespeare; of the sublime Kant, author of the first work published in Germany on Pure Reason; of Fitche, the infinite Idealist; of

Schopenhauer, the European Buddhist who followed the great Guatama to the painless and dreamless Nirwana, and of hundreds of others, whose names are familiar to, and honored by, the scientific world.

The German mind had been grandly roused from the long lethargy of the dark ages of ignorance, fear, and faith. Guided by the holy light of reason, every department of knowledge was investigated, enriched and illustrated.

Humboldt breathed the atmosphere of investigation; old ideas were abandoned; old creeds, hallowed by centuries, were thrown aside; thought became courageous; the athlete reason challenged to mortal combat the monsters of superstition.

No wonder that under these influences Humboldt formed the great purpose of presenting to the world a picture of nature, in order that men might for the first time, behold the face of their Mother.

Europe becoming too small for his genius, he visited the tropics of the new world, where in the most circumscribed limits he could find the greatest number of plants, of animals, and the greatest diversity of climate, that he might ascertain the laws governing the production, and distribution of plants, animals and men, and the effects of climate upon them all. He sailed along the gigantic Amazon—the mysterious Orinoco—traversed the Pampas—climbed the Andes until he stood upon the crags of Chimborazo, more than 18,000 feet above the level of the sea, and climbed on until blood flowed from his eyes and lips. For nearly five years he pursued his investigations in the new world, accompanied by the intrepid Bonpland. Nothing escaped his attention. He was the best intellectual organ of these new revelations of science. He was calm, reflective and eloquent; filled

with a sense of the beautiful and the love of truth. His collections were immense, and valuable, beyond calculation, to every science. He endured innumerable hardships, braved countless dangers in unknown and savage lands, and exhausted his fortune for the advancement of true learning.

Upon his return to Europe he was hailed as the second Columbus; as the scientific discoverer of America; as the revealer of a new world; as the great demonstrator of the sublime truth, that the universe is governed by law.

I have seen a picture of the old man, sitting upon a mountain side—above him the eternal snow—below the smiling valley of the tropics, filled with the vine and palm; his chin upon his breast, his eyes deep, thoughtful and calm; his forehead majestic—grander than the mountain upon which he sat—crowned with the snow of his whitened hair, he looked the intellectual autocrat of a world.

Not satisfied with his discoveries in America, he crossed the steppes of Asia, the wastes of Siberia, the great Ural range adding to the knowledge of mankind at every step. His energy acknowledged no obstacle, his life knew no leisure; every day was filled with labor and with thought.

He was one of the apostles of science, and he served his divine master with a self-sacrificing zeal that knew no abatement; with an ardor that constantly increased, and with a devotion unwavering and constant as the polar star.

In order that the people at large might have the benefit of his numerous discoveries, and his vast knowledge, he delivered at Berlin a course of lectures, consisting of sixty-one free addresses, upon the following subjects:

Five, upon the nature and limits of physical geography.

Three, were devoted to a history of science.

Two, to inducements to a study of natural science.

Sixteen, on the heavens.

Five, on the form, density, latent heat, and magnetic power of the earth, and to the polar light.

Four, were on the nature of the crust of the earth, on hot springs, earthquakes, and volcanoes.

Two, on mountains and the type of their formation.

Two, on the form of the earth's surface, on the connection of continents, and the elevation of soil over ravines.

Three, on the sea as a globular fluid surrounding the earth.

Ten, on the atmosphere as an elastic fluid surrounding the earth, and on the distribution of heat.

One, on the geographic distribution of organized matter in general.

Three, on the geography of plants.

Three, on the geography of animals, and

Two, on the races of men.

These lectures are what is known as the COSMOS, and present a scientific picture of the world—of infinite diversity in unity—of ceaseless motion in the eternal repose of law.

These lectures contain the result of his investigation, observation, and experience; they furnish the connection between phenomena; they disclose some of the changes through which the earth has passed in the countless ages; the history of vegetation, animals and men, the effects of climate upon individuals and nations, the relation which we sustain to other worlds, and demonstrate that all phenomena, whether insignificant or grand, exist in accordance with inexorable law.

There is one truth, however, that we should never forget; superstition has always been the relentless enemy of science.

Faith has been a hater of demonstration.

Hypocrisy has always been sincere only in its dread of truth.

Since the murder of Hypatia in the fifth century, when the polished blade of Greek philosophy was broken by the club of ignorant Catholicism, until to-day, superstition has detested every effort of reason.

It is almost impossible to conceive of the completeness of the victory that the church achieved over philosophy. For ages science was utterly ignored; thought was a poor slave; an ignorant priest was master of the world. Faith put out the eyes of the soul. The reason was a trembling coward; the imagination was set on fire of hell; every human feeling was sought to be suppressed; love was considered infinitely sinful; pleasure was the road to eternal fire, and God was supposed to be happy, only when his children were miserable. The world was governed by an Almighty's whim; prayers could change the order of things; halt the grand procession of nature; could produce rain, avert pestilence, famine and death in all its forms. There was no idea of the certain; all depended upon divine pleasure—or displeasure rather; heaven was full of inconsistent malevolence, and earth of ignorance. Everything was done to appease the divine wrath; every public calamity was caused by the sins of the people; by a failure to pay tithes, or for having even in secret, felt a disrespect for a priest. To the poor multitude, the earth was a kind of enchanted forest, full of demons ready to devour, and theological serpents lurking with infinite power to fascinate and torture the unhappy and impotent soul. Life to them was a dim and mysterious labyrinth, in which they wandered weary, and lost, guided by priests as bewildered as themselves, without knowing that at every step the Ariadne of reason, offered them the long lost clue.

The very heavens were full of death; the lightning was regarded as the glittering vengeance of God, and the earth

was thick with snares for the unwary feet of man. The soul was crowded with the wild beasts of desire; the heart was totally corrupt, and prompted only to crime; even seeming virtues were regarded as deadly sins in disguise; there was a continual warfare being waged between the Deity and the Devil, for the possession of every soul; the latter generally being considered victorious. The earthquake, the tornado, the volcano, were all evidences of the displeasure of heaven, and the sinfulness of man. The blight that withered, the frost that blackened, the insects that devoured were the messengers of the Creator.

The world was governed by fear.

Against all the evils of nature, there was known only the defense of prayer, of fasting, and devotion. Man in his helplessness endeavored to soften the heart of God. The faces of the multitude were blanched with fear, and wet with tears; they were the prey of hypocrites, kings and priests.

My heart bleeds when I contemplate the sufferings endured by the millions now dead; of those who lived when the world appeared to be insane; when the heavens were filled with an infinite HORROR who snatched babes with dimpled hands and rosy cheeks from the white breasts of mothers, and dashed them into an abyss of eternal flame.

Slowly, beautifully, like the coming of the dawn, came the grand truth, that the universe is governed by law; that disease fastens itself upon the good and upon the bad; that the tornado can not be stopped by counting beads; that the rushing lava pauses not for bended knees; the lightning for clasped and uplifted hands, nor the cruel waves of the sea for prayer; that paying tithes causes, rather than prevents famine; that pleasure is not sin; that happiness is the only good; that demons exist only in the imagination; that faith

is a lullaby sung to put the soul to sleep; that devotion is a bribe that fear offers to power; that offering rewards in another world for obedience in this, is simply buying a soul on credit, that knowledge consists in ascertaining the laws of nature, and that wisdom is the science of happiness. Slowly, grandly, beautifully, these truths are dawning upon mankind.

From Copernicus we learned that this earth is only a grain of sand on the infinite shore of the universe; that everywhere we are surrounded by shining worlds vastly greater than our own, all moving and existing in accordance with law. True, the earth began to grow small, but man began to grow great.

The moment the fact was established that other worlds are governed by law, it was only natural to conclude that our little world was also under its dominion. The old theological method of accounting for physical phenomena by the pleasure and displeasure of the Deity was, by the intellectual, abandoned. They found that disease, death, life, thought, heat, cold, the seasons, the winds, the dreams of man, the instinct of animals, in short, that all physical and mental phenomena were governed by law, absolute, eternal and inexorable.

Only a few years ago this earth was considered the real centre of the universe; all the stars were supposed to revolve around this insignificant atom. The German mind, more than any other, has done away with this piece of egotism. Purbach and Mullerus, in the fifteenth century, contributed most to the advancement of astronomy in their day. To the latter the world is indebted for the introduction of decimal fractions, which completed our arithmetical notation, and formed the second of the three steps by which, in

modern times, the science of numbers has been so greatly improved; and yet, both of these men believed in the most childish absurdities, at least in enough of them, to die without their orthodoxy having ever been suspected.

Next came the great Copernicus, and he stands at the head of the heroic thinkers of his time, who had the courage and the mental strength to break the chains of prejudice, custom, and authority, and to establish truth on the basis of experience, observation, and reason. He removed the earth, so to speak, from the centre of the universe, and ascribed to it a two-fold motion, and demonstrated the true position which it occupies in the solar system.

At his bidding the earth began to revolve. At the command of his genius it commenced its grand flight, mid the eternal constellations round the sun.

For fifty years his discoveries were disregarded. All at once, by the exertion of Galileo, they were kindled into so grand a conflagration as to consume the philosophy of Aristotle, to alarm the hierarchy of Rome, and to threaten the existence of every opinion not founded upon experience, observation and reason.

The earth was no longer considered a universe, governed by the caprices of some revengeful Deity, who had made the stars out of what he had left after completing the world, and had stuck them in the sky simply to adorn the night.

I have said this much concerning astronomy because it was the first splendid step forward! The first sublime blow that shattered the lance and shivered the shield of superstition; the first real help that man received from heaven; because it was the first great lever placed beneath the altar of a false religion; the first revelation of the infinite to man; the first authoritative declaration, that the universe is governed by law; the first science that gave the lie direct to the cosmogony of barbarism, because it is the sublimest victory that the reason has achieved.

In speaking of astronomy, I have confined myself to the discoveries made since the revival of learning. Long ago, on the banks of the Ganges, ages before Copernicus lived, Aryabhatta taught that the earth is a sphere, and revolves on its own axis. This, however, does not detract from the glory of the great German. The discovery of the Hindu had been lost in the midnight of Europe—in the age of faith, and Copernicus was as much a discoverer as though Aryabhatta had never lived.

In this short address there is no time to speak of other sciences, and to point out the particular evidence furnished by each, to establish the dominion of law, nor to more than mention the name of Descartes, the first who undertook to give an explanation of the celestial motions, or who formed the vast and philosophic conception of reducing all the phenomena of the universe to the same law; of Montaigne, one of the heroes of common sense; of Galvani, whose experiments gave the telegraph to the world; of Voltaire, who contributed more than any other of the sons of men to the destruction of religious intolerance; of Auguste Comte, whose genius erected to itself a monument that still touches the stars; of Guttenberg, Watt, Stephenson, Arkwright, all soldiers of science, in the grand army of the dead kings.

The glory of science is, that it is freeing the soul—breaking the mental manacles—getting the brain out of bondage—giving courage to thought—filling the world with mercy, justice and joy.

Science found agriculture plowing with a stick—reaping with a sickle—commerce at the mercy of the treacherous

waves and the inconstant winds—a world without books—without schools—man denying the authority of reason—employing his ingenuity in the manufacture of instruments of torture, in building inquisitions and cathedrals. It found the land filled with monks—persecuting Protestants, and the burners of men. It found a world full of fear; ignorance, upon its knees; credulity, the greatest virtue; women treated like beasts of burden; cruelty the only means of reformation. It found the world at the mercy of disease and famine; men trying to read their fates in the stars, and to tell their fortunes by signs and wonders; generals, thinking to conquer their enemies by making the sign of the cross, or by telling a rosary. It found all history full of petty and ridiculous falsehood, and the Almighty was supposed to spend most of his time, turning sticks into snakes, drowning boys for swimming on Sunday, and killing little children for the purpose of converting their parents. It found the earth filled with slaves and tyrants, the people in all countries downtrodden, half naked, half starved, without hope, and without reason in the world.

Such was the condition of man when the morning of science dawned upon his brain, and before he had heard the sublime declaration that the universe is governed by law.

For the change that has taken place we are indebted solely to science; the only lever capable of raising mankind. Abject faith is barbarism; reason is civilization. To obey is slavish; to act from a sense of obligation perceived by the reason is noble. Ignorance worships mystery; reason explains it; the one grovels, the other soars.

No wonder that fable is the enemy of knowledge. A man with a false diamond shuns the society of lapidaries, and it is upon this principle that superstition abhors science.

We are not honoring some butcher called a soldier—some wily politician called a statesman—some robber called a king, nor some malicious metaphysician called a saint. We are honoring the grand HUMBOLDT, whose victories were all achieved in the arena of thought; who destroyed prejudice, ignorance and error—not men; who shed light—not blood, and who contributed to the knowledge, the wealth, and the happiness of all mankind.

His life was pure, his aims lofty, his learning varied and profound, and his achievements vast.

We honor him because he has ennobled our race, because he has contributed as much as any man living or dead to the real prosperity of the world. We honor him because he honored us—because he labored for others—because he was the most learned man of the most learned nation—because he left a legacy of glory to every human being. For these reasons he is honored throughout the world. Millions are doing homage to his genius at this moment, and millions are pronouncing his name with reverence and recounting what he accomplished.

We associate the name of Humboldt with oceans, continents, mountains, and volcanoes—with the great palms—the wide deserts—the snow-lipped craters of the Andes—with primeval forests, and European capitals—with wildernesses and universities—with savages and savans—with the lonely rivers of unpeopled wastes—with cliffs and crags, and peaks, and pampas, and steppes—with the progress of the world—with every science known to man, and with every star glittering in the immensity of space.

Humboldt adopted none of the soul shrinking creeds of his day; wasted none of his time in the stupidities, inanities and contradictions of theological metaphysics; he did not

endeavor to harmonize the astronomy and geology of a barbarous people with the science of the nineteenth century. Never, for one moment, did he abandon the sublime standard of truth; he investigated, he studied, he thought, he separated the gold from the dross in the crucible of his grand brain. He was never found on his knees before the altar of superstition. He stood erect by the grand tranquil column of Reason. He was an admirer, a lover, an adorer of Nature, and at the age of ninety, bowed by the weight of nearly a century, covered with the insignia of honor, loved by a nation, respected by a world, with kings for his servants, he laid his weary head upon her bosom—upon the bosom of the universal Mother—and with her loving arms around him, sank into that sweet slumber called Death.

The angel of history added another name to the starry scroll of the immortals.

The world is his monument; upon the eternal granite of her hills he inscribed his name, and there upon the everlasting stone his genius wrote this, the sublimest of truths,

"THE UNIVERSE IS GOVERNED BY LAW!"

CHARLES BRADLAUGH

CHARLES BRADLAUGH, an English radical politician, secularist, and socialist, was born at London, Sept. 26, 1833, and died there Jan. 30, 1901. His early schooling he received at elementary schools in the East End of London, and at fifteen began to speak before street audiences, and at nineteen was a lecturer on Free Thought. After a brief career in the army in Ireland, he became a lawyer's clerk in 1853, and for a number of years subsequently lectured in various places, scoring many platform successes, in spite of his hard, reckless, aggressive treatment of the themes which he handled. He edited successively "The Investigator" and "The National Reformer," and in 1868 sought to enter Parliament. After several unsuccessful contests for the borough of Northampton, he was at length returned by that town in 1880, but his difficulties were by no means passed. He claimed the right to take his seat by affirmation, instead of by taking the oath of allegiance, and the House at once passed a resolution barring his right of entrance by either method. In February, 1882, he appeared before the House of Commons, and, taking out a Testament from his pocket, administered the oath to himself. After successive exclusions, ejections, and reëlections, he was in 1886 permitted to take his seat, and in 1888 moved and carried a bill allowing members entering Parliament, if they wished, to affirm instead of taking the oath. Bradlaugh's extreme views moderated perceptibly after his entrance to Parliament. During his last illness the House of Commons voted to expunge its resolution, of June 22, 1880, denying Bradlaugh's right to affirm or take the oath. He published, in 1872, "The Impeachment of the House of Brunswick," and, in 1882, "The True Story of My Parliamentary Struggle."

AT THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

MR. SPEAKER,—I have again to ask the indulgence of the House while I submit to it a few words in favor of my claim to do that which the law requires me to do. Perhaps the House will pardon me if I supply an omission, I feel unintentionally made, on the part of the honorable member for Chatham [Mr. John Gorst].

In some words which have just fallen from him I understood him to say that he would use a formal statement made

endeavor to harmonize the astronomy and geology of a barbarous people with the science of the nineteenth century. Never, for one moment, did he abandon the sublime standard of truth; he investigated, he studied, he thought, he separated the gold from the dross in the crucible of his grand brain. He was never found on his knees before the altar of superstition. He stood erect by the grand tranquil column of Reason. He was an admirer, a lover, an adorer of Nature, and at the age of ninety, bowed by the weight of nearly a century, covered with the insignia of honor, loved by a nation, respected by a world, with kings for his servants, he laid his weary head upon her bosom—upon the bosom of the universal Mother—and with her loving arms around him, sank into that sweet slumber called Death.

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In some words which have just fallen from him I understood him to say that he would use a formal statement made

by me to the Committee against what the Chancellor of the Duchy had said I had said.

I am sure the honorable and learned member for Chatham, who has evidently read the proceedings of the committee with care, would, if he had thought it fair, have stated to the House that the statement only came from me after an objection made by me—a positive objection on the ground that it related to matters outside this House, and that the House in the course of its history had never inquired into such matters; but I can hardly understand what the member for Chatham meant when he said that he contrasted what I did say with what the Chancellor of the Duchy said I said; for it is not a matter of memory, it is on the proceedings of this House, that, being examined formally before the committee, I stated "that the essential part of the oath is in the fullest and most complete degree binding upon my honor and conscience, and that the repeating of the words of asseveration does not in the slightest degree weaken the binding of the allegiance on me."

I now say I would not go through any form—much as I value the right to sit in this House, much as I desire and believe that this House will accord me that right—that I did not mean to be binding upon me without mental reservation, without equivocation. I would go through no form unless it were fully and completely and thoroughly binding upon me as to what it expressed or promised.

Mine has been no easy position for the last twelve months. I have been elected by the free votes of a free constituency. My return is untainted. There is no charge of bribery, no charge of corruption, nor of inducing men to come drunken to the polling-booth. I come here with a pure, untainted return—not won by accident. For thirteen long years have I

fought for this right—through five contested elections, including this. It is now proposed to prevent me from fulfilling the duty my constituents have placed upon me. You have force: on my side is the law.

The honorable and learned member for Plymouth [Mr., afterward Sir, Edward Clarke] spoke the truth when he said he did not ask the House to treat the matter as a question of law; but the constituencies ask me to treat it as a question of law. I, for them, ask you to treat it as a question of law. I could understand the feeling that seems to have been manifested were I some great and powerful personage. I could understand it had I a large influence behind me. I am only one of the people, and you propose to teach them that, on a mere technical question, you will put a barrier in the way of my doing my duty which you have never put in the way of anybody else.

The question is, Has my return on the 9th of April, 1881, anything whatever to impeach it? There is no legal disqualification involved. If there were, it could be raised by petition. The honorable member for Plymouth says the dignity of this House is in question. Do you mean that I can injure the dignity of this House?—this House which has stood unrivalled for centuries?—this House, supreme among the assemblies of the world?—this House, which represents the traditions of liberty? I should not have so libelled you.

How is the dignity of this House to be hurt? If what happened before the 9th of April is less than a legal disqualification, it is a matter for the judgment of the constituency and not for you. The constituency has judged me; it has elected me; I stand here with no legal disqualification upon me. The right of the constituency to return me is an unimpeachable right.

I know some gentlemen make light of constituencies; yet without the constituencies you are nothing. It is from them you derive your whole and sole authority. The honorable and learned member for Plymouth treats lightly the legal question. It is dangerous to make light of the law—dangerous, because if you are only going to rely on your strength of force to override the law, you give a bad lesson to men whose morality you impeach as to what should be their duty if emergence ever came. Always outside the House I have advocated strenuous obedience to the law, and it is under that law that I claim my right. It is said by the right honorable baronet [Sir Stafford Northcote], who interposes between me and my duty, that this House has passed some resolution.

First, I submit that that resolution does not affect the return of the 9th of April. The conditions are entirely different; there is nothing since the date of that return. I submit next, that, if it did affect it, the resolution was illegal from the beginning. In the words of George Grenville, spoken in this House in 1769, I say, if your resolution goes in the teeth of the law—if against the statute—your resolution is null and void. No word have I uttered outside these walls which has been lacking in respect to the House. I believe the House will do me justice, and I ask it to look at what it is I claim.

I claim to do that which the law says I must. Frankly, I would rather have affirmed. When I came to the table of the House I deemed I had a legal right to do it. The courts have decided against me, and I am bound by their decision.

I have the legal right to do what I propose to do. No resolution of yours can take away that legal right. You may act illegally and hinder me; and unfortunately I have no appeal against you. "Unfortunately," perhaps, I should not say. Perhaps it is better that the Chamber that makes the

law should never be in conflict with the courts which administer the laws that the Chamber makes. I think the word "unfortunately" was not the word I ought to have used in this argument.

But the force that you invoke against the law to-day may to-morrow be used against you, and the use will be justified by your example. It is a fact that I have no remedy if you rely on your force. I can only be driven into a contest, wearying even to a strong man well supported, ruinous and killing to one man standing by himself—a contest in which, if I succeed, it will be injurious to you as well as to me. Injurious to me, because I can only win by lessening your repute, which I desire to maintain. The only court I have the power of appealing to is the court of public opinion, which I have no doubt in the end will do me justice.

The honorable member for Plymouth said I had the manliness on a former occasion to make an avowal of opinions to this House. I did nothing of the kind. I have never, directly or indirectly, said one word about my opinions, and this House has no right to inquire what opinions I may hold outside its walls. The only right is that which the statute gives you; my opinions there is no right to inquire into. I shelter myself under the laws of my country. This is a political assembly, met to decide on the policy of the nation and not on the religious opinions of the citizens. While I had the honor of occupying a seat in the House, when questions were raised which touched upon religious matters I abstained from uttering one word. I did not desire to say one word which might hurt the feeling of even the most tender.

But it is said, Why not have taken the oath quietly? I did not take it then, because I thought I had the right to do something else, and I have paid the penalty. I have been plunged

in litigation fostered by men who had not the courage to put themselves forward. I, a penniless man, should have been ruined if it had not been that the men in workshop, pit, and factory had enabled me to fight this battle. [An interruption.]

I am sorry that honorable members cannot have patience with one pleading as I plead here. It is no light task, even if you put it on the lowest personal grounds, to risk the ambition of a life on such an issue. It is a right ambition to desire to take part in the councils of the nation if you bring no store of wisdom with you and can only learn from the great intellects that we have. What will you inquire into? The right honorable baronet would inquire into my opinions. Will you inquire into my conduct, or is it only my opinions you will try here?

The honorable member for Plymouth frankly puts it, opinions. If opinions, why not conduct? Why not examine into members' conduct when they come to the table, and see if there be no members in whose way you can put a barrier?

Are members whose conduct may be obnoxious to vote my exclusion because to them my opinions are obnoxious? As to any obnoxious views supposed to be held by me, there is no duty imposed upon me to say a word. The right honorable baronet has said there has been no word of recantation.

You have no right to ask me for any recantation. Since the ninth of April you have no right to ask me for anything. If you have a legal disqualification, petition, lay it before the judges. When you ask me to make a statement you are guilty of impertinence to me, of treason to the traditions of this House, and of impeachment of the liberties of the people. My difficulty is that those who have made the most bitter at-

tacks upon me only made them when I was not here to deal with them.

One honorable and gallant member recently told his constituents that this would be made a party question, but that the Conservative members had not the courage to speak out against me. I should have thought, from reading "Hansard," not that they wanted courage, but that they had cultivated a reticence that was more just. I wish to say a word or two on the attempt which has been made to put on the government of the day complicity in my views.

The Liberal party has never aided me in any way to this House. Never. I have fought by myself. I have fought by my own hand. I have been hindered in every way that it was possible to hinder me; and it is only by the help of the people, by the pence of toilers in mine and factory, that I am here to-day after these five struggles right through thirteen years. I have won my way with them, for I have won their hearts, and now I come to you. Will you send me back from here?

Then how? You have the right, but it is the right of force and not of law. When I am once seated on these benches, then I am under your jurisdiction. At present I am under the protection of the writ from those who sent me here. I do not want to quote what has happened before; but if there be one lesson which the House has recorded more solemnly than another, it is that there should be no interference with the judgment of a constituency in sending a man to this House against whom there is no statutory disqualification. Let me appeal to the generosity of the House as well as to its strength. It has traditions of liberty on both sides. I do not complain that members on that [the Conservative] try to keep me out. They act according to their lights, and think

my poor services may be injurious to them. [Cries of "No!"] Then why not let me in? It must be either a political or a religious question.

I must apologize to the House for trespassing upon its patience. I apologize because I know how generous in its listening it has been from the time of my first speech in it till now. But I ask you now, do not plunge with me into a struggle I would shun. The law gives me no remedy if the House decides against me. Do not mock at the constituencies. If you place yourselves above the law, you leave me no course save lawless agitation instead of reasonable pleading. It is easy to begin such a strife, but none knows how it would end. I have no court, no tribunal to appeal to: you have the strength of your votes at the moment. You think I am an obnoxious man, and that I have no one on my side. If that be so, then the more reason that this House, grand in the strength of its centuries of liberty, should have now that generosity in dealing with one who to-morrow may be forced into a struggle for public opinion against it.

BENJAMIN HARRISON

PRESIDENT HARRISON

BENJAMIN HARRISON, American statesman, and twenty-third President of the United States, grandson of President William Henry Harrison, was born at North Bend, O., Aug. 20, 1833, and died at Indianapolis, Ind., March 13, 1901. He graduated from Miami University in 1852, and practiced law at Indianapolis until the outbreak of the Civil War, in which he served from 1862 to 1865, first as the commander of a regiment, and then as General of a brigade. From 1881 to 1887, he represented Indiana in the United States Senate. In 1888, he was the candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency, and was elected. In 1892, he was renominated, but was beaten by Cleveland. After his retirement from the White House, he appeared before the Board of Arbitrators at Paris, as the representative of Venezuela in its boundary controversy with British Guiana. He was later appointed one of the representatives of the United States on the permanent Board of Arbitration, established in pursuance of the Peace Conference at The Hague, and was lecturer on Jurisprudence at the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, California.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED MARCH 4, 1889

Fellow-Citizens:

THERE is no constitutional or legal requirement that the President shall take the oath of office in the presence of the people, but there is so manifest an appropriateness in the public induction to office of the Chief Executive officer of the nation that from the beginning of the government the people, to whose service the official oath consecrates the officer, have been called to witness the solemn ceremonial. The oath taken in the presence of the people becomes a mutual covenant. The officer covenants to serve the whole body of the people by a faithful execution of the laws, so that they may be the unfailing defence

and security of those who respect and observe them, and that neither wealth, station, nor the power of combinations shall be able to evade their just penalties or to wrest them from a beneficent public purpose to serve the ends of cruelty or selfishness.

My promise is spoken; yours unspoken, but not the less real and solemn. The people of every State have here their representatives. Surely I do not misinterpret the spirit of the occasion when I assume that the whole body of the people covenant with me and with each other to-day to support and defend the Constitution and the Union of the States, to yield willing obedience to all the laws and each to every other citizen his equal civil and political rights. Entering thus solemnly into covenant with each other, we may reverently invoke and confidently expect the favor and help of Almighty God—that he will give me wisdom, strength, and fidelity, and to our people a spirit of fraternity and a love of righteousness and peace.

This occasion derives peculiar interest from the fact that the Presidential term, which begins this day, is the twenty-sixth under our Constitution. The first inauguration of President Washington took place in New York, where Congress was then sitting, on the thirtieth day of April, 1789, having been deferred by reason of delays attending the organization of Congress and the canvass of the electoral vote. Our people have already worthily observed the centennials of the Declaration of Independence, of the battle of Yorktown, and of the adoption of the Constitution, and will shortly celebrate in New York the institution of the second great department of our constitutional scheme of government. When the centennial of the institution of the judicial department, by the organization of the Supreme Court,

shall have been suitably observed, as I trust it will be, our nation will have fully entered its second century.

I will not attempt to note the marvellous and, in great part, happy contrasts between our country as it steps over the threshold into its second century of organized existence under the Constitution and that weak but wisely ordered young nation that looked undauntedly down the first century, when all its years stretched out before it.

Our people will not fail at this time to recall the incidents which accompanied the institution of government under the Constitution, or to find inspiration and guidance in the teachings and example of Washington and his great associates, and hope and courage in the contrast which thirty-eight populous and prosperous states offer to the thirteen States, weak in everything except courage and the love of liberty, that then fringed our Atlantic seaboard.

The Territory of Dakota has now a population greater than any of the original States (except Virginia), and greater than the aggregate of five of the smaller States in 1790. The centre of population when our national capital was located was east of Baltimore, and it was argued by many well-informed persons that it would move eastward rather than westward; yet in 1880 it was found to be near Cincinnati, and the new census about to be taken will show another stride to the westward. That which was the body has come to be only the rich fringe of the nation's robe. But our growth has not been limited to territory, population, and aggregate wealth, marvellous as it has been in each of those directions. The masses of our people are better fed, clothed, and housed than their fathers were. The facilities for popular education have been vastly enlarged and more generally diffused.

The virtues of courage and patriotism have given recent proof of their continued presence and increasing power in the hearts and over the lives of our people. The influences of religion have been multiplied and strengthened. The sweet offices of charity have greatly increased. The virtue of temperance is held in higher estimation. We have not attained an ideal condition. Not all of our people are happy and prosperous; not all of them are virtuous and law-abiding. But on the whole, the opportunities offered to the individual to secure the comforts of life are better than are found elsewhere, and largely better than they were here one hundred years ago.

The surrender of a large measure of sovereignty to the general government, effected by the adoption of the Constitution, was not accomplished until the suggestions of reason were strongly reinforced by the more imperative voice of experience. The divergent interests of peace speedily demanded a "more perfect Union." The merchant, the shipmaster, and the manufacturer discovered and disclosed to our statesmen and to the people that commercial emancipation must be added to the political freedom which had been so bravely won. The commercial policy of the mother country had not relaxed any of its hard and oppressive features. To hold in check the development of our commercial marine, to prevent or retard the establishment and growth of manufactures in the States, and so to secure the American market for their shops and the carrying trade for their ships, was the policy of European statesmen, and was pursued with the most selfish vigor.

Petitions poured in upon Congress urging the imposition of discriminating duties that should encourage the production of needed things at home. The patriotism of the people, which no longer found a field of exercise in war, was energetically directed to the duty of equipping the young Republic for the defence of its independence by making its people self-dependent. Societies for the promotion of home manufactures and for encouraging the use of domestics in the dress of the people were organized in many of the States. The revival at the end of the century of the same patriotic interest in the preservation and development of domestic industries and the defence of our working people against injurious foreign competition is an incident worthy of attention. It is not a departure but a return that we have witnessed. The protective policy had then its opponents. The argument was made, as now, that its benefits inured to particular classes or sections.

If the question became in any sense or at any time sectional, it was only because slavery existed in some of the States. But for this there was no reason why the cotton-producing States should not have led or walked abreast with the New England States in the production of cotton fabrics. There was this reason only why the States that divide with Pennsylvania the mineral treasures of the great southeastern and central mountain ranges should have been so tardy in bringing to the smelting furnace and to the mill the coal and iron from their near opposing hillsides. Mill fires were lighted at the funeral pile of slavery. The Emancipation Proclamation was heard in the depths of the earth as well as in the sky; men were made free, and material things became our better servants.

The sectional element has happily been eliminated from the tariff discussion. We have no longer States that are necessarily only planting States. None is excluded from achieving that diversification of pursuits among the people

which brings wealth and contentment. The cotton plantation will not be less valuable when the product is spun in the country town by operatives whose necessities call for diversified crops and create a home demand for garden and agricultural products. Every new mine, furnace and factory is an extension of the productive capacity of the State, more real and valuable than added territory.

Shall the prejudices and paralysis of slavery continue to hang upon the skirts of progress? How long will those who rejoice that slavery no longer exists cherish or tolerate the incapacities it put upon their communities? I look hopefully to the continuance of our protective system and to the consequent development of manufacturing and mining enterprises in the States hitherto wholly given to agriculture as a potent influence in the perfect unification of our people. The men who have invested their capital in these enterprises, the farmers who have felt the benefit of their neighborhood, and the men who work in shop or field, will not fail to find and to defend a community of interest.

Is it not quite possible that the farmers and the promoters of the great mining and manufacturing enterprises which have recently been established in the South may yet find that the free ballot of the workingman, without distinction of race, is needed for their defence as well as for his own? I do not doubt that if those men in the South who now accept the tariff views of Clay and the constitutional expositions of Webster would courageously avow and defend their real convictions, they would not find it difficult, by friendly instruction and co-operation, to make the black man their efficient and safe ally, not only in establishing correct principles in our national administration, but in preserving for their local communities the benefits of social

order and economical and honest government. At least until the good offices of kindness and education have been fairly tried, the contrary conclusion cannot be plausibly urged.

I have altogether rejected the suggestion of a special Executive policy for any section of our country. It is the duty of the Executive to administer and enforce in the methods and by the instrumentalities pointed out and provided by the Constitution all the laws enacted by Congress. These laws are general, and their administration should be uniform and equal. As a citizen may not elect what laws he will obey, neither may the Executive elect which he will enforce. The duty to obey and to execute embraces the Constitution in its entirety and the whole code of laws enacted under it. The evil example of permitting individuals, corporations, or communities to nullify the laws because they cross some selfish or local interest or prejudice is full of danger, not only to the nation at large, but much more to those who use this pernicious expedient to escape their just obligations or to obtain an unjust advantage over others. They will presently themselves be compelled to appeal to the law for protection, and those who would use the law as a defence must not deny that use of it to others.

If our great corporations would more scrupulously observe their legal limitations and duties, they would have less cause to complain of the unlawful limitations of their rights or of violent interference with their operations. The community that by concert, open or secret, among its citizens, denies to a portion of its members their plain rights under the law, has severed the only safe bond of social order and prosperity. The evil works from a bad centre

both ways. It demoralizes those who practice it, and destroys the faith of those who suffer by it in the efficiency of the law as a safe protector. The man in whose breast that faith has been darkened is naturally the subject of dangerous and uncanny suggestions. Those who use unlawful methods, if moved by no higher motive than the selfishness that prompted them, may well stop and inquire what is to be the end of this.

An unlawful expedient cannot become a permanent condition of government. If the educated and influential classes in a community either practice or connive at the systematic violation of laws that seem to them to cross their convenience, what can they expect when the lesson that convenience or a supposed class interest is a sufficient cause for lawlessness has been well learned by the ignorant classes? A community where law is the rule of conduct and where courts, not mobs, execute its penalties, is the only attractive field for business investments and honest labor.

Our naturalization laws should be so amended as to make the inquiry into the character and good disposition of persons applying for citizenship more careful and searching. Our existing laws have been in their administration an unimpressive and often an unintelligible form. We accept the man as a citizen without any knowledge of his fitness, and he assumes the duties of citizenship without any knowledge as to what they are. The privileges of American citizenship are so great and its duties so grave that we may well insist upon a good knowledge of every person applying for citizenship and a good knowledge by him of our institutions. We should not cease to be hospitable to immigration, but we should cease to be careless

as to the character of it. There are men of all races, even the best, whose coming is necessarily a burden upon our public revenues or a threat to social order. These should be identified and excluded.

We have happily maintained a policy of avoiding all interference with European affairs. We have been only interested spectators of their contentions in diplomacy and in war, ready to use our friendly offices to promote peace, but never obtruding our advice and never attempting unfairly to coin the distresses of other powers into commercial advantage to ourselves. We have a just right to expect that our European policy will be the American policy of European courts.

It is so manifestly incompatible with those precautions for our peace and safety, which all the great powers habitually observe and enforce in matters affecting them, that a shorter waterway between our eastern and western seaboards should be dominated by any European government, that we may confidently expect that such a purpose will not be entertained by any friendly power.

We shall in the future, as in the past, use every endeavor to maintain and enlarge our friendly relations with all the great powers, but they will not expect us to look kindly upon any project that would leave us subject to the dangers of a hostile observation or environment. We have not sought to dominate or to absorb any of our weaker neighbors, but rather to aid and encourage them to establish free and stable governments resting upon the consent of their own people. We have a clear right to expect, therefore, that no European government will seek to establish colonial dependencies upon the territory of these independent American States. That which a sense of justice re-

strains us from seeking, they may be reasonably expected willingly to forego.

It must be assumed, however, that our interests are so exclusively American that our entire inattention to any events that may transpire elsewhere can be taken for granted. Our citizens, domiciled for purposes of trade in all countries and in many of the islands of the sea, demand and will have our adequate care in their personal and commercial rights. The necessities of our navy require convenient coaling stations and dock and harbor privileges. These and other trading privileges we will feel free to obtain only by means that do not in any degree partake of coercion, however feeble the government from which we ask such concessions. But having fairly obtained them by methods and for purposes entirely consistent with the most friendly disposition toward all other powers, our consent will be necessary to any modification or impairment of the concession.

We shall neither fail to respect the flag of any friendly nation, or the just rights of its citizens, nor to exact the like treatment for our own. Calmness, justice, and consideration should characterize our diplomacy. The offices of an intelligent diplomacy or of friendly arbitration in proper cases should be adequate to the peaceful adjustment of all international difficulties. By such methods we will make our contribution to the world's peace, which no nation values more highly, and avoid the opprobrium which must fall upon the nation that ruthlessly breaks it.

The duty devolved by law upon the President to nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to appoint, all public officers whose appointment is not otherwise provided for in the Constitution or by act of

Congress, has become very burdensome, and its wise and efficient discharge full of difficulty. The civil list is so large that a personal knowledge of any large number of the applicants is impossible. The President must rely upon the representation of others, and these are often made inconsiderately and without any just sense of responsibility. I have a right, I think, to insist that those who volunteer or are invited to give advice as to appointments shall exercise consideration and fidelity. A high sense of duty and an ambition to improve the service should characterize all public officers.

There are many ways in which the convenience and comfort of those who have business with our public offices may be promoted by a thoughtful and obliging officer, and I shall expect those whom I may appoint to justify their selection by a conspicuous efficiency in the discharge of their duties. Honorable party service will certainly not be esteemed by me a disqualification for public office, but it will in no case be allowed to serve as a shield of official negligence, incompetency, or delinquency. It is entirely creditable to seek public office by proper methods and with proper motives, and all applicants will be treated with consideration; but I shall need, and the heads of departments will need, time for inquiry and deliberation. Persistent importunity will not, therefore, be the best support of an application for office. Heads of departments, bureaus, and all other public officers having any duty connected therewith, will be expected to enforce the Civil Service law fully and without evasion. Beyond this obvious duty I hope to do something more to advance the reform of the civil service. The ideal, or even my own ideal, I shall probably not attain. Retrospect will be a safer basis of

judgment than promises. We shall not, however, I am sure, be able to put our civil service upon a non-partisan basis until we have secured an incumbency that fair-minded men of the opposition will approve for impartiality and integrity. As the number for such in the civil list is increased, removals from office will diminish.

While a Treasury surplus is not the greatest evil, it is a serious evil. Our revenue should be ample to meet the ordinary annual demands upon our Treasury, with a sufficient margin for those extraordinary, but scarcely less imperative, demands which arise now and then. Expenditure should always be made with economy, and only upon public necessity. Wastefulness, profligacy, or favoritism in public expenditure is criminal. But there is nothing in the condition of our country or of our people to suggest that anything presently necessary to the public prosperity, security, or honor, should be unduly postponed.

It will be the duty of Congress wisely to forecast and estimate these extraordinary demands, and, having added them to our ordinary expenditures, to so adjust our revenue laws that no considerable annual surplus will remain. We will fortunately be able to apply to the redemption of the public debt any small and unforeseen excess of revenue. This is better than to reduce our income below our necessary expenditures, with the resulting choice between another change of our revenue laws and an increase of the public debt. It is quite possible, I am sure, to effect the necessary reduction in our revenues without breaking down our protective tariff or seriously injuring any domestic industry.

The construction of a sufficient number of modern warships and of their necessary armament should progress as

rapidly as is consistent with care and perfection in plans and workmanship. The spirit, courage, and skill of our naval officers and seamen have many times in our history given to weak ships and inefficient guns a rating greatly beyond that of the naval list. That they will again do so upon occasion, I do not doubt; but they ought not, by premeditation or neglect, to be left to the risks and exigencies of an unequal combat. We should encourage the establishment of American steamship lines. The exchanges of commerce demand stated, reliable, and rapid means of communication; and until these are provided, the development of our trade with the States lying south of us is impossible.

Our pension laws should give more adequate and discriminating relief to the Union soldiers and sailors and to their widows and orphans. Such occasions as this should remind us that we owe everything to their valor and sacrifice.

It is a subject of congratulation that there is a near prospect of the admission into the Union of the Dakotas and Montana and Washington Territories. This act of justice has been unreasonably delayed in the case of some of them. The people who have settled these Territories are intelligent, enterprising, and patriotic, and the accession of these new States will add strength to the nation. It is due to the settlers in the Territories who have availed themselves of the invitations of our land laws to make homes upon the public domain that their titles should be speedily adjusted and their honest entries confirmed by patent.

It is very gratifying to observe the general interest now being manifested in the reform of our election laws. Those who have been for years calling attention to the pressing necessity of throwing about the ballot-box and about the

elector further safeguards, in order that our elections might not only be free and pure, but might clearly appear to be so, will welcome the accession of any who did not so soon discover the need of reform. The National Congress has not as yet taken control of elections in that case over which the Constitution gives it jurisdiction, but has accepted and adopted the election laws of the several States, provided penalties for their violation and a method of supervision. Only the inefficiency of the State laws or an unfair partisan administration of them could suggest a departure from this policy.

It was clear, however, in the contemplation of the framers of the Constitution, that such an exigency might arise, and provision was wisely made for it. The freedom of the ballot is a condition of our national life, and no power vested in Congress or in the Executive to secure or perpetuate it should remain unused upon occasion. The people of all the congressional districts have an equal interest that the election in each shall truly express the views and wishes of a majority of the qualified electors residing within it. The results of such elections are not local, and the insistence of electors residing in other districts that they shall be pure and free does not savor at all of impertinence.

If in any of the States the public security is thought to be threatened by ignorance among the electors, the obvious remedy is education. The sympathy and help of our people will not be withheld from any community struggling with special embarassments or difficulties connected with the suffrage, if the remedies proposed proceed upon lawful lines and are promoted by just and honorable methods. How shall those who practice election frauds recover that

respect for the sanctity of the ballot which is the first condition and obligation of good citizenship? The man who has come to regard the ballot-box as a juggler's hat has renounced his allegiance.

Let us exalt patriotism and moderate our party contentions. Let those who would die for the flag on the field of battle give a better proof of their patriotism and a higher glory to their country by promoting fraternity and justice. A party success that is achieved by unfair methods or by practices that partake of revolution is hurtful and evanescent, even from a party standpoint. We should hold our differing opinions in mutual respect, and, having submitted them to the arbitrament of the ballot, should accept an adverse judgment with the same respect that we would have demanded of our opponents if the decision had been in our favor.

No other people have a government more worthy of their respect and love, or a land so magnificent in extent, so pleasant to look upon, and so full of generous suggestion to enterprise and labor. God has placed upon our head a diadem, and has laid at our feet power and wealth beyond definition or calculation. But we must not forget that we take these gifts upon the condition that justice and mercy shall hold the reins of power, and that the upward avenues of hope shall be free to all the people.

I do not mistrust the future. Dangers have been in frequent ambush along our path, but we have uncovered and vanquished them all. Passion has swept some of our communities, but only to give us a new demonstration that the great body of our people are stable, patriotic, and law-abiding. No political party can long pursue advantage at the expense of public honor or by rude and indecent meth-

ods, without protest and fatal disaffection in its own body. The peaceful agencies of commerce are more fully revealing the necessary unity of all our communities, and the increasing intercourse of our people is promoting mutual respect. We shall find unalloyed pleasure in the revelation which our next census will make of the swift development of the great resources of some of the States. Each State will bring its generous contribution to the great aggregate of the nation's increase. And when the harvests from the fields, the cattle from the hills, and the ores of the earth shall have been weighed, counted, and valued, we will turn from them all to crown with the highest honor the State that has most promoted education, virtue, justice and patriotism among its people.

