IN THE
PENNYRILE
OF
OLD KENTUCKY

AND

MEN, THINGS
AND
EVENTS

BY

SAVOYARD

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DEDICATION

It is with a feeling of the liveliest satisfaction, and a sense of the profoundest gratitude that I inscribe this book to E. B. STAHLMAN.

E. W. NEWMAN.

FIRST BOOK

In The Pennyrile Of Old Kentucky

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A PASTORALE OF THE PENNYRILE.

I wonder in what Isle of Bliss
  Apollo breathes ambrosial air;
In what green valley Artemis
  For young Endymion spreads the snare;
Where Venus lingers debonair;
  The wind has blown them all away,
And Pan lies piping in his lair—
  Where are the gods of yesterday?

The tavern was the chief building of Chicken Bristle, situated at the northern extremity of the hamlet just above the intersection of the Greensburg road. It stood for good cheer, home-like comfort, and warm welcome. Constructed of wood it was part log and part frame, cool in summer and warm in winter. There was an ample front yard, at once grove, lawn, and flower garden—here a majestic oak, there a spreading elm, and here and there beech, sugar maple, and locust, carefully and precisely pruned. Scattered hither and thither beds of flowers —roses, pinks, violets, dasies, pansies, sweet williams, and tulips—bordered the sinuous gravel walks. There were ferns in shady nooks; creeping up walls and over arbors was honeysuckle—these for the landlord's daughter. There was an enormous bed of mint on the spring branch, and a bed of tansy in the vegetable garden—these for the landlord. The green sward was carefully tended, close-clipped in season; plentifully top-dressed in unseason.

There was a large vegetable garden that yielded

abundantly to diligent and intelligent cultivation. The orchard supplied fruits—apples, peaches, pears, cherries, plums. A scuppernong covered the arbor over an immense area. There were berries in variety and in plenty, and down in the pasture were trees that bore prolific crops of nuts. Nearby was the dairy with its cool stone springhouse, its burished utensils, its arctic crystal water, its rich milk, its firm, sweet, nutty, golden butter—these for the landlady. The meadows were radiant in springtime, generous in harvest time, and pleasant all time.

The tavern was "The Good Samaritan," and ne'er was name more aptly or more happily bestowed. The landlord was whimsical, except in generosity to his friends and love for his wife and daughter; in these he was perennial; he was practical and drank his coffee "laced"; he was epicurean and garnished jowl and greens with poached eggs and accompanied them with corn pone; he was quaint, more than half believed in the evil eye, which, he said was the mark God put upon Cain; he read the preachments of Solomon and delivered learned discourses on them; he was chivalrous and never locked his smoke-house; he was convivial and the big-bellied bottle was always supplied and always on the sideboard; he was dogmatic and clinched an argument with a more or less profane expletive; he was liberal in religious faith and believed there was happines for all beyond the tomb, except certain individuals with whom he was involved in tedious and vexatious and exasperating litigation. He was farmer, herder, trader, distiller, as well as bòniface and successful in all. He could shoot a rifle, ride a horse, chase a

fox, carve a joint, brew a punch, talk politics, and discourse philosophy. His conscience was easy.

> Full twenty times was David loved
> For once that David was ever dreaded.

And yet those other lines of Wordsworth need no paraphrase when read in light of the plain, direct, unpoetic, unaffected, practical character of this downright man.

> A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

With a heart free from guile, with an estate free from debt, with a spirit free from envy, with a life free from stain, he could exclaim:

"Oh, Abner, I fear God and I fear nothing beside."

Such was David Philpott, landlord of "The Good Samaritan."

His good wife, Jane, matronly and comely, the incarnation of good nature, kind heart, and ready sympathy, was fit helpmeet for the excellent man with whom she was happily mated. Indeed, the Good Samaritan owed its wide fame to her housewifely excellence. She was the soul of that hostelry of which a Shenstone might have sung. Her eye, ever alert, was in parlor and bedroom, in kitchen and dining room, in pantry and dairy. She knew tidiness, good cheer was ever associated with her, comfort and kindliness walked in her steps. How oft did that excellent husband quote the monarch

who dwelt in cedar palaces, sat on thrones of ivory, and wore diadems of jewels—even Solomon.

"She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life."

And the compliment lodged in the grateful heart of Aunt Jane, took root there and blossomed and fructified and made her a happy woman and gave her content that never came to Recamier or Longueville or Montagu or Devonshire.

But the landlord's daughter? She was the idol of her father, the joy of her mother, the pride of the hamlet. She was the village beauty, the universal favorite—a nymph, a naiad, a grace, divine of form and fair of face. With sparkling eye and rosy cheek and ruby lip, her smile was a dream, her song an inspiration, her love a religion.