EDWARD BLAKE

EDWARD BLAKE

THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE, P.C., K.C., LL.D., an eminent Canadian Liberal statesman and lawyer, eldest son of the late Hon. William Hume Blake, chancellor of Upper Canada, now Ontario. He was born at the present village of Cairngorm, Ontario, Oct. 13, 1833, and was educated at Upper Canada College (Governor-general's prizeman) and at the University of Toronto. He was called to the Bar in 1856 and began practice in the city of Toronto. In 1864 he was created a queen's counsel by Viscount Monck; became a bencher of the Law Society of Upper Canada in 1871; and treasurer of the Law Society in 1879. For a time he was one of the examiners in, and a lecturer on, equity for the Law Society; and was appointed an honorary member of the law faculty of Toronto University in 1888. He declined appointment as chancellor of Upper Canada under Sir John Macdonald in 1869; as chief-justice of Canada under Mr. (afterward Sir Alex.) Mackenzie in 1875; and as chief-justice of Ontario under Sir Wilfred Laurier in 1897. His political career began in 1867, the epoch of Confederation, when he was elected both to the House of Commons and the local legislature. In 1869, he accepted the leadership of the Liberal party; and on the defeat of the Sandfield Macdonald government, in December, 1871 (an event largely due to his efforts), he was called on to form a new administration and succeeded in the task. He himself took the office of president of the council, without salary. On the abolition of dual representation, some time later, he resigned the premiership, with the view of devoting the whole of his attention to federal politics. He was one of the chief actors in the contest over the Pacific Railroad scandal, which resulted in the downfall of Sir John A. Macdonald. When Mr. Mackenzie became prime minister of the Dominion, Mr. Blake accepted a position in the cabinet without office. He was sworn of the privy council Nov. 7, 1873. Owing to ill health he resigned in February, 1874. In May, 1875, he accepted office as minister of justice, and while filling this post undertook an official mission to England. He was mainly instrumental in perfecting the constitution of the supreme court of Canada, and personally selected the first judges. After the defeat of the Mackenzie government, in 1878, he was chosen leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, and remained in that position until after the general election of 1887, when he retired and was succeeded by Mr. (afterward Sir Wilfred) Laurier. In June, 1892, he accepted the invitation of the leaders of the Irish parliamentary party to represent them in the British House of Commons. In 1894, he was elected a member of the executive committee of the Irish parliamentary party. In the same year he was included in the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland. In 1895, he was reelected to the British Parliament by acclamation for South Longford, and sits in the Commons as an Irish Nationalist member. In the same year, he went to New Zealand to act as arbitrator between the New Zealand government and the New Zealand Midland Railway Company, and made his award later in favor of the government. In 1896, he was one of the committee of fifteen of the House of Commons, appointed to investigate South African affairs and the causes of the Transvaal raid. He received the honorary degree of LL.D. from his Alma Mater, in 1889, but declined a K.C.M.G. for his public services in 1876. He was a

delegate to the third Commercial Congress, London, 1893. The Toronto "Globe" characterized him as "the most powerful Canadian speaker whose voice has been heard by this generation"; and Lord Rosebery declared him to be "the most brilliant orator and one of the most capable statesmen of Canada."

SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN

EXTRACTS FROM SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE CANADIAN HOUSE OF COMMONS, APRIL 17, 1885

LET me now look at one of the most important propositions, that to which I alluded a little while ago; look to the question of suffrage for women. Now, you found a marked difference in the language of the First Minister and that of the Secretary of State, with reference to that subject. The honorable Minister of Public Works was wisely silent; he said nothing about it. I do not know what he thought. Perhaps it was because he thought so much that he said so little; but at any rate he has kept a profound silence upon the subject of woman suffrage.

The honorable gentleman, however, upon some former occasions, was disposed, I remember, when a little badinage was passing across the House, rather to take credit for the woman-suffrage clause. I recollect he alluded to the ladies in the courteous and pleasant manner in which he speaks of the whole population, whether ladies or gentlemen, and spoke about the action of the right honorable gentleman with reference to it—so I presume that he favors it too.

But the First Minister declared himself strongly in favor of the woman suffrage; he declared the time was coming, and that soon, when it would be granted, and that he would be glad to see Canada take the first final step; and he referred to Mr. Gladstone, who, he said, was in favor of woman suffrage, and to Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, who had declared themselves in favor of it. Now, I think

I have read all that Mr. Gladstone has ever said on that subject—though I have not been able to refer to all his speeches since the honorable gentleman spoke—and my recollection is that Mr. Gladstone had not delivered an opinion in favor of woman suffrage.

I am quite certain that in the late debate, when he had to meet Mr. Woodall's motion, he did not express an opinion in favor of it. He declared he would not express an opinion on the subject. He took the line of the Secretary of State. But, if I do not greatly err, in a former debate upon the question he expressed the view that if the franchise was to be given to the other sex he saw no ground upon which it could be limited to unmarried women; he expressed the view, if I remember rightly, that it must be conferred upon married women if conferred at all. Now, the honorable gentleman says that he will adopt Mr. Gladstone's attitude, and that he will not imperil this bill on the question of woman suffrage.

But Mr. Gladstone's attitude was wholly different. Mr. Gladstone had not brought in a bill with woman suffrage in it. Mr. Gladstone had brought in a bill that did not give the franchise to women. It was a government bill, and he was handling that government bill with a government in which the question was an open question, avowedly. Some members of the government were in favor of it and others opposed to it. But what Mr. Gladstone, who had not committed himself upon the question, said, was:

"I will not imperil this bill by allowing you to add the question of woman suffrage to it at all. I will express no opinion. It is an open question so far as we are concerned, but we have a duty to discharge, and that is to carry this bill through; and those of us who are in favor of, as well

as those who are opposed to woman suffrage, to take the ground that we are opposed to tacking it on to this bill."

But the honorable gentleman's view is different. He says:

"I have introduced a bill. I introduced it in 1883; I introduced it in 1884, and now in 1885; and I commend it to your attention as a government proposition. It is the government's proposition, but, forsooth, I will adopt Mr. Gladstone's views, and I will not imperil the bill."

The honorable gentleman had better have left it out, if he did not intend to carry it. But the honorable gentleman seems to be disposed to think that he will manage the matter. Having brought it in, in the former sessions, and having, presumably, taken the opinion of his friends upon it, he still proceeded, this session, with that clause in; and presumably he took some opinions again, and in the end he is to be forced to leave it out. It cannot be called an open question. Whoever heard of any ministerial measure being an open question. It is not an open question, but he has been forced to relax the tight bonds of party discipline and graciously to give his followers liberty to vote as they please on this question.

Well, the Secretary of State declared that he would not discuss the subject. He said that in different Provinces that question was not accepted in the same spirit, and that in Quebec public opinion was hostile. Now the question is no doubt a very important one. It is one of the most important that can be raised. I cannot conceive a more important political question than that which is raised by this clause of this bill, and I am free to say that I do not think the First Minister discharged his duty as a leader of the government by proposing such a clause in the bill if he did not mean to pass it, nor did he discharge his duty in the way of exposition of the views of the government in his speech. . . .

You talk of elevating the race—the race of women and of men. You say that it is for the good of the race that women should become political electors.

I grant your concession for argument's sake. But there is a law higher than your laws, that is the law under which we live and in which the appointed state of the great bulk of us is the marriage state; and that is not for the good of the race which tells us you are to elevate those who do not happen to be in the married state, and you are to disable them from the exercise of the elevating principle as soon as they assume that which is the ordinary condition of the race, both as regards men and women.

Will you be allowed, do you think, to say that the daughters may vote and the mothers shall not vote. Our laws are every day, and justly so, more fully recognizing the right of women to own property—the right of a woman to have her own property independent of her husband. These conditions of amelioration are being generally accepted, and they are becoming exceedingly wide—I do not know exactly how wide—in the different Provinces. They exist in Ontario, under the old codes, to a very large extent; they exist in Quebec, which for very many years has had more reasonable laws on this subject than formerly prevailed in others of the Provinces. We do not recognize the old doctrine that the husband may say to the wife that all she has is his.

This is no longer the doctrine. A woman's property may be her own. If a woman's property may be her own, why should we say that it is for the elevation of the woman that she should have a vote, and yet deny it to eight tenths of the women, the mothers and the wives, though they are property-owners, and give it to those who are spinsters or widows,

and to those only. How can the question stop even the right to vote? On what principle will you grant the right to elect and deny the right to be elected? On what logical and political principle will you do that? I can apprehend inconveniences, of course, but, as to them, surely the people are to be the judges. If the people choose to elect a woman, and a woman is eligible to vote, why should she not be eligible to take her seat in Parliament? On what ground can we say that people shall not have the right to choose a woman as their representative if women have the franchise?

I did not see but that all these things are to be opened by this bill, and that we may some day or other, under the government's proposition when fully developed, have a Speaker in a gown, it is true, but of a different kind and framed on different plans from that which you, Mr. Speaker, wear. These questions are all opened by this bill; it is certain they are not closed. They are opened by this bill; and even the proposition brought forward is brought forward without popular approbation? Have we been told by the honorable gentleman at any election that this was his policy? The honorable gentleman says that he has always favored it. But he kept it, like many others of his favorites, in his bosom. He did not tell anybody of his secret affection for the female franchise; he did not disclose his hidden love:

"Concealment, like a worm i' the bud, preyed on his damask cheek."

He alone knew how devoted he was to the sex. Why did he not let us know; why did he not let them know? Why did he woo them so much in secret that they did not know he was wooing them at all? How did it happen that this unrequited attachment of the First Minister did not become known?

I maintain that if the honorable gentleman nourished those views, and nourished them not merely as theoretical views and ideas which he would like to see put in force, but did not intend to take the responsibility of bringing forward, but as practical ideas, in which he was going to legislate, he was bound to have told the people at large, and to have said, "I am in favor of woman suffrage, and I am not merely in favor of it, but I propose, if you elect me and my supporters, to use my influence and position to accomplish that which I conceive to be a great reform."

We did not know anything about this until the honorable gentleman was in office. Has there been any agitation on this question; has there been any discussion of it among the people? Yes, I think I hear the honorable gentleman say, "A petition or two was presented." But the greatest marks of surprise upon the subject were exhibited by the few agitators for the women's suffrage themselves, who met and passed a resolution of thanks to the honorable gentleman for having spontaneously and without request done so much more for them than they expected. Now, I maintain that that is not the way in which a great idea of this kind should germinate and ripen until it becomes an act of Parliament. I maintain that there ought to be suggestions by responsible statesmen, agitation and discussion, and fair opportunity for the people at large to decide what they will have upon such a subject, before you propose to legislate at all. . . .

I, myself, have not infrequently stated my earnest desire that my fellow country-women should take a more active interest them they do in public affairs; that they should acquaint themselves more thoroughly than they do with public questions, and I rejoice when I see them attending our political discussions and informing their minds on public ques-

tions. But while that is so, and while I believe there is a very satisfactory and progressive improvement in that department of this question, I ask the candid consideration of the House, and of the men and women of the country, to the question whether the women have as yet, as a class (if we are to call them so), as a sex, as a whole, taken up politics in the way we do.

I do not think the men pay sufficient attention to public affairs. I do not think that the electors give that attention which they ought to give to the current of public events. I do not think they do their full duty, or that they are fully alive to their responsibility as electors of this country. I think much has to be done in the way of informing them what that duty is, and enlisting from them a more active discharge of it. But, whatever the shortcomings of the men may be, it is clear, up to this time, that women have taken less steady and active interest in public affairs than those who are the electors. Now, do you wish to see them take that measure of interest that we do in politics? Unquestionably, yes, if you wish them to be voters. There is no more dangerous element in the voting community of the country than the mass which does not take a keen and active interest in public affairs, on one side or the other. I say the mass who do not inform themselves and keep their interest alive—and there are too many of them among the men of the country to-day—the mass who do not keep alive their interest in public affairs is a mass which is dangerous, and which impairs and sometimes imperils the stability of our institutions. Therefore, unquestionably, you do wish them to take an interest. Then, do you wish them to become delegates to your conventions; to become committee-women; to become canvassers? I say yes, if they are going to be voters. I say you cannot double

the voting population of the country without danger if you do not hope that the added population will take the same degree of interest and activity in the formation of public opinion, the organization of public opinion, as the rest; and therefore you must wish these things.

Therefore it is, sir, that the question before you is a momentous question. The question whether you are to make electors of the women is a question not to be dealt with in a speech of one and a half minutes, even by a gentleman of the authority of the First Minister. It should not be settled without full and ample thought and deliberation; without full consideration of the people at large; without full consideration by the women of the country themselves; without an appreciation of what their wishes are,—which are important to the consideration of this question, because I think it would be a mistake to force the franchise on a reluctant portion of the population,— if they be reluctant to accept the franchise, as to which, again, one has no opportunity of forming an opinion except from the absence of application for the purpose.

I say we have got to consider, then, the whole bearings of this proposition in the extent to which, in my opinion it will inevitably lead. I do not believe the wives and mothers of Canada will be content to see the daughters and widows voting, and will support the proposition that they should vote,—the view that it elevates the sex that they should vote, and yet should find themselves relegated to the lower sphere of those who are debarred from voting because they are wives. I do not believe in that view at all. I do not think that we should in one breath say it is good for women; it is good for spinsters; it is good for widows; it is good for the race; it is for the elevation of women that they shall vote, but it is bad for the married woman. I do not think so at all;

and therefore I think the question of their opinion and of their condition must be taken into account on this subject. I do not intend, as I have said, to discuss what the present place of woman is and what the future of woman is to be, but if you will allow me I will read you what I think is some very good philosophy, couched in glorious poetry, on that subject, and which, although I do not agree with all it says, I think tells as much on the problem which the honorable gentleman has submitted to us as has been told in any time past in so short a space:

"The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or Godlike, bond or free;
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planets in her hands.
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? But work no more alone;
Our place is much; as far as in us lies,
We two will serve them both in aiding her,
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up, but drag her down;
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her—let her make herself her own,
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the men,
Sweet love were slain; his dearest bond is this.
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow—
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the to-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the growing race of humankind.
May these things be!"

Yes; may these things be! But I believe that the philosophy which is indicated in those verses is a philosophy which requires deep study before you can decide that these things are to be by the honorable gentleman's proposal to confer the rights of voting upon spinsters and widows, and to leave out those to whom these verses are addressed—the married women.

Now, as I have said, the only safe process in this matter is discussion—gradual discussion, thorough discussion; and the result of that discussion may be—indeed probably will be, for we have to look far off—a diversity of opinion in the different Provinces. The Honorable Secretary of State to-day frankly admitted that on this branch of the Bill there are two opinions. There is the hostile opinion in the Province of Quebec; there is perhaps a favorable opinion in some of the other Provinces; I argue for leaving each Province to settle its own franchise. If you do not want woman franchise in the Province of Quebec, you are free not to have it; but leave the people to decide whether they shall have it or not. Woman franchise may be popular in the Province of Ontario; let the Province of Ontario pass a law to give women the franchise; that does not hurt Quebec, but give Ontario that which best suits her. And so with reference to the Provinces. No stronger argument for the adaptability and convenience of an independent franchise for each Province can be found than that provision of the bill, and the statement of the Secretary of State with reference to the woman franchise.

JOHN J. INGALLS

JOHN JAMES INGALLS, an American politician and congressman, was born at Middleton, Mass., Dec. 29, 1833, and died at Las Vegas, N. Mex., Aug. 16, 1900. In 1855, he graduated at Williams College, studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1857. In 1858, he removed to Atchison, Kan., which continued thereafter to be his home. He was a member of the Wyandotte Convention of 1850, and entered the Kansas senate in 1862. In the same year, he was an unsuccessful Republican candidate for the lieutenant-governorship of Kansas, as also two years later. He was for some years editor of the "Atchison Champion," and in 1873 became a member of the United States Senate. He served continuously in the Senate until his retirement from political life in 1891, and since that period engaged in journalism and lecturing. He was a brilliant speaker, able debater, and well read in parliamentary law.

ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION

SPEECH IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, JANUARY 14, 1893

MR. PRESIDENT.—Two portentous perils threaten the safety if they do not endanger the existence of the republic.

The first of these is ignorant, debased, degraded, spurious, and sophisticated suffrage; suffrage contaminated by the feculent sewage of decaying nations; suffrage intimidated and suppressed in the South; suffrage impure and corrupt, apathetic and indifferent, in the great cities of the North, so that it is doubtful whether there has been for half a century a presidential election in this country that expressed the deliberate and intelligent judgment of the whole body of the American people.

In a newspaper interview a few months ago, in which I commented upon these conditions and alluded to the efforts of the bacilli doctors of politics, the bacteriologists of our sys-

tem, who endeavor to cure the ills under which we suffer by their hypodermic injections of the lymph of independent nonpartisanship and the Brown-Séquard elixir of civil-service reform, I said that "the purification of politics" by such methods as these was an "iridescent dream." Remembering the cipher dispatches of 1877 and the attempted purchase of the electoral votes of many southern States in that campaign, the forgery of the Morey letter in 1880, by which Garfield lost the votes of three States in the North, and the characterization and portraiture of Blaine and Cleveland and Harrison by their political adversaries, I added that "the Golden Rule and the Decalogue had no place in American political campaigns."

It seems superfluous to explain, Mr. President, that in those utterances I was not inculcating a doctrine, but describing a condition. My statement was a statement of facts as I understood them, and not the announcement of an article of faith. But many reverend and eminent divines, many disinterested editors, many ingenuous orators, perverted those utterances into the personal advocacy of impurity in politics.

I do not complain, Mr. President. It was, as the world goes, legitimate political warfare; but it was an illustration of the truth that there ought to be purification in our politics, and that the Golden Rule and the Decalogue ought to have a place in political campaigns. "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you" is the supreme injunction, obligatory upon all. "If thine enemy smite thee upon one cheek turn to him the other" is a sublime and lofty precept. But I take this occasion to observe that until it is more generally regarded than it has been or appears likely to be in the immediate future, if my political enemy smites me upon one

cheek, instead of turning to him the other I shall smite him under the butt end of his left ear if I can. If this be political immorality, I am to be included among the unregenerated.

The election bill that was under consideration a few days ago is intended to deal with one part of the great evil to which I have alluded, but it is an imperfect, a partial, and an incomplete remedy. Violence is bad; but fraud is no better; and it is more dangerous because it is more insidious.

Burke said in one of those immortal orations that emptied the House of Commons, but which will be read with admiration so long as the English tongue shall endure, that when the laws of Great Britain were not strong enough to protect the humblest Hindoo upon the shores of the Ganges the nobleman was not safe in his castle upon the banks of the Thames. Sir, that lofty sentence is pregnant with admonition for us. There can be no repose, there can be no stable and permanent peace in this country under this government until it is just as safe for the black Republican to vote in Mississippi as it is for the white Democrat to vote in Kansas.

The other evil, Mr. President, the second to which I adverted as threatening the safety if it does not endanger the existence of the republic, is the tyranny of combined, concentrated, centralized, and incorporated capital. And the people are considering this great problem now. The conscience of the nation is shocked at the injustice of modern society. The moral sentiment of mankind has been aroused at the unequal distribution of wealth, at the unequal diffusion of the burdens, the benefits, and the privileges of society.

At the beginning of our second century the American people have become profoundly conscious that the ballot is not the panacea for all the evils that afflict humanity; that

it has not abolished poverty nor prevented injustice. They have discovered that political equality does not result in social fraternity; that under a democracy the concentration of greater political power in fewer hands, the accumulation and aggregation of greater amounts of wealth in individuals, are more possible than under a monarchy, and that there is a tyranny which is more fatal than the tyranny of kings.

George Washington, the first President of the Republic, at the close of his life in 1799 had the largest private fortune in the United States of America. Much of this came by inheritance, but the Father of his Country, in addition to his other virtues, shining and illustrious, was a very prudent, sagacious, thrifty, and forehanded man. He knew a good thing when he saw it a great way off. He had a keen eye for the main chance. As a surveyor in his youth he obtained knowledge that enabled him to make exceedingly valuable locations upon the public domain. The establishment of the national capital in the immediate vicinity of his patrimonial possessions did not diminish their value. He was a just debtor, but he was an exact if not an exacting creditor. And so it came to pass that when he died he was, to use the expressive phraseology of the day, the richest man in the country.

At this time, ninety years afterward, it is not without interest to know that the entire aggregate and sum of his earthly possessions, his estate, real, personal, and mixed, Mount Vernon and his lands along the Kanawha and the Ohio, slaves, securities, all of his belongings, reached the sum total of between $800,000 and $900,000. This was less than a century ago, and it is within bounds to say that at this time there are many scores of men, of estates, and of

corporations in this country whose annual income exceed, and there has been one man whose monthly revenue since that period exceeded, the entire accumulations of the wealthiest citizen of the United States at the end of the last century.

At that period the social condition of the United States was one of practical equality. The statistics of the census of 1800 are incomplete and fragmentary, but the population of the Union was about 5,300,000, and the estimated wealth of the country was between $3,000,000,000 and $4,000,000,000. There was not a millionaire, and there was not a tramp nor a pauper, so far as we know, in the country, except such as had been made so by infirmity, or disease, or inevitable calamity. A multitude of small farmers contentedly tilled the soil. Upon the coast a race of fishermen and sailors, owning the craft that they sailed, wrested their substance from the stormy seas. Labor was the rule and luxury the exception. The great mass of the people lived upon the products of the farms that they cultivated. They spun and wove and manufactured their clothing from flax and from wool. Commerce and handicrafts afforded honorable competence. The prayer of Agur was apparently realized. There was neither poverty nor riches. Wealth was uniformly diffused, and none were condemned to hopeless penury and dependence. Less than four per cent of the entire population lived in towns, and there were but four cities whose population exceeded 10,000 persons. Westward to the Pacific lay the fertile solitudes of an unexplored continent, its resources undeveloped and unsuspected. The dreams of Utopia seemed about to be fulfilled—the wide, the universal diffusion of civil, political, and personal rights among the great body of the people, accompanied by efficient and vigorous guaranties for the safety of life, the protection of property, and the preservation of liberty.

Since that time, Mr. President, the growth in wealth and numbers in this country has had no precedent in the building of nations. The genius of the people, stimulated to prodigious activity by freedom, by individualism, by universal education, has subjugated the desert and abolished the frontier. The laboring capacity of every inhabitant of this planet has been duplicated by machinery. In Massachusetts alone we are told that its engines are equivalent to the labor of one hundred million men. We now perform one third of the world's mining, one quarter of its manufacturing, one fifth of its farming, and we possess one sixth part of its entire accumulated wealth.

The Anglo-Saxon, Mr. President, is not by nature or instinct an anarchist, a socialist, a nihilist, or a communist. He does not desire the repudiation of debts, public or private, and he does not favor the forcible redistribution of property. He came to this continent, as he has gone everywhere else on the face of the earth, with a purpose. The 40,000 English colonists who came to this country between 1620 and 1650 formed the most significant, the most formidable migration that has ever occurred upon this globe since time began. They brought with them social and political ideas, novel in their application, of inconceivable energy and power, the home, the family, the State, individualism, the right of personal effort, freedom of conscience, an indomitable love of liberty and justice, a genius for self-government, an unrivalled capacity for conquest, but preferring charters to the sword, and they have been inexorable and relentless in the accomplishment of their designs. They were fatigued with caste and privilege and prerogative.

They were tired of monarchs, and so, upon the bleak and inhospitable shores of New England they decreed the sovereignty of the people, and there they builded "a church without a bishop, and a state without a king."

The result of that experiment, Mr. President, has been ostensibly successful. Under the operation of those great forces, after two hundred and seventy years, this country exhibits a peaceful triumph over many subdued nationalities, through a government automatic in its functions and sustained by no power but the invisible majesty of law. With swift and constant communication by lines of steam transportation by land and lake and sea, with telegraphs extending their nervous reticulations from State to State, the remotest members of this gigantic republic are animated by a vitality as vigorous as that which throbs at its mighty heart, and it is through the quickened intelligence that has been communicated by those ideas that these conditions, which have been fatal to other nations, have become the pillars of our strength and the bulwarks of our safety.

Mr. President, if time and space signified now what they did when independence was declared, the United States could not exist under one government. It would not be possible to secure unity of purpose or identity of interest between communities separated by such barriers and obstacles as Maine and California. But time and distance are relative terms, and, under the operations of these forces, this continent has dwindled to a span. It is not as far from Boston to San Francisco to-day as it was from Boston to Baltimore in 1791; and as the world has shrunk, life has expanded. For all the purposes for which existence is valuable in this world—for comfort, for convenience, for opportunity, for intelligence, for power of locomotion, and superiority to the accidents and

the fatalities of nature—the fewest in years among us, Mr. President, has lived longer and has lived more worthily than Methuselah in all his stagnant centuries.

When the Atlantic cable was completed, it was not merely that a wire, finer by comparison than the gossamer of morning, had sunk to its path along the peaks and the plateaus of the deep, but the earth instantaneously grew smaller by the breadth of the Atlantic. A new volume in the history of the world was opened. The to-morrow of Europe flashed upon the yesterday of America. Time, up to the period when this experiment commenced on this continent, yielded its treasures grudgingly and with reluctance. The centuries crept from improvement to improvement with tardy and sluggish steps, as if nature were unwilling to acknowledge the mastery of man. The great inventions of glass, of gunpowder, of printing, and the mariner's compass consumed a thousand years, but as the great experiment upon this continent has proceeded, the ancient law of progress has been disregarded, and the mind is bewildered by the stupendous results of its marvellous achievements.

The application of steam to locomotion on land and sea, the cotton-gin, electric illumination and telegraphy, the cylinder printing press, the sewing machine, the photographic art, tubular and suspension bridges, the telephone, the spectroscope, and the myriad forms of new applications of science to health and domestic comfort, to the arts of peace and war, have alone rendered democracy possible. The steam-engine emancipated millions from the slavery of daily toil and left them at liberty to pursue a higher range of effort; labor has become more remunerative, and the flood of wealth has raised the poor to comfort and the middle classes to affluence. With prosperity has attended leisure, books, travel; the masses

have been provided with schools, and the range of mental inquiry has become wider and more daring. The sewing-machine does the work of a hundred hands, and gives rest and hope to weary lives. Farming, as my distinguished friend from New York [Mr. Evarts] once said, has become a "sedentary occupation." The reaper no longer swings his sickle in midsummer fields through the yellowish grain, followed by those who gather the wheat and the tares, but he rides in a vehicle, protected from the meridian sun, accomplishing in comfort in a single hour the former labors of a day.

By these and other emancipating devices of society the laborer and the artisan acquire the means of study and recreation. They provide their children with better opportunities than they possessed. Emerging from the obscure degradation to which they have been consigned by monarchies, they have assumed the leadership in politics and society. The governed have become the governors; the subjects have become the kings. They have formed States; they have invented political systems; they have made laws; they have established literatures; and it is not true, Mr. President, in one sense, that during this extraordinary period the rich have grown richer and the poor have grown poorer. There has never been a time, since the angel stood with the flaming sword before the gates of Eden, when the dollar of invested capital paid as low a return in interest as it does to-day; nor has there been an hour when the dollar that is earned by the laboring man would buy so much of everything that is essential for the welfare of himself and his family as it will to-day.

Mr. President, monopolies and corporations, however strong they may be, cannot permanently enslave such a people. They have given too many convincing proofs of

their capacity for self-government. They have made too many incredible sacrifices for this great system, which has been builded and established here, to allow it to be overthrown. They will submit to no dictation.

We have become, Mr. President, the wealthiest nation upon the face of this earth, and the greater part of these enormous accumulations has been piled up during the past fifty years. From 1860 to 1880, notwithstanding the losses incurred by the most destructive war of modern times, the emancipation of four billions of slave property, the expenses of feeding the best fed, of clothing the best clothed, and of sheltering the best-sheltered people in the world, notwithstanding all the losses by fire and flood during that period of twenty years, the wealth of the country increased at the rate of $250,000 for every hour. Every time that the clock ticked above the portal of this Chamber the aggregated, accumulated permanent wealth of this country increased more than $70.

Sir, it rivals, it exceeds the fictions of the "Arabian Nights." There is nothing in the story of the lamp of Aladdin that surpasses it. It is without parallel or precedent; and the national ledger now shows a balance to our credit, after all that has been wasted and squandered and expended and lost and thrown away, of between $60,000,000,000 and $70,000,000,000. I believe myself that, upon a fair cash market valuation, the aggregate wealth of this country to-day is not less than $100,000,000,000. This is enough, Mr. President, to make every man and every woman and every child beneath the flag comfortable; to keep the wolf away from the door. It is enough to give to every family a competence, and yet we are told that there are thousands of people who never have enough to eat in any one day in

the year. We are told by the statisticians of the Department of Labor of the United States that, notwithstanding this stupendous aggregation, there are a million American citizens, able-bodied and willing to work, who tramp the streets of our cities and the country highways and byways, in search of labor with which to buy their daily bread, in vain.

Mr. President, is it any wonder that this condition of things can exist without exciting profound apprehension? I heard, or saw rather, for I did not hear it—I saw in the morning papers that, in his speech yesterday, the senator from Ohio [Mr. Sherman] devoted a considerable part of his remarks to the defense of millionaires; that he declared that they were the froth upon the beer of our political system.

[Mr. Sherman: I said speculators.]

Speculators. They are very nearly the same, for the millionaires of this country, Mr. President, are not the producers and the laborers. They are arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, but "they toil not, neither do they spin"—yes, they do spin. This class, Mr. President, I am glad to say, is not confined to this country alone These gigantic accumulations have not been the result of industry and economy. There would be no protest against them if they were. There is an anecdote floating around the papers, speaking about beer, that some gentleman said to the keeper of a saloon that he would give him a recipe for selling more beer, and when he inquired what it was, he said, "Sell less froth." If the millionaires and speculators of this country are the froth upon the beer of our system, the time has come when we should sell more beer by selling less froth.

The people are beginning to inquire whether, under "a government of the people by the people for the people," under a system in which the bounty of nature is supplemented by

the labor of all, any citizen can show a moral, yes, or a legal, title to $200,000,000. Some have the temerity to ask whether or not any man can show a clear title to $100,000,000. There have been men rash enough to doubt whether, under a system so constituted and established, by speculation or otherwise, any citizen can show a fair title to $10,000,000 when the distribution of wealth per capita would be less than $1,000. If I were put upon my *voir dire* I should hesitate before admitting that, in the sense of giving just compensation and equivalent, any man in this country or any other country ever absolutely earned a million dollars. I do not believe he ever did.

What is the condition to-day, Mr. President, by the statistics? I said that at the beginning of this century there was a condition of practical social equality; wealth was uniformly diffused among the great mass of the people. I repeat that the people are not anarchists; they are not socialists; they are not communists; but they have suddenly waked to the conception of the fact that the bulk of the property of the country is passing into the hands of what the senator from Ohio, by a euphemism, calls the "speculators" of the world, not of America alone. They infest the financial and social system of every country upon the face of the earth. They are the men of no politics—neither Democrat nor Republican. They are the men of all nationalities and of no nationality; with no politics but plunder, and with no principle but the spoliation of the human race.

A table has been compiled for the purpose of showing how wealth in this country is distributed, and it is full of the most startling admonition. It has appeared in the magazines; it has been commented upon in this Chamber; it has been the theme of editorial discussion. It appears from this com-

pendium that there are in the United States two hundred persons who have an aggregate of more than $20,000,000 each; and there has been one man—the Midas of the century—at whose touch everything seemed to turn to gold, who acquired within less than the lifetime of a single individual, out of the aggregate of the national wealth that was earned by the labor of all applied to the common bounty of nature, an aggregate that exceeded the assessed valuation of four of the smallest States in this Union.

[Mr. Hoar: And more than the whole country had when the constitution was formed.]

Yes, and, as the senator from Massachusetts well observes,—and I thank him for the suggestion,—much more, many times more than the entire wealth of the country when it was established and founded. Four hundred persons possess $10,000,000 each, 1,000 persons $5,000,000 each, 2,000 persons $2,500,000 each, 6,000 persons $1,000,000 each, and 15,000 persons $500,000 each, making a total of 31,100 people who possess $36,250,000,000.

Mr. President, it is the most appalling statement that ever fell upon moral ears. It is, so far as the results of democracy as a social and political experiment are concerned, the most terrible commentary that ever was recorded in the book of time; and Nero fiddles while Rome burns. It is thrown off with a laugh and a sneer as the "froth upon the beer" of our political and social system. As I said, the assessed valuation recorded in the great national ledger standing to our credit is about $65,000,000,000.

Our population is 62,500,000, and by some means, some device, some machination, some incantation, honest or otherwise, some process that cannot be defined, less than a two-thousandth part of our population have obtained possession,

and have kept out of the penitentiary in spite of the means they have adopted to acquire it, of more than one half of the entire accumulated wealth of the country.

That is not the worst, Mr. President. It has been chiefly acquired by men who have contributed little to the material welfare of the country, and by processes that I do not care in appropriate terms to describe; by the wrecking of the fortunes of innocent men, women, and children; by jugglery, by book-keeping, by financiering, by what the senator from Ohio calls "speculation,"—and this process is going on with frightful and constantly accelerating rapidity.

The entire industry of this country is passing under the control of organized and confederated capital. More than fifty of the necessaries of life to-day, without which the cabin of the farmer and the miner cannot be lighted, or his children fed or clothed, have passed absolutely under the control of syndicates and trusts and corporations composed of speculators, and, by means of these combinations and confederations, competition is destroyed; small dealings are rendered impossible; competence can no longer be acquired, for it is superfluous and unnecessary to say that if, under a system where the accumulations distributed per capita would be less than a thousand dollars, 31,000 obtained possession of more than half of the accumulated wealth of the country, it is impossible that others should have a competence or an independence.

So it happens, Mr. President, that our society is becoming rapidly stratified—almost hopelessly stratified—into the condition of superfluously rich and helplessly poor. We are accustomed to speak of this as the land of the free and the home of the brave. It will soon be the home of the rich and the land of the slave.

We point to Great Britain and we denounce aristocracy and privileged and titled classes and landed estates. We thought, when we had abolished primogeniture and entail, that we had forever forbidden and prevented these enormous and dangerous accumulations; but, sir, we had forgotten that capital could combine; we were unaware of the yet undeveloped capacity of corporations; and so, as I say, it happens upon the threshold and in the vestibule of our second century, with all its magnificent record behind us, with this tremendous achievement in the way of wealth, population, invention, opportunity for happiness, we are in a condition compared with which the accumulated fortunes of Great Britain are puerile and insignificant.

It is no wonder, Mr. President, that the laboring, industrial, and agricultural classes, who have been made intelligent under the impulse of universal education, have at last awakened to this tremendous condition and are inquiring whether or not this experiment has been successful. And, sir, the speculators must beware. They have forgotten that the conditions, political and social, here are not a reproduction of the conditions under which these circumstances exist in other lands. Here is no dynasty; here is no privilege or caste or prerogative; here are no standing armies; here are no hereditary bondsmen, but every atom in our political system is quick, instinct, and endowed with life and power.

His ballot at the box is the equivalent of the ballot of the richest speculator. Thomas Jefferson, the great apostle of modern democracy, taught the lesson to his followers—and they have profited well by his instruction—that under a popular democratic representative government wealth, culture, intelligence were ultimately no match for numbers.

The numbers in this country, Mr. President, have learned at last the power of combination, and the speculators should not forget that, while the people of this country are generous and just, they are jealous also, and that, when discontent changes to resentment, and resentment passes into exasperation, one volume of a nation's history is closed and another will be opened.

The speculators, Mr. President! The cotton product of this country, I believe, is about 6,000,000 bales.

[Mr. Butler: Seven million bales.]

Seven million bales, I am told. The transactions of the New York Cotton Exchange are 40,000,000 bales, representing transactions speculative, profitable, remunerative, by which some of these great accumulations have been piled up, an inconceivable burden upon the energies and industries of the country.

The production of coal oil, I believe, in this country has averaged something like 20,000,000 barrels a year. The transactions of the New York Petroleum Exchange year by year average 2,000,000,000 barrels, fictitious, simulated, the instruments of the gambler and the speculator, by means of which, through an impost upon the toil and labor and industry of every laborer engaged in the production of petroleum, additional difficulties are imposed.

It is reported that the coal alone that is mined in Pennsylvania, indispensable to the comfort of millions of men, amounts in its annual product to about $40,000,000 of which one third is profit over and above the cost of production and a fair return for the capital invested.

That is "speculation," Mr. President, and every dollar over and above the cost of production, with a fair return upon the capital invested, every dollar of that fifteen or six-

teen millions is filched, robbed, violently plundered out of the earnings of the laborers and operatives and farmers who are compelled to buy it; and yet it goes by the euphemistic name of "speculation," and is declared to be legitimate; it is eulogized and defended as one of those practices that is entitled to respect and approbation.

Nor is this all, Mr. President. The hostility between the employers and the employed in this country is becoming vindictive and permanently malevolent. Labor and capital are in two hostile camps to-day. Lockouts and strikes and labor difficulties have become practically the normal condition of our system, and it is estimated that during the year that has just closed, in consequence of these disorders, in consequence of this hostility and this warfare, the actual loss in labor, in wages, in the destruction of perishable commodities by the interruption of railway traffic, has not been less than $300,000,000.

Mr. President, this is a serious problem. It may well engage the attention of the representatives of the States and of the American people. I have no sympathy with that school of political economists which teaches that there is an irreconcilable conflict between labor and capital, and which demands indiscriminate, hostile, and repressive legislation against men because they are rich, and corporations because they are strong. Labor and capital should not be antagonists, but allies rather. They should not be opponents and enemies, but colleagues and auxiliaries whose co-operating rivalry is essential to national prosperity. But I cannot forbear to affirm that a political system under which such despotic power can be wrested from the people and vested in a few is a democracy only in name.

A financial system under which more than half of the

enormous wealth of the country, derived from the bounty of nature and the labor of all, is owned by a little more than thirty thousand people, while one million American citizens able and willing to toil are homeless tramps, starving for bread, requires readjustment.

A social system which offers to tender, virtuous, and dependent women the alternative between prostitution and suicide as an escape from beggary is organized crime for which some day unrelenting justice will demand atonement and expiation.

Mr. President, the man who loves his country and the man who studies her history will search in vain for any natural cause for this appalling condition. The earth has not forgotten to yield her increase. There has been no general failure of harvests. We have had benignant skies and the early and the latter rain. Neither famine nor pestilence has decimated our population or wasted its energies. Immigration is flowing in from every land, and we are in the lusty prime of national youth and strength, with unexampled resources and every stimulus to their development; but, sir, the great body of the American people are engaged to-day in studying these problems that I have suggested in this morning hour. They are disheartened with misfortunes. They are weary with unrequited toil. They are tired of the exactions of the speculators. They desire peace and rest. They are turning their attention to the great industrial questions which underlie their material prosperity. They are indifferent to party. They care nothing for Republicanism nor for Democracy as such. They are ready to say, "A plague on both your houses," and they are ready also, Mr. President, to hail and to welcome any organization, any measure, any leader that promises them relief from the profitless strife of politi-

cians and this turbulent and distracting agitation which has already culminated in violence and may end in blood.

Such, sir, is the verdict which I read in the elections from which we have just emerged, a verdict that was unexpected by the leaders of both parties, and which surprised alike the victors and the vanquished. It was a spontaneous, unpremeditated protest of the people against existing conditions. It was a revolt of the national conscience against injustice, a movement that is full of pathos and also full of danger, because such movements sometimes make victims of those who are guiltless. It was not a Republican defeat. It was not a Democratic victory. It was a great upheaval and uprising, independent of and superior to both. It was a crisis that may become a catastrophe, filled with terrible admonition, but not without encouragement to those who understand and are ready to co-operate with it. It was a peaceful revolution, an attempt to resume rights that seemed to have been infringed.

It is many years, Mr. President, since I predicted this inevitable result. In a speech delivered in this Chamber on the 15th of February, 1878, from the seat that is now adorned by my honorable friend from Texas who sits before me [Mr. Reagan] I said:

"We can not disguise the truth that we are on the verge of an impending revolution. The old issues are dead. The people are arraying themselves upon one side or the other of a portentous contest. On one side is capital, formidably intrenched in privilege, arrogant from continued triumph, conservative, tenacious of old theories, demanding new concessions, enriched by domestic levy and foreign commerce, and struggling to adjust all values to its own standard. On the other is labor, asking for employment, striving to develop domestic industries, battling with the forces of nature, and subduing the wilderness; labor, starving and sullen in cities, resolutely determined to overthrow a system under which the

rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer; a system which gives to a Vanderbilt the possession of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice and condemns the poor to a poverty which has no refuge from starvation but the prison or the grave.

"Our demands for relief, for justice, have been met with indifference or disdain.

"The laborers of the country asking for employment are treated like impudent mendicants begging for bread."

Mr. President, it may be cause, it may be coincidence, it may be effect, it may be *post hoc* or it may be *propter hoc*, but it is historically true that this great blight that has fallen upon our industries, this paralysis that has overtaken our financial system, coincided in point of time with the diminution of the circulating medium of the country. The public debt was declared to be payable in coin, and then the money power of silver was destroyed. The value of property diminished in proportion, wages fell, and the value of everything was depreciated except debts and gold. The mortgage, the bond, the coupon, and the tax have retained immortal youth and vigor. They have not depreciated. The debt remains, but the capacity to pay has been destroyed. The accumulation of years disappears under the hammer of the sheriff, and the debtor is homeless, while the creditor obtains the security for his debt for a fraction of what it was actually worth when the debt was contracted.

There is, Mr. President, a deep-seated conviction among the people, which I fully share, that the demonetization of silver in 1873 was one element of a great conspiracy to deliver the fiscal system of this country over to those by whom it has, in my opinion, finally been captured. I see no proof of the assertion that the Demonetization Act of 1873 was fraudulently or corruptly procured, but from the statements that have been made it is impossible to avoid the conviction that it

was part of a deliberate plan and conspiracy formed by those who have been called speculators to still further increase the value of the standard by which their accumulations were to be measured. The attention of the people was not called to the subject. It is one of the anomalies and phenomena of legislation.

That bill was pending in its various stages for four years in both Houses of Congress. It passed both bodies by decided majorities. It was read and re-read and reprinted thirteen times, as appears by the records. It was commented upon in newspapers; it was the subject of discussion in financial bodies all over the country; and yet we have the concurrent testimony of every senator and every member of the House of Representatives who was present during the time that the legislation was pending and proceeding that he knew nothing whatever about the demonetization of silver and the destruction of the coinage of the silver dollar. The senator from Nevada [Mr. Stewart], who knows so many things, felt called upon to make a speech of an hour's duration to show that he knew nothing whatever about it. I have heard other members declaim and with one consent make excuse that they knew nothing about it.

As I say, it is one of the phenomena and anomalies of legislation, and I have no other explanation to make than this: I believe that both Houses of Congress and the President of the United States must have been hypnotized. So great was the power of capital, so profound was the impulse, so persistent was the determination, that the promoters of this scheme succeeded, by the operation of mind power and will force, in capturing and bewildering the intelligence of men of all parties, of members of both Houses of Congress, and the members of the Cabinet, and the President of the United States.

And yet, Mr. President, it cannot be doubted that the statements that these gentlemen make are true. There is no doubt of the sincerity or the candor of those who have testified upon this matter; and it is incredible (I am glad it occurred before I was a member of this body) that a change in our financial system, that deprived one of the money metals of its debt-paying power, that changed the whole financial system of the country, and, to a certain extent, the entire fiscal methods of the world, could have been engineered through the Senate and the House of Representatives and the Cabinet of the President, and secured Executive approval without a single human being knowing anything whatever about it. In an age of miracles, Mr. President, wonders never cease.

It is true, that this marvel was accomplished when the subject was not one of public discussion. It was done at a time when, although the public mind was intensely interested in financial subjects, and methods of relief from existing conditions were assiduously sought, the suggestion had never proceeded from any quarter that this could be accomplished by the demonetization of silver, or ceasing to coin the silver dollar. It was improvidently done, but it would not be more surprising, it would not be more of a strain upon human credulity, if fifteen years from now we were to be informed that no one was aware that in the bill that is now pending the proposition was made for the free coinage of silver.

Mr. President, there is not a State west of the Alleghany Mountains and south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers that is not in favor of the free coinage of silver. There is not a State in which, if that proposition were to be submitted to a popular vote, it would not be adopted by an overwhelming majority. I do not mean by that inclusion to say that in those States east of the Alleghanies and north of the Ohio and Potomac

rivers there is any hostility or indisposition to receive the benefits that would result from the remonetization of silver. On the contrary, in the great commonwealths that lie to the northeast upon the Atlantic seaboard, New York, Pennsylvania, and the manufacturing and commercial States, I am inclined to believe, from the tone of the press, from the declarations of many assemblies, that if the proposition were to be submitted there it would also receive a majority of the votes.

If the proposition were to be submitted to the votes of the people of this country at large whether the silver dollar should be recoined and silver remonetized, notwithstanding the prophecies, the predictions, the animadversions of those who are opposed to it, I have not the slightest doubt that the great majority of the people, irrespective of party, would be in favor of it, and would so record themselves. They have declared in favor of it for the past fifteen years, and they have been juggled with, they have been thwarted, they have been paltered with and dealt with in a double sense. The word of promise that was made to their ear in the platforms of political parties has been broken to their hope. There was a majority is this body at the last session of Congress in favor of the free coinage of silver. The compromise that was made was not what the people expected, nor what they had a right to demand. They felt they had been trifled with, and that is one cause of the exasperation expressed in the verdict of November 4th.

I feel impelled to make one further observation. Warnings and admonitions have been plenty in this debate. We have been admonished of the danger that would follow; we have been notified of what would occur if the free coinage of silver were supported by a majority of this body, or if it were to be adopted as a part of our financial system. I am not a

prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but I say to those who are now arraying themselves against the deliberately expressed judgment of the American people,—a judgment that they know has been declared and recorded,—I say to the members of this body,—I say, so far as I may do so with propriety, to the members of the co-ordinate branch of Congress,—and I say, if without impropriety I may do so, to the Executive of the nation, that there will come a time when the people will be trifled with no longer on this subject.

Once, twice, thrice by Executive intervention, Democratic and Republican, by parliamentary proceedings that I need not characterize, by various methods of legislative jugglery, the deliberate purpose of the American people, irrespective of party, has been thwarted, it has been defied, it has been contumeliously trodden under foot; and I repeat to those who have been the instruments and the implements,—no matter what the impulse or the motive or the intention may have been,—at some time the people will elect a House of Representatives, they will elect a Senate of the United States, they will elect a President of the United States, who will carry out their pledges and execute the popular will.

Mr. President, by the readjustment of the political forces of the nation under the eleventh census, the seat of power has at last been transferred from the circumference of this country to its center. It has been transferred from the seaboard to that great intramontane region between the Alleghanies and the Sierras, extending from the British possessions to the Gulf of Mexico, a region whose growth is one of the wonders and marvels of modern civilization. It seems as if the column of migration had paused in its westward march to build upon those tranquil plains and in those fertile valleys a fabric of society that should be the wonder and the admira-

tion of the world; rich in every element of present prosperity, but richer in every prophecy of future greatness and renown.

When I went west, Mr. President, as a carpet-bagger, in 1858, St. Louis was an outpost of civilization, Jefferson City was the farthest point reached by a railroad, and in all that great wilderness, extending from the sparse settlements along the Missouri to the summits of the Sierra Nevada, and from the Yellowstone to the canons of the Rio Grande, a vast solitude from which I have myself, since that time, voted to admit seven States into the American Union, there was neither harvest nor husbandry, neither habitation nor home, save the hut of the hunter and the wigwam of the savage. Mr. President, we have now within those limits, extending southward from the British possessions and embracing the States of the Mississippi Valley, the Gulf, and the southeastern Atlantic, a vast productive region, the granary of the world, a majority of the members of this body, of the House of Representatives, and of the Electoral College.

We talk with admiration of Egypt. For many centuries the ruins of its cities, its art, its religions, have been the marvel of mankind. The Pyramids have survived the memory of their builders, and the Sphinx still questions, with solemn gaze, the vague mystery of the desert.

The great fabric of Egyptian civilization, with its wealth and power, the riches of its art, its creeds and faiths and philosophies, was reared, from the labors of a few million slaves under the lash of despots, upon a narrow margin 450 miles long and 10 miles wide, comprising in all, with the delta of the Nile, no more than 10,000 square miles of fertile land.

Who, sir, can foretell the future of that region to which I

have adverted, with its 20,000 miles of navigable watercourses, with its hundreds of thousands of square miles of soil excelling in fecundity all that of the Nile, when the labor of centuries of freemen under the impulse of our institutions shall have brought forth their perfect results?

Mr. President, it is to that region, with that population and with such a future, that the political power of this country has at last been transferred, and they are now unanimously demanding the free coinage of silver. It is for that reason that I shall cordially support the amendment proposed by the senator from Nevada. In doing so I not only follow the dictates of my own judgment, but I carry out the wishes of a great majority of my constituents, irrespective of party or of political affiliation. I have been for the free coinage of silver from the outset, and I am free to say that after having observed the operations of the act of 1878 I am more than ever convinced of the wisdom of that legislation and the futility of the accusations by which it was assailed.

The people of the country that I represent have lost their reverence for gold. They have no longer any superstition about coin. Notwithstanding the declarations of the monometallists, notwithstanding the assaults that have been made by those who are in favor of still further increasing the value of the standard by which their possessions are measured, they know that money is neither wealth, nor capital, nor value, and that it is merely the creation of the law by which all these are estimated and measured.

We speak, sir, about the volume of money, and about its relation to the wealth and capital of the country. Let me ask you, sir, for a moment, what would occur if the circulating medium were to be destroyed? Suppose that the gold and silver were to be withdrawn suddenly from circulation and

melted up into bars and ingots and buried in the earth from which they were taken. Suppose that all the paper money, silver certificates, gold certificates, national-bank notes, treasury notes, were stacked in one mass at the end of the treasury building and the torch applied to them, and they were to be destroyed by fire, and their ashes scattered, like the ashes of Wickliffe, upon the Potomac, to be spread abroad, wide as its waters be.

What would be the effect? Would not this country be worth exactly as much as it is to-day? Would there not be just as many acres of land, as many houses, as many farms, as many days of labor, as much improved and unimproved merchandise, and as much property as there is to-day? The result would be that commerce would languish, the sails of the ships would be furled in the harbors, the great trains would cease to run to and fro on their errands, trade would be reduced to barter, and, the people finding their energies languishing, civilization itself would droop, and we should be reduced to the condition of the nomadic wanderers upon the primeval plains.

Suppose, on the other hand, that instead of being destroyed, all the money in this country were to be put in the possession of a single man—gold, and paper, and silver—and he were to be moored in mid-Atlantic upon a raft with his great hoard, or to be stationed in the middle of Sahara's desert without food to nourish, or shelter to cover, or the means of transportation to get away. Who would be the richest man, the possessor of the gigantic treasure or the humblest settler upon the plains of the west, with a dugout to shelter him, and with corn meal and water enough for his daily bread?

Doubtless, Mr. President, you search the Scriptures daily, and are therefore familiar with the story of those depraved

politicians of Judea who sought to entangle the Master in his talk, by asking him if it were lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar or not. He, perceiving the purpose that they had in view, said unto them, "Show me the tribute money;" and they brought him a penny. He said, "Whose is this image and superscription?" and they replied, "Cæsar's;" and he said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

I hold, Mr. President, between my thumb and finger, a silver denarius, or "penny," of that ancient time—perhaps the identical coin that was brought by the hypocritical Herodian—bearing the image and superscription of Cæsar. It has been money for more than twenty centuries. It was money when Jesus walked the waves and in the tragic hour at Gethsemane. Imperial Cæsar is "dead and turned to clay." He has yielded to a mightier conqueror, and his eagles, his ensigns, and his trophies are indistinguishable dust. His triumphs and his victories are a schoolboy's tale. Rome herself is but a memory. Her marble porticoes and temples and palaces are in ruins. The sluggish monk and the lazy Roman *lazzaroni* haunt the Senate House and the Coliseum, and the derisive owl wakes the echoes of the voiceless Forum. But this little contemporary disk of silver is money still, because it bears the image and superscripture of Cæsar. And, sir, it will continue to be money for twenty centuries more, should it resist so long the corroding canker and the gnawing tooth of time. But if one of these pages should take this coin to the railway track, as boys sometimes do, and allow the train to pass over it, in one single instant its function would be destroyed. It would contain as many grains of silver as before, but it would be money no longer, because the image and superscription of Cæsar had disappeared.

Mr. President, money is the creation of law, and the American people have learned that lesson, and they are indifferent to the assaults, they are indifferent to the arguments, they are indifferent to the aspersions which are cast upon them for demanding that the law of the United States shall place the image and superscription of Cæsar upon silver enough and gold enough and paper enough to enable them to transact without embarrassment, without hindrance, without delay, and without impoverishment their daily business affairs, and that shall give them a measure of values that will not make their earnings and their belongings the sport and the prey of speculators.

Mr. President, this contest can have but one issue. The experiment that has begun will not fail. It is useless to deny that many irregularities have been tolerated here; that many crimes have been committed in the sacred name of liberty; that our public affairs have been scandalous episodes to which every patriotic heart reverts with distress; that there have been envy and jealousy in high places; that there have been treacherous and lying platforms; that there have been shallow compromises and degrading concessions to popular errors; but, amid all these disturbances, amid all these contests, amid all these inexplicable aberrations, the path of the nation has been steadily onward.

At the beginning of our second century we have entered upon a new social and political movement whose results cannot be predicted, but which are certain to be infinitely momentous. That the progress will be upward I have no doubt. Through the long and desolate tract of history, through the seemingly aimless struggles, the random gropings of humanity, the turbulent chaos of wrong, injustice, crime, doubt, want, and wretchedness, the dungeon and the block, the inquisition and the stake, the trepidations of the oppressed, the bloody exultations and triumph of tyrants,—

> The uplifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
> Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel,—

the tendency has been toward the light. Out of every conflict some man or sect or nation has emerged with higher privileges, greater opportunities, purer religion, broader liberty, and greater capacity for happiness; and out of this conflict in which we are now engaged I am confident finally will come liberty, justice, equality; the continental unity of the American republic, the social fraternity and the industrial independence of the American people.

CHARLES W. ELIOT

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, LL.D., distinguished American educator and president of Harvard University, was born at Boston, Mass., March 20, 1834. He was educated at the Boston Latin School and Harvard University, and was a tutor and assistant professor at his Alma Mater, 1854–63. He then spent two years in Europe engaged in studying chemistry and investigating educational methods, and on his return became professor of analytical chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and continued to hold that position until his acceptance of the presidency of Harvard University in 1869. He has carried out extensive reforms in the management of the university, the most important being the substitution of the elective system for the former prescribed curriculum. During his presidency the growth of the university in all its departments has been great, and through his instrumentality the institution has received gifts and bequests of many millions of dollars. To-day, the amount of Harvard's productive funds, exclusive of real estate and buildings, is said to be over twelve and a half million dollars. His interest in the cause of education has been great and his counsel has been sought in many scholastic quarters. He has delivered numerous addresses in various parts of the country on educational and political topics, and is frank and outspoken in criticism and in the expression of his convictions. With F. H. Storer he has published "A Manual of Inorganic Chemistry" (1866) and "A Manual of Qualitative Analysis" (1869). More recent works of his own are "Five American Contributions to Civilization" (1897) and "Educational Reform" (1898).

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AS PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

DELIVERED OCTOBER 19, 1869

MR. PRESIDENT,—I hear in your voice the voice of the Alumni, welcoming me to high honors and arduous labors, and charging me to be faithful to the duties of this consecrated office. I take up this weighty charge with a deep sense of insufficiency, but yet with youthful hope and a good courage. High examples will lighten the way. Deep prayers of devoted living and sainted dead will further every right effort, every good intention. The University is strong in the ardor and self-sacrifice of its teachers, in the vigor and wisdom of the Cor-

poration and Overseers, and in the public spirit of the community. Above all, I devote myself to this sacred work in the firm faith that the God of the fathers will be also with the children.

The endless controversies whether language, philosophy, mathematics, or science supply the best mental training, whether general education should be chiefly literary or chiefly scientific, have no practical lesson for us to-day. This University recognizes no real antagonism between literature and science, and consents to no such narrow alternatives as mathematics or classics, science or metaphysics. We would have them all, and at their best. To observe keenly, to reason soundly, and to imagine vividly are operations as essential as that of clear and forcible expression; and to develop one of these faculties it is not necessary to repress and dwarf the others.

A university is not closely concerned with the applications of knowledge until its general education branches into professional. Poetry and philosophy and science do indeed conspire to promote the material welfare of mankind; but science no more than poetry finds its best warrant in its utility. Truth and right are above utility in all realms of thought and action.

It were a bitter mockery to suggest that any subject whatever should be taught less than it now is in American colleges. The only conceivable aim of a college government in our day is to broaden, deepen, and invigorate American teaching in all branches of learning. It will be generations before the best of American institutions of education will get growth enough to bear pruning. The descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers are still very thankful for the parched corn of learning.

Recent discussions have added pitifully little to the world's stock of wisdom about the staple of education. Who blows to-day such a ringing trumpet-call to the study of language as Luther blew? Hardly a significant word has been added in two centuries to Milton's description of the unprofitable way to study languages. Would any young American learn how to profit by travel, that foolish beginning but excellent sequel to education, he can find no apter advice than Bacon's.

The practice of England and America is literally centuries behind the precept of the best thinkers upon education. A striking illustration may be found in the prevailing neglect of the systematic study of the English language. How lamentably true to-day are these words of Locke: "If any one among us have a facility or purity more than ordinary in his mother tongue, it is owing to chance, or his genius, or anything rather than to his education or any care of his teacher."

The best result of the discussion which has raged so long about the relative educational value of the main branches of learning is the conviction that there is room for them all in a sound scheme, provided that right methods of teaching be employed. It is not because of the limitation of their faculties that boys of eighteen come to college, having mastered nothing but a few score pages of Latin and Greek and the bare elements of mathematics.

Not nature, but an unintelligent system of instruction from the primary school through the college, is responsible for the fact that many college graduates have so inadequate a conception of what is meant by scientific observation, reasoning, and proof. It is possible for the young to get actual experience of all the principal methods of thought. There is a method of thought in language, and a method in mathematics, and another of natural and physical science, and another of faith. With wise direction even a child would drink at all these springs.

The actual problem to be solved is not what to teach, but how to teach. The revolutions accomplished in other fields of labor have a lesson for teachers. New England could not cut her hay with scythes, nor the West her wheat with sickles. When millions are to be fed where formerly there were but scores, the single fish-line must be replaced by seines and trawls, the human shoulders by steam elevators, and the wooden-axled ox-cart on a corduroy road by the smooth-running freight train.

In education there is a great hungry multitude to be fed. The great well at Orvieto, up whose spiral paths files of donkeys painfully brought the sweet water in kegs, was an admirable construction in its day; but now we tap Fresh Pond in our chambers. The Orvieto well might remind some persons of educational methods not yet extinct. With good methods we may confidently hope to give young men of twenty or twenty-five an accurate general knowledge of all the main subjects of human interest, besides a minute and thorough knowledge of the one subject which each may select as his principal occupation in life. To think this impossible is to despair of mankind; for unless a general acquaintance with many branches of knowledge—good as far as it goes—be attainable by great numbers of men, there can be no such thing as an intelligent public opinion; and in the modern world the intelligence of public opinion is the one condition of social progress.

What has been said of needed reformation in methods of teaching the subjects which have already been nominally admitted to the American curriculum applies not only to the

university, but to the preparatory schools of every grade down to the primary. The American college is obliged to supplement the American school. Whatever elementary instruction the schools fail to give, the college must supply. The improvement of the schools has of late years permitted the college to advance the grade of its teaching and adapt the methods of its later years to men instead of boys.

This improvement of the college reacts upon the schools to their advantage; and this action and reaction will be continuous. A university is not built in the air, but on social and literary foundations which preceding generations have bequeathed. If the whole structure needs rebuilding, it must be rebuilt from the foundation. Hence sudden reconstruction is impossible in our high places of education. Such inducements as the College can offer for enriching and enlarging the course of study pursued in preparatory schools, the Faculty has recently decided to give. The requirements in Latin and Greek grammar are to be set at a thorough knowledge of forms and general principles; the lists of classical authors accepted as equivalents for the regular standards are to be enlarged; an acquaintance with physical geography is to be required; the study of elementary mechanics is to be recommended; and prizes are to be offered for reading aloud and for the critical analysis of passages from English authors. At the same time the university will take to heart the counsel which it gives to others.

In every department of learning, the university would search out by trial and reflection the best methods of instruction. The university believes in the thorough study of language. It contends for all languages,—Oriental, Greek, Latin, Romance, German and especially for the mother tongue; seeing in them all one institution, one history, one

means of discipline, one department of learning. In teaching languages it is for this American generation to invent, or to accept from abroad, better tools than the old; to devise, or to transplant from Europe, prompter and more comprehensive methods than the prevailing; and to command more intelligent labor, in order to gather rapidly and surely the best fruit of that culture and have time for other harvests.

The University recognizes the natural and physical sciences as indispensable branches of education, and has long acted upon this opinion; but it would have science taught in a rational way, objects and instruments in hand,—not from books merely, not through the memory chiefly, but by the seeing eye and the informing fingers. Some of the scientific scoffers at gerund-grinding and nonsense verses might well look at home; the prevailing methods of teaching science, the world over, are, on the whole, less intelligent than the methods of teaching language.

The University would have scientific studies in school and college and professional school develop and discipline those powers of the mind by which science has been created and is daily nourished,—the powers of observation, the inductive faculty, the sober imagination, the sincere and proportionate judgment. A student in the elements gets no such training by studying even a good text-book, though he really master it, nor yet by sitting at the feet of the most admirable lecturer.

If there be any subject which seems fixed and settled in its educational aspects, it is the mathematics; yet there is no department of the University which has been, during the last fifteen years, in such a state of vigorous experiment upon methods and appliances of teaching as the mathematical department. It would be well if the primary schools had as

much faith in the possibility of improving their way of teaching multiplication.

The important place which history, and mental, moral, and political philosophy, should hold in any broad scheme of education is recognized of all; but none know so well how crude are the prevailing methods of teaching these subjects as those who teach them best. They cannot be taught from books alone; but must be vivified and illustrated by teachers of active, comprehensive, and judicial mind. To learn by rote a list of dates is not to study history.

Mr. Emerson says that history is biography. In a deep sense this is true. Certainly the best way to impart the facts of history to the young is through the quick interest they take in the lives of the men and women who fill great historical scenes or epitomize epochs. From the centres so established their interest may be spread over great areas. For the young especially it is better to enter with intense sympathy into the great moments of history than to stretch a thin attention through its weary centuries.

Philosophical subjects should never be taught with authority. They are not established sciences; they are full of disputed matters, and open questions, and bottomless speculations. It is not the function of the teacher to settle philosophical and political controversies for the pupil, or even to recommend to him any one set of opinions as better than another. Exposition, not imposition, of opinions is the professor's part. The student should be made acquainted with all sides of these controversies, with the salient points of each system; he should be shown what is still in force of institutions or philosophies mainly outgrown, and what is new in those now in vogue. The very word "education" is a standing protest against dogmatic teaching. The notion that

education consists in the authoritative inculcation of what the teacher deems true may be logical and appropriate in a convent, or a seminary for priests, but it is intolerable in universities and public schools, from primary to professional. The worthy fruit of academic culture is an open mind, trained to careful thinking, instructed in the methods of philosophic investigation, acquainted in a general way with the accumulated thought of past generations, and penetrated with humility. It is thus that the University in our day serves Christ and the Church.

The increasing weight, range, and thoroughness of the examination for admission to college may strike some observers with dismay. The increase of real requisitions is hardly perceptible from year to year; but on looking back ten or twenty years the changes are marked and all in one direction. The dignity and importance of this examination has been steadily rising, and this rise measures the improvement of the preparatory schools.

When the gradual improvement of American schools has lifted them to a level with the German gymnasia we may expect to see the American college bearing a nearer resemblance to the German Faculties of Philosophy than it now does. The actual admission examination may best be compared with the first examination of the University of France. This examination, which comes at the end of a French boy's school life, is for the degree of Bachelor of Arts or of Sciences. The degree is given to young men who come fresh from school and have never been under university teachers: a large part of the recipients never enter the university. The young men who come to our examination for admission to college are older than the average of French Bachelors of Arts. The examination tests not only the capacity of the

candidates, but also the quality of their school instruction; it is a great event in their lives, though not, as in France, marked by any degree. The examination is conducted by college professors and tutors who have never had any relations whatever with those examined. It would be a great gain if all subsequent college examinations could be as impartially conducted by competent examiners brought from without the college and paid for their services.

When the teacher examines his class, there is no effective examination of the teacher. If the examinations for the scientific, theological, medical, and dental degrees were conducted by independent boards of examiners appointed by professional bodies of dignity and influence, the significance of these degrees would be greatly enhanced. The same might be said of the degree of Bachelor of Laws were it not that this degree is at present earned by attendance alone, and not by attendance and examination. The American practice of allowing the teaching body to examine for degrees has been partly dictated by the scarcity of men outside the Faculties who are at once thoroughly acquainted with the subjects of examination and sufficiently versed in teaching to know what may fairly be expected both of students and instructors.

This difficulty could now be overcome. The chief reason, however, for the existence of this practice is that the Faculties were the only bodies that could confer degrees intelligently when degrees were obtained by passing through a prescribed course of study without serious checks, and completing a certain term of residence without disgrace. The change in the manner of earning the university degrees ought, by right, to have brought into being an examining body distinct from the teaching body. So far as the

college proper is concerned, the Board of Overseers have, during the past year, taken a step which tends in this direction.

The rigorous examination for admission has one good effect throughout the college course; it prevents a waste of instruction upon incompetent persons. A school with a low standard for admission and a high standard of graduation, like West Point, is obliged to dismiss a large proportion of its students by the way. Hence much individual distress, and a great waste of resources, both public and private. But, on the other hand, it must not be supposed that every student who enters Harvard College necessarily graduates. Strict annual examinations are to be passed. More than a fourth of those who enter the college fail to take their degrees.

Only a few years ago all students who graduated at this college passed through one uniform curriculum. Every man studied the same subjects in the same proportions, without regard to his natural bent or preference. The individual student had no choice either of subjects or teachers. This system is still the prevailing system among American colleges and finds vigorous defenders. It has the merit of simplicity. So had the school methods of our grandfathers,—one primer, one catechism, one rod for all children. On the whole, a single common course of studies, tolerably well selected to meet the average needs, seems to most Americans a very proper and natural thing, even for grown men.

As a people we do not apply to mental activities the principle of division of labor; and we have but a halting faith in special training for high professional employments. The vulgar conceit that a Yankee can turn his hand to anything we insensibly carry into high places, where it is preposterous and criminal. We are accustomed to seeing men leap from farm

or shop to court-room or pulpit, and we half believe that common men can safely use the seven-league boots of genius.

What amount of knowledge and experience do we habitually demand of our lawgivers? What special training do we ordinarily think necessary for our diplomatists? In great emergencies, indeed, the nation has known where to turn. Only after years of the bitterest experience did we come to believe the professional training of a soldier to be of value in war. This lack of faith in the prophecy of a natural bent, and in the value of a discipline concentrated upon a single object, amounts to a national danger.

In education the individual traits of different minds have not been sufficiently attended to. Through all the period of boyhood the school studies should be representative; all the main fields of knowledge should be entered upon. But the young man of nineteen or twenty ought to know what he likes best and is most fit for. If his previous training has been sufficiently wide, he will know by that time whether he is most apt at language, or philosophy, or natural science, or mathematics. If he feels no loves he will at least have his hates. At that age the teacher may wisely abandon the school-dame's practice of giving a copy of nothing but zeros to the child who alleges that he cannot make that figure.

When the revelation of his own peculiar taste and capacity comes to a young man, let him reverently give it welcome, thank God, and take courage. Thereafter he knows his way to happy, enthusiastic work, and, God willing, to usefulness and success. The civilization of a people may be inferred from the variety of its tools. There are thousands of years between the stone hatchet and the machine-shop. As tools multiply, each is more ingeniously adapted to its own exclu-

sive purpose. So with the men that make the State. For the individual, concentration, and the highest development of his own peculiar faculty, is the only prudence. But for the State, it is variety not uniformity, of intellectual product, which is needful.

These principles are the justification of the system of elective studies which has been gradually developed in this college during the past twenty years. At present the Freshman year is the only one in which there is a fixed course prescribed for all. In the other three years more than half the time allotted to study is filled with subjects chosen by each student from lists which comprise six studies in the Sophomore year, nine in the Junior year, and eleven in the Senior year. The range of elective studies is large, though there are some striking deficiencies. The liberty of choice of subject is wide, but yet has very rigid limits. There is a certain framework which must be filled; and about half the material of the filling is prescribed. The choice offered to the student does not lie between liberal studies and professional or utilitarian studies. All the studies which are open to him are liberal and disciplinary, not narrow or special. Under this system the College does not demand, it is true, one invariable set of studies of every candidate for the first degree in Arts; but its requisitions for this degree are nevertheless high and inflexible, being nothing less than four years devoted to liberal culture.

It has been alleged that the elective system must weaken the bond which unites members of the same class. This is true; but, in view of another much more efficient cause of the diminution of class intimacy, the point is not very significant. The increased size of the college classes inevitably works a great change in this respect. One hundred and fifty

young men cannot be so intimate with each other as fifty used to be. This increase is progressive. Taken in connection with the rising average age of the students, it would compel the adoption of methods of instruction different from the old, if there were no better motive for such change.

The elective system fosters scholarship, because it gives free play to natural preferences and inborn aptitudes, makes possible enthusiasm for a chosen work, relieves the professor and the ardent disciple of the presence of a body of students who are compelled to an unwelcome task, and enlarges instruction by substituting many and various lessons given to small, lively classes, for a few lessons many times repeated to different sections of a numerous class. The College therefore proposes to persevere in its efforts to establish, improve, and extend the elective system. Its administrative difficulties, which seem formidable at first, vanish before a brief experience.

There has been much discussion about the comparative merits of lectures and recitations. Both are useful: lectures, for inspiration, guidance, and the comprehensive methodizing which only one who has a view of the whole field can rightly contrive; recitations, for securing and testifying a thorough mastery, on the part of the pupil, of the treatise or author in hand, for conversational comment and amplification, for emulation and competition. Recitations alone readily degenerate into dusty repetitions, and lectures alone are too often a useless expenditure of force. The lecturer pumps laboriously into seives. The water may be wholesome, but it runs through. A mind must work to grow.

Just as far, however, as the student can be relied on to master and appreciate his author without the aid of frequent questioning and repetitions, so far is it possible to dispense

with recitations. Accordingly in the later college years there is a decided tendency to diminish the number of recitations, the faithfulness of the student being tested by periodical examinations. This tendency is in a right direction if prudently controlled.

The discussion about lectures and recitations has brought out some strong opinions about text-books and their use. Impatience with text-books and manuals is very natural in both teachers and taught. These books are indeed, for the most part, very imperfect, and stand in constant need of correction by the well-informed teacher. Stereotyping, in its present undeveloped condition, is in part to blame for their most exasperating defects. To make the metal plates keep pace with the progress of learning is costly. The manifest deficiencies of text-books must not, however, drive us into a too-sweeping condemnation of their use.

It is a rare teacher who is superior to all manuals in his subject. Scientific manuals are, as a rule, much worse than those upon language, literature, or philosophy; yet the main improvement in medical education in this country during the last twenty years has been the addition of systematic recitations from text-books to the lectures which were formerly the principal means of theoretical instruction. The training of a medical student, inadequate as it is, offers the best example we have of the methods and fruits of an education mainly scientific. The transformation which the average student of a good medical school undergoes in three years is strong testimony to the efficiency of the training he receives.

There are certain common misapprehensions about colleges in general, and this college in particular, to which I wish to devote a few moments' attention. And, first, in spite of the familiar picture of the moral dangers which environ the

student, there is no place so safe as a good college during the critical passage from boyhood to manhood.

The security of the college commonwealth is largely due to its exuberant activity. Its public opinion, though easily led astray, is still high in the main. Its scholarly tastes and habits, its eager friendships and quick hatreds, its keen debates, its frank discussions of character and of deep political and religious questions,—all are safeguards against sloth, vulgarity, and depravity. Its society and not less its solitudes are full of teaching. Shams, conceit, and fictitious distinctions get no mercy. There is nothing but ridicule for bombast and sentimentality. Repression of genuine sentiment and emotion is indeed, in this college, carried too far. Reserve is more respectable than any undiscerning communicativeness. But neither Yankee shamefacedness nor Eng lish stolidity is admirable.

This point especially touches you, young men who are still undergraduates. When you feel a true admiration for a teacher, a glow of enthusiasm for work, a thrill of pleasure at some excellent saying, give it expression. Do not be ashamed of these emotions. Cherish the natural sentiment of personal devotion to the teacher who calls out your better powers. It is a great delight to serve an intellectual master. We Americans are but too apt to lose this happiness. German and French students get it. If ever, in after years, you come to smile at the youthful reverence you paid, believe me, it will be with tears in your eyes.

Many excellent persons see great offence in any system of college rank; but why should we expect more of young men than we do of their elders? How many men and women perform their daily tasks from the highest motives alone,—for the glory of God and the relief of man's estate? Most

people work for bare bread, a few for cake. The college rank-list reinforces higher motives. In the campaign for character no auxiliaries are to be refused. Next to despising the enemy, it is dangerous to reject allies. To devise a suitable method of estimating the fidelity and attainments of college students is, however, a problem which has long been under discussion and has not yet received a satisfactory solution. The worst of rank as a stimulus is the self-reference it implies in the aspirants. The less a young man thinks about the cultivation of his mind, about his own mental progress,—about himself, in short,—the better.

The petty discipline of colleges attracts altogether too much attention both from friends and foes. It is to be remembered that the rules concerning decorum, however necessary to maintain the high standard of manners and conduct which characterizes this college, are nevertheless justly described as petty. What is technically called a quiet term cannot be accepted as the acme of university success. This success is not to be measured by the frequency or rarity of college punishments. The criteria of success or failure in a high place of learning are not the boyish escapades of an insignificant minority, nor the exceptional cases of ruinous vice. Each year must be judged by the added opportunities of instruction, by the prevailing enthusiasm in learning, and by the gathered wealth of culture and character. The best way to put boyishness to shame is to foster scholarship and manliness. The manners of a community cannot be improved by main force any more than its morals. The statutes of the University need some amendment and reduction in the chapters on crimes and misdemeanors. But let us render to our fathers the justice we shall need from our sons.

What is too minute or precise for our use was doubtless

wise and proper in its day. It was to inculcate a reverent bearing and due consideration for things sacred that the regulations prescribed a black dress on Sunday. Black is not the only decorous wear in these days; but we must not seem, in ceasing from this particular mode of good manners, to think less of the gentle breeding of which only the outward signs, and not the substance, have been changed.

Harvard College has always attracted and still attracts students in all conditions of life. From the city trader or professional man who may be careless how much his son spends at Cambridge, to the farmer or mechanic who finds it a hard sacrifice to give his boy his time early enough to enable him to prepare for college, all sorts and conditions of men have wished and still wish to send their sons hither. There are always scores of young men in this university who earn or borrow every dollar they spend here. Every year many young men enter this college without any resources whatever. If they prove themselves men of capacity and character they never go away for lack of money. More than twenty thousand dollars a year is now devoted to aiding students of narrow means to compass their education, beside all the remitted fees and the numerous private benefactions. These latter are unfailing. Taken in connection with the proceeds of the funds applicable to the aid of poor students, they enable the Corporation to say that no good student need ever stay away from Cambridge or leave college simply because he is poor.

There is one uniform condition, however, on which help is given,—the recipient must be of promising ability and the best character. The community does not owe superior education to all children, but only to the *elite*,—to those who, having the capacity, prove by hard work that they have also

the necessary perseverance and endurance. The process of preparing to enter college under the difficulties which poverty entails is just such a test of worthiness as is needed. At this moment there is no college in the country more eligible for a poor student than Harvard on the mere ground of economy. The scholarship funds are mainly the fruit of the last fifteen years. The future will take care of itself; for it is to be expected that the men who in this generation have had the benefit of these funds, and who succeed in after-life, will pay many-fold to their successors in need the debt which they owe, not to the college, but to benefactors whom they cannot even thank save in heaven.

No wonder that scholarships are founded. What greater privilege than this of giving young men of promise the coveted means of intellectual growth and freedom? The angels of heaven might envy mortals so fine a luxury. The happiness which the winning of a scholarship gives is not the recipient's alone; it flashes back to the home whence he came and gladdens anxious hearts there. The good which it does is not his alone, but descends, multiplying at every step, through generations. Thanks to the beneficent mysteries of hereditary transmission, no capital earns such interest as personal culture. The poorest and the richest students are equally welcome here, provided that with their poverty or their wealth they bring capacity, ambition, and purity.

The poverty of scholars is of inestimable worth in this money-getting nation. It maintains the true standards of virtue and honor. The poor friars, not the bishops, saved the Church. The poor scholars and preachers of duty defend the modern community against its own material prosperity. Luxury and learning are ill bed-fellows. Nevertheless, this college owes much of its distinctive character to those who,

bringing hither from refined homes good breeding, gentle tastes, and a manly delicacy, add to them openness and activity of mind, intellectual interests, and a sense of public duty. It is as high a privilege for a rich man's son as for a poor man's to resort to these academic halls and so to take his proper place among cultivated and intellectual men. To lose altogether the presence of those who in early life have enjoyed the domestic and social advantages of wealth would be as great a blow to the College as to lose the sons of the poor. The interests of the college and the country are identical in this regard. The country suffers when the rich are ignorant and unrefined. Inherited wealth is an unmitigated curse when divorced from culture.

Harvard College is sometimes reproached with being aristocratic. If by "aristocracy" be meant a stupid and pretentious caste, founded on wealth and birth and an affectation of European manners, no charge could be more preposterous: the College is intensely American in affection and intensely democratic in temper. But there is an aristocracy to which the sons of Harvard have belonged, and let us hope will ever aspire to belong,—the aristocracy which excels in manly sports, carries off the honors and prizes of the learned professions, and bears itself with distinction in all fields of intellectual labor and combat; the aristocracy which in peace stands firmest for the public honor and renown, and in war rides first into the murderous thickets.

The attitude of the University in the prevailing discussions touching the education and fit employments of women demands brief explanation. America is the natural arena for these debates; for here the female sex has a better past and a better present than elsewhere. Americans, as a rule, hate disabilities of all sorts, whether religious, political or social.

Equality between the sexes, without privilege or oppression on either side, is the happy custom of American homes. While this great discussion is going on, it is the duty of the University to maintain a cautious and expectant policy. The Corporation will not receive women as students into the College proper, nor into any school whose discipline requires residence near the school. The difficulties involved in a common residence of hundreds of young men and women of immature character and marriageable age are very grave. The necessary police regulations are exceedingly burdensome.

The Corporation are not influenced to this decision, however, by any crude notions about the innate capacities of women. The world knows next to nothing about the natural mental capacities of the female sex. Only after generations of civil freedom and social equality will it be possible to obtain the data necessary for an adequate discussion of woman's natural tendencies, tastes, and capabilities.

Again, the Corporation do not find it necessary to entertain a confident opinion upon the fitness or unfitness of women for professional pursuits. It is not the business of the University to decide this mooted point. In this country the University does not undertake to protect the community against incompetent lawyers, ministers, or doctors. The community must protect itself by refusing to employ such. Practical, not theoretical, considerations determine the policy of the University. Upon a matter concerning which prejudices are deep, and opinion inflammable, and experience scanty, only one course is prudent or justifiable when such great interests are at stake,—that of cautious and well-considered experiment.

The practical problem is to devise a safe, promising, and instructive experiment. Such an experiment the Corporation

have meant to try in opening the newly established University Courses of Instruction to competent women. In these courses the University offers to young women who have been to good schools, as many years as they wish of liberal culture in studies which have no direct professional value, to be sure, but which enrich and enlarge both intellect and character. The University hopes thus to contribute to the intellectual emancipation of women. It hopes to prepare some women better than they would otherwise have been prepared for the profession of teaching, the one learned profession to which women have already acquired a clear title. It hopes that the proffer of this higher instruction will have some reflex influence upon schools for girls,—to discourage superficiality and to promote substantial education.

The governing bodies of the University are the Faculties, the Board of Overseers, and the Corporation. The University as a place of study and instruction is, at any moment, what the Faculties make it. The professors, lecturers, and tutors of the University are the living sources of learning and enthusiasm. They personally represent the possibilities of instruction. They are united in several distinct bodies, the academic and professional Faculties, each of which practically determines its own processes and rules. The discussion of methods of instruction is the principal business of these bodies.

As a fact, progress comes mainly from the Faculties. This has been conspicuously the case with the Academic and Medical Faculties during the last fifteen or twenty years. The undergraduates used to have a notion that the time of the Academic Faculty was mainly devoted to petty discipline. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Academic Faculty is the most active, vigilant, and devoted body connect-

ed with the University. It, indeed, is constantly obliged to discuss minute details which might appear trivial to an inexperienced observer.

But in education technical details tell. Whether German be studied by the Juniors once a week as an extra study, or twice a week as an elective, seems, perhaps, an unimportant matter; but, twenty years hence, it makes all the difference between a generation of Alumni who know German and a generation who do not. The Faculty renews its youth, through the frequent appointments of tutors and assistant professors, better and oftener than any other organization within the University.

Two kinds of men make good teachers,—young men, and men who never grow old. The incessant discussions of the Academic Faculty have borne much fruit: witness the transformation of the University since the beginning of President Walker's administration. And it never tires. New men take up the old debates, and one year's progress is not less than another's. The divisions within the Faculty are never between the old and the young officers. There are always old radicals and young conservatives.

The Medical Faculty affords another illustration of the same principle,—that for real university progress we must look principally to the teaching bodies. The Medical School to-day is almost three times as strong as it was fifteen years ago. Its teaching power is greatly increased, and its methods have been much improved. This gain is the work of the Faculty of the School.

If, then, the Faculties be so important, it is a vital question how the quality of these bodies can be maintained and improved. It is very hard to find competent professors for the University. Very few Americans of eminent ability are

attracted to this profession. The pay has been too low, and there has been no gradual rise out of drudgery, such as may reasonably be expected in other learned callings. The law of supply and demand, or the commercial principle that the quality as well as the price of goods is best regulated by the natural contest between producers and consumers, never has worked well in the province of high education. And in spite of the high standing of some of its advocates it is well-nigh certain that the so-called law never can work well in such a field.

The reason is that the demand for instructors of the highest class on the part of parents and trustees is an ignorant demand, and the supply of highly educated teachers is so limited that the consumer has not sufficient opportunities of informing himself concerning the real qualities of the article he seeks. Originally a bad judge, he remains a bad judge, because the supply is not sufficiently abundant and various to instruct him. Moreover a need is not necessarily a demand. Everybody knows that the supposed law affords a very imperfect protection against short weight, adulteration, and sham, even in the case of those commodities which are most abundant in the market and most familiar to buyers. The most intelligent community is defenceless enough in buying clothes and groceries. When it comes to hiring learning and inspiration and personal weight, the law of supply and demand breaks down altogether. A university cannot be managed like a railroad or a cotton-mill.

There are, however, two practicable improvements in the position of college professors which will be of very good effect. Their regular stipend must and will be increased, and the repetitions which now harass them must be diminished in number. It is a strong point of the elective system

that by reducing the size of classes or divisions and increasing the variety of subjects it makes the professors' labors more agreeable.

Experience teaches that the strongest and most devoted professors will contribute something to the patrimony of knowledge, or if they invent little themselves, they will do something toward defending, interpreting, or diffusing the contributions of others. Nevertheless, the prime business of American professors in this generation must be regular and assiduous class teaching. With the exception of the endowments of the Observatory, the University does not hold a single fund primarily intended to secure to men of learning the leisure and means to prosecute original researches.

The organization and functions of the Board of Overseers deserve the serious attention of all men who are interested in the American method of providing the community with high education through the agency of private corporations. Since 1866 the Overseers have been elected by the Alumni. Five men are chosen each year to serve six years. The body has therefore a large and very intelligent constituency and is rapidly renewed. The ingenious method of nominating to the electors twice as many candidates as there are places to be filled in any year is worthy of careful study as a device of possible application in politics. The real function of the Board of Overseers is to stimulate and watch the President and Fellows. Without the Overseers the President and Fellows would be a board of private trustees, self-perpetuated and self-controlled.

Provided as it is with two governing boards, the University enjoys that principal safeguard of all American governments,—the natural antagonism between two bodies of different constitution, powers, and privileges. While having

with the Corporation a common interest of the deepest kind in the welfare of the University and the advancement of learning, the Overseers should always hold toward the Corporation an attitude of suspicious vigilance. They ought always to be pushing and prying. It would be hard to overstate the importance of the public supervision exercised by the Board of Overseers. Experience proves that our main hope for the permanence and ever-widening usefulness of the University must rest upon this double-headed organization.

The English practice of setting up a single body of private trustees to carry on a school or charity according to the personal instructions of some founder or founders has certainly proved a lamentably bad one; and when we count by generations the institutions thus established have proved short-lived. The same causes which have brought about the decline of English endowed schools would threaten the life of this University were it not for the existence of the Board of Overseers. These schools were generally managed by close corporations, self-elected, self-controlled, without motive for activity, and destitute of external stimulus and aid. Such bodies are too irresponsible for human nature. At the time of life at which men generally come to such places of trust, rest is sweet, and the easiest way is apt to seem the best way; and the responsibility of inaction, though really heavier, seems lighter than the responsibility of action.

These corporations were often hampered by founders' wills and statutory provisions which could not be executed and yet stood in the way of organic improvements. There was no systematic provision for thorough inspections and public reports thereupon. We cannot flatter ourselves that under like circumstances we should always be secure against like dangers. Provoked by crying abuses, some of the best

friends of education in England have gone the length of maintaining that all these school endowments ought to be destroyed and the future creation of such trusts rendered impossible. French law practically prohibits the creation of such trusts by private persons.

Incident to the Overseers' power of inspecting the University and publicly reporting upon its condition is the important function of suggesting and urging improvements. The inertia of a massive university is formidable. A good past is positively dangerous if it make us content with the present and so unprepared for the future. The present constitution of our Board of Overseers has already stimulated the Alumni of several other New England colleges to demand a similar control over the property-holding Board of Trustees which has heretofore been the single source of all authority.

We come now to the heart of the University,—the Corporation. This board holds the funds, makes appointments, fixes salaries, and has, by right, the initiative in all changes of the organic law of the University. Such an executive board must be small to be efficient. It must always contain men of sound judgment in finance; and literature and the learned professions should be adequately represented in it. The Corporation should also be but slowly renewed; for it is of the utmost consequence to the University that the Government should have a steady aim, and a prevailing spirit which is independent of individuals and transmissible from generation to generation.

And what should this spirit be?

First, it should be a catholic spirit. A university must be indigenous; it must be rich; but, above all, it must be free. The winnowing breeze of freedom must blow through

all its chambers. It takes a hurricane to blow wheat away. An atmosphere of intellectual freedom is the native air of literature and science. This University aspires to serve the nation by training men to intellectual honesty and independence of mind. The Corporation demands of all its teachers that they be grave, reverent, and high-minded; but it leaves them, like their pupils, free. A university is built, not by a sect, but by a nation.

Secondly, the actuating spirit of the Corporation must be a spirit of fidelity,—fidelity to the many and various trusts reposed in them by the hundreds of persons who out of their penury or their abundance have given money to the President and Fellows of Harvard College in the beautiful hope of doing some perpetual good upon this earth. The Corporation has constantly done its utmost to make this hope a living fact. One hundred and ninety-nine years ago William Pennoyer gave the rents of certain estates in the county of Norfolk, England, that "two fellows and two scholars for ever should be educated, brought up, and maintained" in this College. The income from this bequest has never failed; and to-day one of the four Pennoyer scholarships is held by a lineal descendant of William Pennoyer's brother Robert. So a lineal descendant of Governor Danforth takes this year the income of the property which Danforth bequeathed to the College in 1699.

The Corporation have been as faithful in the greater things as in the less. They have been greatly blessed in one respect: in the whole life of the Corporation—seven generations of men—nothing has ever been lost by malfeasance of officers or servants. A reputation for scrupulous fidelity to all trusts is the most precious possession of the Corporation. That safe, the College might lose everything else and yet

survive: that lost beyond repair, and the days of the College would be numbered. Testators look first to the trustworthiness and permanence of the body which is to dispense their benefactions.

The Corporation thankfully receive all gifts which may advance learning; but they believe that the interests of the University may be most effectually promoted by not restricting too narrowly the use to which a gift may be applied. Whenever the giver desires it, the Corporation will agree to keep any fund separately invested under the name of the giver, and to apply the whole proceeds of such investment to any object the giver may designate. By such special investment, however, the insurance which results from the absorption of a specific gift in the general funds is lost. A fund invested by itself may be impaired or lost by a single error of judgment in investing. The chance of such loss is small in any one generation, but appreciable in centuries. Such general designations as salaries, books, dormitories, public buildings, scholarships (graduate or undergraduate), scientific collections, and expenses of experimental laboratories, are of permanent significance and effect; while experience proves that too specific and minute directions concerning the application of funds must often fail of fulfilment simply in consequence of the changing needs and habits of successive generations.