I saw her dance so comelily,
Carol'd and sing so sweetly,
And laugh and play so womanly,
And look so debonairly,
That, certes, I trow that nevermor
Was seen so blissful a treasure.
For every hair upon her head,
Sooth to say it was not red,
Nor yellow neither, nor brown it was.
But oh! what eyes my lady had,
Debonair, goode, glad and sad,
Simple, of good size, not too wide,
Thereto her look was not aside
Nor overwart.

No gathering of the young folk was complete without Dorothy. Did the boys and girls make a party to go nutting on the knob, it was no party if Dorothy was not of it; did the singing class assemble at the old log church, it was discordant song if Doro-

thy was not there. Was there a dance, it was without mirth if Dorothy was absent. She led the choir and there was religion and melody in her voice. Perfect health embellished her beauty and unaffected gracefulness lent a thousand charms.

And dark blue was her e'e.

She was endowed by nature and trained by education to be the wife of a strong and good man, and the mother of sturdy boys and virtuous girls. She said "father" and "mother" in dutiful tones, and when, at even,

Her gentle limbs she did undress
And lay down in her loveliness.

She said, "Our Father, which art in Heaven," reverently, confidingly, truthfully. A christian she was, with no more doubt of her faith than of the sun; chaste she was, without knowledge or suspicion of evil; simple she was and heedless of the great world, its passions, its cruel disappointments, its more cruel triumphs. She was reminder of the Rebecca whom Isaac mated, and Jacob might have blithely served for her thrice seven years. The shrubberies and the fountains of Arnheim might have been planted and wrought for one like she.

Such was Dorothy Philpott, the landlord's daughter.

Richard Ogilvie was the merchant's son and only child. He was ever a welcome visitor at the "Good Samaritan," where he spent more time between dawn and dark than he did at home, and ate more meals than at his father's board. The landlord found

him a good listener, and youth though he was, Squire Philpott loved "to throw his discourse," as he expressed it, on Dick. Dick was fond of looking at, and talking with, Dorothy. Mayhap that is why he was so good a listener when the old gentlleman held forth. It was the old, old story. Boaz whispered it to Ruth. It was hoary with age then, and venerable with the repetitions of ages. It was ever new, too, and will be new in ages yet to be. The landlord would expatiate voluminously on Solomon, whom he would have chosen as guide for Dick as well as for himself. Honest man, he never dreamed that Dick was making eyes at Dorothy. He did not have imagination enough to live his life over again in reverie; besides, he was too busy a man. Aunt Jane knew why Dick was hanging around. Trust a mother for that. She knew that Dick danced more frequently with Dorothy than with any other girl at the quilting at John Cassaday's that spring. She knew that Dick went to Blue Spring to church not because he was edified by the preaching of Brother Brown, but because he rode beside Dorothy, helped her to dismount, hitched her horse and whispered the old, old story in her ear on the way, going and returning. She caught the rascal's glance twoscore times thrown toward Dorothy during the service. She knew, too, that Dorothy was fancy free, as yet; but that of all the boys round about Dorothy thought most of Dick.

The bloom was on the alder and the tassel on the corn.

The sun had set, the moon was new, the stars were twinkling when Dick Ogilvie made his way to the

Good Samaritan. The squire had had a more or less heated discussion that day with his personal friend and political enemy, Rush Higgason, the village doctor, about the "cock" in old Jim Buchanan's eye—it was the political campaign of 1856. As remarked, the squire drank his coffee "laced." On this particular day he had drunk his whiskey juleped and without a prudent calculation as to quantity. It is but due him to say, however, that he rarely indulged to the degree of excess. He had retired and was curled up in bed in the "big room," snoring away in the dreamless sleep of a peaceful conscience. Aunt Jane welcomed Dick, and soon Dorothy made her appearance in becoming lawn frock, with the identical rose in her hair that Dick had plucked and given her that very afternoon. In those days that was a primitive community; boys sparked the girls in sight of the old folks. It is a custom that is honored in the observance to this day. Dick had hoped to have Dorothy to himself in a corner while Aunt Jane nodded over her knitting.

He reckoned without the squire, however. He had not exchanged a dozen sentences with his sweetheart when the old gentleman gave a tremendous snort and was wide awake. When awake he was bound to talk, and he dearly loved to talk with Dick. Mr. Philpott had long been investigating the subject of electricity, then a far more mysterious force than now. He read everything relating to it that he could lay hands on and had experimented in a crude way until he had satisfied himself that he knew more about "lightnin' " than anybody else. He claimed that he could tell where the electric current would "strike." And it was no idle boast.

Repeatedly he pointed out trees that would be stricken and the event vindicated him. Stricken they were. He declared that he could build a telegraph line over territory, regardless of distance, and that no atmospheric disturbance would ever interrupt communication over the wires. He loudly proclaimed that he could select ground for buildings that "lightnin' " would leave undisturbed during all the ages. Lightning rod peddlers he abominated and denounced as pretenders and swindlers. There is small doubt that he was possessed of a valuable secret of nature. Unfortunately he ould not impart his knowledge. He could not speak of that subject without being eloquent, and his eloquence was far from lucid.

He was now cocked and primed for oratory, and oratory on his favorite topic, "lightning." Dick knew there would be no more courting for him that night, for Dorothy, the roquish dimples chasing over her fair cheek, led her dad on, when her beau made laconic answers designed to discourage debate. Mrs. Philpott was now wide awake and greatly amused at Dick's discomfiture and her daughter's mischievousness. The old gentleman became more and more excited and more and more emphatic, and, by and by, he commanded, "Jane, load my pipe." Dorothy knew what that meant; so did Dick. The old man was going to rise. And that was not all. He had a contempt for, as effiminate, and abomination of, as troublesome, the article of masculine attire designated in the lexicon of the wardrobe of that day as "drawers." Like a frightened fawn Dorothy sprang for the stair, and her dainty feet made a tat-

too on the steps as she bounded up them, while her musical laugh rang out like the songs of birds, clear, mirthful, gay, joyous. Dick hears it yet.

Meanwhile her father, talking the while, was undergoing the process of getting out of bed, her mother was loading and lighting the pipe. Dick did not know whether to blaspheme or to laugh. The old fellow advanced to the middle of the room, drawing on his trousers. Hitching them and adjusting the suspenders, he gave utterance in a voice of thunder to this climax of an eloquent apostrophe: "Dick, I'm going to prove to you that Ben Franklin was a d——d old fool."

This was too much for Dick, whose father had taught him that while Franklin was not the greatest American, he was the wisest man in the worldly wisdom of his day and generation, and so Dick roared with laughter. His old friend took no offense, but seized the pipe and settled down for a siege of scientific discourse on his favorite topic of lightning. Mrs. Philpott slipped quietly to bed whence her lord had risen; Dorothy was in the land of dreams, while her father clinched argument after argument with expletive—not profane, simply emphatic. And it was approaching midnight when he dismissed Dick, who, as he made his way home, consoled himself in the happy recollection that Dorothy had promised he might ride with her to Three Springs Church the next Sunday.

That was long years agone. Dick is now an old man, and sometimes he thinks he finds something consolatory in the words recorded in the gospel of St. John:

"Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me."

Alas for lovers; Pair by pair
The wind has blown them all away;
The young and yare, the fond and fair;
Where are the snows of yesterday?

A-COMIN'-AN'-A-GWINE.

It was where two roads crossed, and yet it was a string town. Its name—it was Chicken Bristle—

Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses.

It was at the foot of Pilot Knob. On the east was Faulkner Field; on the west, Lick Swamp; but a stone's toss to the south meandered Blue Spring Creek, whose lympid pools, laughing ripples, and mossy banks, now coursing green and pleasant meadows, now winding through shady and inviting groves, made it the loveliest stream in all the world. It was in extreme North Barren County, and there the sky was the bluest, the sunshine the brightest, the grass the greenest, the flowers the prettiest, the fruits the sweetest, the nuts the brownest, the water the purest, the brooks the clearest—there the birds' songs were the most melodious, the groves the most romantic, the fields the most peaceful, the pastures the most poetic—there the girls were the loveliest, the boys the sturdiest—there, exempt from public haunt, were

Tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones and *HOPE* in everything.

It was not a yeomanry—there was no squirehood. It was not a squirehood—there was no yeomanry. It was the Kentucky of twoscore and twelve years agone, that elder and mayhap better day. Let him describe it who can. Who would venture it must be poet and patriot as well as historian.

It was the eve of Christmas, that blessed season that moves all hearts, Jew and Gentile, and there was a dance at Tom Piper's. Mr. Piper was one of the leading citizens of Bristle, the village shoemaker, an imaginative character, and a practical man, as may be observed anon. The company was select; pleasure was enlarged; the elders were serene in memories of Christmas long past; the youngsters happy in the enjoyment of Christmas present.

There was Tempest Ann Pierce, the belle of the ball, with the figure of an Amazon and the beauty of an Andalusian. She could leap a fence like a deer and spring upon a horse without the aid of stile or stirrup. A splendid horsewoman, she was the inspiration of every fox chase. There was Lucy Bullington, with eyes like Hebe and arms like Aurora, gold in her tresses, rose in her cheeks, cherry on her lips—a colder beauty because a serener nature. Seletta Pointer, a winsome brunette, the prettiest girl of all Bristledom and roundabout, was there with ravishing black eyes, lustrous, humid, liquid, fathomless—once gazed into, forever haunting. And there, too, also was Bede Forrest, her blooming cheek aflame with robust health and animal spirit, her eyes sparkling with elfish mischief and bewitching abandon. Hers was the lightest step, hers the shapeliest foot, hers the gracefulest form. She was the

divinest dancer. Her roguish smile might have set Greek and Trojan a-fighting. Hers was the voice of birds, and it could

> Hark a fish out of the water
> And water out of a stone.