Again, the Corporation should always be filled with the spirit of enterprise. An institution like this College is getting decrepit when it sits down contentedly on its mortgages. On its invested funds the Corporation should be always seeking how safely to make a quarter of a per cent more. A quarter of one per cent means a new professorship. It should be always pushing after more professorships, better profes-

sors, more land and buildings, and better apparatus. It should be eager, sleepless, and untiring, never wasting a moment in counting laurels won, ever prompt to welcome and apply the liberality of the community, and liking no prospect so well as that of difficulties to be overcome and labors to be done in the cause of learning and public virtue.

You recognize, gentlemen, the picture which I have drawn in thus delineating the true spirit of the Corporation of this College. I have described the noble quintessence of the New England character,—that character which has made us a free and enlightened people,—that character which, please God, shall yet do a great work in the world for the lifting up of humanity.

Apart from the responsibility which rests upon the Corporation, its actual labors are far heavier than the community imagines. The business of the University has greatly increased in volume and complexity during the past twenty years, and the drafts made upon the time and thought of every member of the Corporation are heavy indeed. The high honors of the function are in these days most generously earned.

The President of the University is primarily an executive officer; but, being a member of both governing boards and of all the Faculties, he has also the influence in their debates to which his more or less perfect intimacy with the University and greater or less personal weight may happen to entitle him. An administrative officer who undertakes to do everything himself will do but little and that little ill. The President's first duty is that of supervision. He should know what each officer's and servant's work is, and how it is done. But the days are past in which the President could be called on to decide everything from the purchase of a

door-mat to the appointment of a professor. The principle of divided and subordinate responsibilities which rules in government bureaus, in manufactories, and all great companies, which makes a modern army a possibility, must be applied in the University.

The President should be able to discern the practical essence of complicated and long-drawn discussions. He must often pick out that promising part of theory which ought to be tested by experiment, and must decide how many of things desirable are also attainable and what one of many projects is ripest for execution. He must watch and look before,—watch, to seize opportunities to get money, to secure eminent teachers and scholars, and to influence public opinion toward the advancement of learning; and look before, to anticipate the due effect on the University of the fluctuations of public opinion on educational problems; of the progress of the institutions which feed the University; of the changing condition of the professions which the University supplies; of the rise of new professions; of the gradual alteration of social and religious habits in the community. The University must accommodate itself promptly to significant changes in the character of the people for whom it exists. The institutions of higher education in any nation are always a faithful mirror in which are sharply reflected the national history and character. In this mobile nation the action and reaction between the University and society at large are more sensitive and rapid than in stiffer communities. The President, therefore, must not need to see a house built before he can comprehend the plan of it. He can profit by a wide intercourse with all sorts of men, and by every real discussion on education, legislation, and sociology.

The most important function of the President is that of

advising the Corporation concerning appointments, particularly about appointments of young men who have not had time and opportunity to approve themselves to the public. It is in discharging this duty that the President holds the future of the University in his hands. He cannot do it well unless he have insight, unless he be able to recognize, at times beneath some crusts, the real gentleman and the natural teacher. This is the one oppressive responsibility of the President: all other cares are light beside it. To see every day the evil fruit of a bad appointment must be the cruelest of official torments. Fortunately the good effect of a judicious appointment is also inestimable; and here, as everywhere, good is more penetrating and diffusive than evil.

It is imperative that the statutes which define the President's duties should be recast, and the customs of the College be somewhat modified, in order that lesser duties may not crowd out the greater. But, however important the functions of the President, it must not be forgotten that he is emphatically a constitutional executive. It is his character and his judgment which are of importance, not his opinions. He is he executive officer of deliberative bodies in which decisions are reached after discussion by a majority vote. These decisions bind him. He cannot force his own opinions upon anybody. A university is the last place in the world for a dictator. Learning is always republican. It has idols, but not masters.

What can the community do for the University? It can love, honor, and cherish it. Love it and honor it. The University is upheld by this public affection and respect. In the loyalty of her children she finds strength and courage. The Corporation, the Overseers, and the several Faculties need to feel that the leaders of public opinion, and especially the sons

of the College, are at their back, always ready to give them a generous and intelligent support. Therefore we welcome the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth, the senators, judges, and other dignitaries of the State, who by their presence at this ancient ceremonial bear witness to the pride which Massachusetts feels in her eldest University. Therefore we rejoice in the presence of this throng of the Alumni, testifying their devotion to the College which, through all changes, is still their home. Cherish it. This University, though rich among American colleges, is very poor in comparison with the great universities of Europe. The wants of the American community have far outgrown the capacity of the University to supply them. We must try to satisfy the cravings of the select few as well as the needs of the average many. We cannot afford to negect the Fine Arts. We need groves and meadows as well as barracks, and soon there will be no chance to get them in this expanding city. But, above all, we need professorships, books, and apparatus, that teaching and scholarship may abound.

And what will the University do for the community? First, it will make a rich return of learning, poetry, and piety. Secondly, it will foster the sense of public duty,—that great virtue which makes republics possible. The founding of Harvard College was an heroic act of public spirit. For more than a century the breath of life was kept in it by the public spirit of the Province and of its private benefactors. In the last fifty years the public spirit of the friends of the College has quadrupled its endowments. And how have the young men nurtured here in successive generations repaid the founders for their pious care? Have they honored freedom and loved their country? For answer we appeal to the records of the national service; to the lists of the senate, the cabinet,

and the diplomatic service, and to the rolls of the army and navy.

Honored men, here present, illustrate before the world the public quality of the graduates of this College. Theirs is no mercenary service. Other fields of labor attract them more and would reward them better; but they are filled with the noble ambition to deserve well of the republic. There have been doubts, in times yet recent, whether culture were not selfish; whether men of refined tastes and manners could really love Liberty and be ready to endure hardness for her sake; whether, in short, gentlemen would in this century prove as loyal to noble ideas as in other times they had been to kings. In yonder old playground, fit spot whereon to commemorate the manliness which there was nurtured, shall soon rise a noble monument which for generations will give convincing answer to such shallow doubts; for over its gates will be written, "In memory of the sons of Harvard who died for their country." The future of the University will not be unworthy of its past.

ADDRESS AT NEW ENGLAND BANQUET

DELIVERED DECEMBER 22, 1877, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST "HARVARD AND YALE"

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I am obliged to my friend Dr. Clarke for the complimentary terms in which he has presented me to you. But I must appeal to your commiseration. Harvard and Yale! Can any undergraduate of either institution, can any recent graduate of either institution, imagine a man responding to that toast?

However, I must make the best of the position, and speak of some points upon which the two institutions are clearly agreed. And here I am reminded of a story of a certain New England farmer, who said that he and 'Squire Jones had more cows between them than all the rest of the village; and his brag being disputed, he said he could prove it, for the 'Squire had forty-five cows and he had one, and the village altogether had not forty-six.

We shall all agree that it is for the best interests of this country that it have sundry universities, of diverse tone, atmosphere, sphere, representing different opinions and different methods of study to some extent, and in different trainings, though with the same end.

Holding this view, I have been somewhat concerned to see of late that the original differences between Harvard and Yale seem to be rapidly disappearing. For example, a good many years ago, Harvard set out on what is called the "elective" system, and now I read in the Yale catalogue a long list of studies called "optional," which strikes me as bearing a strong resemblance to our elective courses.

Again, my friend the Secretary of State has done me the honor of alluding to the reasons which induced his father, I suppose, rather than himself, to send him on that journey which we Harvard men all deplore.

Now, it is unquestioned that about the year 1700 a certain number of Congregationalist clergymen who belonged to the Established Church (for we are too apt to forget that Congregationalism was the "Established Church" of that time, and none other was allowed) thought that Harvard was getting altogether too latitudinarian, and though they were every one of them graduates of Harvard they went off and set up another college in Connecticut, where a stricter doc-

trine should be taught. Harvard men have rather nursed the hope that this distinction between Harvard and Yale might be permanent.

But I regret to say that I have lately observed many strong indications that it is wholly likely to disappear. For example, to come at once at the foundations, I read in the papers the other day, and I am credibly informed it is true, that the head of Yale College voted to install a minister whose opinions upon the vital, pivotal, fundamental doctrine of eternal damnation are unsound.

Then, again, I look at the annual reports of the Bureau of Education on this department at Washington, and I read there for some years that Harvard College was unsectarian; and I knew that it was right, because I made the return myself.

I read also that Yale College was a Congregationalist College; and I had no doubt that that was right, because I supposed Dr. Porter had made the report. But now we read in that same report that Yale College is unsectarian. That is a great progress. The fact is, both these universities have found out that in a country which has no established church and no dominant sect you cannot build a university on a sect at all—you must build it upon the nation.

But, gentlemen, there are some other points, I think, of national education on which we shall find these two early founded universities to agree. For example, we have lately read in the Message of the Chief Magistrate that a national university would be a good thing. Harvard and Yale are of one mind upon that subject, but they want to have a national university defined.

If it means a university of national resort, we say amen. If it means a university where the youth of this land are

taught to love their country and to serve her, we say amen; and we point, both of us, to our past in proof that we are national in that sense.

But if it means that the national university is to be a university administered and managed by the wise Congress of the United States, then we should agree in taking some slight exceptions. We should not question for a moment the capacity of Congress to pick out and appoint the professors of Latin and Greek and the ancient languages, because we find that there is an astonishing number of classical orators in Congress, and there is manifested there a singular acquaintance with the legislation of all the Latin races.

But when it should come to some other humbler professorships we might perhaps entertain a doubt. For example, we have not entire faith in the trust that Congress has in the unchangeableness of the laws of arithmetic.

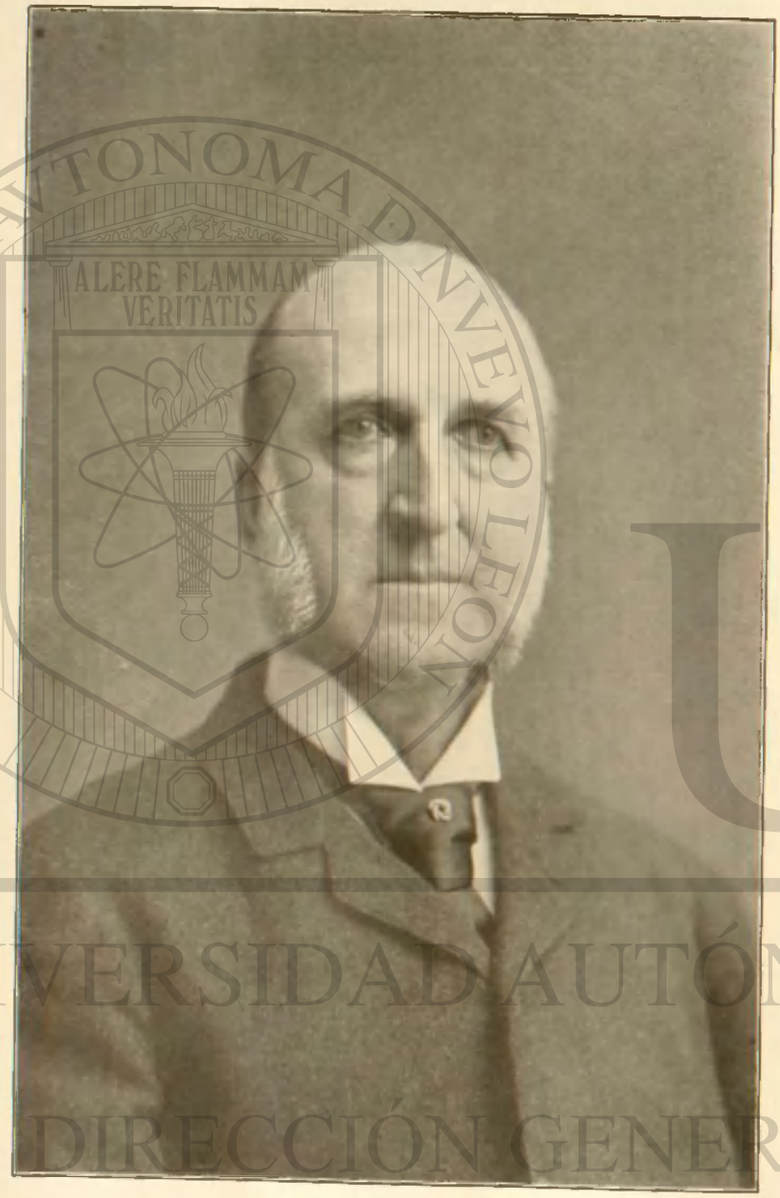
We might think that their competency to select a professor of history might be doubted. They seem to have an impression that there is such a thing as "American" political economy, which can no more be than "American" chemistry or "American" physics.

Finally, gentlemen, we should a little distrust the selection by Congress of a professor of ethics. Of course, we should feel no doubt in regard to the tenure of office of the professors being entirely suitable, it being the well-known practice of both branches of Congress to select men solely for fitness, without regard to locality, and to keep them in office as long as they are competent and faithful.

But, gentlemen, I think we ought to recur for a moment, perhaps, to the Pilgrim Fathers, and I desire to say that both Harvard and Yale recognize the fact that there are some things before which universities "pale their ineffectual fires."

"Words are but breath;
But where great deeds were done,
A power abides,
Transferred from sire to son."

Now, gentlemen, on that sandy, desolate spot of Plymouth great deeds were done, and we are here to commemorate them. Those were hard times. It was a terrible voyage, and they were hungry and cold and worn out with labor, and they took their guns to the church and the field, and the half of them died in the first winter. They were not prosperous times that we recall with this hour. Let us take some comfort from that in the present circumstances of our beloved country. She is in danger of a terrible disaster, but let us remember that the times which future generations delight to recall are not those of ease and prosperity, but those of adversity bravely borne.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

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CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW, LL.D., an American lawyer, railway president, and United States senator, and an orator of quite international fame, was born at Peekskill, N. Y., April 23, 1834. He was educated at Yale College, and after studying law in his native town was admitted to the Bar in 1858. He was a member of the State Assembly of New York, 1861-62, and secretary of state for New York in the year following but was defeated for lieutenant-governor on the Liberal Republican ticket in 1872. In 1866, he became attorney for the New York & Harlem Railway, and for the New York Central & Hudson River Railway in 1869. He was second vice-president of the latter, 1882-85, and president from 1885 to 1898. In 1898 he was appointed chairman of the board of directors of the entire Vanderbilt system. He declined an election as United States Senator in 1885, but was elected in 1899. He is widely popular as an orator and after-dinner speaker, his speeches being characterized by ease and grace of expression and a ready humor. Some of his more notable speeches are those on the unveiling of the monument to Alexander Hamilton in New York city, in 1889; on the life and character of Garfield; on the unveiling of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty in 1886 (here appended); at the Washington Centennial in 1889, and at the dedicatory ceremonies connected with the Chicago World's Fair (1892). His orations and addresses are included in "Orations and After-Dinner Speeches" (1890); "Life and Later Speeches" (1894); "Autumnal Speeches in 1898" (1899). Mr. Depew is regent of the University of the State of New York.

ORATION AT THE UNVEILING OF THE BARTHOLDI STATUE

DELIVERED IN NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28, 1886

WE dedicate this statue to the friendship of nations and the peace of the world.

The spirit of liberty embraces all races in common brotherhood; it voices in all languages the same needs and aspirations. The full power of its expansive and progressive influence cannot be reached until wars cease, armies are disbanded, and international disputes are settled by lawful tribunals and the principles of justice. Then the people of every nation, secure from invasion and free from the burden and menace of great armaments, can calmly and dispassionately promote their own happiness and prosperity.

The marvellous development and progress of this republic is due to the fact that in rigidly adhering to the advice of Washington for absolute neutrality and non-interference in the politics and policies of other governments we have avoided the necessity of depleting our industries to feed our armies, of taxing and impoverishing our resources to carry on war, and of limiting our liberties to concentrate power in our government.

Our great civil strife, with all its expenditure of blood and treasure, was a terrible sacrifice for freedom. The results are so immeasurably great that by comparison the cost is insignificant. The development of liberty was impossible while she was shackled to the slave. The divine thought which entrusted to the conquered the full measure of home rule, and accorded to them an equal share of imperial power, was the inspiration of God. With sublime trust it left to liberty the elevation of the freedman to political rights and the conversion of the rebel to patriotic citizenship.

The rays from this torch illuminate a century of unbroken friendship between France and the United States. Peace and its opportunities for material progress and the expansion of popular liberties send from here a fruitful and noble lesson to all the world. It will teach the people of all countries that in curbing the ambitions and dynastic purposes of princes and privileged classes, and in cultivating the brotherhood of man, lies the true road to their enfranchisement. The friendship of individuals, their unselfish devotion to each other, their willingness to die in each other's stead, are the most tender and touching of human records; they are the inspiration of youth and the solace of age; but nothing human is so beautiful and sublime as two great peoples of alien race and language transmitting down the ages a love begotten in gratitude, and strengthening as they increase in power and assimilate in their institutions and liberties.

The French alliance which enabled us to win our independence is the romance of history. It overcame improbabilities impossible in fiction, and its results surpass the dreams of imagination. The most despotic of kings, surrounded by the most exclusive of feudal aristocracies, sending fleets and armies officered by the scions of the proudest of nobilities to fight for subjects in revolt and the liberties of the common people, is a paradox beyond the power of mere human energy to have wrought or solved.

The march of this mediæval chivalry across our States—respecting persons and property as soldiers never had before; never taking an apple or touching a fence rail without permission and payment; treating the ragged Continentals as if they were knights in armor and of noble ancestry; captivating our grandmothers by their courtesy and our grandfathers by their courage—remains unequaled in the poetry of war.

It is the most magnificent tribute in history to the volcanic force of ideas and the dynamitic power of truth, though the crust of the globe imprison them. In the same ignorance and fearlessness with which a savage plays about a powder magazine with a torch, the Bourbon king and his court, buttressed by the consent of centuries and the unquestioned possession of every power of the State, sought relief from cloying pleasures, and vigor for enervated minds in permitting and encouraging the loftiest genius and the most impassioned eloquence of the time to discuss the rights and liberties of man. With the orator the themes were theories which fired only his imagination, and with a courtier they were pastimes or jests.

Neither speakers nor listeners saw any application of these ennobling sentiments to the common mass and groveling herd,

whose industries they squandered in riot and debauch, and whose bodies they hurled against battlement and battery to gratify ambition or caprice. But these revelations illuminated many an ingenious soul among the young aristocracy, and with distorted rays penetrated the Cimmerian darkness which enveloped the people. They bore fruit in the heart and mind of one youth to whom America owes much and France everything—the Marquis de Lafayette.

As the centuries roll by, and in the fulness of time the rays of Liberty's torch are the beacon-lights of the world, the central niches in the earth's Pantheon of Freedom will be filled by the figures of Washington and Lafayette.' The story of this young French noble's life is the history of the time which made possible this statue, and his spirit is the very soul of this celebration.

He was the heir of one of the most ancient and noble families of France; he had inherited a fortune which made him one of the richest men in his country; and he had enlarged and strengthened his aristocratic position by marriage, at the early age of sixteen, with a daughter of the ducal house of Noailles. Before him were pleasure and promotion at court, and the most brilliant opportunities in the army, the state, and the diplomatic service.

He was a young officer of nineteen, stationed at Metz, when he met, at the table of his commander, the Duke of Gloucester, the brother of George the Third. The Duke brought news of an insurrection which had broken out in the American colonies, and read, to the amazement of his hearers, the strange dogmas and fantastic theories which these "insurgents," as he called them, had put forth in what they styled their Declaration of Independence.

That document put in practice the theories which Jefferson had studied with the French philosophers. It fired at once the train which they had laid in the mind of this young nobleman of France. Henceforth his life was dedicated to "Liberty Enlightening the World." The American Commissioners at Paris tried to dissuade this volunteer by telling him that their credit was gone, that they could not furnish him transportation, and by handing him the despatches announcing the reverses which had befallen Washington, the retreat of his disheartened and broken army across New Jersey, the almost hopeless condition of their cause. But he replied in these memorable words: "Thus far you have seen my zeal only; now it shall be something more. I will purchase and equip a vessel myself. It is while danger presses that I wish to join your fortunes."

The king prohibits his sailing; he eludes the guards sent for his arrest; his family interpose every obstacle; and only his heroic young wife shares his enthusiasm and seconds his resolution to give his life and fortune to liberty. When on the ocean, battling with the captain, who fears to take him to America, and pursued by British cruisers specially instructed for his capture, he writes to her this loving and pathetic letter:

"I hope for my sake you will become a good American. This is a sentiment proper for virtuous hearts. Intimately allied to the happiness of the whole human family is that of America, destined to become the respectable and sure asylum of virtue, honesty, toleration, equality, and of tranquil liberty."

Except the "Mayflower," no ship ever sailed across the ocean from the Old World to the New carrying passengers of such moment to the future of mankind.

It is idle now to speculate whether our fathers could have succeeded without the French alliance. The struggle would undoubtedly have been indefinitely prolonged and probably compromised. But the alliance assured our triumph, and Lafayette secured the alliance. The fabled argosies of ancient and the armadas and fleets of modern times were commonplace voyages compared with the mission enshrined in this inspired boy. He stood before the Continental Congress and said: "I wish to serve you as a volunteer and without pay," and at twenty took his place with Gates and Green and Lincoln as a major-general in the Continental army. As a member of Washington's military family, sharing with that incomparable man his board and bed and blanket, Lafayette won his first and greatest distinction in receiving from the American chief a friendship which was closer than that bestowed upon any other of his compatriots, and which ended only in death.

The great commander saw in the reckless daring with which he carried his wound to rally the flying troops at Brandywine, the steady nerve with which he held the column wavering under a faithless general at Monmouth, the wisdom and caution with which he manœuvred inferior forces in the face of the enemy, his willingness to share every privation of the ill-clad and starving soldiery, and to pledge his fortune and credit to relieve their privations, a commander upon whom he could rely, a patriot whom he could trust, a man whom he could love.

The surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga was the first decisive event of the war. It defeated the British plan to divide the country by a chain of forts up the Hudson and conquer it in detail; it inspired hope at home and confidence abroad; it seconded the passionate appeals of Lafayette and

the marvellous diplomacy of Benjamin Franklin; it overcame the prudent counsels of Necker, warning the king against this experiment, and won the treaty of alliance between the old monarchy and the young republic.

Lafayette now saw that his mission was in France. He said, "I can help the cause more at home than here," and asked for leave of absence. Congress voted him a sword, and presented it with a resolution of gratitude, and he returned bearing this letter from that convention of patriots to his king:

"We recommend this young nobleman to your Majesty's notice as one whom we know to be wise in council, gallant in the field, and patient under the hardships of war."

It was a certificate which Marlborough might have coveted and Gustavus might have worn as the proudest of his decorations. But though king and court vied with each other in doing him honor; though he was welcomed as no Frenchman had ever been by triumphal processions in cities and fetes in villages, by addresses and popular applause, he reckoned them of value only in the power they gave him to procure aid for Liberty's fight in America.

"France is now committed to war," he argued, "and her enemy's weak point for attack is in America. Send there your money and men." And he returned with the army of Rochambeau and the fleet of De Grasse.

"It is fortunate," said De Maurepas, the prime minister, "that Lafayette did not want to strip Versailles of its furniture for his dear Americans, for nobody could withstand his ardor."

None too soon did this assistance arrive, for Washington's letter to the American Commissioners in Paris passed it on the way, in which he made this urgent appeal:

"If France delays a timely and powerful aid in the critical posture of our affairs, it will avail us nothing should she attempt it hereafter. We are at this hour suspended in the balance. In a word, we are at the end of our tether, and now or never deliverance must come."

General Washington saw in the allied forces now at his disposal that the triumph of independence was assured. The long dark night of doubt and despair was illuminated by the dawn of hope. The material was at hand to carry out the comprehensive plans so long matured, so long deferred, so patiently kept. The majestic dignity which had never bent to adversity, that lofty and awe-inspiring reserve which presented an impenetrable barrier to familiarity, either in council or at the festive board, so dissolved in the welcome of these decisive visitors that the delighted French and the astounded American soldiers saw Washington for the first and only time in his life express his happiness with all the joyous effervescence of hilarious youth.

The flower of the young aristocracy of France, in their brilliant uniforms, and the farmers and frontiersmen of America, in their faded continentals, bound by a common baptism of blood, became brothers in the knighthood of Liberty. With emulous eagerness to be first in at the death, while they shared the glory, they stormed the redoubts at Yorktown and compelled the surrender of Cornwallis and his army. While this practically ended the war, it strengthened the alliance and cemented the friendship between the two great peoples.

The mutual confidence and chivalric courtesy which characterized their relations has no like example in international comity. When an officer from General Carleton, the British commander-in-chief, came to headquarters with an offer of peace and independence if the Americans would renounce

the French alliance, Washington refused to receive him; Congress spurned Carleton's secretary bearing a like message; and the States, led by Maryland, denounced all who entertained propositions of peace which were not approved by France, as public enemies. And peace with independence meant prosperity and happiness to a people in the very depths of poverty and despair. France, on the other hand, though sorely pressed for money, said in the romantic spirit which permeated this wonderful union, "Of the twenty-seven millions of livres we have loaned you, we forgive you nine millions as a gift of friendship, and when with years there comes prosperity you can pay the balance without interest."

With the fall of Yorktown Lafayette felt that he could do more for peace and independence in the diplomacy of Europe than in the war in America. His arrival in France shook the Continent. Though one of the most practical and self-poised of men, his romantic career in the New World had captivated courts and peoples. In the formidable league which he had quickly formed with Spain and France, England saw humiliation and defeat, and made a treaty of peace by which she recognized the independence of the Republic of the United States.

In this treaty were laid the deep, broad, and indestructible foundations for the great statue we this day dedicate. It left to the American people the working out of a problem of self-government. Without king to rule, or class to follow, they were to try the experiment of building a nation upon the sovereignty of the individual and the equality of all men before the law. Their only guide, and trust, and hope were God and Liberty. In the fraternal greetings of this hour sixty millions of witnesses bear testimony to their

wisdom, and the foremost and freest government in the world is their monument.

The fight for liberty in America was won. Its future here was threatened with but one danger—the slavery of the negro. The soul of Lafayette, purified by battle and suffering, saw the inconsistency and the peril, and he returned to this country to plead with State legislatures and with Congress for the liberation of what he termed "my brethren, the blacks." But now the hundred years' war for liberty in France was to begin.

America was its inspiration, Lafayette its apostle, and the returning French army its emissaries. Beneath the trees by day, and in the halls at night, at Mount Vernon, Lafayette gathered from Washington the gospel of freedom. It was to sustain and guide him in after-years against the temptations of power and the despair of the dungeon. He carried the lessons and the grand example through all the trials and tribulations of his desperate struggle and partial victory for the enfranchisement of his country. From the ship, on departing, he wrote to his great chief, whom he was never to see again, this touching good-by:

"You are the most beloved of all the friends I ever had or shall have anywhere. I regret that I cannot have the inexpressible pleasure of embracing you in my own house and welcoming you in a family where your name is adored. Everything that admiration, respect, gratitude, friendship, and filial love can inspire is combined in my affectionate heart to devote me most tenderly to you. In your friendship I find a delight which no words can express."

His farewell to Congress was a trumpet-blast which resounded round a world then bound in the chains of despotism and caste. Every government on the Continent was an absolute monarchy, and no language can describe the poverty

and wretchedness of the people. Taxes levied without law exhausted their property; they were arrested without warrant and rotted in the Bastile without trial; and they were shot at as game, and tortured without redress, at the caprice or pleasure of their feudal lords. Into court and camp this message came like the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. Hear his words:

"May this immense temple of freedom ever stand a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, a sanctuary for the rights of mankind; and may these happy United States attain that complete splendor and prosperity which will illustrate the blessings of their government, and for ages to come rejoice the departed souls of its founders."

Well might Louis XVI, more far-sighted than his ministers, exclaim: "After fourteen hundred years of power the old monarchy is doomed."

While the principles of the American Revolution were fermenting in France, Lafayette, the hero and favorite of the hour, was an honored guest at royal tables and royal camps. The proud Spaniard and the Great Frederick of Germany alike welcomed him, and everywhere he announced his faith in government founded on the American idea.

The financial crisis in the affairs of King Louis on the one hand, and the rising tide of popular passion on the other, compelled the summons of the assembly of Notables at Versailles. All the great officers of state, the aristocracy, the titled clergy, the royal princes were there, but no representative of the people. Lafayette spoke for them, and, fearless of the effort of the brother of the king to put him down, he demanded religious toleration, equal taxes, just and equal administration of the laws, and the reduction of royal expenditures to fixed and reasonable limits. This overturned

the whole feudal fabric which had been in course of construction for a thousand years. To make effectual and permanent this tremendous stride toward the American experiment, he paralyzed the court and cabinet by the call for a National Assembly of the people.

Through that Assembly he carried a Declaration of Rights founded upon the natural liberties of man—a concession of popular privilege never before secured in the modern history of Europe; and, going as far as he believed the times would admit toward his idea of an American republic, he builded upon the ruins of absolutism a constitutional monarchy.

But French democracy had not been trained and educated in the schools of the Puritan or the Colonist. Ages of tyranny, of suppression, repression, and torture had developed the tiger and dwarfed the man. Democracy had not learned the first rudiments of liberty—self-restraint, and self-government. It beheaded king and queen, it drenched the land with the blood of the noblest and best; in its indiscriminate frenzy and madness it spared neither age nor sex, virtue or merit, and drove its benefactor, because he denounced its excesses and tried to stem them, into exile and the dungeon of Olmütz. Thus ended in the horrors of French revolution Lafayette's first fight for liberty at home.

After five years of untold sufferings, spurning release at the price of his allegiance to monarchy, holding with sublime faith, amid the most disheartening and discouraging surroundings, to the principles of freedom for all, he was released by the sword of Napoleon Bonaparte, to find that the untamed ferocity of the Revolution had been trained to the service of the most brilliant, captivating, and resistless of military despotisms by the mighty genius of the great Dictator. He alone was neither dazzled nor dismayed, and when he had

rejected every offer of recognition and honor Napoleon said, "Lafayette alone in France holds fast to his original ideas of liberty. Though tranquil now, he will reappear if occasion offers."

Against the First Consulate of Bonaparte he voted, "No, unless with guarantees of freedom." When Europe lay helpless at the feet of the conqueror, and in the frenzy of military glory France neither saw nor felt the chains he was forging upon her, Lafayette from his retirement of Lagrange pleaded with the emperor for republican principles, holding up to him the retributions always meted out to tyrants, and the pure undying fame of the immortal few who patriotically decide when upon them alone rests the awful verdict whether they shall be the enslavers or the saviors of their country.

The sun of Austerlitz set in blood at Waterloo; the swords of the allied kings placed the Bourbon once more on the throne of France. In the popular tempest of July the nation rose against the intolerable tyranny of the king, and, calling upon this unfaltering friend of liberty, said with one voice, "You alone can save France from despotism on the one hand, and the orgies of the Jacobin mob on the other; take absolute power; be marshal, general, dictator, if you will."

But in assuming command of the National Guard the old soldier and patriot answered, amid the hail of shot and shell, "Liberty shall triumph, or we all perish together."

He dethroned and drove out Charles X, and France, contented with any destiny he might accord to her, with unquestioning faith left her future in his hands. He knew that the French people were not yet ready to take and faithfully keep American liberty. He believed that in the school of constitutional government they would rapidly learn, and in the fulness of time adopt, its principles; and he gave them

a king who was the popular choice and surrounded him with the restraints of charter and an Assembly of the people. And now this friend of mankind, expressing with his last breath a fervent prayer that his beloved France might speedily enjoy the liberty and equality and the republican institutions of his adored America, entered peacefully into rest. United in a common sorrow and a common sentiment, the people of France and the people of the United States watered his grave with their tears and wafted his soul to God with their gratitude.

To-day, in the gift by the one, and the acceptance by the other, of this colossal statue, the people of the two countries celebrate their unity in republican institutions, in governments founded upon the American idea, and in their devotion to liberty. Together they rejoice that its spirit has penetrated all lands and is the hopeful future of all peoples. American liberty has been for a century a beacon-light for the nations. Under its teachings and by the force of its example the Italians have expelled their petty and arbitrary princelings and united under a parliamentary government; the gloomy despotism of Spain has been dispelled by the representatives of the people and a free press; the great German race have demonstrated their power for empire and their ability to govern themselves. The Austrian monarch, who, when a hundred years ago Washington pleaded with him across the seas for the release of Lafayette from the dungeon of Olmütz, replied that "he had not the power," because the safety of his throne and his pledges to his royal brethren of Europe compelled him to keep confined the one man who represented the enfranchisement of the people of every race and country, is to-day, in the person of his successor, rejoicing with his subjects in the limitations of a constitution which

guarantees liberties, and a Congress which protects and enlarges them.

Magna Charta, won at Runnymede for Englishmen, and developing into the principles of the Declaration of Independence with their descendants, has returned to the mother country to bear fruit in an open Parliament, a free press, the loss of royal prerogative, and the passage of power from the classes to the masses.

The sentiment is sublime which moves the people of France and America, the blood of whose fathers, commingling upon the battle-fields of the Revolution, made possible this magnificent march of liberty and their own republics, to commemorate the results of the past and typify the hopes of the future in this noble work of art. The descendants of Lafayette, Rochambeau, and De Grasse, who fought for us in our first struggle, and Laboulaye, Henri Martin, De Lesseps, and other grand and brilliant men, whose eloquent voices and powerful sympathies were with us in our last, conceived the idea, and it has received majestic form and expression through the genius of Bartholdi.

In all ages the achievements of man and his aspirations have been represented in symbols. Races have disappeared and no record remains of their rise or fall, but by their monuments we know their history. The huge monoliths of the Assyrians and the obelisks of the Egyptians tell their stories of forgotten civilizations, but the sole purpose of their erection was to glorify rulers and preserve the boasts of conquerors. They teach sad lessons of the vanity of ambition, the cruelty of arbitrary power, and the miseries of mankind.

The Olympian Jupiter enthroned in the Parthenon expressed in ivory and gold the awful majesty of the Greek idea of the King of the Gods; the bronze statue of Minerva on

the Acropolis offered the protection of the patron Goddess of Athens to the mariners who steered their ships by her helmet and spear; and in the Colossus of Rhodes, famed as one of the wonders of the world, the Lord of the Sun welcomed the commerce of the East to the city of his worship. But they were all dwarfs in size and pigmies in spirit beside this mighty structure and its inspiring thought.

Higher than the monument in Trafalgar Square, which commemorates the victories of Nelson on the sea; higher than the Column Vendome, which perpetuates the triumphs of Napoleon on the land; higher than the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, which exhibits the latest and grandest results of science, invention, and industrial progress, this Statue of Liberty rises toward the heavens to illustrate an idea which nerved the Three Hundred at Thermopylæ and armed the Ten Thousand at Marathon; which drove Tarquin from Rome and aimed the arrow of Tell; which charged with Cromwell and his Ironsides and accompanied Sidney to the block; which fired the farmer's gun at Lexington and razed the Bastile in Paris; which inspired the charter in the cabin of the "Mayflower" and the Declaration of Independence from the Continental Congress.

It means that with the abolition of privileges to the few, and the enfranchisement of the individual; the equality of all men before the law, and universal suffrage; the ballot secure from fraud, and the voter from intimidation; the press free, and education furnished by the State for all; liberty of worship, and free speech; the right to rise, and equal opportunity for honor and fortune,—the problems of labor and capital, of social regeneration and moral growth, of property and poverty, will work themselves out under the benign influences of enlightened law-making and law-abiding liberty,

without the aid of kings and armies or of anarchists and bombs.

Through the Obelisk, so strangely recalling to us of yesterday the past of twenty centuries, a forgotten monarch says: "I am the great King, the Conqueror, the Chastiser of Nations," and except as a monument of antiquity it conveys no meaning and touches no chord of human sympathy. But for unnumbered centuries to come, as Liberty levels up the people to higher standards and a broader life, this statue will grow in the admiration and affections of mankind. When Franklin drew the lightning from the clouds he little dreamed that in the evolution of science his discovery would illuminate the torch of Liberty for France and America.

The rays from this beacon, lighting this gateway to the continent, will welcome the poor and the persecuted with the hope and promise of homes and citizenship. It will teach them that there is room and brotherhood for all who will support our institutions and aid in our development; but that those who come to disturb our peace and dethrone our laws are aliens and enemies forever.

I devoutly believe that from the Unseen and the Unknown two great souls have come to participate in this celebration. The faith in which they died fulfilled, the cause for which they battled triumphant, the people they loved in the full enjoyment of the rights for which they labored and fought and suffered, the spirit voices of Washington and Lafayette join in the glad acclaim of France and the United States to Liberty Enlightening the World.

SPEECH AT THE DINNER TO CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF GENERAL GRANT

DELIVERED AT DELMONICO'S, APRIL 27, 1888

I DO not propose, as has been announced, to deliver a formal oration upon General Grant, but, as one of the many gentlemen who are to speak here to-night, to express the judgment of a busyman of affairs upon his character and career. We are not yet far enough from this striking personality to read accurately the verdict of posterity, and we are so near that we still feel the force of the mighty passions in the midst of which he moved and lived.

The hundred years of our national existence are crowded with an unusual number of men eminent in arms and in statesmanship; but of all the illustrious list one only has his birthday a legal holiday—George Washington.

Of the heroes and patriots who filled the niches in our temple of fame for the first century, the birthdays of only two of them are of such significance that they receive wide celebrations—Lincoln and Grant.

When the historian of the future calmly and impartially writes the story of this momentous period, these two names will be inseparably linked together. The President supplemented the General, and the General the President, and without them the great battle of human rights and American unity might have been lost.

Reticent as to his plans, secretive as to his movements, repelling inquiry, and disdaining criticism, General Grant invited the deepest hostility from the country at large. Three years of war, which had carried grief to every household, and in which the failures had been greater than the

successes, had made the people dispirited, impatient, and irritable. The conditions were such that the demand for the removal of Grant many times would have been irresistible, and the call for recruits to fill his depleted ranks unanswered, except for the peculiar hold the President had upon the country.

Lincoln was not an accidental or experimental President. As a member of Congress he became familiar with the details of government, and in the debate with Douglas had demonstrated a familiarity with the questions before the people, and a genius for their solution, unequaled among his contemporaries.

No one of the statesmen of the time who might possibly have been President could have held the country up to the high-water mark of the continuous struggle of hope against defeat, of fighting not only against a solid enemy, but an almost equal division in his own camps. His humble origin, his homely ways, his quaint humor, his constant touch and sympathy with the people, inspired the confidence which enabled him to command and wield all the forces of the Republic. He alone could stand between the demand for Grant's removal, the criticism upon his plans, the fierce outcries against his losses, and satisfy the country of the infallibility of his own trust in the ultimate success of the command.

On the other hand, the aspiration of Lincoln for the defeat of the rebellion and the reunion of the States could not have been realized except for Grant. Until he appeared upon the scene the war had been a bloody and magnificent failure. The cumulative and concentrated passions of the Confederacy had fused the whole people into an army of aggression and defence. The North, without passion or vindictiveness,

fought with gloved hands, at the expense of thousands of lives and fatal blows to prestige and credit. The lesson was learned that a good brigadier, an able general of division, a successful corps commander, might be paralyzed under the burden of supreme responsibility. Victories were fruitless, defeats disastrous, delays demoralizing, until the spirit of war entered the camp in the person of Ulysses S. Grant. Without sentiment or passion, he believed that every reverse could be retrieved and victory should be followed with the annihilation of the enemy's forces. "My terms are unconditional surrender; I move immediately upon your works," was the legend of Donelson which proclaimed the new method of warfare. He hurled his legions against the ramparts of Vicksburg, sacrificing thousands of lives which might have been saved by delay, but saved the loss of tens of thousands by malarial fever and camp diseases, and possibly at the expense of defeat. He believed that the river of blood shed to-day, and followed by immediate results, was infinitely more merciful to friend and foe than the slower disasters of war which make the hecatombs of the dead.

From the surrender of Vicksburg rose the sun of national unity to ascend to the zenith at Appomattox, and never to set. Where all others had failed in the capture of Richmond, he succeeded by processes which aroused the protest and horror of the country and the criticism of posterity—but it triumphed. For thirty nights in succession he gave to the battle-torn and decimated army the famous order, "By the left flank, forward": and for thirty days hurled them upon the ever-succeeding breastworks and ramparts of the enemy. But it was with the same inexorable and indomitable idea that, with practically inexhaustible resources behind him, the rebellion could be hammered to death.

As Grant fought without vindictiveness or feeling of revenge, in the supreme moment of victory the soldier disappeared and the patriot and statesman took his place. He knew that the exultation of the hour would turn to ashes in the future unless the surrendered rebel soldier became a loyal citizen. He knew that the Republic could not hold vassal provinces by the power of the bayonet and live. He returned arms, gave food, transportation, horses, stock, and said, "Cultivate your farms and patriotism." And they did. Whatever others may have done, the Confederate soldier has never violated the letter or the spirit of that parole.

All other conquerors have felt that the triumphal entry into the enemy's capital should be the crowning event of the war. The Army of the Potomac had been seeking to capture Richmond for four years, and when the hour arrived for the victorious procession Grant halted it, that no memory of humiliation should stand in the way of the rebel capital becoming once more the capital of a loyal State.

The curse of power is flattery; the almost inevitable concomitant of greatness, jealousy; and yet no man ever lived who so rejoiced in the triumph of others as General Grant.

This imperturbable man hailed the victories of his generals with wild delight. Sheridan, riding down the Valley, reversing the tide of battle, falling with resistless blows upon the enemy until they surrendered, drew from his admiring commander the exulting remark to the country: "Behold one of the greatest generals of this or any other age." His companion and steadfast friend through all his campaigns, the only man who rivaled him in genius and the affections of his countrymen, the most accomplished soldier and superb tactician, who broke the source of supply and struck the deadliest blow in the march from Atlanta to the sea, received at

every step of his career the most generous recognition of his services and abilities. He knew and was glad that the march of Xenophon and the Ten Thousand Greeks, which had been the inspiration of armies for over two thousand years, would be replaced, for the next two thousand, by the resistless tramp of Sherman and his army.

Grant was always famous among his soldiers for the rare quality of courage in the presence of danger. But the country is indebted to him for a higher faculty, which met and averted a peril of the gravest character.

One of the most extraordinary and singular men who ever filled a great place was Andrew Johnson. He was a human paradox of conflicting qualities, great and small, generous and mean, bigoted and broad, patriotic and partisan. He loved his country with a passionate devotion, but would have destroyed it to rebuild it upon his own model. Born a "poor white," hating with the intensity of wounded pride the better and dominant class, in a delirium of revenge and vindictiveness he shouted, "Treason is odious and must be punished," and by drumhead court-martial or summary process at law would have executed every one of the Confederate generals and left behind a vendetta to disturb the peace of uncounted generations.

Between their execution and this madman appears the calm and conquering force of General Grant, with the declaration: "My parole is the honor of the nation." When, swinging to the other extreme, and in the exercise of doubtful power, the President would have reversed the results of the war by reorganizing a government upon the lines which he thought best, he was again met by this same determined purpose, exclaiming: "My bayonets will again be the salvation of the nation."

General Grant will live in history as the greatest soldier of his time, but it will never be claimed for him that he was the best of Presidents. No man, however remarkable his endowments, could fill that position with supreme ability unless trained and educated for the task. He said to a well-known publicist in the last days of his second term: "You have criticised severely my administration in your newspaper; in some cases you were right, in others wrong. I ask this of you, in fairness and justice, that in summing up the results of my presidency you will only say that General Grant, having had no preparation for civil office, performed its duties conscientiously and according to the best of his ability."

The times of Reconstruction presented problems which required the highest qualities of statesmanship and business. In the unfamiliarity with the business of a great commercial nation General Grant did not, however, differ much from most of the men who have been successful or defeated candidates for the presidency of the United States. It is a notable fact that though we are the only purely industrial nation in the world, we have never selected our rulers from among the great business men of the country. And the conditions and prejudices of success present insuperable obstacles to such a choice.

Yet Grant's administration will live in history for two acts of supreme importance. When the delirium of fiat money would have involved the nation in bankruptcy, his great name and fame alone served to win the victory for honest money and to save the credit and prosperity of the Republic. He, the first soldier of his time, gave the seal of his great authority to the settlement of international disputes by arbitration.