Some of the bachelors were Dick Pierce, son of "Hypocrite" Bill Pierce, and brother of Tempest Ann; Bluford Creedall, a resourceful individual; Dick Ponn, a Green County man, whose suit of blue jeans was the admiration of the girls and the envy of the boys; and Bob Gray, the best dancer in the crowd, more agile than all the dancing masters in France—these were the masters of the revels. Tom Pounds, a colored individual, made the music, and as he brought out the dulcet strains of "The Mess o' Chikens" every foot beat tattoo. Not even a Fulton nor a Hume, nor any Scot would have supplanted it with—

> Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
> And merrily danced the Quaker.

It was late in the day. The sun was setting in glorious splendor just back of Riley Finn's pasture. The snow was crisp, the air was chill. Cheerily blazed the enormous logs of hickory and blackjack on the wide, deep and ample hearth.

Tempting was the savor that came from the kitchen, where Jane Piper, Pone Trusty, and Sarah Pierce were busily, and not laconically, preparing a feast that would have caused old Epicurus to swallow his tongue in anticipation. The little pot was in the big pot, and they made hash in the skillet. Corn

pone and sweet 'taters were to go with the 'possum; salt rising loaf went with the turkey. There were ham and quail and robbin and rabbit.

In the back room were the lord of the mansion, the elder Ponn, and Mr. Jim Cage engaged in a game of "seven-up" at two bits "a corner." Mr. Piper had taken the precaution to abstract from the deck the ace of clubs, the jack of hearts, the ten of diamonds and the deuce of spades, a proceeding on his part of which his adversaries were blissfully, totally, and improvidently ignorant. Experts can say whether exclusive knowledge that the pack was short these prominent cards gave Mr. Piper, a gentleman of tremendous "anagosity," undue advantage. Be that as it may, before the night was an hour old Mr. Piper was master of all the coin in the room.

Meanwhile all was merriment and revelry in the ballroom.

> The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
> The piper loud and louder blew;
> The dancers quick and quicker flew.

It was exhilarating pleasure, and the boys became monstrous dry. There was not a "drap" in the place, saving Mr. Piper's private bottle, which had never whet whistle other than Tom's own. Something must be done. It was evident the boys could not dance all night without strong drink; flesh and blood have limitations. There was no money in the crowd of youngsters, and resort was had to strategy. Mr. Bluford Creedall volunteered his services. It was hailed with acclaim. It was known that Mr. Creedall "could tell a tale." "If it's in the timber Blufe will do it," they confidently asservated. It

was in the timber; Bluford did it. And thereby hange a tale.

Mr. David Oakes had title to and was possessed of a barrel of very fine apple brandy. He was a mighty man to take care of—Oakes; some folks called him selfish; certain it was he could be rude in refusing credit to those who would buy strong waters. This particular brandy was the most delicious tipple ever ordered—none of your applejack from the pumice, as they do it in New Jersey; but exquisite nectar distilled from the cider of Herrigan apples, rich, ripe, and red, sound and firm as a September grown turnip. It was the last and the choicest distillation of the venerable Barnett Huffman, the one artist among mortals, who ould have brewed mighty mead for the gods on high Olympus. Three fingers of it might have turned bloody Nero into a Quaker. It would have discovered another world for Alexander to conquer. It would have brought another seduction, and the most resistless, to Capua—even to the Capua of Hannibal. Had Horace quaffed a cup of Huffman's choicest he would have turned down his glass to Falernain. Lord Bacon said it was the duty of every gentleman to get drunk once a month; had his lordship got mellow on Huffman's ten-year-old he would have striken out month and inserted day in the rule of conduct he prescribed for the gentle. Oakes had the last of Huffman's brand, and it was precious. While ball-face whisky sold for two bits the gallon, he held his brandy at four times as much a pint.

And now Mr. Creedall undertook to cozen Oakes out of a bottle of this rare brandy. He was the

most circumstantial, the most resourceful, the most strategical liar in all that community, and made a fair living by his wits.

Some years before the late Joseph Altsheler, of Three Springs, Hart County, just over the way, had reecived from friends in Europe several cases of very fine wine. It was in enormous black bottles, with capacity of three full pints and a generous "hog-driver" of a drink over. Mr. Piper had managed to get possession of two of these—in his eyes their special excellence was in the "hog-driver"—and there they were on the chimney piece, dolefully empty, Christmas though it was. Bluford seized them. One he filled with water at the pellucid spring at the foot of the hillock and stopped it with a corn cob; the other, still empty, he likewise stopped with a cob. Then he put on Dick Ponn's enormous overcoat, and, stowing the bottles in the ample skirt pockets, one on either side, he set sail for the domicile of Mr. Oakes, some hundred yards out Buffalo street. Arrived at that not altogether hospitable tenement, Mr. Creedall announced that he had come on business, important business; that his mission was to purchase a bottle of "Old Huffman," and that it was for sickness, otherwise he would have continued his journey several mides to the Wallace still-house and bought ball-face whisky. They soon agreed on the price—it would have been in the nature of the miraculous had they disagreed. Bluford handed Oakes the empty bottle; it was filled at the spigot and returned to him, and he was very careful to secure the stopper before he hid it away in the ample pocket.

Oakes was a mighty hunter, and Creedall began to relate to him a cock and bull story of a fine buck Trigger-foot Gibson had slain that very morning in the Lick Swamp. In a moment the surly Oakes was all lively attention and began a rigid cross-examination, which brought out some wonderful details of the affair. Mr. Creedall was precisely circumstantial, even for him. Rarely had he been so fruitful of the quality of versimilitude as on this occasion. When he had worked his man into a hunter's ague he turned to go and carelessly said, "Well, I must be off; charge the brandy, Oakes, charge it."

"I'll be —— if I do," roared Oakes. "See here, Blufe, you pay for that brandy before you leave here or leave the brandy. That's flat. You know I don't sell on credit. I wouldn't credit old man Trigg, down at Glasgow, for that brandy, much less you. Now just fork over three dollars, or hand back the brandy, and do it quick."

Oakes' eyes became vicious and Bluford saw it was no time for fooling. Muttering protestation, hinting long-standing friendship, citing numerous obligation the house of Creedall had laid on the house of Oakes in the past, Bluford slowly and with seeming reluctance produced the bottle of water and begged to taste it.

"Not a drop, not a drop," growled Oakes, as he removed the bung, seized the bottle, and poured its contents into the barrel, muttering curses and threats the while. He handed the now empty bottle back to his would-be customer and bade him clear out for a worthless, shifless, lying scamp and not come that way again. Such was Mr. Creedall in the green tree.

In less than an hour Creed and his comrades were glorious, over all the ills of life victorious.

> The Clackin yill had made them canty;
> They were na fu, but just had plenty.

The sun was high in the heavens that Christmas morning, before the dancing ceased at Mr. Piper's.

A CORN-SHUCKING.

Where is the man of three score in all the South who has not fond memories and rapturous reveries of the "corn-shucking" of the old South? In sober prose Charles Reade wrote a delightful tale of the harvest home, and in the book of Ruth we read of the gleaming in the fields of Boaz and the winnowing in his threshing floors. Whitcomb Riley in most delicious verse, and redolent of the soil, tells of the sentiment and the poetry of rural life. At the North, or rather, at the East, they had the "husking bee," but it was only at the South, the old South, that is now history and tradition, was the "corn-shucking," and if it was not an institution of itself it was an adjunct of the "institution," as slavery was called.

I shall never forget the fat year 1855. Ceres and Pomona came, each with ample lap filled, and scattered plenty over the land, until the farmers, their wives, their sons and daughters, their man servants and their maid servants, rejoiced and made merry. Late in the fall when the harvest was done and field was brown and forest was naked and frost had heralded the approach of harsh and surly winter —in the month of November, the glorious season of

Indian summer, when the feeling of melancholy becomes delicious pleasure, when the old year goes into decay that the new year may be born, when fruition begins to die to make place for the promised seed time of the promised springtime, then was the time for the corn-shucking, the moonlight nights of November. But it is tradition now—it died with slavery and was buried with it.

Farmer Cassidy was an energetic and an industrious man, who ate no idle bread. His sons and daughters were dutiful and diligent and his slaves served as models for all the negroes in the vicinity of Pilot Knob and the territory roundabout in Barren, Green and Hart counties. His fields laughed with fatness that famous year of the '55. It is the "barrens" country beginning on Green river, at the mouth of Little Barren and extending through Kentucky to the west of south till merged into the glorious Cumberland valley of middle Tennessee. In Kentucky we call it the "Pennyrile" to distinguish it from the bluegrass. It is very fertile, and fifty years ago it was mostly virgin. When it was first settled it was almost as bare of trees as the Western prairies—hence its name, the "barrens."