The quality of his greatness was never so conspicuous as in the election of General Garfield. He carried with him around the world the power and majesty of the American nation—he had been the companion of kings and counsellor of cabinets. His triumphal march had belted the globe, and through the Golden Gate of the Pacific he entered once more his own land, expecting to receive the nomination of his party for a third term for the presidency. In the disappointment of defeat and the passions it involved, the election of the nominee of that Convention depended entirely upon him. Had he remained in his tent, Garfield would never have been President of the United States; but, gathering all the chieftains, and commanding them, when they would sulk or retire, to accompany him to the front, his appearance in the canvass won the victory.

He was at West Point only to be a poor scholar and to graduate with little promise and less expectancy from his instructors. In the barter and trade of his Western home he was invariably cheated. As a subaltern officer in the Mexican War, which he detested, he simply did his duty and made no impress upon his companions or superiors. As a wood-seller he was beaten by all the wood-choppers of Missouri. As a merchant he could not compete with his rivals. As a clerk he was a listless dreamer, and yet the moment supreme command devolved upon him the dross disappeared, dullness and indifference gave way to a clarified intellect which grasped the situation with the power of inspiration. The larger the field, the greater the peril, the more mighty the results dependent upon the issue, the more superbly he rose to all the requirements of the emergency. From serene heights unclouded by passion, jealousy, or fear, he surveyed the whole boundless field of operations, and with unerring

skill forced each part to work in harmony with the general plan. The only commander who never lost a battle, his victories were not luck, but came from genius and pluck.

Cæsar surpassed him because he was both a great soldier and a great statesman; but he was immeasurably inferior to Grant because his ambition was superior to his patriotism. Frederick the Great and Napoleon I revelled in war for its triumphs and its glory, but General Grant, reviewing that most superb of armies beside the Emperor and Von Moltke and Bismarck, electrified the military nations of Europe by proclaiming his utter detestation of war. The motto which appeared in the sky at the consummation of his victories, and was as distinct as the Cross of Constantine, was, "Let us have peace." Under its inspiration he returned to Lee his sword. He stood between the Confederate leaders and the passions of the hour, and with his last breath repeated it as a solemn injunction and legacy to his countrymen. As his spirit hovers over us to-night, let the sentiment be the active principle of our faith. He meant that political divisions of our country, inevitable and necessary for its freedom and prosperity, should not be upon sectional lines. A Solid North has been broken. The Solid South must disappear. On these broad lines, supplemented from time to time with the immediate questions of the hour, partisanship is always within patriotic limits, and the successful party is the best judgment of the people.

We leave this hall to carry into the Presidential canvass our best efforts for the success of the principles in which we severally believe, the parties which we severally love, and the candidates we honor; but let us labor to bring about such conditions all over this country that we may fight our political battles under the common banner of patriotism and peace.

COLUMBIAN ORATION

DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATORY CEREMONIES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR AT CHICAGO, OCTOBER 21, 1892

THIS day belongs not to America, but to the world. The results of the event it commemorates are the heritage of the peoples of every race and clime. We celebrate the emancipation of man. The preparation was the work of almost countless centuries; the realization was the revelation of one. The Cross on Calvary was hope; the cross raised on San Salvador was opportunity. But for the first, Columbus would never have sailed; but for the second, there would have been no place for the planting, the nurture, and the expansion of civil and religious liberty. Ancient history is a dreary record of unstable civilizations. Each reached its zenith of material splendor, and perished. The Assyrian, Persian, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman Empires were proofs of the possibilities and limitations of man for conquest and intellectual development. Their destruction involved a sum of misery and relapse which made their creation rather a curse than a blessing. Force was the factor in the government of the world when Christ was born, and force was the source and exercise of authority both by Church and State when Columbus sailed from Palos. The Wise Men traveled from the East toward the West under the guidance of the Star of Bethlehem. The spirit of the quality of all men before God and the law moved westward from Calvary, with its revolutionary influence upon old institutions, to the Atlantic Ocean. Columbus carried it westward across the seas. The Emigrants from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, from Germany and Holland,

from Sweden and Denmark, from France and Italy, from Spain and Portugal, under its guidance and inspiration, moved West, and again West, building States and founding cities until the Pacific limited their march. The exhibition of arts and sciences, of industries and inventions, of education and civilization, which the Republic of the United States will here present, and to which, through its Chief Magistrate, it invites all nations, condenses and displays the flower and fruitage of this transcendent miracle.

The anarchy and chaos which followed the breaking up of the Roman Empire necessarily produced the feudal system. The people, preferring slavery to annihilation by robber chiefs, became the vassals of territorial lords. The reign of physical force is one of perpetual struggle for the mastery. Power which rests upon the sword neither shares nor limits its authority. The king destroyed the lords, and the monarchy succeeded feudalism. Neither of these institutions considered or consulted the people. They had no part, but to suffer or die in this mighty strife of masters for the mastery. But the throne, by its broader view and greater resources, made possible the construction of the highways of freedom. Under its banner races could unite, and petty principalities be merged, law substituted for brute force, and right for might. It founded and endowed universities, and encouraged commerce. It conceded no political privileges, but unconsciously prepared its subjects to demand them.

Absolutism in the state, and intolerance in the Church, shackled popular unrest, and imprisoned thought and enterprise in the fifteenth century. The divine right of kings stamped out the faintest glimmer of revolt against tyranny, and the problems of science, whether of the skies or of the

earth, whether of astronomy or geography, were solved or submerged by ecclesiastical decrees. The dungeon was ready for the philosopher who proclaimed the truths of the solar system, or the navigator who would prove the sphericity of the earth. An English Gladstone, or a French Gambetta, or a German Bismarck, or an Italian Garibaldi, or a Spanish Castelar, would have been thought a monster; and his death at the stake, or on the scaffold, and under the anathemas of the Church, would have received the praise and approval of kings and nobles, of priests and peoples. Reason had no seat in spiritual or temporal realms. Punishment was the incentive to patriotism, and piety was held possible by torture. Confessions of faith extorted from the writhing victim on the rack were believed efficacious in saving his soul from fires eternal beyond the grave. For all that humanity to-day cherishes as its best heritage and choicest gifts, there was neither thought nor hope.

Fifty years before Columbus sailed from Palos, Gutenberg and Faust had forged the hammer which was to break the bonds of superstition, and open the prison doors of the mind. They had invented the printing press and movable types. The prior adoption of a cheap process for the manufacture of paper at once utilized the press. Its first service, like all its succeeding efforts, was for the people. The universities and the school men, the privileged and the learned few of that age, were longing for the revelation and preservation of the classic treasures of antiquity, hidden, and yet insecure, in monastic cells and libraries. But the first-born of the marvelous creation of these primitive printers of Mayence was the printed Bible. The priceless contributions of Greece and Rome to the intellectual training and development of the modern world came afterward, through

the same wondrous machine. The force, however, which made possible America, and its reflex influence upon Europe, was the open Bible by the family fireside. And yet neither the enlightenment of the new learning, nor the dynamic power of the spiritual awakening, could break through the crust of caste which had been forming for centuries. Church and state had so firmly and dexterously interwoven the bars of privilege and authority that liberty was impossible from within. Its piercing light and fervent heat must penetrate from without.

Civil and religious freedom are founded upon the individual and his independence, his worth, his rights, and his equal status and opportunity. For his planting and development a new land must be found, where, with limitless areas for expansion, the avenues of progress would have no bars of custom or heredity, of social orders or privileged classes. The time had come for the emancipation of the mind and soul of humanity. The factors wanting for its fulfillment were the new world and its discoverer.

God always has in training some commanding genius for the control of great crises in the affairs of nations and peoples. The number of these leaders is less than the centuries, but their lives are the history of human progress. Though Caesar and Charlemagne, and Hildebrand and Luther, and William the Conqueror and Oliver Cromwell, and all the epoch makers prepared Europe for the event, and contributed to the result, the lights which illumine our firmanent to-day are Columbus the discoverer, Washington the founder, and Lincoln the savior.

Neither realism nor romance furnishes a more striking and picturesque figure than that of Christopher Columbus. The mystery about his origin heightens the charm of his

story. That he came from among the toilers of his time is in harmony with the struggles of our period. Forty-four authentic portraits of him have descended to us, and no two of them are the counterfeits of the same person. Each represents a character as distinct as its canvas. Strength and weakness, intellectuality and stupidity, high moral purpose and brutal ferocity, purity and licentiousness, the dreamer and the miser, the pirate and the puritan, are the types from which we may select our hero. We dismiss the painter, and piercing with the clarified vision of the dawn of the twentieth century the veil of four hundred years, we construct our Columbus.

The perils of the sea in his youth upon the rich argosies of Genoa, or in the service of the licensed rovers who made them their prey, had developed a skillful navigator and intrepid mariner. They had given him a glimpse of the possibilities of the unknown beyond the highways of travel, which roused an unquenchable thirst for adventure and research. The study of the narratives of previous explorers, and diligent questionings of the daring spirits who had ventured far toward the fabled West, gradually evolved a theory which became so fixed a fact that he could inspire others with his own passionate beliefs. The words "that is a lie" written by him on the margin of nearly every page of a volume of the travels of Marco Polo, which is still to be found in a Genoese library, illustrate the skepticism of his beginning, and the first vision of the New World the fulfillment of his faith.

To secure the means to test the truth of his speculations, this poor and unknown dreamer must win the support of kings and overcome the hostility of the Church. He never doubted his ability to do both, though he knew of no man

living who was so great in power, or lineage, or learning that he could accomplish either. Unaided and alone he succeeded in arousing the jealousies of sovereigns, and dividing the councils of the ecclesiastics. "I will command your fleet and discover for you new realms, but only on condition that you confer on me hereditary nobility, the Admiralty of the Ocean and the Vice-Royalty, and one-tenth of the revenues of the New World" were his haughty terms to King John of Portugal. After ten years of disappointment and poverty, subsisting most of the time upon the charity of the enlightened monk of the Convent of Rabida, who was his unfaltering friend, he stood before the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella, and rising to imperial dignity in his rage, embodied the same royal conditions in his petition. The capture of Granada, the expulsion of Islam from Europe, and the triumph of the Cross aroused the admiration and devotion of Christendom. But this proud beggar, holding in his grasp the potential promise, and dominion of El Dorado and Cathay, divided with the Moslem surrender the attention of sovereigns and of bishops. France and England indicated a desire to hear his theories and see his maps while he was still a suppliant at the gates of the camp of Castile and Aragon, the sport of its courtiers and the scoff of its confessors. His unshakable faith that Christopher Columbus was commissioned from heaven, by his name and by Divine command, to carry "Christ across the sea" to new continents and pagan peoples, lifted him so far above the discouragements of an empty purse and a contemptuous court, that he was proof against the rebuffs of fortune or of friends. To conquer the prejudices of the clergy, to win the approval and financial support of the state, to venture upon that unknown ocean, which, according to the beliefs of the age, was

every step of his career the most generous recognition of his services and abilities. He knew and was glad that the march of Xenophon and the Ten Thousand Greeks, which had been the inspiration of armies for over two thousand years, would be replaced, for the next two thousand, by the resistless tramp of Sherman and his army.

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SIR JOHN LUBBOCK

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Bar't, D.C.L., P.C., M.P., Baron Avebury, eminent English scientist and parliamentarian, son of Sir John William Lubbock, was born at London, April 30, 1834, and was educated at Eton. He became by profession a banker in London, and introduced several important reforms in the banking system, and in 1865 succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father. He sat in Parliament as member for Maidstone, 1870–80, and afterwards for many years represented London University in the House of Commons. From 1886 he was a Liberal Unionist in politics. He appeared before the House frequently on questions of finance and education and procured the passage of the Bank Holidays Act. He was chairman of royal commissions on the advancement of science, on public schools, on international coinage, on education, and other important committees. In 1881, he was elected president of the British Association, and has acted as president of many other learned and scientific societies, both British and foreign. From 1872 to 1880, he was vice-chancellor of London University and president of the London University Extension Society. For twenty-five years he was secretary of the London bankers; he has been president of the London Institute of Bankers, president of the London Chamber of Commerce (1888–93) and vice-president of the London County Council. Besides holding these various positions of trust, he has been an indefatigable student of nature and popularizer of science and an industrious writer. In 1865, he published "Prehistoric Times as Illustrated by Ancient Remains," which was translated into many languages, and in 1870 he issued "The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man." More than a quarter of a million copies, it is said, have been sold of the two parts of "The Pleasures of Life" (1887). His works besides those named include: "The Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects" (1874); "British Wild Flowers in their Relation to Insects" (1875); "Scientific Lectures" (1879); "Addresses, Political and Educational" (1879); "Fifty Years of Science" (1882); "Ants, Bees, and Wasps" (1882); "Flowers, Fruits, and Leaves" (1886); "Senses and Instincts of Animals" (1888); "The Beauties of Nature" (1893); "The Use of Life" (1894); "The Scenery of Switzerland" (1896); "Buds and Stipules" (1899), besides a hundred or more scientific memoirs in the Transactions of the Royal Society.

(350)

THE DUTY OF HAPPINESS

LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE HARRIS INSTITUTE, PRESTON

"If a man is unhappy, this must be his own fault; for God made all men to be happy."—Epictetus.

LIFE is a great gift, and as we reach years of discretion we most of us naturally ask ourselves what should be the main object of our existence. Even those who do not accept "the greatest good of the greatest number" as an absolute rule will yet admit that we should all endeavor to contribute as far as we may to the happiness of others.

There are many, however, who seem to doubt whether it is right that we should try to be happy ourselves. Our own happiness ought not, of course, to be our main object, nor indeed will it ever be secured if selfishly sought. We may have many pleasures in life, but must not let them have rule over us, or they will soon hand us over to sorrow; and "into what dangerous and miserable servitude doth he fall who suffereth pleasures and sorrows (two unfaithful and cruel commanders) to possess him successively?"[1]

I cannot, however, but think that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell on the duty of happiness as well as on the happiness of duty; for we ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only because to be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others.

Every one must have felt that a cheerful friend is like a sunny day, shedding brightness on all around; and most of us can, as we choose, make of this world either a palace or a prison.

[1] Seneca.

There is, no doubt, some selfish satisfaction in yielding to melancholy and fancying that we are victims of fate; in brooding over grievances, especially if more or less imaginary. To be bright and cheerful often requires an effort; there is a certain art in keeping ourselves happy: and in this respect, as in others, we require to watch over and manage ourselves almost as if we were somebody else.

Sorrow and joy, indeed, are strangely interwoven. Too often—

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."[1]

As a nation we are prone to melancholy. It has been said of our countrymen that they take even their pleasures sadly. But this, if it be true at all, will, I hope, prove a transitory characteristic. "Merry England" was the old saying; let us hope it may become true again. We must look to the East for real melancholy. What can be sadder than the lines with which Omar Khayyam opens his quatrains:[2]

"We sojourn here for one short day or two,
And all the gain we get is grief and woe;
And then, leaving life's problems all unsolved
And harassed by regrets, we have to go;"

or the Devas' song to Prince Siddartha, in Sir Edwin Arnold's beautiful version:

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find.
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life—
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife."

If, indeed, this be true, if mortal life be so sad and full of suffering, no wonder that Nirvana—the cessation of sor-

[1] Shelley. [2] I quote from Whinfield's translation.

row—should be welcomed even at the sacrifice of consciousness.

But ought we not to place before ourselves a very different ideal—a healthier, manlier, and nobler hope?

Life is not to live merely, but to live well. There are some "who live without any design at all, and only pass in the world like straws on a river: they do not go; they are carried,"[1]—but, as Homer makes Ulysses say, "How dull it is to pause, to make an end, to rest unburnished; not to shine in use—as though to breathe were life!"

Goethe tells us that at thirty he resolved "to work out life no longer by halves, but in all its beauty and totality."

"Im Ganzen, Guten, Schonen
Resolut zu leben."

Life indeed must be measured by thought and action, not by time. It certainly may be, and ought to be, bright, interesting, and happy; for, according to the Italian proverb, "if all cannot live on the piazza, every one may feel the sun."

If we do our best; if we do not magnify trifling troubles; if we look resolutely, I do not say at the bright side of things, but at things as they really are; if we avail ourselves of the manifold blessings which surround us; we cannot but feel that life is indeed a glorious inheritance.

"More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty Love! Man is one world and hath
Another to attend him."[2]

Few of us, however, realize the wonderful privilege of living or the blessings we inherit; the glories and beauties of the Universe, which is our own if we choose to have it so; the extent to which we can make ourselves what we wish

[1] Seneca. [2] Herbert.

to be; or the power we possess of securing peace, of triumphing over pain and sorrow.

Dante pointed to the neglect of opportunities as a serious fault:

> "Man can do violence
> To himself and his own blessings, and for this
> He, in the second round, must aye deplore,
> With unavailing penitence, his crime.
> Whoe'er deprives himself of life and light
> In reckless lavishment his talent wastes,
> And sorrows then when he should dwell in joy."

Ruskin has expressed this with special allusion to the marvellous beauty of this glorious world, too often taken as a matter of course, and remembered, if at all, almost without gratitude. "Holy men," he complains, "in the recommending of the love of God to us, refer but seldom to those things in which it is most abundantly and immediately shown; though they insist much on his giving of bread, and raiment, and health (which he gives to all inferior creatures): they require us not to thank him for that glory of his works which he has permitted us alone to perceive: they tell us often to meditate in the closet, but they send us not, like Isaac, into the fields at even: they dwell on the duty of self-denial, but they exhibit not the duty of delight:" and yet, as he justly says elsewhere, "each of us, as we travel the way of life, has the choice, according to our working, of turning all the voices of Nature into one song of rejoicing; or of withering and quenching her sympathy into a fearful withdrawn silence of condemnation,—into a crying out of her stones and a shaking of her dust against us."

Must we not all admit, with Sir Henry Taylor, that "the retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities?" "Whoever enjoys not life," says Sir T. Browne, "I count him but an apparition, though he wears about him the visible affections of flesh."

St. Bernard, indeed, goes so far as to maintain that "nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."

Some heathen moralists also have taught very much the same lesson. "The gods," says Marcus Aurelius, "have put all the means in man's power to enable him not to fall into real evils. Now that which does not make a man worse, how can it make his life worse?"

Epictetus takes the same line: "If a man is unhappy, remember that his unhappiness is his own fault; for God has made all men to be happy." "I am," he elsewhere says, "always content with that which happens; for I think that what God chooses is better than what I choose." And again: "Seek not that things should happen as you wish; but wish the things which happen to be as they are, and you will have a tranquil flow of life. . . . If you wish for anything which belongs to another, you lose that which is your own."

Few, however, if any, can, I think, go as far as St. Bernard. We cannot but suffer from pain, sickness, and anxiety; from the loss, the unkindness, the faults, even the coldness of those we love. How many a day has been damped and darkened by an angry word!

Hegel is said to have calmly finished his *Phaenomenologie des Geistes* at Jena, on the 14th of October, 1806, not knowing anything whatever of the battle that was raging round him.

Matthew Arnold has suggested that we might take a lesson from the heavenly bodies.

> "Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
> Undistracted by the sights they see,
> These demand not that the things without them
> Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"Bounded by themselves, and unobservant
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

It is true that—

"A man is his own star;
Our acts our angels are
For good or ill."

and that "rather than follow a multitude to do evil" one should "stand like Pompey's Pillar, conspicuous by one's self, and single in integrity."[1] But to many this isolation would be itself most painful, for the heart is "no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them."[2]

If we separate ourselves so much from the interests of those around us that we do not sympathize with them in their sufferings, we shut ourselves out from sharing their happiness and lose far more than we gain. If we avoid sympathy and wrap ourselves round in a cold chain armor of selfishness, we exclude ourselves from many of the greatest and purest joys of life. To render ourselves insensible to pain we must forfeit also the possibility of happiness.

Moreover, much of what we call evil is really good in disguise, and we should not "quarrel rashly with adversities not yet understood, nor overlook the mercies often bound up in them."[1]

Pleasure and pain are, as Plutarch says, the nails which fasten body and soul together. Pain is a signal of danger, a very necessity of existence. But for it, but for the warnings which our feelings give us, the very blessings by which we are surrounded would soon and inevitably prove fatal.

Many of those who have not studied the question are under the impression that the more deeply-seated portions of the body must be most sensitive. The very reverse is the case.

[1] Sir T. Browne. [2] Bacon.

The skin is a continuous and ever-watchful sentinel, always on guard to give us notice of any approaching danger; while the flesh and inner organs, where pain would be without purpose, are, so long as they are in health, comparatively without sensation.

"We talk," says Helps, "of the origin of evil; . . . but what is evil? We mostly speak of sufferings and trials as good, perhaps, in their result; but we hardly admit that they may be good in themselves. Yet they are knowledge—how else to be acquired, unless by making men as gods, enabling them to understand without experience. All that men go through may be absolutely the best for them—no such thing as evil, at least in our customary meaning of the word."

Indeed, "the vale best discovereth the hill,"[1] and "pour sentir les grands biens il faut qu'il connoise les petits maux."[2]

But even if we do not seem to get all that we should wish, many will feel, as in Leigh Hunt's beautiful translation of Filicaja's sonnet, that—

"So Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
And e'en if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, and in denying grants."

Those, on the other hand, who do not accept the idea of continual interferences will rejoice in the belief that on the whole the laws of the universe work out for the general happiness.

And if it does come—

"Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free:
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end."[3]

[1] Bacon. [2] "To realize our great blessings we must be acquainted with the petty trials of life."—Rousseau. [3] Aubrey de Vere.

If, however, we cannot hope that life will be all happiness, we may at least secure a heavy balance on the right side; and even events which look like misfortune, if boldly faced, may often be turned to good.

Oftentimes, says Seneca, "calamity turns to our advantage, and great ruins make way for greater glories." Helmholtz dates his start in science to an attack of illness. This led to his acquisition of a microscope, which he was enabled to purchase owing to his having spent his autumn vacation of 1841 in the hospital, prostrated by typhoid fever; being a pupil, he was nursed without expense, and on his recovery he found himself in possession of the savings of his small resources.

"Savonarola," says Castelar, "would, under different circumstances, undoubtedly have been a good husband, a tender father; a man unknown to history, utterly powerless to print upon the sands of time and upon the human soul the deep trace which he has left; but misfortune came to visit him, to crush his heart, and to impart that marked melancholy which characterizes a soul in grief; and the grief that circled his brows with a crown of thorns was also that which wreathed them with the splendor of immortality. His hopes were centred in the woman he loved, his life was set upon the possession of her, and when her family finally rejected him, partly on account of his profession, and partly on account of his person, he believed that it was death that had come upon him when in truth it was immortality."

It is, however, impossible to deny the existence of evil, and the reason for it has long exercised the human intellect. The savage solves it by the supposition of evil spirits. The Greeks attributed the misfortunes of men in great measure to the antipathies and jealousies of gods and goddesses.

Others have imagined two divine principles, opposite and antagonistic—the one friendly, the other hostile, to men.

Freedom of action, however, seems to involve the existence of evil. If any power of selection be left us, much must depend on the choice we make. In the very nature of things two and two cannot make five. Epictetus imagines Jupiter addressing Man as follows: "If it had been possible to make your body and your property free from liability to injury, I would have done so. As this could not be, I have given you a small portion of myself."

This divine gift it is for us to use wisely. It is, in fact, our most valuable treasure. "The soul is a much better thing than all the others which you possess. Can you then show me in what way you have taken care of it? For it is not likely that you, who are so wise a man, inconsiderately and carelessly allow the most valuable thing that you possess to be neglected and to perish."[1]

Moreover, even if evil cannot be altogether avoided, it is no doubt true that not only whether the life we lead be good and useful, or evil and useless, but also whether it be happy or unhappy, is very much in our own power and depends greatly on ourselves. "Time alone relieves the foolish from sorrow, but reason the wise,"[1] and no one was ever yet made utterly miserable excepting by himself. We are, if not the masters, at any rate almost the creators of ourselves.

With most of us it is not so much great sorrows, disease, or death, but rather the little "daily dyings" which cloud over the sunshine of life. Many of our troubles are insignificant in themselves and might easily be avoided!

How happy home might generally be made but for foolish quarrels, or misunderstandings, as they are well named! It

[1] Epictetus.

is our own fault if we are querulous or ill-humored; nor need we, though this is less easy, allow ourselves to be made unhappy by the querulousness or ill-humors of others.

Much of what we suffer we have brought on ourselves, if not by actual fault, at least by ignorance or thoughtlessness. Too often we think only of the happiness of the moment, and sacrifice that of the life. Troubles comparatively seldom come to us; it is we who go to them. Many of us fritter our life away. La Bruyère says that "most men spend much of their lives in making the rest miserable;" or, as Goethe puts it:

"Careworn man has, in all ages,
Sown vanity to reap despair."

Not only do we suffer much in the anticipation of evil, as "Noah lived many years under the affliction of a flood, and Jerusalem was taken unto Jeremy before it was besieged," but we often distress ourselves greatly in the apprehension of misfortunes which after all never happen at all. We should do our best and wait calmly the result. We often hear of people breaking down from overwork, but in nine cases out of ten they are really suffering from worry or anxiety.

"Nos maux moraux," says Rousseau, "sont tous dans l'opinion, hors un seul, qui est le crime; et celui-la dépend de nous: nos maux physiques nous détruisent, ou se détruisent. Le temps, ou la mort, sont nos remèdes."[1]

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven."[2]

This, however, applies to the grown up. With children, of course, it is different. It is customary, but I think it is a mistake, to speak of happy childhood. Children are often

[1] "Our moral ills are all imaginary except one—crime; and that depends upon ourselves. Our physical ills either destroy us or are self-destructive. Time or death are our remedies." [2] Shakespeare.

over-anxious and acutely sensitive. Man ought to be man and master of his fate; but children are at the mercy of those around them. Mr. Rarey, the great horse-tamer, has told us that he has known an angry word raise the pulse of a horse ten beats in a minute. Think, then, how it must affect a child!

It is small blame to the young if they are over-anxious; but it is a danger to be striven against. "The terrors of the storm are chiefly felt in the parlor or the cabin."[1]

To save ourselves from imaginary, or at any rate problematical, evils, we often incur real suffering. "The man," said Epicurus, "who is not content with little is content with nothing." How often do we "labor for that which satisfieth not." More than we use is more than we need, and only a burden to the bearer.[2] We most of us give ourselves an immense amount of useless trouble; encumber ourselves, as it were, on the journey of life with a dead weight of unnecessary baggage; and as "a man maketh his train longer, he makes his wings shorter."[3] In that delightful fairy tale, "Through the Looking-Glass," the White Knight is described as having loaded himself, on starting for a journey, with a variety of odds and ends, including a mousetrap, lest he should be troubled by mice at night, and a beehive in case he came across a swarm of bees.

Hearne, in his "Journey to the Mouth of the Coppermine River," tells us that a few days after starting on his expedition he met a party of Indians who annexed a great deal of his property, and all Hearne says is, "The weight of our baggage being so much lightened, our next day's journey was much pleasanter." I ought, however, to add that the Indians

[1] Emerson. [2] Seneca. [3] Bacon.

broke up the philosophical instruments, which, no doubt, were rather an encumbrance.

When troubles do come, Marcus Aurelius wisely tells us to "remember on every occasion which leads thee to vexation to apply this principle, that this is not a misfortune, but that to bear it nobly is good fortune."

Our own anger indeed does us more harm than the thing which makes us angry; and we suffer much more from the anger and vexation which we allow acts to rouse in us than we do from the acts themselves at which we are angry and vexed. How much most people, for instance, allow themselves to be distracted and disturbed by quarrels and family disputes. Yet in nine cases out of ten one ought not to suffer from being found fault with. If the condemnation is just, it should be welcome as a warning; if it is undeserved, why should we allow it to distress us?

Moreover, if misfortunes happen, we do but make them worse by grieving over them.

"I must die," again says Epictetus. "But must I then die sorrowing? I must be put in chains. Must I then also lament? I must go into exile. Can I be prevented from going with cheerfulness and contentment? But I will put you in prison. Man, what are you saying? You may put my body in prison, but my mind not even Zeus himself can overpower."

If, indeed, we cannot be happy, the fault is generally in ourselves. Socrates lived under the Thirty Tyrants. Epictetus was a poor slave, and yet how much we owe him!

"How is it possible," he says, "that a man who has nothing, who is naked, houseless, without a hearth, squalid, without a slave, without a city, can pass a life that flows easily? See, God has sent you a man to show you that it is possible.

Look at me, who am without a city, without a house, without possessions, without a slave; I sleep on the ground; I have no wife, no children, no prætorium, but only the earth and heavens and one poor cloak. And what do I want? Am I not without sorrow? Am I not without fear? Am I not free? When did any of you see me failing in the object of my desire? or ever falling into that which I would avoid? Did I ever blame God or man? Did I ever accuse any man? Did any of you ever see me with a sorrowful countenance? And how do I meet with those whom you are afraid of and admire? Do not I treat them like slaves? Who, when he sees me, does not think that he sees his king and master?"

Think how much we have to be thankful for. Few of us appreciate the number of our everyday blessings; we look on them as trifles, and yet "trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle," as Michael Angelo said. We forget them because they are always with us; and yet for each of us, as Mr. Pater well observes, "these simple gifts, and others equally trivial, bread and wine, fruit and milk, might regain that poetic and, as it were, moral significance which surely belongs to all the means of our daily life could we but break through the veil of our familiarity with things by no means vulgar in themselves."

"Let not," says Isaak Walton, "the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value or not praise him because they be common; let us not forget to praise him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers and meadows and flowers and fountains; and this and many other like blessings we enjoy daily."

Contentment, we have been told by Epicurus, consists not in great wealth, but in few wants. In this fortunate country,

however, we may have many wants, and yet, if they are only reasonable, we may gratify them all.

Nature indeed provides without stint the main requisites of human happiness. "To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray,"—these, says Ruskin, "are the things that make men happy."

"I have fallen into the hands of thieves," says Jeremy Taylor; "what then? They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance and my cheerful spirit and a good conscience. . . . And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness who loses all these pleasures and chooses to sit down on his little handful of thorns."

"When a man has such things to think on, and sees the sun, the moon, and stars, and enjoys earth and sea, he is not solitary or even helpless."[1]

"Paradise indeed might," as Luther said, "apply to the whole world." What more is there we could ask for ourselves? "Every sort of beauty," says Mr. Greg,[2] "has been lavished on our allotted home; beauties to enrapture every sense, beauties to satisfy every taste; forms the noblest and the loveliest, colors the most gorgeous and the most delicate, odors the sweetest and subtlest, harmonies the most soothing and the most stirring: the sunny glories of the day; the pale Elysian grace of moonlight; the lake, the mountain, the primeval forest, and the boundless ocean; 'silent pinnacles of aged snow' in one hemisphere, the marvels of tropical luxuriance in another; the serenity of sunsets; the sublimity of

[1] Epictetus. [2] 'The Enigmas of Life.'

storms; everything is bestowed in boundless profusion on the scene of our existence; we can conceive or desire nothing more exquisite or perfect than what is round us every hour; and our perceptions are so framed as to be consciously alive to all. The provision made for our sensuous enjoyment is in overflowing abundance; so is that for the other elements of our complex nature. Who that has revelled in the opening ecstacies of a young imagination, or the rich marvels of the world of thought, does not confess that the intelligence has been dowered at least with as profuse a beneficence as the senses? Who that has truly tasted and fathomed human love in its dawning and crowning joys has not thanked God for a felicity which indeed 'passeth understanding?' If we had set our fancy to picture a Creator occupied solely in devising delight for children whom he loved, we could not conceive one single element of bliss which is not here."

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS

LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE LONDON WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE IN 1887

"All round the room my silent servants wait—
My friends in every season, bright and dim,
Angels and Seraphim
Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,
And spirits of the skies all come and go
Early and late." —Proctor.

AND yet too often they wait in vain. One reason for this is, I think, that people are overwhelmed by the crowd of books offered to them.

In old days books were rare and dear. Now, on the contrary, it may be said with greater truth than ever that—

"Words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."[1]

[1] Byron.

Our ancestors had a difficulty in procuring them. Our difficulty now is what to select. We must be careful what we read, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take bags of wind for sacks of treasure,—not only lest we should even now fall into the error of the Greeks, and suppose that language and definitions can be instruments of investigation as well as of thought, but lest, as too often happens, we should waste time over trash. There are many books to which one may apply, in the sarcastic sense, the ambiguous remark which Lord Beaconsfield made to an unfortunate author, "I will lose no time in reading your book."

There are, indeed, books and books; and there are books which, as Lamb said, are not books at all. It is wonderful how much innocent happiness we thoughtlessly throw away. An Eastern proverb says that calamities sent by heaven may be avoided, but from those we bring on ourselves there is no escape.

Many, I believe, are deterred from attempting what are called stiff books for fear they should not understand them; but there are few who need complain of the narrowness of their minds if only they would do their best with them.

In reading, however, it is most important to select subjects in which one is interested. I remember, years ago, consulting Mr. Darwin as to the selection of a course of study. He asked me what interested me most, and advised me to choose that subject. This, indeed, applies to the work of life generally.

I am sometimes disposed to think that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers and doctors, shopkeepers and manufacturers, but the laborers and mechanics. Does not this seem natural? The former work mainly with their head; when their daily duties are over the brain

is often exhausted, and of their leisure time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The laborer and mechanic, on the contrary, besides working often for much shorter hours, have in their work-time taken sufficient bodily exercise and could therefore give any leisure they might have to reading and study. They have not done so as yet, it is true; but this has been for obvious reasons. Now, however, in the first place, they receive an excellent education in elementary schools, and in the second have more easy access to the best books.

Ruskin has observed that he does not wonder at what men suffer, but he often wonders at what they lose. We suffer much, no doubt, from the faults of others, but we lose much more by our own ignorance.

"If," says Sir John Herschel, "I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books."

It is one thing to own a library; it is quite another to use it wisely. I have often been astonished how little care people devote to the selection of what they read. Books, we know, are almost innumerable; our hours for reading are, alas! very few.

And yet many people read almost by hazard. They will take any book they chance to find in a room at a friend's house; they will buy a novel at a railway stall if it has an attractive title; indeed, I believe in some cases even the binding affects their choice. The selection is, no doubt, far from easy. I have often wished some one would recommend a list of a hundred good books. If we had such lists drawn up by a few good guides they would be most useful. I have indeed sometimes heard it said that in reading every one must choose for himself, but this reminds me of the recommendation not to go into the water till you can swim.

In the absence of such lists I have picked out the books most frequently mentioned with approval by those who have referred directly or indirectly to the pleasure of reading, and have ventured to include some which, though less frequently mentioned, are especial favorites of my own. Every one who looks at the list will wish to suggest other books, as indeed I should myself, but in that case the number would soon run up.[1]

I have abstained, for obvious reasons, from mentioning works by living authors, though from many of them—Tennyson, Ruskin, and others—I have myself derived the keenest enjoyment; and I have omitted works on science, with one or two exceptions, because the subject is so progressive.

I feel that the attempt is over-bold, and I must beg for indulgence, while hoping for criticism; indeed one object which I have had in view is to stimulate others more competent far than I am to give us the advantage of their opinions.

[1] Several longer lists have been given; for instance, by Comte, "Catechism of Positive Philosophy;" Pycroft, "Course of English Reading;" Baldwin, "The Book Lover;" Perkins, "The Best Reading;" and by Mr Ireland, "Books for General Readers."

Moreover, I must repeat that I suggest these works rather as those which, as far as I have seen, have been most frequently recommended, than as suggestions of my own, though I have slipped in a few of my own special favorites.

In any such selection much weight should, I think, be attached to the general verdict of mankind. There is a "struggle for existence" and a "survival of the fittest" among books, as well as among animals and plants. As Alonzo of Aragon said, "Age is a recommendation in four things—old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old books to read."

Still, this cannot be accepted without important qualifications. The most recent books of history and science contain, or ought to contain, the most accurate information and the most trustworthy conclusions. Moreover, while the books of other races and times have an interest from their very distance, it must be admitted that many will still more enjoy, and feel more at home with, those of our own century and people.

Yet the oldest books of the world are remarkable and interesting on account of their very age; and the works which have influenced the opinions or charmed the leisure hours of millions of men in distant times and far-away regions are well worth reading on that very account, even if to us they seem scarcely to deserve their reputation. It is true that, to many, such works are accessible only in translations; but translations, though they can never perhaps do justice to the original, may yet be admirable in themselves. The Bible itself, which must stand first in the list, is a conclusive case.

At the head of all non-Christian moralists, I must place the "Enchiridion" of Epictetus and the "Meditations" of

Marcus Aurelius, certainly two of the noblest books in the whole of literature; and which, moreover, have both been admirably translated. The "Analects" of Confucius will, I believe, prove disappointing to most English readers, but the effect it has produced on the most numerous race of men constitutes in itself a peculiar interest. The "Ethics" of Aristotle, perhaps, appear to some disadvantage from the very fact that they have so profoundly influenced our views of morality. The "Koran," like the "Analects" of Confucius, will to most of us derive its principal interest from the effect it has exercised, and still exercises, on so many millions of our fellow men. I doubt whether in any other respect it will seem to repay perusal, and to most persons probably certain extracts, not too numerous, would appear sufficient.

The writings of the Apostolic Fathers have been collected in one volume by Wake. It is but a small one, and though I must humbly confess that I was disappointed they are perhaps all the more curious from the contrast they afford to those of the Apostles themselves. Of the later Fathers I have included only the "Confessions" of St. Augustine, which Dr. Pusey selected for the commencement of the "Library of the Fathers," and which, as he observes, has "been translated again and again into almost every European language, and in all loved;" though Luther was of opinion that St. Augustine "wrote nothing to the purpose concerning faith." But then Luther was no great admirer of the Fathers. St. Jerome, he says, "writes, alas! very coldly;" Chrysostom "digresses from the chief points;" St. Jerome is "very poor;" and in fact, he says, "the more I read the books of the Fathers the more I find myself offended;" while Renan, in his interesting autobiography,

compared theology to a Gothic cathedral, "Elle a la grandeur, les vides immenses, et le peu de solidité."[1]

Among other devotional works most frequently recommended are Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," Pascal's "Pensées," Spinoza's "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus," Butler's "Analogy of Religion," Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and last, not least, Keble's beautiful "Christian Year."

Aristotle and Plato stand at the head of another class. The "Politics" of Aristotle, and Plato's "Dialogues," if not the whole, at any rate the "Phædo," the "Apology," and the "Republic," will be of course read by all who wish to know anything of the history of human thought, though I am heretical enough to doubt whether the latter repays the minute and laborious study often devoted to it.

Aristotle being the father if not the creator of the modern scientific method, it has followed naturally—indeed, almost inevitably—that his principles have become part of our very intellectual being, so that they seem now almost self-evident, while his actual observations, though very remarkable—as, for instance, when he observes that bees on one journey confine themselves to one kind of flower—still have been in many cases superseded by others carried on under more favorable conditions. We must not be ungrateful to the great master, because his own lessons have taught us how to advance.

Plato, on the other hand,—I say so with all respect,—seems to me in some cases to play on words: his arguments are very able, very philosophical, often very noble, but not always conclusive; in a language differently constructed they

[1] "It has the same grandeur, the same vast spaces, and the same lack of solidity."

might sometimes tell in exactly the opposite sense. If this method has proved less fruitful, if in metaphysics we have made but little advance, that very fact in one point of view leaves the "Dialogues" of Socrates as instructive now as ever they were; while the problems with which they deal will always rouse our interest, as the calm and lofty spirit which inspires them must command our admiration. Of the "Apology" and the "Phædo" especially it would be impossible to speak too gratefully.

I would also mention Demosthenes's "De Corona," which Lord Brougham pronounced the greatest oration of the greatest of orators; Lucretius, Plutarch's Lives, Horace, and at least the "De Officiis," "De Amicitia," and "De Senectute" of Cicero.

The great epics of the world have always constituted one of the most popular branches of literature. Yet how few, comparatively, ever read Homer or Virgil after leaving school.

The "Nibelungenlied," our great Anglo-Saxon epic, is perhaps too much neglected, no doubt on account of its painful character. Brunhild and Kriemhild, indeed, are far from perfect, but we meet with few such "live" women in Greek or Roman literature. Nor must I omit to mention Sir T. Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," though I confess I do so mainly in deference to the judgment of others.

Among the Greek tragedians I include Æschylus, if not all his works, at any rate "Prometheus," perhaps the sublimest poem in Greek literature, and the "Trilogy" (Mr. Symonds, in his "Greek Poets," speaks of the "unrivalled majesty" of the "Agamemnon," and Mark Pattison considered it "the grandest work of creative genius in the whole range of literature"), or, as Sir M. E. Grant

Duff recommends, the "Persæ;" Sophocles ("Œdipus Tyrannus"), Euripides ("Medea"), and Aristophanes ("The Knights" and "Clouds"); unfortunately, as Schlegel says, probably even the greatest scholar does not understand half his jokes; and I think most modern readers will prefer our modern poets.

I should like, moreover, to say a word for Eastern poetry, such as portions of the "Maha Bharata" and "Ramayana" (too long probably to be read through, but of which Talboys Wheeler has given a most interesting epitome in the first two volumes of his "History of India"); the "Shah-nameh," the work of the great Persian poet Firdusi; Kalidasa's "Sakuntala," and the "Sheking," the classical collection of ancient Chinese odes. Many, I know, will think I ought to have included Omar Khayyam.

In history we are beginning to feel that the vices and vicissitudes of kings and queens, the dates of battles and wars, are far less important than the development of human thought, the progress of art, of science, and of law; and the subject is on that very account even more interesting than ever. I will, however, only mention, and that rather from a literary than a historical point of view, Herodotus, Xenophon (the "Anabasis"), Thucydides, and Tacitus ("Germania"); and of modern historians, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" ("the splendid bridge from the Old World to the New"), Hume's "History of England," Carlyle's "French Revolution," Grote's "History of Greece," and Green's "Short History of the English People."

Science is so rapidly progressive that, though to many minds it is the most fruitful and interesting subject of all, I cannot here rest on that agreement which, rather than my own opinion, I take as the basis of my list. I will there-

fore only mention Bacon's "Novum Organum," Mill's "Logic," and Darwin's "Origin of Species;" in political economy, which some of our rulers do not now sufficiently value, Mill, and parts of Smith's "Wealth of Nations," for probably those who do not intend to make a special study of political economy would scarcely read the whole.

Among voyages and travels, perhaps those most frequently suggested are Cook's "Voyages," Humboldt's "Travels," and Darwin's "Naturalist's Journal," though I confess I should like to have added many more.

Mr. Bright not long ago specially recommended the less-known American poets, but he probably assumed that every one would have read Shakespeare, Milton ("Paradise Lost," "Lycidas," "Comus," and minor poems), Chaucer, Dante, Spenser, Dryden, Scott, Wordsworth, Pope, Byron, and others, before embarking on more doubtful adventures.

Among other books most frequently recommended are Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," White's "Natural History of Selborne," Burke's Select Works (Payne), the Essays of Bacon, Addison, Hume, Montaigne, Macaulay, and Emerson, Carlyle's "Past and Present," Smiles's "Self-Help," and Goethe's "Faust" and "Autobiography."

Nor can one go wrong in recommending Berkeley's "Human Knowledge," Descartes's "Discours sur la Methode," Locke's "Conduct of the Understanding," Lewes's "History of Philosophy;" while, in order to keep within the number of one hundred, I can only mention Molière and Sheridan among dramatists. Macaulay considered Marivaux's "La Vie de Marianne" the best novel in any language, but my number is so nearly complete that I must content myself with English: and will suggest Thackeray ("Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis"), Dickens ("Pickwick" and "David Copperfield"), George Eliot ("Adam Bede" or "The Mill on the Floss"), Kingsley ("Westward Ho!"), Lytton ("Last Days of Pompeii"), and last, not least, those of Scott, which indeed constitute a library in themselves, but which I must ask, in return for my trouble, to be allowed, as a special favor, to count as one.

To any lover of books the very mention of these names brings back a crowd of delicious memories, grateful recollections of peaceful home-hours after the labors and anxieties of the day. How thankful we ought to be for these inestimable blessings, for this numberless host of friends who never weary, betray, or forsake us!

LIST OF 100 BOOKS

Works by Living Authors are omitted

The Bible.
The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.
Epictetus.
Aristotle's Ethics.
Analects of Confucius.
St. Hilaire's "Le Bouddha et sa religion."
Wake's Apostolic Fathers.
Thos. à Kempis's Imitation of Christ.
Confessions of St. Augustine (Dr. Pusey).
The Koran (portions).
Spinoza's Tractatus Theologico-Politicus.
Pascal's Pensées.
Butler's Analogy of Religion.
Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.
Keble's Christian Year.