When Farmer Cassidy gathered his corn that season of 1855 it made an enormous pile, a very mountain, and now in the splendid Indian summer the neighbors were invited to the corn-shucking and the succeeding feast that they might partake of his hospitality and rejoice with him for the plenty that blessed him. They came with their families and their slaves and all were made welcome. Early in the afternoon the work began at the corn pile.

White and black, two and three deep, were gathered around the mountain of plenty, which was crudely divided in halves by the laying of poles from apex to base. The hands were also divided—mustered into two companies, each captained by a black songster and the emulation was which company should first "shuck" through the center of the pile.

Who that ever heard it ever forgot a "corn song" as sung by the negroes of the old slave times? It will be a memory yet a little while longer, and then lost forever, for it is not to be described, and the social condition that made it is gone forever. It was to sound what the cakewalk is to motion. It was the germ of "ragtime" and at once plaintive and melodious. There was the leader who improvised the words and the chorus answered with an indescribable peal not at all unpleasant, and pregnant with what we might call rhythm. One leader that I extravagantly admired when I was a boy of ten used to address his words to some mysterious dusky belle of the name of Sally. It appears that Miss Sally was not kind, and he was telling her and the neighbors what he thought about it. There was a line like this:

"I'am er-gwine 'away to leab you!"

Then came the chorus, rich, round, sonorous, melodious, and plaintive. As that died away the leader addressed some information to Sally of this import:

"I've got my books and Bibles!"

And that, too, was followed by the chorus half wailing, half rollicking. The sun set and up rose the yellow moon to lend additional animation to the work

and to the song. Faster were the shucked ears thrown into the crib and louder was the melody. As the husking neared the finish a song of frenzy—some of it doubtless due to the jug of new corn whisky that had occasionally passed from hand to hand during the evening—seized the whole concourse and they worked like mad. As the last ear was shucked a shout went up that might have been heard for miles.

Meanwhile all the girls of the neighborhood were in the "big room" at the dwelling quilting and prattling and laughing and blushing. It was a race between them and their sweethearts as to which should be finished first—the corn pile or the quilt. There mothers were with Mrs. Cassidy in the "family room" deeply absorbed in the discussion of neighborhood matters, the baking of bread and cake, the roasting of fowls, the preparation of catsups, pickles and things. The kitchen was the busiest place on the whole plantation and ruled with iron rods by the best cooks in the world—the old black mammies of the old slave times.

When the corn was in the crib, when the quilt was on the bed, when the feast was spread in the big dining room, the old folks ate first, and as they sat down to the table the tuning of a fiddle was heard in the "big room," the boys got their sweethearts for partners and the dance began. The old folks smoked and gossiped till midnight and then went home. The young folks danced and feasted till daylight, and even after breakfast danced another set before they dispersed.

But the rollicking fun was down at the cabin—here was the energy as well as the potery of motion,

here was the laughter that came from the happiest hearts in all ages.

"Nae Cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathpeys and reels."

That was the thing. We shall ne'er look on its like again.

OUR VILLAGE I.

More than 100 years ago Joseph Philpott, then a man of thirty, left Frederick, Md., journeyed westward and located in the northern part of Barren County, Ky., near the Green County line. He built a village there and called it Frederick, but the name did not stick, for some reason or other, and about the time the Marquis de Lafayette visited this country last the village was called for him, and it goes by that name to this day; but there is a Lafayette in Christian County, and thus this Barren County postoffice was not Lafayette, but center, because the village is equi-distant from four county seats—Glasgow, Edmonton, Greensburg and Munfordville.

It is a "string" town, and three score years ago, at the extreme north end, the single street, which was a part of the Glasgow and Greensburg road, made an acute angle, changing from north and south to east and west. Just north of the angle and exactly facing the street was a very large building of numerous rooms and constructed of logs. That was the traven. At the south end of the village, 300 yards from the traven and exactly facing it, was the residence of Mr. Philpott, and in front of his house was another angle in the Glasgow and Greensburg road where it deflected to the east. On either

side of the street were stores and dwellings, all built by Mr. Philpott. There was a church—called a meeting-house—near Mr. Philpott's residence. It was the largest single room log house I ever saw. Mr. Philpott gave it to the public, and the Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians used it for many years as a place of worship, and Mohammedan or Hindoo might have used it for the same purpose had he come that way and been disposed to proselyte. There was also a double log house near by, used as a schoolhouse and a town hall. This, too, was the gift of this old man to the public. Measured by the means at his command, Joseph Philpott was as public-spirited a man as Peter Cooper, and as much of a public benefactor. He died at nearly four-score and ten in 1859.

That village was ninety miles from Louisville and ten miles east of the Louisville and Nashville turnpike. The land round about was fertile and at least two-thirds of it virgin soil. Except some swamps that were well timbered and of very rich soil, it was a "barrens" country—plenty of "nigger-head" rocks, scrub hickory, post oak, walnut and hazelnut. It was fine for corn, tobacco, wheat, oats and rye. It was excellent for bluegrass, too. Tobacco was the money crop, but he was a farmer among a hundred who knew how to grow it, how to cure it and how to handle it. As a rule, the tobacco barns were miserable makeshifts, constructed of logs, without "chinking and daubing," and with leaking roofs and broken doors. Indeed, the rule was no door at all. Tens of thousands of dollars were lost to that community by reason of

the shiftless methods of the tobacco raisers, and other tens of thousands were lost to it by an ignorance of, or defiance of, the advantage of crop rotation.

In those days, I speak of the fifties, I do not suppose there were one dozen fields seeded to clover within a radius of a dozen miles of the village of Lafayette. The livestock of all descriptions—horses, mules, cattle, sheep and hogs—were hopelessly "scrub," as a general thing, though there were many exceptions in the matter of saddle horses. Barren, Hart, Green and Adair counties were noted for saddle animals, and I have an impression that the famous Elastic, the greatest sire of saddle horses, was an Adair county stallion. But the farm horses, as a rule, were a poor lot. There was a little, just a little, dealing in cattle. Now and then a trader would buy a drove of cattle and drive them to the "upper counties," as the bluegrass was called. It was a poor business, and very little was made of it. Mules and horses were bought for the Southern market. There were numerous small distilleries and tobacco manufactories in that vicinity, and their products were sent South, and considerable profit resulted.

Saturday afternoons were great occasions for the village and the farmers of that neighborhood. The general store merchants did a thriving business Saturdays. The saddler was a most excellent citizen—P. J. Snider. He was also a justice of the peace. No doubt there are saddles in that community to this day made by the hand of "Jack" Snider,

who was garnered in the harvest of the just a third of a century ago.

There were two blacksmiths' shops in the village, and they were always busy in crop time "laying" and "sharpening" plows. The "niggerhead" rock made them many a job. All that is changed now. The movable plow point has done away with it. In the fifties the wooden moldboard was yet the fashionable plow in North Barren county, and the modern implement had a hard fight to drive it out of the field.

There were few meadows; but it was remarked that every farmer who had a meadow was a prosperous man. Hay ricks on farm were a mark of solvency, and I cannot recall a single farmer, who had a good meadow and who encouraged the growth of grass on his lands for pasture, who could not get all the credit at the store he would ask for. The men who were "hard run" for money and without credit were they who followed tobacco with corn and corn with tobacco, and it was so, regardless of the number of slaves a man had.

In those days the credit system prevailed. Little or nothing was exempt from execution, and the "homestead" act was not the law of Kentucky till 1866. A Barern county man—James W. Gorin, then a State Senator—was the author of that legislation. Merchants went to Louisville twice a year, bought goods on credit and sold them on credit. Most of them broke, and it is a tradition in business that dry goods stores have furnished to statistics a greater percentage of bankrupts than any other branch of trade.

The farmer who had credit at the store generally paid his account when he marketed his tobacco. Some few sold hogs, fewer yet sold cattle. Many paid their store accounts with money realized from the sale of mules; but the great credit producer and account-payer was tobacco.

A day will come when that country—the "barrens" of the Green river region—will be a vast dairy farm and poultry yard. When Kentucky shall be finished, in a material sense, as England is, Hart, Green, Barren and Metcalfe counties, will furnish cheese, butter, milk, beef, mutton, eggs and poultry to Louisville and Cincinnati.

OUR VILLAGE II.

Under the feudal system of the old world there were what we may call farm villages. It afforded some sort of protection in troublous times, and there was the great advantage of close and intimate association. There was the village common, the bowling green, where the elders gossiped and the youngsters sported. The land tilled by some of the villagers was miles away. It was secure from the incursions of domestic animals, for horses, cattle, sheep and hogs were member of their owners' household, and sheltered under his roof, and those of them that were not, were securely stabled or styed, near to the cottage of their owner. Some years ago it was attempted to establish the farm village in Georgia, but with what success I have never been able to learn. It looks like the rational thing to do. It would save hundreds of millions in fencing and

bring men, women and children together to their mutual advantage from every standpoint.

In our country we have allodial title to lands. The title in fee gives absolute ownership, and though Boonesboro, Harrodsburg and other places in the early settlement of Kentucky might have been called "farm villages," when the danger from the red men passed, your Kentuckian built his farm house on his own soil, and thus Kentucky farm houses were hopelessly isolated and farm life in winter distressingly monotonous. In severe weather a little breakfast was fried, a little dinner was boiled and a little supper was stewed. The stock was fed and the wood was cut, and thus the day's work was over. There were few books and very little disposition to read them had they been plentiful. Magazines were almost unknown, and it was not every farmer who took a newspaper. It was a life of toil, and not very intelligent toil. Valuable forests had an implacable and relentless enemy in every farmer. The land was skimmed and rarely nursed. In the northern part of Barren county in those days there were practically but two crops—corn and tobacco. As a result there were old fields where fine forests ought to have been, and deep gulleys on hillsides that should have been covered with thick sod.