Plato's Dialogues; at any rate, the Apology, Crito, and Phædo.
Xenophon's Memorabilia.
Aristotle's Politics.
Demosthenes's De Coronâ.
Cicero's De Officiis, De Amicitiâ, and De Senectute.
Plutarch's Lives.
Berkeley's Human Knowledge.
Descartes's Discours sur la Méthode.
Locke's On the Conduct of the Understanding.

Homer.
Hesiod.
Virgil.
Maha Bharata. } Epitomized in Talboys Wheeler's History of India, vols. i and ii.
Ramayana. }
The Shahnameh.
The Nibelungenlied.
Malory's Morte d'Arthur.

LIST OF 100 BOOKS.—(*Continued.*)

The Sheking.
Kalidasa's Sakuntala or the Lost Ring.
Æschylus's Prometheus.
Triology of Orestes.
Sophocles's Œdipus.
Euripides's Medea.
Aristophanes's The Knights and Clouds.
Horace.

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales (perhaps in Morris's edition; or, if expurgated, in C. Clarke's, or Mrs. Haweis's).
Shakespeare.
Milton's Paradise Lost, Lycidas, Comus, and the shorter poems.
Dante's Divina Commedia.
Spenser's Fairie Queen.
Dryden's Poems.
Scott's Poems.
Wordsworth (Mr. Arnold's selection).
Pope's Essay on Criticism.
Essay on Man.
Rape of the Lock.
Burns.
Byron's Childe Harold.
Gray.
Tennyson.

Herodotus.
Xenophon's Anabasis and Memorabilia.
Thucydides.
Tacitus's Germania.
Livy.
Gibbon's Decline and Fall.
Hume's History of England.
Grote's History of Greece.
Carlyle's French Revolution.
Green's Short History of England.
Lewes's History of Philosophy.

Arabian Nights.
Swift's Gulliver's Travels.
Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
Cervantes's Don Quixote.
Boswell's Life of Johnson.
Molière.
Schiller's William Tell.
Sheridan's The Critic, School for Scandal, and The Rivals.
Carlyle's Past and Present.

Bacon's Novum Organum.
Smith's Wealth of Nations (part of).
Mill's Political Economy.
Cook's Voyages.
Humboldt's Travels.
White's Natural History of Selborne.
Darwin's Origin of Species.
Naturalist's Voyage.
Mill's Logic.

Bacon's Essays.
Montaigne's Essays.
Hume's Essays.
Macaulay's Essays.
Addison's Essays.
Emerson's Essays.
Burke's Select Works.
Smiles's Self-Help.

Voltaire's Zadig and Micromegas.
Goethe's Faust, and Autobiography.
Thackeray's Vanity Fair.
Pendennis.
Dickens's Pickwick.
Dickens's David Copperfield.
Lytton's Last Days of Pompeii.
George Eliot's Adam Bede.
Kingsley's Westward Ho!
Scott's Novels.

THE BLESSING OF FRIENDS

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE LONDON WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE

"They seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from life; for we have received nothing better from the Immortal Gods, nothing more delightful."—Cicero.

MOST of those who have written in praise of books have thought they could say nothing more conclusive than to compare them to friends.

All men, said Socrates, have their different objects of ambition—horses, dogs, money, honor, as the case may be; but for his own part he would rather have a good friend than all these put together. And again, men know "the number of their other possessions, although they might be very numerous, but of their friends, though but few, they were not only ignorant of the number, but even when they attempted to reckon it to such as asked them they set aside again some that they had previously counted among their friends; so little did they allow their friends to occupy their thoughts. Yet in comparison with what possession, of all others, would not a good friend appear far more valuable?"

"As to the value of other things," says Cicero, "most men differ; concerning friendship all have the same opinion. What can be more foolish than, when men are possessed of great influence by their wealth, power, and resources, to procure other things which are bought by money—horses, slaves, rich apparel, costly vases—and not to procure friends, the most valuable and fairest furniture of life?" And yet, he continues, "every man can tell how many goats or sheep he possesses, but not how many friends." In the choice,

moreover, of a dog or of a horse, we exercise the greatest care: we inquire into its pedigree, its training and character, and yet we too often leave the selection of our friends, which is of infinitely greater importance—by whom our whole life will be more or less influenced either for good or evil—almost to chance.

It is no doubt true, as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" says, that all men are bores except when we want them. And Sir Thomas Browne quaintly observes that "unthinking heads who have not learned to be alone are a prison to themselves if they be not with others; whereas, on the contrary, those whose thoughts are in a fair and hurry within are sometimes fain to retire into company to be out of the crowd of themselves."

Still I do not quite understand Emerson's idea that "men descend to meet." In another place, indeed, he qualifies the statement, and says, "Almost all people descend to meet." Even so I should venture to question it, especially considering the context. "All association," he adds, "must be a compromise, and, what is worse, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other."

What a sad thought! Is it really so? Need it be so? And if it were, would friends be any real advantage? I should have thought that the influence of friends was exactly the reverse: that the flower of a beautiful nature would expand, and the colors grow brighter, when stimulated by the warmth and sunshine of friendship.

It has been said that it is wise always to treat a friend remembering that he may become an enemy, and an enemy remembering that he may become a friend; and whatever may be thought of the first part of the adage there is certainly much wisdom in the latter. Many people seem to take more pains and more pleasure in making enemies than in making friends. Plutarch, indeed, quotes with approbation the advice of Pythagoras "not to shake hands with too many," but as long as friends are well chosen it is true rather that—

> "He who has a thousand friends
> Has never a one to spare,
> And he who has one enemy
> Will meet him everywhere,"—

—and unfortunately, while there are few great friends there is no little enemy.

I guard myself, however, by saying again "as long as they are well chosen." One is thrown in life with a great many people who, though not actively bad, though they may not wilfully lead us astray, yet take no pains with themselves, neglect their own minds, and direct the conversation to petty puerilities or mere gossip; who do not seem to realize that conversation may by a little effort be made instructive and delightful without being in any way pedantic, or, on the other hand, may be allowed to drift into a mere morass of muddy thought and weedy words.

There are few from whom we may not learn something, if only they will trouble themselves to tell us. Nay, even if they teach us nothing, they may help us by the stimulus of intelligent questions or the warmth of sympathy. But if they do neither, then indeed their companionship, if companionship it can be called, is mere waste of time, and of such we may well say, "I do desire that we be better strangers."

Much, certainly, of the happiness and purity of our lives depends on our making a wise choice of our companions and

friends. If badly chosen they will inevitably drag us down; if well, they will raise us up.

Yet many people seem to trust in this matter to the chapter of accident. It is well and right, indeed, to be courteous and considerate to every one with whom we are brought into contact, but to choose them as real friends is another matter. Some seem to make a man a friend, or try to do so, because he lives near, because he is in the same business, travels on the same line of railway, or for some other trivial reason. There cannot be a greater mistake. These are only, in the words of Plutarch, "the idols and images of friendship."

To be friendly with every one is another matter; we must remember that there is no little enemy, and those who have ever really loved any one will have some tenderness for all. There is indeed some good in most men. "I have heard much," says Mr. Nasmyth in his charming autobiography, "about the ingratitude and selfishness of the world. It may have been my good fortune, but I have never experienced either of these unfeeling conditions." Such also has been my own experience.

"Men talk of unkind hearts, kind deeds
With coldness still returning.
Alas! the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning."

I cannot, then, agree with Emerson that "we walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart that elsewhere in other regions of the universal power souls are now acting, enduring, and daring, which can love us, and which we can love."

No doubt, much as worthy friends add to the happiness

and value of life, we must in the main depend on ourselves, and every one is his own best friend or worst enemy.

Sad, indeed, is Bacon's assertion that "there is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals, which was wont to be magnified. That that is, is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend the one to the other." But this can hardly be taken as his deliberate opinion, for he elsewhere says, "But we may go farther, and affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness." Not only, he adds, does friendship introduce "daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts;" it "maketh a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests:" in consultation with a friend a man "tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. . . . But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth, for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love."

With this last assertion I cannot altogether concur. Surely even strangers may be most interesting! and many will agree with Dr. Johnson when, describing a pleasant evening, he summed it up—"Sir, we had a good talk."

Epictetus gives excellent advice when he dissuades from conversation on the very subjects most commonly chosen, and advises that it should be on "none of the common subjects—not about gladiators, nor horse-races, nor about athletes, nor about eating or drinking, which are the usual subjects; and especially not about men, as blaming them," but

when he adds, "or praising them," the injunction seems to me of doubtful value. Surely Marcus Aurelius more wisely advises that "when thou wishest to delight thyself, think of the virtues of those who live with thee; for instance, the activity of one, and the modesty of another, and the liberality of a third, and some other good quality of a fourth. For nothing delights so much as the examples of the virtues, when they are exhibited in the morals of those who live with us and present themselves in abundance, as far as is possible. Wherefore we must keep them before us." Yet how often we know merely the sight of those we call our friends, or the sound of their voices, but nothing whatever of their mind or soul.

We must, moreover, be as careful to keep friends as to make them. If every one knew what one said of the other, Pascal assures us that "there would not be four friends in the world." This I hope and think is too strong, but at any rate try to be one of the four. And when you have made a friend, keep him. "Hast thou a friend," says an Eastern proverb, "visit him often, for thorns and brushwood obstruct the road which no one treads." The affections should not be mere "tents of a night."

Still less does friendship confer any privilege to make ourselves disagreeable. Some people never seem to appreciate their friends till they have lost them. Anaxagoras described the Mausoleum as the ghost of wealth turned into stone.

"But he who has once stood beside the grave to look back on the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent then are the wild love and the keen sorrow to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour

of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust."[1]

Death, indeed, cannot sever friendship. "Friends," says Cicero, "though absent, are still present; though in poverty they are rich; though weak, yet in the enjoyment of health; and, what is still more difficult to assert, though dead they are alive." This seems a paradox, yet is there not much truth in his explanation?

"To me, indeed, Scipio still lives and will always live; for I love the virtue of that man, and that worth is not yet extinguished. . . . Assuredly of all things that either fortune or time has bestowed on me I have none which I can compare with the friendship of Scipio."

If, then, we choose our friends for what they are, not for what they have, and if we deserve so great a blessing, then they will be always with us, preserved in absence, and even after death, in the "amber of memory."

[1] Ruskin.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON, a celebrated English Baptist preacher, the son of an Independent minister, was born at Kelvedon, Essex, June 19, 1834, and died at Mentone, France, Jan. 31, 1892. After a few years schooling at Colchester and at an agricultural college at Maidstone, he became in 1849 usher in a school at Newmarket. The next year he united with a Baptist congregation, and at sixteen preached his first sermon in a cottage near Cambridge. He met with almost instant success, and in 1852 was called to be pastor of a Baptist congregation at Waterbeach. In 1854, he accepted the pastorate of a Baptist society in New Park Street, Southwark, London, and within a short time the chapel, which had heretofore been but poorly attended, proved far too small to accommodate the throngs who flocked to hear him. During its enlargement, the youthful preacher held forth at Exeter Hall, having now become, at twenty-two, the most popular preacher of his day. In 1861, the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, a building seating six thousand persons, was erected for the use of his congregation, and of this Mr. Spurgeon continued pastor until his death. In 1864, he engaged in a controversy with the Evangelical party in the Established Church on the subject of baptismal regeneration, several hundred thousand copies of his sermon on this occasion being circulated. A strong Calvinist, Spurgeon was not always and in some essentials not at all, in sympathy with many of his own denomination and in 1887 he withdrew from the Baptist body. In his earlier career his preaching was more or less sensational in character and aimed at oratorical effect, but as years passed his eccentricities and mannerisms were modified without the loss of any of his original earnestness. His natural gifts for public oratory were great, and he possessed a clear and sympathetic voice. In the later years of his ministry, the value of his work came to be generally recognized, and a cordial feeling sprang up between him and a number of prominent Anglican churchmen. Mr. Spurgeon wielded no small share of political influence, and his custom of alluding from the pulpit to the leading events of the day made him at times a power to be considered. After 1855, his sermons were issued weekly, in a publication known as "Sword and Trowel," their circulation being enormous, and some of his volumes of discourses were translated into the chief European languages. The more important of his many published books include: "The Saint and His Saviour" (1857); "Morning by Morning" (1866); "Commentary on the Psalms" (1865–70); "John Ploughman's Talk" (1869); "Readings for the Closet" (1869); "The Treasury of David" (1870–85); "Lectures to My Students" (1875–77); "John Ploughman's Pictures" (1880); "My Sermon Notes" (1884–87); "Storm Signals" (1885); "All of a Grace" (1886); "According to Promise" (1887); "The Messiah" (1898); and "Autobiography" (1898–99). Two of Mr. Spurgeon's enterprises have been of incalculable good, viz., his "Pastors' College" (opened in 1855 and rebuilt in 1874), which has already trained 500 ministers, and "The Stockwell Orphanage" (opened in 1869), which has received and educated close upon 1,000 orphans.

CONDESCENSION OF CHRIST

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."—2 Cor. viii. 9.

THE Apostle, in this chapter, was endeavoring to stir up the Corinthians to liberality. He desired them to contribute something for those who were the poor of the flock, that he might be able to minister to their necessities. He tells them that the churches of Macedonia, though very much poorer than the church at Corinth, had done even beyond their means for the relief of the Lord's family, and he exhorts the Corinthians to do the same. But, suddenly recollecting that examples taken from inferiors seldom have a powerful effect, he lays aside his argument drawn from the church of Macedonia, and he holds before them a reason for liberality which the hardest heart can scarcely resist, if once that reason be applied by the Spirit.

"My brethren," said he, "there is One above, by whom you hope you have been saved; one whom you call Master and Lord: now, if you will but imitate him, you cannot be ungenerous or illiberal. For, my brethren, I tell you a thing which is an old thing with you and an undisputed truth—'For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.' Let this constrain you to benevolence." O Christian, whenever thou art inclined to an avaricious withholding from the church of God, think of thy Saviour giving up all that he had to serve thee; and canst thou then, when thou beholdest self-denial so noble,

power to say to all things, "Be," and they should be. Herein, then, lay his riches; this creating power was one of the brightest jewels of his crown.

We call men rich, too, who have honor, and though men have never so much wealth, yet if they be in disgrace and shame they must not reckon themselves among the rich. But our Lord Jesus had honor, honor such as none but a divine being could receive. When he sat upon his throne, before he relinquished the glorious mantle of his sovereignty to become a man, all earth was filled with his glory. He could look both beneath and all around him, and the inscription, "Glory be unto God," was written over all space; day and night the smoking incense of praise ascended before him from golden vials held by spirits who bowed in reverence; the harps of myriads of cherubim and seraphim continually thrilled with his praise, and the voices of all those mighty hosts were ever eloquent in adoration.

It may be that on set days the princes from the far-off realms, the kings, the mighty ones of his boundless realms, came to the court of Christ and brought each his annual revenue. Oh, who can tell but that in the vast eternity, at certain grand eras, the great bell was rung, and all the mighty hosts that were created gathered together in solemn review before his throne? Who can tell the high holiday that was kept in the court of heaven when these bright spirits bowed before his throne in joy and gladness, and, all united, raised their voices in shouts and hallelujahs such as mortal ear hath never heard?

Oh, can ye tell the depths of the rivers of praise that flowed hard by the city of God? Can ye imagine to yourselves the sweetness of that harmony that perpetually poured into the ear of Jesus, Messias, King, Eternal, equal with God his

Father? No; at the thought of the glory of his kingdom, and the riches and majesty of his power, our souls are spent within us, our words fail, we cannot utter the tithe of his glories.

Nor was he poor in any other sense. He that hath wealth on earth, and honor too, is poor if he hath not love. I would rather be the pauper, dependent upon charity, and have love, than I would be the prince, despised and hated, whose death is looked for as a boon. Without love man is poor—give him all the diamonds, and pearls, and gold that mortal hath conceived.

But Jesus was not poor in love. When he came to earth, he did not come to get our love because his soul was solitary. Oh no, his Father had a full delight in him from all eternity. The heart of Jehovah, the first person of the Sacred Trinity, was divinely, immutably linked to him; he was beloved of the Father and of the Holy Spirit; the three persons took a sacred complacency and delight in each other. And besides that, how was he loved by those bright spirits who had not fallen! I cannot tell what countless orders and creatures there are created who still stand fast in obedience to God. It is not possible for us to know whether there are, or not, as many races of created beings as we know there are created men on earth.

We cannot tell but that in the boundless regions of space there are worlds inhabited by beings infinitely superior to us; but certain it is, there were the holy angels, and they loved our Saviour; they stood day and night with wings outstretched, waiting for his commands, hearkening to the voice of his word; and when he bade them fly there was love in their countenance and joy in their hearts.

They loved to serve him, and it is not all fiction that when

there was war in heaven, and when God cast out the devil and his legions, then the elect angels showed their love to him, being valiant in fight and strong in power. He wanted not our love to make him happy, he was rich enough in love without us.

Now, though a spirit from the upper world should come to tell you of the riches of Jesus he could not do it. Gabriel, in thy flights thou hast mounted higher than my imagination dares to follow thee, but thou hast never gained the summit of the throne of God.

"Dark with insufferable light thy skirts appear."

Jesus, who is he that could look upon the brow of thy Majesty, who is he that could comprehend the strength of the arm of thy might? Thou art God, thou art infinite, and we poor finite things are lost in thee. The insect of an hour cannot comprehend thyself. We bow before thee, we adore thee; thou art God over all, blessed forever. But as for the comprehension of thy boundless riches, as for being able to tell thy treasures or to reckon up thy wealth, that were impossible. All we know is that the wealth of God, that the treasures of the infinite, that the riches of eternity, were all thine own: thou wast rich beyond all thought.

The Lord Jesus Christ, then, was rich. We all believe that, though none of us can truly speak it forth. Oh, how surprised angels were when they were first informed that Jesus Christ, the Prince of Light and Majesty, intended to shroud himself in clay and become a babe, and live and die! We know not how it was first mentioned to the angels, but when the rumor first began to get afloat among the sacred hosts you may imagine what strange wonderment there was.

What! was it true that he whose crown was all bedight with

stars would lay that crown aside? What! was it certain that he about whose shoulders was cast the purple of the universe would become a man dressed in a peasant's garment? Could it be true that he who was everlasting and immortal would one day be nailed to a cross? Oh, how their wonderment increased! They desired to look into it. And when he descended from on high they followed him; for Jesus was "seen of angels," and seen in a special sense, for they looked upon him in rapturous amazement, wondering what it all could mean. "He for our sakes became poor." Do you see him as on that day of heaven's eclipse he did ungird his majesty? Oh, can ye conceive the yet increasing wonder of the heavenly hosts when the deed was actually done, when they saw the tiara taken off, when they saw him unbind his girdle of stars and cast away his sandals of gold? Can ye conceive it when he said to them, "I do not disdain the womb of the virgin; I am going down to earth to become a man?"

Can ye picture them as they declared they would follow him! Yes, they followed him as near as the world would permit them. And when they came to earth they began to sing, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." Nor would they go away till they had made the shepherds wonder, and till heaven had hung out new stars in honor of the new-born King.

And now wonder, ye angels, the Infinite has become an infant; he, upon whose shoulders the universe doth hang, hangs at his mother's breast; he who created all things and bears up the pillars of creation hath now become so weak that he must be carried by a woman! And oh, wonder, ye that knew him in his riches, while ye admire his poverty!

Where sleeps the new-born King? Had he the best room in Cæsar's palace? hath a cradle of gold been prepared for

him, and pillows of down on which to rest his head? No, where the ox fed, in the dilapidated stable, in the manger, there the Saviour lies, swathed in the swaddling-bands of the children of poverty! Nor there doth he rest long; on a sudden his mother must carry him to Egypt; he goeth there and becometh a stranger in a strange land. When he comes back, see him that made the worlds handle the hammer and the nails, assisting his father in the trade of a carpenter!

Mark him who has put the stars on high and made them glisten in the night; mark him without one star of glory upon his brow—a simple child, as other children. Yet leave for a while the scenes of his childhood and his earlier life; see him when he becomes a man, and now ye may say, indeed, that for our sakes he did become poor.

. Never was there a poorer man than Christ; he was the prince of poverty. He was the reverse of Crœsus—he might be on the top of the hill of riches, Christ stood in the lowest vale of poverty. Look at his dress, it is woven from the top throughout, the garment of the poor! As for his food, he oftentimes did hunger and always was dependent upon the charity of others for the relief of his wants! He who scattered the harvest o'er the broad acres of the world had not sometimes wherewithal to stay the pangs of hunger! He who digged the springs of the ocean sat upon a well and said to a Samaritan woman, "Give me to drink!"

He rode in no chariot, he walked his weary way, footsore, o'er the flints of Galilee! He had not where to lay his head. He looked upon the fox as it hurried to its burrow, and the fowl as it went to its resting-place, and he said, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but I, the Son of man, have not where to lay my head."

He who had once been waited on by angels becomes the servant of servants, takes a towel, girds himself, and washes his disciples' feet! He who was once honored with the hallelujahs of ages is now spit upon and despised! He who was loved by his Father and had abundance of the wealth of affection could say, "He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me."

Oh, for words to picture the humiliation of Christ! What leagues of distance between him that sat upon the throne and him that died upon the cross! Oh, who can tell the mighty chasm between yon heights of glory and the cross of deepest woe! Trace him, Christian, he has left thee his manger to show thee how God came down to man. He hath bequeathed thee his cross, to show thee how man can ascend to God. Follow him, follow him, all his journey through; begin with him in the wilderness of temptation, see him fasting there, and hungering with the wild beasts around him; trace him along his weary way, as the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief. He is the byword of the drunkard, he is the song of the scorner, and he is hooted at by the malicious; see him as they point their finger at him and call him "drunken man and wine-bibber!"

Follow him along his *via dolorosa* until at last you meet him among the olives of Gethsemane; see him sweating great drops of blood! Follow him to the pavement of Gabbatha; see him pouring out rivers of gore beneath the cruel whips of Roman soldiers! With weeping eye follow him to the cross of Calvary, see him nailed there! Mark his poverty, so poor that they have stripped him naked from head to foot and exposed him to the face of the sun! So poor that when he asked them for water they gave him vinegar to drink! So poor that his unpillowed head is girt with thorns in death!

Oh, Son of man, I know not which to admire most, thy height of glory or thy depths of misery! Oh, Man, slain for us, shall we not exalt thee? God over all, blessed forever, shall we not give thee the loudest song? "He was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor."

If I had a tale to tell you this day, of some king, who, out of love to some fair maiden, left his kingdom and became a peasant like herself, ye would stand and wonder and would listen to the charming tale; but when I tell of God concealing his dignity to become our Saviour, our hearts are scarcely touched. Ah, my friends, we know the tale so well, we have heard it so often; and, alas, some of us tell it so badly that we cannot expect that you would be as interested in it as the subject doth demand.

But surely, as it is said of some great works of architecture, that though they be seen every morning there is always something fresh to wonder at; so we may say of Christ, that though we saw him every day we should always see fresh reason to love and wonder and adore. "He was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."

I have thought that there is one peculiarity about the poverty of Christ that ought not to be forgotten by us. Those who were nursed upon the lap of want feel less the woes of their condition. But I have met with others whose poverty I could pity. They were once rich; their very dress, which now hangs about them in tatters, tells you that they once stood foremost in the ranks of life. You meet them among the poorest of the poor; you pity them more than those who have been born and bred to poverty, because they have known something better. Among all those who are poor I have always found the greatest amount of suffering in those who had seen better days.

I can remember, even now, the look of some who have said to me when they have received assistance—and I have given it as delicately as I could, lest it should look like charity—"Ah, sir, I have known better days." And the tear stood in the eye, and the heart was smitten at bitter recollections. The least slight to such a person, or even too unmasked a kindness, becomes like a knife cutting the heart. "I have known better days" sounds like a knell over their joys. And verily our Lord Jesus might have said in all his sorrows, "I have known better days than these."

Methinks, when he was tempted of the devil in the wilderness, it must have been hard in him to have restrained himself from dashing the devil into pieces. If I had been the Son of God, methinks, feeling as I do now, if that devil had tempted me, I should have dashed him into the nethermost hell in the twinkling of an eye! And then conceive the patience our Lord must have had, standing on the pinnacle of the temple, when the devil said, "Fall down and worship me." He would not touch him, the vile deceiver, but let him do what he pleased. Oh! what might of misery and love there must have been in the Saviour's heart when he was spit upon by the men he had created; when the eyes he himself had filled with vision looked on him with scorn, and when the tongues to which he himself had given utterance hissed and blasphemed him!

Oh, my friends, if the Saviour had felt as we do, and I doubt not he did feel in some measure as we do—only by great patience he curbed himself—methinks he might have swept them all away; and, as they said, he might have come down from the cross and delivered himself and destroyed them utterly. It was mighty patience that could bear to tread this world beneath his feet and not to crush it when it so

—canst thou then be selfish, and regard thyself, when the claims of the poor of the flock are pressed upon thee? Remember Jesus; think thou seest him look thee in the face and say to thee, "I gave myself for thee, and dost thou withhold thyself from me? For if thou dost so, thou knowest not my love in all its heights and depths and lengths and breadths."

And now, dear friends, the argument of the Apostle shall be our subject to-day. It divides itself in an extremely simple manner. We have first, the pristine condition of our Saviour—"He was rich." We have next, his condescension —"He became poor." And then we have the effect and result of his poverty—"That we might be made rich." We shall then close by giving you a doctrine, a question, and an exhortation. May God bless all these and help us to tell them aright.

First, then, our text tells us that Jesus Christ was rich. Think not that our Saviour began to live when he was born of the Virgin Mary; imagine not that he dates his existence from the manger at Bethlehem; remember he is the Eternal, he is before all things, and by him all things consist. There was never a time in which there was not God. And just so there was never a period in which there was not Christ Jesus our Lord. He is self-existent, hath no beginning of days, neither end of years; he is the immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Saviour. Now, in the past eternity which had elapsed before his mission to this world, we are told that Jesus Christ was rich; and to those of us who believe his glories and trust in his divinity it is not hard to see how he was so. Jesus was rich in possessions. Lift up thine eye, believer, and for a moment review the riches of my Lord Jesus before he condescended to become poor for thee. Behold him sitting upon his throne and declaring his own all-sufficiency. "If I were hungry, I would not tell thee, for the cattle on a thousand hills are mine. Mine are the hidden treasures of gold; mine are the pearls that the diver cannot reach; mine every precious thing that earth hath seen."

The Lord Jesus might have said, "I can stretch my sceptre from the east even to the west, and all is mine; the whole of this world, and yon worlds that glitter in far-off space, all are mine. The illimitable expanse of unmeasured space, filled as it is with worlds that I have made, all this is mine. Fly upward, and thou canst not reach the summit of the hill of my dominions; dive downward, and thou canst not enter into the innermost depths of my sway. From the highest throne in glory to the lowest pit of hell, all, all is mine, without exception. I can put the broad arrow of my kingdom upon everything that I have made."

But he had besides that which makes men richer still. We have heard of kings in olden times who were fabulously rich, and when their riches were summed up we read in the old romances, "And this man was possessed of the philosopher's stone, whereby he turned all things into gold." Surely all the treasures that he had before were as nothing compared with this precious stone that brought up the rear. Now, whatever might be the wealth of Christ in things created, he had the power of creation, and therein lay his boundless wealth. If he had pleased he could have spoken worlds into existence; he had but to lift his finger, and a new universe as boundless as the present would have leaped into existence. At the will of his mind millions of angels would have stood before him, legions of bright spirits would have flashed into being. He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast. He who said, "Light be," and light was, had

ill-treated its Redeemer. You marvel at the patience which restrained him; you marvel also at the poverty he must have felt, the poverty of spirit, when they rebuked him and he reviled them not again; when they scoffed him, and yet he said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He had seen brighter days; that made his misery more bitter and his poverty more poor.

Well, now we come to the third point—why did the Saviour come to die and be poor? Hear this, ye sons of Adam—the Scripture says, "For your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be made rich." For your sakes. Now, when I address you as a great congregation you will not feel the beauty of this expression, "For your sake." Husband and wife, walking in the fear of God, let me take you by the hand and look you in the face, let me repeat those words, "for your sakes he became poor." Young man, let a brother of thine own age look on thee and repeat these words, "Though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor." Gray-headed believer, let me look on you and say the same, "For your sake he became poor." Brethren, take the word home, and see if it does not melt you—"Though he was rich, yet for my sake he became poor."

Beg for the influences of the Spirit upon that truth, and it will make your heart devout and your spirit loving—"I the chief of sinners am, yet for my sake he died." Come, let me hear you speak; let us bring the sinner here and let him soliloquize—"I cursed him, I blasphemed, and yet for my sake he was made poor; I scoffed at his ministers, I broke his Sabbath, yet for my sake was he made poor. What! Jesus, couldst thou die for one who was not worth thy having? Couldst thou shed thy blood for one who would have shed thy blood if it had been in his power? What! couldst thou die for one so worthless, so vile?" "Yes, yes," says Jesus, "I shed that blood for thee."

Now let the saint speak: "I," he may say, "have professed to love him, but how cold my love, how little have I served him! How far have I lived from him; I have not had sweet communion with him as I ought to have had. When have I been spending and spent in his service? And yet, my Lord, thou dost say, 'for thy sake I was made poor.'" "Yes," saith Jesus, "see me in my miseries; see me in my agonies; see me in my death—all these I suffered for thy sake." Wilt thou not love him who loved thee to this great excess and became poor for thy sake?

That, however, is not the point to which we wish to bring you just now; the point is this, the reason why Christ died was "that we through his poverty might be rich." He became poor from his riches, that our poverty might become rich out of his poverty. Brethren, we have now a joyful theme before us—those who are partakers of the Saviour's blood are rich. All those for whom the Saviour died, having believed in his name and given themselves to him, are this day rich And yet I have some of you here who cannot call a foot of land your own. You have nothing to call your own to-day, you know not how you will be supported through another week; you are poor, and yet if you be a child of God I do know that Christ's end is answered in you; you are rich. No, I did not mock you when I said you were rich: I did not taunt you—you are. You are really rich; you are rich in possessions; you have in your possession now things more costly than gems, more valuable than gold and silver.

"Silver and gold have I none," thou mayest say; but if thou canst say afterward, "Christ is all," thou hast out-

spoken all that the man can say who had piles of gold and silver.

"But," thou sayest, "I have nothing."

Man, thou hast all things. Knowest thou not what Paul said? He declares that "things present and things to come, and this world, and life and death, all are yours and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

The great machinery of providence has no wheel which does not revolve for you. The great economy of grace with all its fulness is yours. Remember that adoption, justification, sanctification, are all yours. Thou hast everything that heart can wish in spiritual things; and thou hast everything that is necessary for this life; for you know who hath said, "Having food and raiment, let us therewith be content."

You are rich; rich with true riches, and not with the riches of a dream. There are times when men by night do scrape gold and silver together, like shells upon the seashore; but when they wake in the morning they find themselves penniless. But yours are everlasting treasures; yours are solid riches. When the sun of eternity shall have melted the rich man's gold away, yours shall endure. A rich man has a cistern full of riches, but a poor saint has got a fountain of mercy, and he is the richest who has a fountain.

Now, if my neighbor be a rich man, he may have as much wealth as ever he pleases, it is only a cisternful, it will soon be exhausted; but a Christian has a fountain that ever flows, and let him draw, draw on forever, the fountain will still keep on flowing. However large may be the stagnant pool, if it be stagnant, it is but of little worth; but the flowing stream. though it seem to be but small, needs but time, and it will have produced an immense volume of precious water.

Thou art never to have a great pool of riches, they are

always to keep on flowing to thee; "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure." As old William Huntingdon says, "The Christian has a hand-basket portion. Many a man, when his daughter marries, does not give her much, but he says to her, 'I shall send you a sack of flour one day, and so-and-so the next day, and now and then a sum of gold; and as long as I live I will always send you something.' Says he, 'She will get a great deal more than her sister, who has had a thousand pounds down.' That is how my God deals with me; he gives to the rich man all at once, but to me day by day."

Ah, Egypt, thou wert rich when thy granaries were full, but those granaries might be emptied; Israel was far richer when they could not see their granaries, but only saw the manna drop from heaven day by day. Now, Christian, that is thy portion—the portion of the fountain always flowing, and not of the cisternful, and soon to be emptied.

But remember, O saint, that thy wealth does not all lie in thy possession just now; remember thou art rich in promises. Let a man be never so poor as to the metal that he hath, let him have in his possession promissory notes from rich and true men, and he says, "I have no gold in my purse, but here is a note for such-and-such a sum—I know the signature—I can trust the firm—I am rich, though I have no metal in hand."

And so the Christian can say, "If I have no riches in possession, I have the promise of them; my God hath said, 'No good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly,'—that is a promise that makes me rich. He has told me, 'My bread shall be given me, and my water shall be sure.' I cannot doubt his signature, I know his word to be authentic; and as for his faithfulness I would not so dishonor him as to think

he would break his promise. No, the promise is as good as the thing itself. If it be God's promise it is just as sure that I shall have it as if I had it."

But then the Christian is very rich in reversion. When a certain old man dies that I know of, I believe that I shall be so immensely rich that I shall dwell in a place that is paved with gold, the walls of which are builded with precious stones. But, my friends, you have all got an old man to die, and when he is dead, if you are followers of Jesus, you will come in for your inheritance. You know who that old man is, he is very often spoken of in Scripture; may the old man in you die daily, and may the new man be strengthened in you.

When that old man of corruption, your old nature, shall totter into its grave, then you will come in for your property. Christians are like heirs, they have not much in their minority, and they are minors now; but when they came of age they shall have the whole of their estate. If I meet a minor he says, "That is my property."

"You cannot sell it, sir; you cannot lay hold of it."

"No," says he, "I know I cannot; but it is mine when I am one-and-twenty, I shall then have complete control; but at the same time it is as really mine now as it ever will be. I have a legal right to it, and though my guardians take care of it for me it is mine, not theirs."

And now, Christian, in heaven there is a crown of gold which is thine to-day; it will be no more thine when thou hast it on thy head than it is now.

I remember to have heard it reported that I once spoke in metaphor, and bade Christians look at all the crowns hanging in rows in heaven—very likely I did say it—but if not, I will say it now. Up, Christian, see the crowns all ready, and mark thine own; stand thou and wonder at it;

see with what pearls it is bedight, and how heavy it is with gold! And that is for thy head, thy poor aching head; thy poor tortured brain shall yet have that crown for its arraying!

And see that garment, it is stiff with gems, and white like snow; and that is for thee! When thy week-day garment shall be done with, this shall be the raiment of thy everlasting Sabbath. When thou hast worn out this poor body there remaineth for thee "A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Up to the summit, Christian, and survey thine inheritance; and when thou hast surveyed it all, when thou hast seen thy present possessions, thy promised possessions, thine entailed possessions, then remember that all these were bought by the poverty of thy Saviour! Look thou upon all thou hast and say, "Christ bought them for me." Look thou on every promise and see the bloodstains on it; yea, look too, on the harps and crowns of heaven and read the bloody purchase! Remember, thou couldst never have been anything but a damned sinner unless Christ had bought thee! Remember, if he had remained in heaven thou wouldst forever have remained in hell; unless he had shrouded and eclipsed his own honor thou wouldst never have had a ray of light to shine upon thee.

Therefore bless his dear name, extol him, trace every stream to the fountain; and bless him who is the source and the fountain of everything thou hast. Brethren, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."

I have not done, I have three things now to say, and I shall say them as briefly as possible.

The first is a doctrine; the doctrine is this: If Christ in his poverty made us rich, what will he do now that he is glorified? If the Man of Sorrows saved my soul, will the man now exalted suffer it to perish? If the dying Saviour availed for our salvation, should not the living, interceding Saviour, abundantly secure it?

"He lived, he lives and sits above,
Forever interceding there;
What shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall sink us in despair?"

If, when the nail was in thine hand, O Jesus, thou didst rout all hell, canst thou be defeated now that thou hast grasped the sceptre? If, when the thorn-crown was put about thy brow, thou didst prostrate the dragon, canst thou be overcome and conquered now that the acclamations of angels are ascending to thee?

No, my brethren, we can trust the glorified Jesus; we can repose ourselves on his bosom; if he was so strong in poverty, what must he be in riches?

The next thing was a question, that question was a simple one. My hearer, hast thou been made rich by Christ's poverty? Thou sayst, "I am good enough without Christ; I want no Saviour."

Ah, thou art like her of old who said, "I am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing, whereas, saith the Lord, 'Thou art naked, and poor, and miserable.'" O ye that live by good works and think that ye shall go to heaven because you are as good as others, all the merits you can ever earn yourselves are good for nothing. All that human nature ever made turns to a blot and a curse. If those are your riches, you are no saints. But you can say this morning, my hearers, "I am by nature without anything, and God has by the power of his Spirit taught me my nothingness."

My brother, my sister, hast thou taken Christ to be thine all in all? Canst thou say this day, with an unfaltering tongue, "My Lord, my God, I have nothing; but thou art my all?" Come, I beseech thee, do not shirk the question. Thou art careless, heedless; answer it, then, in the negative. But when thou hast answered it, I beseech thee, beware of what thou hast said. Thou art sinful, thou feelest it. Come, I beseech thee, and lay hold on Jesus.

Remember, Christ came to make those rich that have nothing of their own. My Saviour is a physician; if you can heal yourself he will have nothing to do with you. Remember, my Saviour came to clothe the naked. He will clothe you if you have not a rag of your own; but unless you let him do it from head to foot he will have nothing to do with you. Christ says he will never have a partner; he will do all or none. Come, then, hast thou given up all to Christ? Hast thou no reliance and trust save in the cross of Jesus? Then thou hast answered the question well. Be happy, be joyous; if death should surprise thee the next hour, thou art secure. Go on thy way and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.

And now I close with the third thing, which was an exhortation. Sinner, dost thou this morning feel thy poverty? Then look to Christ's poverty. O ye that are to-day troubled on account of sin—and there are many such here—God has not let you alone; he has been plowing your heart with the sharp plowshare of conviction; you are this day saying, "What must I do to be saved?" You would give all you have to have an interest in Jesus Christ. Your soul is this day sore broken and tormented. O sinner, if thou wouldst find salvation thou must find it in the veins of Jesus.

Now, wipe that tear from thine eye a moment, and look here. Dost thou see him high, where the cross rears its ter-

rible tree? There he is. Dost see him? Mark his head. See the thorn-crown, and the beaded drops still standing on his temples. Mark his eyes; they are just closing in death. Canst see the lines of agony, so desperate in woe? Dost see his hands? See the streamlets of blood flowing down them.

Hark, he is about to speak. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" Didst hear that, sinner? Pause a moment longer, take another survey of his person; how emaciated his body and how sick his spirit! Look at him. But hark, he is about to speak again—"It is finished."

What means he by that? He means that he has finished thy salvation. Look thou to him and find salvation there. Remember, to be saved, all that God wants of a penitent is to look to Jesus. My life for this—if you will risk your all on Christ you shall be saved. I will be Christ's bondsman to-day, to be bound forever if he break his promise. He has said, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." It is not your hands that will save you; it must be your eyes. Look from those works whereby you hope to be saved. No longer strive to weave a garment that will not hide your sin, throw away that shuttle; it is only filled with cobwebs. What garment can you weave with that? Look thou to him and thou art saved. Never sinner looked and was lost. Dost mark that eye there? One glance will save thee, one glance will set thee free. Dost thou say, "I am a guilty sinner?" Thy guilt is the reason why I bid thee look. Dost thou say, "I cannot look?" Oh, may God help thee to look now.

Remember, Christ will not reject thee; thou mayest reject him. Remember now, there is the cup of mercy put to thy lip by the hand of Jesus. I know, if thou feelest thy need, Satan may tempt thee not to drink, but he will not prevail;

thou wilt put thy lip feebly and faintly, perhaps, to it. But oh, do but sip it; and the first draught shall give thee bliss; and the deeper thou shalt drink the more heaven shalt thou know.

Sinner, believe on Jesus Christ; hear the whole gospel preached to thee. It is written in God's Word, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Hear me translate it—He that believeth and is immersed shall be saved. Believe thou, trust thyself on the Saviour, make a profession of thy faith in baptism, and then thou mayest rejoice in Jesus, that he hath saved thee. But remember not to make a profession till thou hast believed: remember, baptism is nothing until thou hast faith. Remember, it is a farce and a falsehood until thou hast first believed; and afterward it is nothing but the profession of thy faith.

Oh, believe that; cast thyself upon Christ, and thou art saved forever! The Lord add his blessing, for the Saviour's sake. Amen.

SENATOR BLAIR

HENRY WILLIAM BLAIR, an American Republican politician, lawyer, temperance advocate, and social reformer, was born at Campton, N. H., Dec. 6, 1834, and received his education at the neighboring Plymouth Academy. At seventeen he began to teach, and in 1853 was admitted to the Bar, becoming prosecuting attorney of Grafton County in his native State in 1860. He entered the army the next year, but resigned in 1863, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, on account of severe wounds received at the siege of Port Hudson. In 1866, he was elected to the lower house of the State legislature, and in 1867 and 1868 to the State senate. He was a representative from New Hampshire in Congress 1875–79, sat in the United States Senate 1879–91, and served another term in the House of Representatives 1893–95. In 1891, he was appointed United States minister to China, but the Chinese government declined to receive him on account of his opposition to Chinese immigration. He was the originator of the Blair Common School Bill, which was three times passed by the Senate, but each time defeated in the House. He was likewise the author of the bills establishing the United States Labor Department, of educational and temperance constitutional amendments, and of the Sunday Rest Bill. In 1888, he published "The Temperance Movement; or, the Conflict of Man with Alcohol."

ON FREE SCHOOLS

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JULY 29, 1876

I AM one of those who have no faith, no hope in the future of this country only so long and so far as the people are both intelligent and upright; nor is it possible to preserve the honesty and simple virtues of republicanism without the means of early mental discipline are provided for all; and if necessary their use must be made compulsory by the successive generations during the tender and impressible years of childhood and youth. Honesty and sincerity are consistent with the most dangerous prejudices and the most cruel and nefarious purposes in public and private life.

No man is fit to be a sovereign—as sovereigns we all are in

theory—unless he has the power to think continuously and to reason consecutively, and is able to acquire and has acquired the common knowledge which surrounds him pertaining to economic and political affairs. If his powers are disciplined and he knows the facts, he will reason from correct premises, and his moral sense or conscience will obey the dictates of reason. And thus a sound morality must and will exist as the offspring and inseparable consequences and companion of intelligence and disciplined mental powers.

This is primary truth so universally conceded that I shall be accused of wasting time in its statement. Yet I believe that wise statesmanship often recurs to general principles, and that there is no better reading for a legislator, and for the people themselves, who are the primary lawgivers of the land, than the eloquent and elevated sentiments of the fathers as they are embodied in the grand though simple bills of rights and earlier constitutions and declarations which have come down to us from the resplendent luminaries who live, eternal in the horizon of our history.

Our system of government is based upon the necessary position that knowledge is power. Government itself is only another name for power; it is the supreme power in the State. That power which controls nations must be either brute power or intelligent power. We are compelled to choose between these forms, or rather principles of control. We have learned, through the sad records of six thousand years of almost universal tyranny and misery, that no free government is long perpetuated unless its force is distributed among all individuals, or unless their essential rights are preserved and protected in constitutions or customs which constitute iron restrictions upon the encroachments of the executive power of the State.

We have learned that the tyranny of a mob or of an ignorant multitude is far worse than all the possible excesses of a single despot. We are thus driven to the absolute necessity of making the controlling element of our government universal intelligence and morality which results from it, or of ultimately yielding up our system of universal suffrage—that is, the distribution of sovereignty to all—and the adoption of the despotic theory of government. I do not mean that there is not more or less of freedom and security to the rights of men in forms of government where the ballot is either unknown or is rarely exercised by the people.

Aribtrary power is oftentimes partially dethroned and placed in subjection to some great, broad limitation, in accordance with which alone will the people consent that the reigning power exist at all. Such was the grand achievement which wrenched the great charter from the unwilling hands of King John at Runnymede, and other similar victories of popular over regal authority which are embodied and are perpetually active in the constitution of England and other limited monarchies of the world. But what I mean is this, that our system, being based upon the universal distribution of the sovereignty among all the individual men of the nation, and that power, once distributed, necessarily remaining so until revolution collects it again and vests sovereignty in an aristocracy or in a single despot, each man must be qualified by disciplined reason, virtue, and knowledge for the correct exercise of the power which is vested in him, or he is unfit to possess it; and it must logically follow either that he and such as he must surrender it, or that by the gradual spread of ignorance and incompetency to govern, universal sovereignty will surrender to the control of the few who do possess that knowledge, which, directed for selfish and despotic ends,

enables them to triumph and riot in the enslavement and miseries of mankind.

Sir, the one first indispensable thing is the power to think, and whatever people has that power, and most of it, will be most free. Virtue results from it, because virtue is the child of conscience, and a safe conscience must be instructed by intelligence. The common school, then, is the basis of freedom, and the system is an absolute condition precedent to the spread and perpetuity of republican institutions throughout the country and the world. Ignorance is slavery. No matter what are the existing forms of a government, ignorance will reduce them to the one form of despotism as surely as gravity will bring the stone to the earth and keep it there. Knowledge is liberty, and, no matter what the forms of government, knowledge generally diffused will carry liberty, life, and power to all men, and establish universal freedom so long, and only so long, as the people are universally made capable of its exercise by universal intelligence.

It is a fundamental error to think that freedom is simply the exercise of one's rights. Freedom is the power to exercise them. Freedom is sovereignty. It is not mere happiness; it is the power to command the conditions of happiness. The veriest tyrant might permit his slaves to possess more of the actual material comforts and fruitions of life than could be commanded by the free spirit of an unconquerable people; but it is only a universally intelligent people who can know its rights, and, knowing, dare to maintain them. . . .

The essence of the institution of slavery was ignorance; therefore laws were enacted and enforced and customs established, in conformity with the spirit of the institution.

The education of the black, even when a freedman, was prohibited by law and the infliction of severe pains and some-

times of even savage cruelties. Religious assemblies could be held only under the surveillance of the whites. The great mass of the whites not belonging to the landed aristocracy were coupled with the slaves and were merely a substratum or lower order, almost like the helots of Sparta, upon which the dignity, fortune, and supremacy of the ruling class were supported and perpetuated. Political power was wholly in the hands of three hundred thousand men who owned and controlled the soil and the labor of the South, and from their own ranks, or by the designation of their class, all the incumbents, emoluments, and positions of power were selected and filled. Speech and the press were dumb unless subservient. The confidential intercourse of the mails of the general government was violated under the forms of legal usurpation.

Religion came to the rescue and proved the divinity of the accursed institution; and thus all the elements of aristocratic tyranny, even to chains upon the soul, were combined to preserve and intensify that ignorance without which the fabric of their oppressed power would have fallen in a day. The common school would have peaceably destroyed the institution of slavery in five years at any time since its introduction upon our soil. These false ideas were universally taught, and this policy cherished and enforced, for two generations. There could be but one result. The mental and moral constitution of both races and all conditions was deeply affected. The lower orders felt and believed in their inferiority, while the dominant class, in all sincerity, assumed superiority as an axiom and its exercise as an inalienable right. Conscientiously believing in their divine right to control, as they did control with despotic sway, the whole structure and all the interests of society, how could these kings become suddenly converted into lambs of republicanism by the harsh agency

of war? Their mental and moral constitution could not be thus suddenly and violently reconstructed.

The spirit might be overwhelmed, but no Anglo-Saxon having inherited and tasted the delights of dominion could ever truthfully claim that force had converted him into a genuine republican. It is idle to expect that the old instinct for power can be instantly suppressed by the voluntary effort of the men who were first the slaveholding oligarchy, then the fighting confederacy, and now are the body and brains and leadership of the Democratic party.

The faintest degree of political philosophy will convince any man that this must be true. It is no disparagement, but rather is it honorable to the stamina of our Southern brethren that this is so. No men ever fight with such desperation and resource for the preservation and, when lost, for the recovery, of power as an aristocracy. I think that is a lesson of history. It cannot be, then, in the nature of things, that the leopard has changed his spots any more than the Ethiopian his skin, in consequence of the war.

The school question in the South is comparatively the only question involved in this presidential election. It leaps over all the interests of this generation and grasps the fate of millions yet to be.

There has been no crisis like this in our political affairs since Gettysburg. Never since then has there been a season of more doubt and danger of the loss of the control of the country by the Republican party. Not because the party is corrupt or weak or has failed in its mission; but because of the grinding burdens of the rebellion and the incessant hostility of the Democratic party, both North and South, to peaceable acquiescence in the logical results of the war, and the incessant reiteration of false and defamatory charges of

personal and official corruption everywhere, and especially against upright and patriotic representative men of the Republican party, which Republicans have failed properly to resent, forgetting that in defending the men who are assailed only because they represent our cause we defend the cause itself, together with all the bickerings, jealousies, and unpatriotic rivalries which to some extent have necessarily arisen during sixteen years of tremendous power and responsibility, with some actual malfeasance among the trusted officials of the country, although there never has been so little official corruption and dishonor, or so much of strict integrity and high purpose in the administration of any other government, or of this government, as since the Republican party has controlled it.

These, with other causes, have conspired to create among the people a feeling of unrest and disquiet which may obscure the startling consequences involved. A pestiferous demagoguery, a false pretence to personal and political virtue and capacity, and deafening shouts for "Peace, peace!" at the South, when there is no peace but in the grave; for Tammany and reform, for Hendricks and hard money, for Tilden, resumption, and repeal, ring throughout the country and split the ears of the people. Thus it is hoped to divert public attention from the nature of this contest and to wheedle the American people out of the only guarantee of its liberties—the common school.

This is not the purpose of the mass of the Democratic party either North or South; for at the South with increasing intelligence there will develop a great white Republican party from that splendid yeomanry which furnished the blood, as the slave power did the policy and disciplined intellect of the war. These people, now so ignorant of their interests and

of their rights, will, if once the common school breaks through the obstacles which supervene between them, become the stanchest friends of both the schools and of the great Northern Republican party which they now so ignorantly defame, being exceeding mad against us and verily believing that they are doing God service; and in these men is the hope of the South. . . .

I live in a smiling valley among my hardy constituents—God bless them—where the barren rocks of New England rise high into the free air of heaven, and the dews are kissed from her highest summits by the earliest light which breaks on America from the morning sun. Here generation after generation our people have fought the climate for seven months, and a despotic sterility of soil during the remainder of the year. Here, too, they have grown vigorous, intelligent, virtuous, and free.

New Hampshire is, by the census, the best educated State in this Union, and I have the honor, though most unworthily, to represent the most intelligent constituency, as a whole, on the face of the globe. She sent into action two thirds of the troops who fought and won the battle of Bunker Hill. With the co-operation of the brave Green Mountaineers her Stark gave to the country the victory of Bennington. She gave you the greatest orator of time, and a monument to Washington eternal as the universe or his illustrious fame. She buried her scanty resources and her dearest sons in the golgothas of the late war as no other northern State has done. She will not see the last of her debt incurred in its prosecution paid until our grandchildren sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Her rural population is disappearing. The harvest of the war and constant drain of her hardiest sons to the illimitable West has left the summer rose to bloom in beauty

and desolation by thousands of forsaken mountain homes where once clustered the tenderest affections of earth.

And tears will sometimes come in the eyes of the Granite State as she looks forth from her sterility and desolation upon the vast plains and valleys of fertility and of boundless resources which lie stretched from ocean to ocean, and from the snows of Canada almost to the tropic regions of the globe, and reflects upon the blood she has shed and the treasure she has poured out and the pledge of her industry for a century, that she has signed, sealed, and delivered, and will pay to the last dollar, and yet beholds the blindness that would render the last state of the Union worse than the first.

It will never be. The country will not lose the fruits of the war. This election, which involves them all, can never be the means of restoring obsolete ideas and the enslaving policies of the past.

But I feel no hope until the South learns that she must ally herself with the strength and not with the weakness of the North.

Some time we shall understand each other, but not yet. The Republican party must again rescue the country by main strength against the combined South, yoked with the corrupt and subservient Democracy of the North. If we fail, God help America!

CHAS. FRANCIS ADAMS, Jr.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., American politician, lawyer, and man of letters, was born at Boston, Mass., May 27, 1835. He is the son of Charles Francis Adams, United States Minister to England under President Lincoln, grandson of John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States, and great-grandson of John Adams, the second Chief Executive. He graduated from Harvard in 1856, and on leaving college studied law and was admitted to the Bar of Massachusetts in 1857. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted, and at its close had attained the rank of brevet brigadier-general of volunteers. Mr. Adams afterwards resumed the practice of his profession at Boston, making a specialty of railroad law and winning therein high distinction. In 1868, he was a railroad commissioner of Massachusetts, and in 1884 was elected president of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, a position he resigned in 1890. In 1883, Mr. Adams delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard, his subject (which is here appended) being, "The Study of Greek as a College Fetich." The address attracted attention, the speaker contending that the knowledge of Greek should not be a requirement for admission to Harvard. As a result of the agitation Greek was made optional at Harvard two years later. In 1883, Mr. Adams would probably have been nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, but he refused to be a candidate. He was at one time urged by a portion of the press for the office of United States Senator in opposition to Senator Hoar. In 1895, Mr. Adams was president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and has been identified with a number of other organizations, educational, social, and historical. He has published, besides some general and professional works on railways, "Three Episodes of Massachusetts History," a "Life of Charles Francis Adams," and "Richard Henry Dana, a Biography."

A COLLEGE FETICH[1]

PHI BETA KAPPA ADDRESS, DELIVERED IN SANDERS' THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 28, 1883

I AM here to-day for a purpose. After no little hesitation I accepted the invitation to address your Society, simply because I had something which I much wanted to say; and this seemed to me the best possible place, and this the most appropriate occasion, for saying it. My message, if

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such I may venture to call it, is in no wise sensational. On the contrary, it partakes, I fear, rather of the commonplace. Such being the case, I shall give it the most direct utterance of which I am capable.

It is twenty-seven years since the class of which I was a member was graduated from this college. To-day I have come back here to take, for the first time, an active part of any prominence in the exercises of its Commencement week. I have come back, as what we are pleased to term an educated man, to speak to educated men; a literary man, as literary men go, I have undertaken to address a literary society; a man who has, in any event, led an active, changeable, bustling life, I am to say what I have to say to men not all of whom have led similar lives.

It is easy to imagine one who had contended in the classic games returning, after they were over, to the gymnasium in which he had been trained. It would not greatly matter whether he had acquitted himself well or ill in the arena.—whether he had come back crowned with victory or broken by defeat: in the full light of his experience of the struggle he would be disposed to look over the old paraphernalia and recall the familiar exercises, passing judgment upon them. Tested by hard, actual results, was the theory of his training correct; were the appliances of the gymnasium good; did what he got there contribute to his victory, or had it led to his defeat? Taken altogether, was he strengthened or had he been emasculated by his gymnasium course? The college was our gymnasium. It is now the gymnasium of our children. Thirty years after graduation a man has either won or lost the game. Winner or loser, looking back through the medium of that thirty years of hard experience, how do we see the college now?

It would be strange, indeed, if from this point of view we regarded it, its theories and its methods, with either unmixed approval or unmixed condemnation. I cannot deny that the Cambridge of the sixth decennium of the century, as Thackeray would have phrased it, was in many respects a pleasant place. There were good things about it. By the student who understood himself and knew what he wanted much might here be learned; while for most of us the requirements were not excessive. We of the average majority did not understand ourselves or know what we wanted: the average man of the majority rarely does. And so far as the college course, instead of being a time of preparation for the hard work of life, was a pleasant sort of vacation rather, before that work began. We so regarded it. I should be very sorry not to have enjoyed that vacation.

I am glad that I came here, and glad that I took my degree. But as a training-place for youth to enable them to engage to advantage in the struggle of life, to fit them to hold their own in it and to carry off the prizes, I must in all honesty say that, looking back through the years and recalling the requirements and methods of the ancient institution, I am unable to speak of it with all the respect I could wish. Such training as I got, useful for the struggle, I got after instead of before graduation, and it came hard; while I never have been able—and now, no matter how long I may live, I never shall be able—to overcome some great disadvantages which the superstitions and wrong theories and worse practices of my Alma Mater inflicted upon me.

And not on me alone. The same may be said of my contemporaries, as I have observed them in success and failure. What was true in this respect of the college of thirty years

ago is, I apprehend, at least partially true of the college of to-day; and it is true not only of Cambridge, but of other colleges, and of them quite as much as of Cambridge. They fail properly to fit their graduates for the work they have to do in the life that awaits them.

This is harsh language to apply to one's nursing mother, and it calls for an explanation. That explanation I shall now try to give. I have said that the college of thirty years ago did not fit its graduates for the work they had to do in the actual life which awaited them.

Let us consider for a moment what that life has been, and then we will pass to the preparation we received for it. When the men of my time graduated, Franklin Pierce was President, the war in the Crimea was just over, and three years were yet to pass before Solferino would be fought. No united Germany and no united Italy existed. The railroad and the telegraph were in their infancy; neither nitroglycerine nor the telephone had been discovered.

The years since then have been fairly crammed with events. A new world has come into existence, and a world wholly unlike that of our fathers,—unlike it in peace and unlike it in war. It is a world of great intellectual quickening, which has extended until it now touches a vastly larger number of men, in many more countries, than it ever touched before. Not only have the nations been rudely shaken up, but they have been drawn together. Interdependent thought has been carried on, interacting agencies have been at work in widely separated countries and different tongues. The solidarity of the peoples has been developed. Old professions have lost their prominence; new professions have arisen. Science has extended its domains and superseded authority with bewildering rapidity. The artificial barriers—national,

political, social, economical, religious, intellectual—have given way in every direction, and the civilized races of the world are becoming one people, even if a discordant and quarrelsome people. We all of us live more in the present and less in the past than we did thirty years ago,—much less in the past and much more in the present than those who preceded us did fifty years ago.

The world as it is may be a very bad and a very vulgar world,—insincere, democratic, disrespectful, dangerous, and altogether hopeless. I do not think it is; but with that thesis I have, here and now, nothing to do. However bad and hopeless, it is nevertheless the world in which our lot was cast and in which we have had to live,—a bustling, active, nervous world, and one very hard to keep up with. This much all will admit; while I think I may further add that its most marked characteristic has been an intense mental and physical activity, which, working simultaneously in many tongues, has attempted much and questioned all things.

Now as respects the college preparation we received to fit us to take part in this world's debate. As one goes on in life, especially in modern life, a few conclusions are hammered into us by the hard logic of facts. Among those conclusions I think I may, without much fear of contradiction, enumerate such practical, common-sense, and commonplace precepts as that superficiality is dangerous, as well as contemptible, in that it is apt to invite defeat; or, again, that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well; or, third, that when one is given work to do, it is well to prepare one's self for that specific work, and not to occupy one's time in acquiring information, no matter how innocent or elegant, or generally useful, which has no probable bearing on that work; or, finally,—and this I regard as the greatest of all practical

precepts,—that every man should in life master some one thing, be it great or be it small, so that thereon he may be the highest living authority: that one thing he should know thoroughly.

How did Harvard College prepare me, and my ninety-two classmates of the year 1856, for our work in a life in which we have had these homely precepts brought close to us? In answering the question it is not altogether easy to preserve one's gravity. The college fitted us for this active, bustling, hard-hitting, many-tongued world, caring nothing for authority and little for the past, but full of its living thought and living issues, in dealing with which there was no man who did not stand in pressing and constant need of every possible preparation as respects knowledge and exactitude and thoroughness,—the poor old college prepared us to play our parts in this world by compelling us, directly and indirectly, to devote the best part of our school lives to acquiring a confessedly superficial knowledge of two dead languages.

In regard to the theory of what we call a liberal education, there is, as I understand it, not much room for difference of opinion. There are certain fundamental requirements without a thorough mastery of which no one can pursue a specialty to advantage. Upon these common fundamentals are grafted the specialties,—the students' electives, as we call them. The man is simply mad who in these days takes all knowledge for his province. He who professes to do so can only mean that he proposes, in so far as in him lies, to reduce superficiality to a science.

Such is the theory. Now, what is the practice? Thirty years ago, as for three centuries before, Greek and Latin were the fundamentals. The grammatical study of two dead languages was the basis of all liberal education. It is still

its basis. But, following the theory out, I think all will admit that, as respects the fundamentals, the college training should be compulsory and severe. It should extend through the whole course. No one ought to become a Bachelor of Arts until, upon these fundamentals, he had passed an examination the scope and thoroughness of which should set at defiance what is perfectly well defined as the science of cramming.

Could the graduates of my time have passed such an examination in Latin and Greek? If they could have done that, I should now see a reason in the course pursued with us. When we were graduated we should have acquired a training, such as it was; it would have amounted to something; and, having a bearing on the future it would have been of use in it. But it never was for a moment assumed that we could have passed any such examination. In justice to all I must admit that no self-deception was indulged in on this point. Not only was the knowledge of our theoretical fundamentals to the last degree superficial, but nothing better was expected. The requirements spoke for themselves; and the subsequent examinations never could have deceived any one who had a proper conception of what real knowledge was.

But in pursuing Greek and Latin we had ignored our mother tongue. We were no more competent to pass a really searching examination in English literature and English composition than in the languages and literature of Greece and Rome. We were college graduates; and yet how many of us could follow out a line of sustained, close thought, expressing ourselves in clear, concise terms? The faculty of doing this should result from a mastery of well-selected fundamentals. The difficulty was that the funda-

mentals were not well selected, and they had never been mastered. They had become a tradition. They were studied no longer as a means, but as an end,—the end being to get into college. Accordingly, thirty years ago there was no real living basis of a Harvard education. Honest, solid foundations were not laid. The superstructure, such as it was, rested upon an empty formula.

The reason of all this I could not understand then, though it is clear enough to me now. I take it to be simply this: The classic tongues were far more remote from our world than they had been from the world our fathers lived in. They are much more remote from the world of to-day than they were from the world of thirty years ago. The human mind, outside of the cloisters, is occupied with other and more pressing things. Especially is it occupied with a class of thoughts—scientific thoughts—which do not find their nutriment in the remote past. They are not in sympathy with it.

Accordingly, the world turns more and more from the classics to those other and living sources in which alone it finds what it seeks. Students come to college from the hearthstones of the modern world They have been brought up m the new atmosphere. They are consequently more and more disposed to regard the dead languages as a mere requirement to college admission. This reacts upon the institution. The college does not change—there is no conservatism I have ever met, so hard, so unreasoning, so impenetrable, as the conservatism of professional educators about their methods,—the college does not change; it only accepts the situation. The routine goes on, but superficiality is accepted as of course; and so thirty years ago, as now, a surface acquaintance with two dead languages was the chief

requirement for admission to Harvard; and to acquiring it years of school life were devoted.

Nor in my time did the mischief end here. On the contrary, it began here. As a slipshod method of training was accepted in those studies to which the greatest prominence was given, the same method was accepted in other studies. The whole standard was lowered. Thirty years ago—I say it after a careful search through my memory—thoroughness of training in any real-life sense of the term was unknown in those branches of college education with which I came in contact. Everything was taught as Latin and Greek were taught. Even now I do not see how I could have got solid, exhaustive teaching in the class-room even if I had known enough to want it. A limp superficiality was all pervasive. To the best of my recollection the idea of hard thoroughness was not there. It may be there now. I hope it is.

And here let me define my position on several points, so that I shall be misunderstood only by such as wilfully misunderstand in order to misrepresent. With such I hold no argument.

In the first place I desire to say that I am no believer in that narrow scientific and technological training which now and again we hear extolled. A practical, and too often a mere vulgar money-making utility seems to be its natural outcome. On the contrary, the whole experience and observation of my life lead me to look with greater admiration, and an envy ever increasing, on the broadened culture which is the true end and aim of the university. On this point I cannot be too explicit; for I should be sorry indeed if anything I might utter were construed into an argument against the most liberal education.

There is a considerable period in every man's life when the

best thing he can do is to let his mind soak and tan in the vats of literature. The atmosphere of a university is breathed into the student's system,—it enters by the very pores. But, just as all roads lead to Rome, so I hold there may be a modern road as well as the classic avenue to the goal of a true liberal education. I object to no man's causing his children to approach that goal by the old, the time-honored entrance. On the contrary, I will admit that for those who travel it well it is the best entrance. But I do ask that the modern entrance should not be closed. Vested interests always look upon a claim for simple recognition as a covert attack on their very existence, and the advocates of an exclusively classic college education are quick to interpret a desire for modern learning as a covert attack on dead learning.

I have no wish to attack it except in its spirit of selfish exclusiveness. I do challenge the right of the classicist to longer say that by his path, and by his path only, shall the university be approached. I would not narrow the basis of liberal education; I would broaden it. No longer content with classic sources, I would have the university seek fresh inspiration at the fountains of living thought; for Goethe I hold to be the equal of Sophocles, and I prefer the philosophy of Montaigne to what seem to me the platitudes of Cicero.

Neither, though venturing on these comparisons, have I any light or disrespectful word to utter of the study of Latin or of Greek, much less of the classic literatures. While recognizing fully the benefit to be derived from a severe training in these mother tongues, I fully appreciate the pleasure those must have who enjoy an easy familiarity with the authors who yet live in them. No one admires—I am not prepared to admit that any one can admire—more than I

the subtile, indescribable fineness, both of thought and diction, which a thorough classical education gives to the scholar.

Mr. Gladstone is, as Macaulay was, a striking case in point. As much as any one I note and deplore the absence of this literary Tower-stamp in the writings and utterances of many of our own authors and public men. But its absence is not so deplorable as that display of cheap learning which made the American oration of thirty and fifty years ago a national humiliation. Even in its best form it was bedizened with classic tinsel which bespoke the vanity of the half-taught scholar. We no longer admire that sort of thing. But among men of my own generation I do both admire and envy those who I am told make it a daily rule to read a little of Homer or Thucydides, of Horace or Tacitus. I wish I could do the same; and yet I must frankly say I should not do it if I could.

Life, after all, is limited, and I belong enough to the present to feel satisfied that I could employ that little time each day both more enjoyably and more profitably if I should devote it to keeping pace with modern thought as it finds expression even in the ephemeral pages of the despised review. Do what he will, no man can keep pace with that wonderful modern thought; and if I must choose—and choose I must—I would rather learn something daily from the living who are to perish than daily muse with the immortal death. Yet for the purpose of my argument I do not for a moment dispute the superiority—I am ready to say the hopeless, the unattainable superority—of the classic masterpieces. They are sealed books to me, as they are to at least nineteen out of twenty of the graduates of our colleges; and we can neither affirm nor deny that in them, and in them alone, are to be

found the choicest thoughts of the human mind and the most perfect forms of human speech.

All that has nothing to do with the question. We are not living in any ideal world. We are living in this world of to-day; and it is the business of the college to fit men for it. Does she do it? As I have said, my own experience of thirty years ago tells me that she did not do it then. The facts being much the same, I do not see how she can do it now. It seems to me she starts from a radically wrong basis. It is, to use plain language, a basis of fetich worship, in which the real and practical is systematically sacrificed to the ideal and theoretical.

To-day, whether I want to or not, I must speak from individual experience. Indeed, I have no other ground on which to stand. I am not a scholar; I am not an educator; I am not a philosopher; but I submit that in educational matters individual, practical experience is entitled to some weight. Not one man in ten thousand can contribute anything to this discussion in the way of more profound views or deeper insight. Yet any concrete, actual experience, if it be only simply and directly told, may prove a contribution of value, and that contribution we all can bring.

An average college graduate, I am here to subject the college theories to the practical test of an experience in the tussle of life. Recurring to the simile with which I began, the wrestler in the games is back at the gymnasium. If he is to talk to any good purpose he must talk of himself and how he fared in the struggle. It is he who speaks.

I was fitted for college in the usual way. I went to the Latin School; I learned the two grammars by heart; at length I could even puzzle out the simpler classic writings with the aid of a lexicon, and apply more or less correctly

the rules of construction. This, and the other rudiments of what we are pleased to call a liberal education, took five years of my time. I was fortunately fond of reading, and so learned English myself and with some thoroughness. I say fortunately, for in our preparatory curriculum no place was found for English; being a modern language it was thought not worth studying—as our examination papers conclusively showed. We turned English into bad enough Greek, but our thoughts were expressed in even more abominable English.

I then went to college,—to Harvard. I have already spoken of the standard of instruction, so far as thoroughness was concerned, then prevailing here. Presently I was graduated, and passed some years in the study of the law. Thus far, as you will see, my course was thoroughly correct. It was the course pursued by a large proportion of all graduates then, and the course pursued by more than a third of them now. Then the war of the rebellion came and swept me out of a lawyer's office into a cavalry saddle. Let me say, in passing, that I have always felt under deep personal obligation to the war of the rebellion. Returning presently to civil life, and not taking kindly to my profession, I endeavored to strike out a new path, and fastened myself, not, as Mr. Emerson recommends, to a star, but to the locomotive engine. I made for myself what might perhaps be called a specialty in connection with the development of the railroad system. I do not hesitate to say that I have been incapacitated from properly developing my specialty, by the sins of omission and commission incident to my college training. The mischief is done, and, so far as I am concerned, is irreparable. I am only one more sacrifice to the fetich. But I do not propose to be a silent sacrifice. I am here to-day to

put the responsibility for my failure, so far as I have failed, where I think it belongs,—at the door of my preparatory and college education.

Nor has that incapacity, and the consequent failure to which I have referred, been a mere thing of imagination or sentiment. On the contrary, it has been, not only matter-of-fact and real, but to the last degree humiliating. I have not, in following out my specialty, had at my command—nor has it been in my power, placed as I was, to acquire—the ordinary tools which an educated man must have to enable him to work to advantage on the developing problems of modern scientific life. But on this point I feel that I can, with few words, safely make my appeal to the members of this Society.

Many of you are scientific men; others are literary men; some are professional men. I believe, from your own personal experience, you will bear me out when I say that, with a single exception, there is no modern scientific study which can be thoroughly pursued in any one living language, even with the assistance of all the dead languages that ever were spoken. The researches in the dead languages are indeed carried on through the medium of several living languages.

I have admitted there is one exception to this rule. That exception is the law. Lawyers alone, I believe, join with our statesmen in caring nothing for "abroad." Except in its more elevated and theoretical branches, which rarely find their way into our courts, the law is a purely local pursuit. Those who follow it may grow gray in active practice, and yet never have occasion to consult a work in any language but their own. It is not so with medicine, or theology, or science, or art, in any of their numerous branches, or with government, or political economy, or with any other of the whole long list. With the exception of law I think I might

safely challenge any one of you to name a single modern calling, either learned or scientific, in which a worker who is unable to read and write and speak at least German and French does not stand at a great and always recurring disadvantage. He is without the essential tools of his trade.

The modern languages are thus the avenues to modern life and living thought. Under these circumstances, what was the position of the college toward them thirty years ago? What is its position to-day? It intervened and practically said then that its graduates should not acquire those languages at that period when only they could be acquired perfectly and with ease. It occupies the same position still. It did and does this none the less effectually because indirectly. The thing came about, as it still comes about, in this way: The college fixes the requirements for admission to its course. The schools and the academies adapt themselves to those requirements.

The business of those preparatory schools is to get the boys through their examinations, not as a means, but as an end. They are therefore all organized on one plan. To that plan there is no exception; nor, practically, can there be any exception. The requirements for admission are such that the labor of preparation occupies fully the boy's study hours. He is not overworked, perhaps, but when his tasks are done he has no more leisure than is good for play; and you cannot take a healthy boy the moment he leaves school and set him down before tutors in German and French. If you do, he will soon cease to be a healthy boy, and he will not learn German or French. Over-education is a crime against youth.

But Harvard College says: "We require such and such things for admission to our course." First and most em-

phasized among them are Latin and Greek. The academies accordingly teach Latin and Greek; and they teach it in the way to secure admission to the college. Hence, because of this action of the college, the schools do not exist in this country in which my children can learn what my experience tells me it is all-essential they should know. They cannot both be fitted for college and taught the modern languages. And when I say "taught the modern languages" I mean taught them in the world's sense of the word, and not in the college sense of it, as practised both in my time and now. And here let me not be misunderstood and confronted with examination-papers. I am talking of really knowing something.

I do not want my children to get a smattering knowledge of French and of German, such a knowledge as was and now is given to boys of Latin and Greek; but I do want them to be taught to write and to speak those languages as well as to read them,—in a word, so to master them that they will thereafter be tools always ready to the hand. This requires labor. It is a thing which cannot be picked up by the wayside, except in the countries where the languages are spoken. If academies in America are to instruct in this way, they must devote themselves to it. But the college requires all that they can well undertake to do. The college absolutely insists on Latin and Greek.

Latin I will not stop to contend over. That is a small matter. Not only is it a comparatively simple language, but, apart from its literature,—for which I cannot myself profess to have any great admiration,—it has its modern uses. Not only is it directly the mother tongue of all southwestern Europe, but it has by common consent been adopted in scientific nomenclature. Hence there are reasons why the

educated man should have at least an elementary knowledge of Latin. That knowledge also can be acquired with no great degree of labor. To master the language would be another matter; but in these days few think of mastering it. How many students during the last thirty years have graduated from Harvard who could read Horace and Tacitus and Juvenal, as numbers now read Goethe and Mommsen and Heine? If there have been ten, I do not believe there have been a score.

This it is to acquire a language! A knowledge of its rudiments is a wholly different thing; and with a knowledge of the rudiments of Latin as a requirement for admission to college I am not here to quarrel. Not so Greek. The study of Greek, and I speak from the unmistakable result of my own individual experience in active life, as well as from that of a long-continued family experience which I shall presently give,—the study of Greek in the way it is traditionally insisted upon as the chief requirement to entering college is a positive educational wrong. It has already wrought great individual and general injury, and is now working it. It has been productive of no compensating advantage. It is a superstition.

But before going further I wish to emphasize the limitations under which I make this statement. I would not be misunderstood. I am speaking not at all of Greek really studied and lovingly learned. Of that there cannot well be two opinions. I have already said that it is the basis of the finest scholarship. I have in mind only the Greek traditionally insisted upon as the chief requirement to entering college,—the Greek learned under compulsion by nine men at least out of each ten who are graduated. It is that quarter-acquired knowledge, and that only, of which I insist that it

is a superstition and educational wrong. Nor can it ever be anything else. It is a mere penalty on going to college.

I am told that, when thoroughly studied, Greek becomes a language delightfully easy to learn. I do not know how this may be; but I do know that when learned as a college requirement it is most difficult,—far more difficult than Latin. Unlike Latin, also, Greek, partially acquired, has no modern uses. Not only is it a dead tongue, but it bears no immediate relation to any living speech or literature of value. Like all rich dialects, it is full of anomalies; and accordingly its grammar is the delight of grammarians and the despair of every one else. When I was fitted for college the study of Greek took up at least one half of the last three years devoted to active preparation. In memory it looms up now, through the long vista of years, as the one gigantic nightmare of youth,—and no more profitable than nightmares are wont to be. Other school-day tasks sink into insignificance beside it. When we entered college we had all of us the merest superficial knowledge of the language,—a knowledge measured by the ability to read at sight a portion of Xenophon, a little of Herodotus, and a book or two of the "Iliad." It was just enough to enable us to meet the requirements of the examination. In all these respects my inquiries lead me to conclude that what was true then is even more true now. In the vast majority of cases this study of Greek was looked upon by parent and student as a mere college requirement; and the instructor taught it as such. It was never supposed for an instant that it would be followed up.

On the contrary, if it was thought of at all, instead of rather taken as a matter of course, it was thought of very much as a similar amount of physical exercise with dumb-

bells or parallel bars might be thought of,—as a thing to be done as best it might, and there an end. As soon as possible after entering college the study was abandoned forever, and the little that had been acquired faded rapidly away from the average student's mind. I have now forgotten the Greek alphabet, and I cannot read all the Greek characters if I open my Homer. Such has been the be-all and the end-all of the tremendous labor of my school-days.

But I now come to what in plain language I cannot but call the educational cant of this subject. I am told that I ignore the severe intellectual training I got in learning the Greek grammar and in subsequently applying its rules; that my memory then received an education which, turned since to other matters, has proved invaluable to me; that accumulated experience shows that this training can be got equally well in no other way; that, beyond all this, even my slight contact with the Greek masterpieces has left with me a subtile but unmistakable residuum, impalpable perhaps, but still there and very precious; that, in a word, I am what is called an educated man, which, but for my early contact with Greek, I would not be.

It was Dr. Johnson, I believe, who once said, "Let us free our minds from cant;" and all this, with not undue bluntness be it said, is unadulterated nonsense. The fact that it has been and will yet be a thousand times repeated cannot make it anything else. In the first place, I very confidently submit, there is no more mental training in learning the Greek grammar by heart than in learning by heart any other equally difficult and, to a boy, unintelligible book.

As a mere work of memorizing, Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" would be at least as good. In the next place, unintelligent memorizing is at best a most questionable educa-

tional method. For one, I utterly disbelieve in it. It never did me anything but harm; and learning by heart the Greek grammar did me harm,—a great deal of harm. While I was doing it, the observing and reflective powers lay dormant; indeed, they were systematically suppressed. Their exercise was resented as a sort of impertinence. We boys stood up and repeated long rules, and yet longer lists of exceptions to them, and it was drilled into us that we were not there to reason, but to rattle off something written on the blackboard of our minds.

The faculties we had in common with the raven were thus cultivated at the expense of that apprehension and reason which, Shakespeare tells us, makes man like the angels and God. I infer this memory-culture is yet in vogue; for only yesterday, as I sat at the Commencement table with one of the younger and more active of the professors of the college, he told me that he had no difficulty with his students in making them commit to memory; they were well trained in that. But when he called on them to observe and infer, then his troubles began. They had never been led in such a path. It was the old, old story,—a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong. There are very few of us who were educated a generation ago who cannot now stand up and glibly recite long extracts from the Greek grammar; sorry am I to say it, but these extracts are with most of us all we have left pertaining to that language.

But, as not many of us followed the stage as a calling, this power of rapidly learning a part has proved but of questionable value. It is true, the habit of correct verbal memorizing will probably enable its fortunate possessor to get off many an apt quotation at the dinner-table, and far be it from me to detract from that much-longed-for accomplishment;

but, after all, the college professes to fit its students for life rather than for its dinner-tables, and in life a happy knack at quotations is in the long run an indifferent substitute for the power of close observation and correct inference from it. To be able to follow out a line of exact, sustained thought to a given result is invaluable. It is a weapon which all who would engage successfully in the struggle of modern life must sooner or later acquire; and they are apt to succeed just in the degree they acquire it.

It my youth we were supposed to acquire it through the blundering application of rules of grammar in a language we did not understand. The training which ought to have been obtained in physics and mathematics was thus sought for long, and in vain, in Greek. That it was not found is small cause for wonder now. And so, looking back from this standpoint of thirty years later, and thinking of the game which has now been lost or won, I silently listen to that talk about "the severe intellectual training" in which a parrot-like memorizing did its best to degrade boys to the level of learned dogs.

Finally, I come to the great impalpable-essence-and-precious-residuum theory,—the theory that a knowledge of Greek grammar, and the having puzzled through the Anabasis and three books of the Iliad, infuses into the boy's nature the imperceptible spirit of Greek literature which will appear in the results of his subsequent work just as manure spread upon a field appears in the crop which that field bears. But, to produce results on a field, manure must be laboriously worked into its soil and made a part of it; and only when it is so worked in and does become a part of it will it produce its result. You cannot haul manure up and down and across a field, cutting the ground into deep ruts with the wheels of

your cart, while the soil just gets a smell of what is in the cart, and then expect to get a crop.

Yet even that is more than we did, and are doing, with Greek. We trundle a single wheelbarrow-load of Greek up and down and across the boy's mind; and then we clasp our hands and cant about a subtile fineness and impalpable but very precious residuum! All we have in fact done is to teach the boy to mistake means for ends and to make a system of superficiality.

Nor in this matter am I speaking unadvisedly or thoughtlessly. My own experience I have given. For want of a rational training in youth I cannot do my chosen work in life thoroughly. The necessary tools are not at my command; it is too late for me to acquire them or to learn familiarly to handle them; the mischief is done.

I have also referred to my family experience. Just as the wrestler in the gymnasium, after describing how he had himself fared in the games, might, in support of his conclusions, refer to his father and grandfather, who, likewise trained in the gymnasium, had been noted athletes in their days, so I, coming here and speaking from practical experience,—and practical experience alone,—must cite that experience where I best can find it. I can find it best at home. So I appeal to a family experience which extends through nearly a century and a half. It is worth giving and very much to the point.

I do not think I exceed proper limits when I say that the family of which I am a member has for more than a hundred years held its own with the average of Harvard graduates. Indeed, those representing it through three consecutive generations were rather looked upon as typical scholars in politics. They all studied Greek as a requirement to admission

to college. In their subsequent lives they were busy men. Without being purely literary men, they wrote a great deal; indeed, the pen was rarely out of their hands. They all occupied high public position. They mixed much with the world. Now let us see what their actual experience in life was: how far did their college requirements fit them for it? Did they fit them any better than they have fitted me? I begin with John Adams.

John Adams graduated in the class of 1755,—a hundred and twenty-eight years ago. We have his own testimony on the practical value to him of his Greek learning, expressed in an unguarded moment and in a rather comical way. I shall give it presently. Meanwhile, after graduation John Adams was a busy man as a school-teacher, a lawyer, and a patriot, until at the age of forty-two he suddenly found himself on the Atlantic, accredited to France as the representative of the struggling American colonies.

French was not a requirement in the Harvard College of the last century, even to the modest extent in which it is a requirement now. Greek was. But they did not talk Greek in the diplomatic circles of Europe then any more than they now talk it in the Harvard recitation-rooms; and in advising John Adams of his appointment James Lovell had expressed the hope that his correspondent would not allow his "partial defect in the language" to stand in the way of his acceptance. He did not; but at forty-two, with his country's destiny on his shoulders, John Adams stoutly took his grammar and phrase-book in hand and set himself to master the rudiments of that living tongue which was the first and most necessary tool for use in the work before him. What he afterward went through—the anxiety, the humiliation, the nervous wear and tear, the disadvantage under which he struggled

and bore up—might best be appreciated by some one who had fought for his life with one arm disabled. I shall not attempt to describe it.

But in the eighteenth century the ordinary educated man set a higher value on dead learning than even our college professors do now; and, in spite of his experience, no one thought more of it than did John Adams. So when, in his closing years, he founded an academy, he especially provided —bowing low before the fetich that—

—"a schoolmaster should be procured, learned in the Greek and Roman languages, and, if thought advisable, the Hebrew; not to make learned Hebricians, but to teach such young men as choose to learn it the Hebrew alphabet, the rudiments of the Hebrew grammar, and the use of the Hebrew grammar and lexicon, that in after-life they may pursue the study to what extent they please."

Instead of taking a step forward the old man actually took one backward, and he went on to develop the following happy educational theory, which, if properly considered in the light of the systematic superficiality of thirty years ago, to which I have already alluded, shows how our methods had then deteriorated. What was taught was at least to be taught thoroughly; and, as I have confessed, I have forgotten the Greek letters. He wrote:

"I hope the future masters will not think me too presumptuous if I advise them to begin their lessons in Greek and Hebrew by compelling their pupils to write over and over again copies of the Greek and Hebrew alphabets, in all their variety of characters, until they are perfect masters of those alphabets and characters. This will be as good an exercise in chirography as any they can use, and will stamp those alphabets and characters upon their tender minds and vigorous memories so deeply that the impression will never wear

out, and will enable them at any period of their future lives to study those languages to any extent with great ease."

This was fetich-worship, pure and simple. It was written in the year 1822. But practice is sometimes better than theory, and so I turn back a little to see how John Adams's practice squared with his theory. In his own case, did the stamping of those Greek characters upon his tender mind and vigorous memory enable him at a later period "to study that language to any extent with great ease?" Let us see. On the 9th of July, 1813, the hard political wrangles of their two lives being over, and in the midst of the second war with Great Britain, I find John Adams thus writing to Thomas Jefferson,—and I must confess to very much preferring John Adams in his easy letter-writing undress to John Adams on his dead-learning stilts; he seems a wiser, a more genuine man. He is answering a letter from Jefferson, who had in the shades of Monticello been reviving his Greek:

"Lord! Lord! what can I do with so much Greek? When I was of your age, young man, that is, seven or eight years ago [he was then nearly seventy-nine, and his correspondent a little over seventy], I felt a kind of pang of affection for one of the flames of my youth, and again paid my addresses to Isocrates and Dionysius Halicarnassensis, etc. I collected all my lexicons and grammars, and sat down to *Περὶ συνθέσεως ονομάτων*. In this way I amused myself for some time, but I found that if I looked a word to-day, in less than a week I had to look it again. It was to little better purpose than writing letters on a pail of water."

This certainly is not much like studying Greek "to any extent with great ease." But I have not done with John Adams yet. A year and one week later I find him again writing to Jefferson. In the interval Jefferson seems to have read Plato, sending at last to John Adams his final im-

pressions of that philosopher. To this letter, on the 16th of July, 1814, his correspondent replies as follows:

"I am very glad you have seriously read Plato, and still more rejoiced to find that your reflections upon him so perfectly harmonize with mine. Some thirty years ago I took upon me the severe task of going through all his works. With the help of two Latin translations, and one English and one French translation, and comparing some of the most remarkable passages with the Greek, I labored through the tedious toil. My disappointment was very great, my astonishment was greater, and my disgust was shocking. Two things only did I learn from him. First, that Franklin's ideas of exempting husbandmen and mariners, etc., from the depredations of war were borrowed from him; and, second, that sneezing is a cure for the hiccough. Accordingly, I have cured myself and all my friends of that provoking disorder, for thirty years, with a pinch of snuff."[1]

As a sufficiently cross-examined witness on the subject of Greek literature I think that John Adams may now quit the stand.

More fortunate than his father, John Quincy Adams passed a large part of his youth in Europe. There, in the easy way a boy does, he picked up those living languages so inestimably valuable to him in that diplomatic career which subsequently was no less useful to his country than it was honorable to himself.

Presently he came home, and, acquiring his modicum of Greek, graduated at Harvard in the class of 1788. Then followed his long public life, stretching through more than half a century. I would, for the sake of my argument, give much could I correctly weigh what he owed during that public life to the living languages he had picked up in Europe, against what he owed to the requirements of Harvard College.

[1] John Adams's Works, vol. x, pp. 49, 102.

Minister at the Hague, at Berlin, and at St. Petersburg, negotiator at Ghent, his knowledge of living tongues enabled him to initiate the diplomatic movement which restored peace to his country.

At St. Petersburg he at least was not tongue-tied. Returning to America, for eight years he was the head of the State Department, and probably the single member of the government who, without the assistance of an interpreter, could hold ready intercourse with the representatives of other lands. Meanwhile, so far as Greek was concerned, I know he never read it; and I suspect that, labor-loving as he was, he never could read it. He could with the aid of a lexicon puzzle out a phrase when it came in his way, but from original sources he knew little or nothing of Greek literature.

It would have been better for him if he had also dropped his Latin. I have already said that the display of cheap learning made the American oration of fifty years ago a national humiliation; it was bedizened with classic tinsel. In this respect John Quincy Adams shared to the full in the affectation of his time. Ready, terse, quick at parry and thrust in his native tongue, speaking plainly and directly to the point, with all his resources at his immediate command,—I think I may say he never met his equal in debate.

Yet when, in lectures and formal orations, he mounted the classic high-horse and modelled himself on Demosthenes and Cicero, he became a poor imitator. As an imitator he was as bad as Chatham. More could not be said. That much he owed to Harvard College and its little Latin and less Greek.

But I must pass on to the third generation. Fortunate like his father, Charles Francis Adams spent some years of his boyhood in Europe, and in many countries of Europe; so that at six years old he could talk, as a child talks, in no less than

six different tongues. Greek was not among them. Returning to America, he, too, fitted for Harvard, and in so doing made a bad exchange; for he easily got rid forever of the German speech, and with much labor acquired in place thereof the regulation allowance of Greek. He was graduated in the class of 1825.

After graduation, having more leisure than his father or grandfather,—that is, not being compelled to devote himself to an exacting profession,—he, as the phrase goes, "kept up his Greek." That is, he occupied himself daily, for an hour or so, with the Greek masterpieces, puzzling them laboriously out with the aid of grammar and lexicon. He never acquired any real familiarity with the tongue; for I well remember that when my turn at the treadmill came, and he undertook to aid me at my lessons, we were very much in the case of a boy who was nearly blind being led by a man who could only very indistinctly see. Still he for years "kept up his Greek," and was on the examining-committee of the College.

And now, looking back, I realize at what a sad cost to himself he did this; for in doing it he lost the step of his own time. Had he passed the same morning hours in keeping himself abreast with modern thought in those living tongues he had acquired in his infancy, and allowed his classics to rest undisturbed on his library shelves, he would have been a wiser, a happier, and a far more useful man. But modern thought (apart from politics), modern science, modern romance, and modern poetry soon ceased to have any charm for him.

Nevertheless he did not wholly lose the more useful lessons of his infancy. For years, as I have said, he officiated on the Greek examining-committee of the College; but at last the time came when his country needed a representative on a

board of international arbitration. Then he laid his lexicon and grammar aside forever, and the almost forgotten French of his boyhood was worth more—a thousandfold more—to him and his country than all the concentrated results of the wasted leisure hours of his maturer life.

I come now to the fourth generation, cutting deep into the second century. My father had four sons. We were all brought up on strict traditional principles, the special family experience being carefully ignored. We went to the Latin schools, and there wasted the best hours of our youth over the Greek grammar,—hours during which we might have been talking French and German,—and presently we went to Harvard. When we got there we dropped Greek, and with one voice we have all deplored the irreparable loss we sustained in being forced to devote to it that time and labor which, otherwise applied, would have produced results now invaluable.

One brother, since a professor at Harvard, whose work here was not without results, wiser than the rest, went abroad after graduation, and devoted two years to there supplying, imperfectly and with great labor, the more glaring deficiencies of his college training. Since then the post-graduate knowledge thus acquired has been to him an indispensable tool of his trade. Sharing in the modern contempt for a superficial learning, he has not wasted his time over dead languages which he could not hope thoroughly to master. Another of the four, now a Fellow of the University, has certainly made no effort to keep up his Greek.

When, however, his sons came forward, a fifth generation to fit for college, looking back over his own experience as he watched them at their studies, his eyes were opened. Then in language certainly not lacking in picturesque vigor, but rather profane than either classical or sacred, he expressed to

me his mature judgment. While he looked with inexpressible self-contempt on that worthless smatter of the classics which gave him the title of an educated man, he declared that his inability to follow modern thought in other tongues, or to meet strangers on the neutral ground of speech, had been and was to him a source of life-long regret and the keenest mortification. In obedience to the stern behests of his Alma Mater he then proceeded to sacrifice his children to the fetich.

My own experience I have partly given. It is unnecessary for me to repeat it. Speaking in all moderation, I will merely say that, so far as I am able to judge, the large amount of my youthful time devoted to the study of Greek, both in my school and college life, was time as nearly as possible thrown away.

I suppose I did get some discipline out of that boyish martyrdom. I should have got some discipline out of an equal number of hours spent on a treadmill. But the discipline I got for the mind out of the study of Greek, so far as it was carried and in the way in which it was pursued in my case, was very much such discipline as would be acquired on the treadmill for the body. I do not think it was any higher or any more intelligent. Yet I studied Greek with patient fidelity; and there are not many modern graduates who can say, as I can, that they have, not without enjoyment, read the Iliad through in the original from its first line to its last.

But I read it exactly as some German student, toiling at English, might read Shakespeare or Milton. As he slowly puzzled them out, an hundred lines in an hour, what insight would he get into the pathos, the music, and the majesty of "Lear" or of the "Paradise Lost?" What insight did I get into Homer? And then they actually tell me to my face

that unconsciously, through the medium of a grammar, a lexicon, and Felton's "Greek Reader," the subtile spirit of a dead literature was and is infused into a parcel of boys!

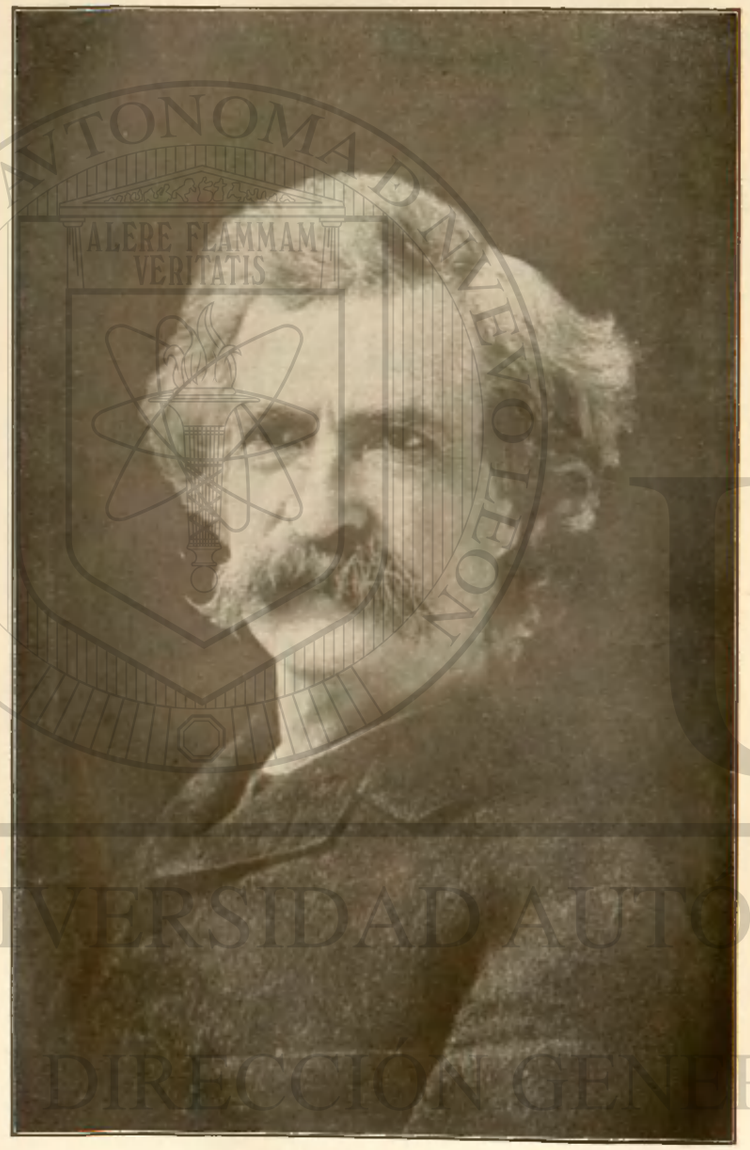
So much for what my Alma Mater gave me. In these days of repeating-rifles, she sent me and my classmates out into the strife equipped with shields and swords and javelins. We were to grapple with living questions through the medium of dead languages. . . .

I submit that it is high time this superstition should come to an end. I do not profess to speak with authority, but I have certainly mixed somewhat with the world, its labors and its literatures, in several countries, through a third of a century; and I am free to say that, whether viewed as a thing of use, as an accomplishment, as a source of pleasure, or as a mental training, I would rather myself be familiar with the German tongue and its literature than be equally familiar with the Greek. I would unhesitatingly make the same choice for my child.

What I have said of German as compared with Greek, I will also say of French as compared with Latin. On this last point I have no question. Authority and superstition apart, I am indeed unable to see how an intelligent man, having any considerable acquaintance with the two literatures, can, as respects either richness or beauty, compare the Latin with the French; while as a worldly accomplishment, were it not for fetich-worship, in these days of universal travel the man would be properly regarded as out of his mind who preferred to be able to read the Odes of Horace rather than to feel at home in the accepted neutral language of all refined society. This view of the case is not yet taken by the colleges.

> "The slaves of custom and established mode,
> With pack-horse constancy we keep the road,
> Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
> True to the jingling of our leader's bells."

And yet I am practical and of this world enough to believe that in a utilitarian and scientific age the living will not forever be sacrificed to the dead. The worship even of the classical fetich draweth to a close; and I shall hold that I was not myself sacrificed wholly in vain if what I have said here may contribute to so shaping the policy of Harvard that it will not much longer use its prodigious influence toward indirectly closing for its students, as it closed for me, the avenues to modern life and the fountains of living thought.



MARK TWAIN

"MARK TWAIN"

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS, best known by his familiar pen-name of "Mark Twain," a famous American humorist, author, and lecturer, was born at Florida, Mo., Nov. 30, 1835. After receiving a common school education at Hannibal, Mo., at the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a printer. After working at his trade he became a pilot on the Mississippi, where he adopted the sobriquet of "Mark Twain" from hearing the call used in taking soundings, signifying "Mark, two fathoms." At the outbreak of the Civil War, he went to Nevada, where for a time he was engaged in silver-mining, and was appointed Territorial secretary and city editor of the Virginia City "Enterprise." In Western journalism he found play for his delightfully eccentric gifts of humor, extravagant and grotesque, but "catchy" and memorable. In 1864, he removed to San Francisco and lectured there and in New York. In 1867, he paid a visit to Europe and the East, and out of the material he thus collected he wrote his most famous book, "The Innocents Abroad," which was followed by "The Jumping Frog." After a further spell of journalistic work at Buffalo and New York, he settled at Hartford, and in 1884 founded the publishing house of C. L. Webster & Co., which became bankrupt in 1895. By the proceeds of his lectures and books he succeeded in liquidating the large indebtedness thus brought upon him. Among his best-known books are "Roughing It"; "The Gilded Age"; "Tom Sawyer"; "The Prince and the Pauper"; "Huckleberry Finn"; "A Tramp Abroad"; "Life on the Mississippi"; "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" (which, published anonymously in 1896, realized its writer's ambition, to be regarded as more than a mere humorist). In 1890, appeared one of his best books, "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur."

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY, DECEMBER 22, 1876

GENTLEMEN,—I reverently believe that the Maker who makes us all makes everything in New England but the weather.

I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the Weather Clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how in New England for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that re-

quire a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it.

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret.

The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go.

But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours.

It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvellous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all the climes. I said, "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity.

Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days.

As to variety—why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity—well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor.

The people of New England are by nature patient and forbearing; but there are some things which they will not stand. Every year they kill a lot of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring."

These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course,

know how the natives feel about spring. And so, the first thing they know, the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the papers and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region; see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then,—see his tail drop.

He doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many Presidents of the United States there's going to be next year. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: Probable nor'-east to sou'-west winds, varying to the southard and westard and eastard and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning.

Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the program may be wholly changed in the mean time."

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it, you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather—a perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling-pot, and ten to one you get drowned.

You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you

stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and, the first thing you know, you get struck by lightning.

These are great disappointments. But they can't be helped. The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing! When it strikes a thing it doesn't leave enough of that thing behind for you to tell whether—well, you'd think it was something valuable, and a Congressman had been there.

And the thunder. When the thunder commences to merely tune up, and scrape, and saw, and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say, "Why, what awful thunder you have here!" But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins, you'll find that stranger down in the cellar, with his head in the ash-barrel.

Now, as to the size of the weather in New England—lengthways, I mean. It is utterly disproportioned to the size of that little country. Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see that New England weather sticking out beyond the edges and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring States. She can't hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about, where she has strained herself trying to do it.

I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof, so I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on the tin? No, sir; skips it every time.

Mind, in this speech I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather; no language could do it justice.

But, after all, there are at least one or two things about

that weather (or, if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with.

If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice-storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dew-drops, and the whole tree sparkles, cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume.

Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong.

Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice-storm comes at last I say, "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; go and sin some more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world!"

SIR R. J. CARTWRIGHT

Sir Richard John Cartwright, G.C.M.G., an eminent Canadian Liberal statesman and financier, was born at Kingston, Ontario, Dec. 4, 1835. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and, after his return to his Ontario home, became president of the Commercial Bank of Canada. He entered public life as member for Lennox and Addington in the Canadian Assembly at the general election of 1863, and continued to sit for that constituency until Confederation (1867). From 1867 to 1878 Mr. Cartwright sat for Lennox. Being then defeated, he was returned for Centre Huron, which he represented up to the close of the Parliament. He was then elected for South Huron. After the general election of 1887 he sat for South Oxford. He belongs to one of the old Tory families of Upper Canada, and in the early days of his public life supported Sir John A. Macdonald. After the era of the Pacific scandal he, however, became and continued to be a member of the Reform or Liberal party. On the resignation of the Macdonald administration, in 1873, he became finance minister in the cabinet then formed by the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, and continued in that office up to the defeat of the government, in 1878. Subsequently, while in opposition, he became the chief spokesman for his party on all fiscal subjects, and developed in debate notable powers of oratory. His speech in seconding the vote of thanks to the volunteers who had served in the Northwest Rebellion (1885), is regarded as one of the masterpieces of Canadian parliamentary eloquence. On Sir Wilfrid Laurier's accession to power, July, 1896, Sir Richard became minister of trade and commerce in the new government (which, in 1902, he still holds), and as such was engaged for some months in framing a new fiscal policy, for the Dominion. In February, 1897, he undertook, with Sir L. H. Davies, a trade mission to Washington. During Sir W. Laurier's absence from Canada, in 1897, he was temporarily leader of the government in the House of Commons at Ottawa. Sir Richard was in 1879 created a K.C.M.G., and in 1897 was honored by the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George.

THE SERVICES OF A PATRIOTIC MILITIA

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, JULY 27, 1885[1]

THE duty which devolves upon me to-day is one of a very much more pleasant kind than that which is wont to fall to honorable gentlemen on the Opposition benches. I very much regret that the physical prostration of my honorable friend the member for West Durham [Mr. Blake] has compelled him to be absent from the House and the city on the present occasion. Everybody who knows how severe the labors of this session have been will feel that with him and with, indeed, the leader of the government, it is no wonder, however much it may be a source of regret, that their physical strength should have proved unequal to the strain put upon them.

[1] Seconding the motion of the Government, thanking Major-General Middleton, C.B., the Canadian Volunteers, and the Northwest Mounted Police, for their services in suppressing the rebellion of Indians and half-breeds which occurred in the spring of 1885 under the leadership of Louis Riel. (See "The Canadian Northwest, its History and its Troubles, with the Narrative of Three Insurrections," by G. Mercer Adam.)

It may be too soon to dwell upon the history of the past few months; and it is possible that when we come to review those events there may be matters on which we may be compelled to differ as to the causes of the outbreak or even as to some of the measures taken to suppress it; but there is one point on which every man in this House, and I believe every man in Canada, will feel, as we do, that the thanks of the whole Dominion are due to the gallant officers and men whose bravery and good conduct have contributed to restored peace and order throughout this Dominion.

The honorable gentleman who preceded me spoke, and spoke truly, not merely in high praise of the bravery which our fellow countrymen have displayed, and which we all knew that they would display, but he spoke of other qualities, equally valuable and equally important, and he spoke, I believe with perfect truth, in terms of the highest praise, of the endurance, of the discipline, of the good conduct, and of the humanity, in the largest sense, which these men have displayed from the commencement of the operations until now.

Sir, it must be remembered that these persons who, without any previous experience, without any previous training, came forward at the call of duty to uphold the laws of their country, have made almost to a man sacrifices more or less serious. We expect from trained soldiers that they shall

hold their lives in their hands, and be ready at an hour's notice to go wherever their commanding officer directs; but it is asking a great deal; it is asking more than could have been expected from our citizen soldiers, to ask these men, literally at an hour's notice, to throw up valuable employments, many of them to leave their families to the charity of their neighbors, many of them to quit businesses which would probably sustain loss that could hardly be repaired for some considerable time, to risk permanent and valuable employments, all at a moment's notice; and I believe I am correct in stating that almost universally, when the order came from headquarters to the various corps to hold themselves in readiness, these men, neglecting their business, forsaking even the care of their families, were found, one and all, ready to respond to the call that was made upon them. This is highly creditable to them, and it is highly creditable to the Dominion, and it gives good hope that the national spirit upon which we must rely for the future prosperity of this country has already attained greater growth than some of us would have anticipated in the short time during which our Confederation has been a nation.

I trust, now that these volunteers are returning, that all of them who have sacrificed for the time their employments, will find that the various companies or persons from whose employment they went have appreciated the sacrifices they have made and the risks they have run, and taken care that none of these men shall suffer for the gallantry they have displayed in responding, as they have responded, to the call of duty. It is only right that that should be done, and I hope public opinion—which can, if it pleases—will enforce that duty on all who have anything to do with our volunteers, because I say this: I say that a great danger has been averted

from this country; I say that the promptitude which has been displayed in putting down this revolt has reverted what would have been a very serious cause of peril.

Had there been delay in responding to the invitation of the government, had there been delay in prosecuting that campaign, all who know anything of the conditions of life in that country, know that we might, as our neighbors on the other side of the border have been again and again, have found ourselves confronted with an Indian war which might have lasted for years, which might have cost thousands of lives and tens of millions of treasure, and it is to the volunteers of Canada, to their prompt response to the call of duty on this occasion, that Canada owes it that our losses are measured by units when they might be measured by tens or by hundreds.

Moreover, sir, I agree, and I am glad to be able to agree, on this occasion, with the Minister of Militia, that the position of Canada has been decidedly raised in the eyes of the world by the conduct of our gallant friends. Sir, people respect those whom they find to be able to fight for their own land and to defend their own country. Our conduct has been watched and scrutinized on both sides of the Atlantic, and there is no doubt whatever in my own mind—I say it frankly—that we stand before the nations of the world in a better position to-day than we did three or four months ago on that single score.

Not only have our citizen soldiers shown their value, their prowess, and their endurance, but the people of Canada, I think, have learned the consciousness of their own power; the self-respect of the nation has been raised, and it was no slight thing, after all, for a country like this, which had no previous training and no organization, as I may say, other

than that which could be acquired in the very few days usually at the disposal of our volunteers to place a fairly well equipped force of 5,000 or 6,000 men in the field at a distance of 2,000 miles from the base of our operations within the space of three weeks, or to crush out a revolt of formidable proportions in very little more than six weeks; because, if you remember that the first notice of this disturbance was received on the 22d of March and that the revolt was to all intents and purposes practically crushed at Batoche on the 12th of May, you will see that within six weeks we have sent our troops 2,000 miles from their base, have marched them over 300 or 400 miles of rather difficult country, have fought several engagements, and have completely pacified the whole of that extensive country in that short period.

Sir, in all this I see but one thing to regret, and that is that these gallant men were compelled to contend with our own countrymen. That is the only thing to be regretted, and I am sorry that their prowess could not be shown, if it must be shown, on a foreign foe, instead of being shown on the brave though misguided men whom they were obliged, in the common interest, to reduce to peace.

And let me say that among all the things to be regretted in these occurrences there is at least one thing on which I can congratulate the people of Canada, that it would appear that the patience and justice which, on the whole, Canada has shown for a great number of years in dealing with her Indian subjects or allies, has not been entirely thrown away. There has unfortunately been bloodshed, there have been murders committed, but those atrocities which in other countries have marked Indian outbreaks have been creditably absent.

There has been murder and bloodshed, but I believe that there is no reasonably well-authenticated instance of the Indians having tortured or outraged their prisoners; and in that respect I say there is good hope for the future of the North-west; there is good hope that the course we have pursued has borne some reasonable fruit. Sir, it is true that the cost both in blood and in treasure has been serious. I am not disposed to underestimate it, although, as I said, I believe that prompt action has prevented it from swelling to very greatly increased proportions; but I believe also that the cost and that loss are likely, to a great extent, to be compensated to the people of this country.

I say that there has been gain in national spirit, and I say more too. I say that in all countries which have made any mark in history it has been found that considerable sacrifices are a necessary ingredient in true patriotism. The more men sacrifice for a good and honest cause, the more, as a general rule, are they likely to sacrifice in the future, and therefore it is that although I regret the loss of life, although I regret the loss of money, still I feel that that is not a regret entirely without compensation; and when I compare the losses we have sustained in other respects with the losses which have been borne time and again by other nations no larger and no older than our own, I am compelled to admit that these sacrifices, taken collectively, have been comparatively light.

Sir, I am very far, indeed, from underestimating the sacrifices which have been made by the men who went to the front. They endured much; and it may interest honorable gentlemen to know that, of the troops actually engaged, as large a proportion appear to have been killed and wounded, in proportion to their numbers, as are usually found to have been injured in conflicts between much larger bodies. More-

over, when it is remembered that these men were almost entirely without organization, that not one of them, or scarcely one of them, had ever seen a shot fired in anger in his life, we can hardly speak in too high terms of the general discipline and the bravery which they have displayed.

It was not a case in which a general well known to his troops was conducting tried soldiers to battle. It was a case where a general who had had no time to make the acquaintance of his forces, and whose men were necessarily without any knowledge of him, was compelled to contend, under circumstances of no ordinary character, with a foe of no contemptible sort, because his opponents, besides being brave men, were very well versed in all the wiles of the Indians and of the Indian mode of fighting; they were men who were accustomed to defend themselves against savage foes within a comparatively short number of years. When we recollect, as we very well may, how trained regular troops have failed under similar circumstances in other parts of the empire, and in conflict with similar enemies in other parts of the empire, we may well be proud of the record, on the whole, of our Canadian volunteers.

I do not, on the present occasion, after the very full manner in which these affairs have been dealt with by my honorable friend opposite, and at this stage of the session, propose to detain the House much further. I may say that I believe these young lives so freely spent in Canada will not be spent in vain, and although it may well be that we can do very little to compensate those who have lost husband, son, or father, we will still remember, as was said by an English poet in days of old,

> "Though their country weeps the slain,
> Yet the burden of our pain
> Is nothing to the blaze of their renown."

WHAT THE LIBERAL PARTY HAS DONE FOR CANADA

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED IN TORONTO, AUGUST 24, 1899

AND now, sir, what else have we done? Well, sir, we have done this: over and above what we have done in the way of developing this country, what we have done in the way of promoting trade, what we have done in the way of reducing taxation, we have settled and successfully settled one of those dangerous and burning questions dividing religious denominations of one kind from religious denominations of another, dividing race from race, setting Province against Province—we have settled that, and settled it so successfully that I do not believe to-day in Manitoba that either party takes the slightest notice of the former discussion and dispute over the separate schools in that region.

Then, sir, we have done another thing which I think all true Canadians will agree with me is one that this government has a right to be proud of, which the people of Canada have a right to be proud of. We have shown, sir, that we at any rate believe in the unity of the empire, and we have done more in the way of developing a wholesome imperial sentiment between Great Britian and her colonies than has been done by all the talk, all the bluster, all the jingoism with which this place and others have resounded for the last twenty years.

When we give a specific preference to English manufacturers, then, sir, we showed that the Liberals were prepared to do what the Conservatives had only been prepared to talk about.

We showed, sir, that we at any rate were prepared to recognize and to deal fairly with the country which dealt fairly with us; and we have not heard the last word about that yet, because I believe that the example we have set is likely to be followed by every English race, by every English colony, by every English dependency from one end of the inhabited globe to the other.

And, sir, while these men ask us "Why didn't you drive a huckstering bargain with England? Why didn't you attempt to get a preference in English markets? Why didn't you get them to impose duties on the products of other races?"

I reply to that, sir, that to all intents and purposes Canada and Canadian manufacturers and Canadian products have today a real preference in the English market. I tell you that if Canadians choose to make a wise use of the advantages which we have procured for them, if Canadians will send to England goods as they ought to send, worthy of Canada, goods such as we are able to send, goods which will command and retain the preference they now have in the English market, they may make their own terms and command their own prices without the need of any treaty or any agreement whatever.

More than that, sir; for the first time in her history Canada has asserted herself. Canada has become to all intents and purposes a real factor in the British Empire. When before was it heard that, in conducting negotiations with the United States, England permitted four Canadian plenipotentiaries to be associated with one representative of England? And here let me say—and it is only justice to Sir Charles Tupper to say that he has frankly admitted the fact—that I think the result of those negotiations have

proved to you that although we do desire—as we had a right to desire—to establish the most friendly relations with the great republic beside us, yet in the hands of the Liberal government and of the Liberal party you need never be afraid that Canadian interests will be sacrificed or that Canadian honor will be allowed to be set on one side in any negotiations with any Power in the world. Sir, it may be that we have builded better than we knew. I believe for my part that the example which we have set is going to have—and that at no distant day—very great and important results. I, for my part, hold with Mr. Kipling that when we took the step we did we set an example which will ring from one end of the world to the other.

> We have proved our faith in the heritage
> By more than the word of the mouth,
> Those that are wise may follow
> When the world's war-trumpet blows,
> But we, we are first in the battle,
> Said Our Lady of the Snows.

PRINCIPAL GRANT

THE VERY REV. GEORGE MONRO GRANT, D. D., C. M. G., a distinguished Canadian educator and author, and principal and vice-chancellor of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, was born at Stellarton, Nova Scotia, Dec. 22, 1835. Educated at Pictou Academy, and at the West River Seminary of the Presbyterian Church, he received a bursary in 1853, that entitled him to a course at the University of Glasgow. His career there was distinguished by exceptional brilliancy. Ordained to the ministry in 1860, he returned to his native Province, and in the following year was appointed a missionary in County Pictou. Not long afterwards he was sent to Georgetown, Prince Edward Island. In May, 1863, he accepted a call to the pastorate of St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, where he remained for fourteen years. In 1872, he accompanied the present Sir Sandford Fleming in his journey overland to British Columbia, as the result of which he published in 1873, "Ocean to Ocean." In 1877, he became principal of Queen's College, Kingston, receiving in the same year the degree of D. D. from his Alma Mater. In 1888, he proceeded on a journey round the world, lecturing in Australia and elsewhere. In 1889, he was elected moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada; in the same year he was elected president of the Imperial Federation League, Kingston. He was elected president of the Royal Society of Canada in 1891, and in 1894, president of the St. Andrew's Society, Kingston, to which office he was reelected in 1895–96. He received the honorary degree of LL. D., from Dalhousie University, Halifax, 1892. His published works include, besides, "Ocean to Ocean," "Advantages of Imperial Federation" (1889); "Our National Objects and Aims" (1890); and "The Religions of the World in Relation to Christianity" (1894). He has also edited "Picturesque Canada" (1882), and has written considerably for English, American, and Canadian magazines. He has done much for education as head of Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. Principal Grant is an impressive and eloquent speaker, an entertaining writer, and, socially, a man of delightful gifts.

OUR NATIONAL OBJECTS AND AIMS

ALLOW me, Mr. President, to thank you for conceiving and carrying out the plan of a series of addresses on Canadian subjects to the members of the National Club and their friends. I consented with pleasure to give this introductory lecture, if a friendly talk on a subject of common interest may bear so formal a title. It seems to me that those of us who have any leisure time should have sufficient seriousness to give it to the discussion and consideration of problems suggested by the history, the position, or the outlook of our country.

Different estimates are made of what our immediate future is likely to be, and no wonder, for our political position is perhaps unique in history. As a matter of fact we are something more than a colony and something less than a nation. A colony is a dependency, and we are practically independent. A nation has full self-government, not only as regards local questions, but as regards all foreign relations, including peace, war, and treaty-making. We have not ventured to undertake those supreme responsibilities, either alone or as a partner, and therefore we are not a nation.

Our actual position is veiled by the kindly courtesy of the mother country. It is the custom to associate a Canadian representative with the British ambassador when negotiations affecting our interests are carried on with other states. This year, too, Lord Salisbury, after submitting since 1886—in our interest as well as in the common interest—to aggressions that would not have been allowed to any other power on earth for a week, at last was constrained to inform Secretary Blaine that the country that continued to capture Canadian ships on the high seas must be prepared to take the consequences. So far nothing more could be desired, but we cannot forget that Lord Salisbury—nominally responsible to the Queen—is really responsible to the British House of Commons, and that neither in that House nor in the Queen's Privy Council have we any constitutional representation.

Few will maintain that the position is satisfactory either to Canada or to Britain. In these circumstances men cannot avoid speculating concerning our future, nor is it any wonder that diverse views are entertained concerning what

that future is likely to be. Every day speculation is going on. Every one else takes a hand in it, and why should we keep silent?

Only a month or two ago the most distinguished student of history in Canada told an audience that political union with the great republic to the south of us was our manifest destiny. . . .

Canada is never likely to have more than a tenth of the population of the United States; but five millions, growing gradually to ten within the lifetime of some of us, are as many as one can get his arms around and enough certainly to make a nation; as many as England had in the great days of Elizabeth; far more than Athens had in the century after Marathon, when she bore the statesmen, poets, philosophers, historians, mathematicians, men of science, artists, and teachers, at whose feet the students of the world have sat for more than two thousand years; far more than Judea had in the golden age of that prophetic literature which is still so largely our guide and our inspiration to righteousness; far more than Rome had when her sun was at the zenith; for the glory of Rome was not when she held the East and West in fee, and Christian emperors like Constantine and Theodosius the Great ruled the world, but when, defeated at Trebia, Thrasymene, and Cannæ, her fields wasted, her veteran legions annihilated, her young men slain or prisoners, scarce freemen enough left in Rome to form one legion more, she still wavered not an inch, but closed her gates, forbade mothers and wives to ransom their captive sons and husbands, and refused to discuss terms of peace while Hannibal remained in Italy.

Oh, for something of that proud consciousness of national dignity and of that stern public virtue which is the strength

of states! Why should we not have it in Canada to-day? We come of good stock. It is not more millions either in men or money that we need most, but more of the old spirit in the men we have; not a long list of principles, but a clear insight into those that are fundamental.

To give to each Province a free hand within its own sphere, to be tolerant of diversities, to deal equal justice to all, to treat minorities considerately, and to have faith in our country, this surely is a creed that can be taught at every fireside and in every school as well as on the hustings. These principles, tenaciously adhered to, will be sufficient. These duties, honestly discharged, will shed light on our course from day to day. We are asked simply to be true to ourselves and faithful to every brotherly covenant. With that spirit in our people, the national position of Canada is full of hope for the future and impregnable against every attack.

Secondly. Next to our need of a better understanding of one another is the need of a right attitude to other countries, especially to our neighbors. In speaking of this, the subject of our national aims comes up. Every great nation has contributed something to the cause of humanity. That is its divine mission and the reason for its existence. To that ideal it must on no account be false.

What does Canada intend to give to the world? What faith do we carry in our hearts? Depend upon it the future of individuals and of nations is determined by their own hearts and their actual positions in the world. Our position is peculiar. Since the Peace of Paris in 1763, when Canada, with the consent of all parties, became British, she has remained British.

We believe that this was good for the inhabitants. Other-

wise they would have remained under the bondage of the old régime, and when it broke up they would have been sold as Louisiana was. Bonaparte cared nothing for the West. Good for vanquished and victors in the civil war that followed in the thirteen colonies of the south! Cities of refuge were provided in the forests of Ontario, on the banks of the St. John, and the shores of the Atlantic for those true Loyalists who otherwise would have been deported to the West Indies or have been made to fare even worse. The experiment of free government was thenceforward to be tried on this continent under different constitutional forms, and that, too, was gain.

Good for the United States! Their chief foes have always been of their own household. Their best thinkers lament that tendency to national brag and bluster, with consequent narrowing of public life and deterioration of character, which success engendered. It is no pleasant thing for me to say an unkind word concerning our neighbors. They are our own flesh and blood. They are an example to us in a hundred ways. They have among them men and women who are the salt of the earth. In no country is it more necessary to distinguish between the froth of the surface and the pure liquor beneath, between the outcries that we hear first and the sober judgment and Christian sentiment that find expression later on, between the selfishness of the politician and the calm wisdom and great heart of the saving remnant. Their wise men know that it was a good thing for them that their flag was kept on one side of the watershed of the continent.

The schism that took place when the thirteen colonies broke away from the empire has been a grievous bar to their own development on the best side, and to the progress of

humanity. No greater boon can be conferred on the race than the healing of that schism. That is the work that Canada is appointed by its position and history to do, if only it has a great enough heart for the work. How to do it will tax our wisdom as well as our faith. One thing is clear. We can do nothing if we barter our honor for some hope of immediate gain. The man who does not respect himself will never be respected by others. Much more is that true of a nation. The man may have death-bed repentance and a future life, but there is no life for the nation in the hereafter.

What is the right attitude for us? To guard the independence we have gained in the course of successive civil struggles, and to guard our national as carefully as we would our individual honor. Language is sometimes used that looks in the direction of surrendering our fiscal independence to a foreign power, and at the same time of discriminating against our own empire and the rest of the world. The first means national extinction, and the second is as unreasonable and impossible as it would be for Britain to discriminate against us. The fewer restrictions on trade the better. Free trade would be good for us and better for our neighbors, and next to free trade are fair treaties of reciprocity.

But let us not use ambiguous language. Let us not call that unrestricted trade which means free trade with one foreign nation and prohibited trade with our own commonwealth and everyone else. That would ensure for us the contempt of the one foreign nation and the righteous indignation of all others with whom we are now trading.

I need say no more on this, for I believe that the independence and honor of Canada are safe with Canadian statesmen of both parties. If, however, any of them should waver, the

people will not. Outside of the two planks named, tariff changes are questions of expediency and must be discussed by experts. I, for one, do not profess to be able to see any eternal principle at stake between seventeen and a half per cent and twenty per cent duty. Nor do I understand how the abolition of the old reciprocity treaty, the rejection of the agreements negotiated by Mr. Brown and Mr. Chamberlain, or the passing of the McKinley Bill, can be considered wise. In every case the action was injurious to the people of the United States. The last-named bill will hurt us, and hurt themselves more; but should it hurt us twice as much as some hope and others fear, we shall not lose our temper. For good or ill the press represents us to a great extent when Parliament is not in session, and I trust that it will not misrepresent us now. Let us wait hopefully for the time when our neighbors will be awakened to see that selfishness is blindness. Let us remember that we ourselves have not been wholly blameless in the past, and let us hope that we shall shake hands yet across the line, and, letting bygones by bygones, unite in furthering the good old cause of righteousness and peace over the world. There have been two wars between Britain and the United States. In the first the mother, and in the second the daughter, was most to blame. The honors are thus easy between them, and sensible people have made up their minds that there shall be no third exhibition of what has been rightly called the sum of human folly and villainy.

How can there be if the principle of arbitration is accepted? Great Britain and Canada are prepared to submit every dispute with the United States to impartial arbitration. The public cannot refuse the offer that the Queen has made in the hearing of the world, though every week's delay in accepting the offer exhibits the opposite of a neighborly spirit. Every day Canada is giving new hostages for peace.

There is a steady migration going on from northern to southern lands, in Europe, Asia, and America. We see this even within the boundaries of the same country; in Russia, in Germany, in the United States. The movement does not mean that the northern countries are being depopulated. They are increasing in population. They remain, too, the homes of obedience to law, of purity, health, and manly vigor. I expect that before long we shall have lost all our negro population and have gained instead Icelanders, Scandinavians, Jews, and Germans. Already there are a million of Canadians, mostly white, in the United States. They go because of the greater variety of industries, or because of the mildness of the climate, or because centres of population attract, or because there is no extradition treaty, or for other good reasons. They go to better their conditions, but they are at the same time missionaries of peace and good will.

Why should all our young men stay at home? Their parents did not, or we should not be here. The young men of Britain go everywhere, opening up fresh fields, making new homes in every quarter of the globe, whence are diffused the virtues of the highest civilization the earth has yet known, and yet the old country increases steadily in wealth, population, and intelligence, while she retains also the moral leadership of the race. We need not be alarmed because some of our young men go to the United States, while others follow the flag to Africa and India, to explore the Aruwhimi, like Stairs, or rule in Uganda, like Huntley MacKay. We have lands enough and to spare. Those who stay at home will build up the country, and those who go abroad will save us from parochialism. Does anyone fancy that there would be

no movement of population to the south if we made a change in our commercial policy or political allegiance? If so, we need not argue with him.

I have spoken of the high aim that Canadians should carry in their hearts and always keep before their eyes when they think of the future. A great people will have a worthy aim, and such an aim will prove an ennobling inspiration. "It is best not to obey the passions of men; they are but for a season; it is our duty to regard the future," said Champlain, the man who built Quebec, and who may be regarded as the first great Canadian. We are to build up a North American Dominion, permeated with the principles of righteousness, worthy to be the living link, the permanent bond of union, between Britain and the United States. That ideal may be far in the distance. So is the Pole Star. Yet sailors steered by it for centuries.

But, you say, we must think of the present more than of the future. You ask me whether I have nothing to say with regard to our present duty. Here we are face to face with serious problems affecting our daily life and pressing us in their most acute form through the recent legislation of our neighbors. What should be our attitude with regard to these? For here, too, as well as in home affairs, an immediate policy should be outlined, as immediate action is necessary. This question I might pass by, on the ground that events are wiser than men, and that the best answer to it will gradually be evolved out of the conflict of parties. But I shall endeavor to give my contribution toward an answer. Take it for what it is worth, remembering that I now speak with that submission which is called for when matters of expediency rather than matters of principle are concerned. Let us first understand as clearly as possible the state of the case.

As regards the United States, its action has been long considered and fully discussed, and there is little likelihood of its being changed in a hurry. Those who tell us that the McKinley Bill is the darkest hour that precedes the dawn, and that the dawn is already breaking, deceive themselves. I hope they shall not deceive us. In due time the light will break, but the man who waits for it will have to be almost as patient as the rustic who waits till the river has ceased running that he may cross dryshod.

We have to think of present duty as well as keep in mind what we may be called on to do ten or twenty years hence. For fifty years free traders in England have been declaring that the dawn was just about to break in the United States, yet what is the present position of affairs? The Republican party, comprising a large majority of the sober, thoughtful, and patriotic men of the northern, western and northwestern States, is solidly protectionist. The Democratic party, comprising almost the whole of the rest of the people, does not dare to unfurl the flag of free trade. In the last election it spent its time trying to prove that it was more truly protectionist than the other party.

There is no present hope, then, of any radical change in the fiscal policy of our neighbors. They believe that their present policy gives them the advantages of both free trade and protection.

It appeals too strongly to national selfishness and national vanity, as well as to their fervent patriotism and anti-Britain spirit, to be cast hastily aside. No politician is likely to disregard the great forces that I have enumerated. They tell one another proudly of the happy lot of the American workingman compared with the "pauper labor" of Europe. They listen with unaffected delight to the groans which their flat-

terers tell them are now rising more despairingly than ever from all classes in the Old World. They are not likely to tire soon of such stimulants. When anything goes wrong, their cry will certainly be, "More brandy."

While this is the case as regards Europe, as regards Canada they have an additional reason for maintaining their national policy. We are on the same continent with them, but we are British. Once they were sure that our destiny was "to drop like a ripe plum" into their mouths,—a nice fate, by the way, for the plum; but now they see that we are making a nation. Mr. Blaine expressed the general view when he declared openly that this was wholly incompatible with our having free trade with them. As he puts it, we cannot be Canadians and Americans at the same time. Well, we mean to be Canadians any way.

That is the present position in the United States. It is folly for us to shut our eyes to the facts. It is worse than folly to content ourselves with speculating on the possible results of the November elections, or for private persons to go to Washington and pass themselves off there as the authorized representatives of Canada. Let us always welcome the fullest freedom of speech, but conduct of that kind comes so near to being treason to the country that I do not see how the charge can be escaped except on the plea of aberration. In stating the case I have no intention of finding fault with the United States.

Our own attitude proves that if we had been in their circumstances we would have acted in precisely the same way. We, too, are afraid of competing with what our neighbors call "pauper labor," or even of competing with what one of our newspapers call "the pauper hens of Holland, Germany, and France."

While our neighbors were preparing their unfriendly bill we gave them all the excuse that could have been desired by placing new taxes on their corn and pork; and at the very moment when we are more dependent than ever on the open markets of Britain some of us propose to shut our doors against her as the price of conciliating those who announce that we cannot be Canadians and Americans at the same time. The United States may be selfish in politics, but they have never proposed anything quite so selfish as that.

I have indicated the United States' position. The policy of Britain we all know. We are between the two. What course shall we take? If we imitate the United States we shall proceed to double our duties on almost everything that we tax now. Every sane man will admit that we cannot afford that. We simply cannot afford to make living in Canada dearer. If we imitate Great Britain we shall at once reverse all our previous policy. Almost everyone will admit that we cannot afford so violent a disturbance as that. Is there any middle course?

For answer I shall indicate three points that I have thought out, though there is barely time now to do more than state them.

First, that to fill the gap made by the McKinley Bill in our volume of trade we must look chiefly to an increased trade with Britain. In one way the country that lies alongside of us for three or four thousand miles is certainly our natural market, and I have no wish to argue with the people on either side of the line who refuse to admit that free trade with neighbors is a good thing. But it is just as certain that Great Britain is also our natural market. She is ready to take almost everything we produce, and distance by water is of far less consequence than distance by land. It is clear, too,

that we must buy more from her as well as sell more to her if we are largely to increase our dealings.

Secondly, if we are to have commercial union with only one country it would be more natural to form such a union with Great Britain than with the United States. There would, in that case, be less disturbance even of our manufacturing interests; for the differences between Canada and Britain have led here to lines of manufactures in which, under any arrangement with her, we could easily hold our own or even preserve an unchallenged supremacy. These lines of manufacture would be at once multiplied and strengthened by the introduction of the one article of free iron from Great Britain.

On the other hand there is not a single line of manufactures in which the United States are not our keen competitors. With regard, again, to the manufactures in which Britain excels us, not only would consumers, in the event of free trade, get the benefit of cheap goods, but the merchants, especially along the borders, would find their business increasing by leaps and bounds. Besides, in any such union with Britain we could depend upon her stable trade policy and her friendliness, both matters of importance, as the history of our relations with the United States for half a century abundantly shows.

Thirdly, retaliation by us would be ridiculous. I do not say that retaliation is out of the question in every case. Sometimes it is the best way of bringing others to a reasonable frame of mind. Cobden could never have made his celebrated convention with France if Britain had been previously admitting all French products free. He had something to offer that it was worth France's while to accept. In the same way Canada and Britain will not get any reasonable

measure of free trade with the United States till unitedly they can offer something which in the opinion of Congress is as good as that which we want from them.

If, then, Canada would agree to abolish its duties on British products and manufactures, or even keep on them a small revenue tariff for a short time, and if Britain would agree to discriminate against countries refusing any reasonable reciprocity with her and us, that would give us the weapon we need. That course would have other advantages. In my opinion it would be the best course, not only for Canada but for Britain. Neither of our great parties will take it for obvious reasons, but these parties are certain to break up before long; and if I were a young man going into political life I would nail my colors to it, simply because it is right in itself and most certain to lead to the best results. It would certainly teach the primer of free trade to the farmers of the United States. They are now in the fog and will remain in it for an indefinite time until the lesson is taught them in this way. They could not complain, for even a little imitation is a sincere form of flattery. Besides, they have already done their worst. If you agree with me on these points, it follows that we should approach the British government with a reasonable offer and find out whether any, and if so what, arrangement, can be made. We have approached Washington time and again. Ought we not to try London now? We are dogmatically told that Britain will never discriminate. It will be time enough for us to believe that when we are willing to share in the sacrifice that any change requires, or when she herself says so. At any rate, that which is worth getting is worth asking.

It is clear to me that our policy should follow henceforth the British rather than the United States system. It is clear

that if we are to throw in our lot fiscally with any other nation we should do so with the mother country. It is clear that we can approach her without loss of dignity, and I believe, too, that if we are prepared to pay the fair price we would get all the advantages from her that existing treaties permit.

The people of Britain are free traders by conviction, but they believe that there is something more important than a rigid adherence to the good rule of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market. It is also clear to me that the trade theory of Britain is right, though it does not follow that no exceptions can ever be allowed, or that there are not relative degrees of rightness. It is wrong in principle to limit trade to an island or a continent. At any rate, as far as we make changes let us head in the direction of what is right, and not of what is wrong—not only with regard to the lines on which changes should be made in our tariff, but in other respects also.

Our policy must be decided. Since our neighbors will not trade with us we must do everything in reason to open more widely the avenues of trade, not only with Britain, but with related countries. Commercial treaties with the West Indies on one side and Australia on the other, a fast steamship service across the Atlantic, the deepening of the St. Lawrence canals, a cable and a line of steamships to Australia and New Zealand, a railway to Hudson Bay, are all moves in the right direction.

But, while we may not agree on details, let us be at one on fundamental principles. There are matters of unspeakably greater importance to a people than the volume of its imports and exports, or anything that can be tabulated in the most roseate-colored and most carefully prepared statistics,

Not by these things does a country live. A country lives and lives in history by what its people are. Very little thought did the men who made Canada give to tariff questions. They were men who lived simple lives and whose hearts of oak no privations shook. Everything we have we owe to them, and the more firmly we stand on their foundations and get back to their simple manners, robust faith, and sincere patriotism, the better for us. We are living in a critical period. We need strong and true men. These will be given us if we are worthy of them. Let us take our stand on what is right without any fear of consequences. All sorts of bogeys will be used to frighten us, all sorts of temptations to allure us from the path of honor. Against all these stand fast. Remember how the spirit of our fathers shone out again and again like a pillar of fire when the night was darkest. Oh, yes, we come of good stock. Men emigrated to this New World who knew how to endure. They hoped to found in the forests of the West a state in which there would be justice for all, free scope for all, fair reward for labor, a new home for freedom, freedom from grinding poverty, freedom from the galling chain of ancient feuds, mutual confidence and righteousness between man and man, flowing from trust in God. They knew that there was no other sure foundation, no other permanent cohesion for the social fabric. These men yearned and prayed for the country. They were poor, yet they made rich all who came in contact with them. Some of them are still with us in the flesh, for Canada is only in its infancy. Let the knowledge that such men laid our foundations hallow our aims and give us faith in the country's future. I never despair.