But the people had their amusements. In the springtime, as the fuller crimson came upon the robin's breast and a livelier iris changed on the burnished dove, then was the militia muster when the whole community assembled at the voting place, and those of military age were required to drill. It was on this occasion that the owners of stallions

brought their horses into a ring to show their good qualities to farmers who had mares to breed. Each stallion was in splendid condition and his coat like satin. Crowds gathered about them and criticised adversely or praised them extravagantly.

Then there was the shooting match. It was for a beef, and generally came off on Saturday. The best marksmen competed for the prizes. As I now remember, the first choice was the hide and tallow, the next four prizes were the four quarters of the slaughtered animal, and the last prize was the lead that had been expended in the contest, and was imbedded in the tree against which was set the target. There was much whiskey consumed on these occasions; but it was good licker, for it was too cheap to tempt the adulterer.

Every man and boy was a hunter. Old Capt. Hiser, a prosperous farmer, had slain over 3,000 deer. He came to Barren county in 1802. He told me that when he first got to that part of the world he had nothing in the way of property but a horse and cart, a gun, a bed and a skillet. The first year he and his good wife simply "lived on" game—venison for meat and turkey for bread. Powder and lead were too precious to waste. When he wanted squirrels he went to Pilot Knob, next to Green and Hart counties, and knocked them out the trees with rocks. 'Possums were to be had at all times in season, and hundreds of rabbits were caught in "gums." Turkey and quail were entrapped in "coops." Capt. Hiser was a splendid citizen. He soon had an excellent farm. His word was as good as his bond. His slaves took pride in their master. His friends were legion. He was as simple in his

honesty as a child and as generous in his charity as a prince. I have frequently heard him say that the happiest years of his life were when he and his wife lived in a cabin and depended as much on his skill as a hunter for food as they did on his industry as a farmer.

In those days the circus came that way semi-annually. The village of Lafayette was just half way between Glasgow, the county seat of Barren county, and Greensburg, the county seat of Green county. Circus day every negro was a free man—he and his wife and children — and all of them ecstatically happy if there was only the price of admission in their purses. For this they had worked and saved since the day the "show-papers" were first "put up." There was always an immense concourse of people in the villages, nearly all farmers, their wives, sons, daughters and slaves. The elephant was the great attraction in the street parade and the clown was the favorite under the canvas. For weeks after that show was discussed in farmhouses and in cabin. The circus was a benefactor. It gave cheer to thousands and thousands. It excited and fed the imagination and gave no little thirst for knowledge of the great world of which that primative community had the vaguest idea.

Though Louisville, the metropolis of the State, was only ninety miles to the north, you could count on your fingers the inhabitants of that neighborhood who had been there. Two or three of that people had gone on a flatboat to New Orleans. They were

adventurers, indeed. Three had been soldiers of the Mexican war. These were heroes, indeed.

Now all is changed in that part of the world. It is a new county and a new people. Old things have passed away.

OUR VILLAGE III.

Time out of mind people of all conditions and both sexes have regretted "the good old days" of their childhood and adolescence.

> Just at that age twix boy and youth,
> When thought is speech and speech is truth.

It is a perfectly natural working of our minds. The mature man and woman see things as disclosed to their reason, whilst the boy or girl looks on things revealed to the imagination. The springtime is the season of promise; the summer is the season of action; the autumn is the season of harvest, and the winter is the season of decay and regret. There is no man of three-score who does not dream that he could better his life if opportunity were offered to live it over again, and it is doubtful if one in a hundred would escape a life of even more blunders if he were allowed a trial of a second existence in the material world that we see and feel, where we plan and toil, and come at last to say with the monarch whose throne was of ivory, whose crown was of rubies, and who dwelt in cedar palaces, who was the wisest of mankind and whose every appetite was humored and supplied—we come to say with him "vanity of vanities—all is vanity."

Those who have read Edmund Clarence Stedman's delicious lines, "On the Doorstep," understand what I have said in the above paragraph. In that delightfull little narrative the mature man returns to his boyhood. He tells us of the conference meeting that he and his sweetheart attended. We can see the impatience with which he awaited the conclusion of the devotions. We "see the girls come tripping past like snowbirds willing to be mated." We feel the timidity with which he advances to escort the girl of his choice. We see the blush with which she takes his arm, and feel the thrill of ecstacy that shocked him from crown to heel:

"The snow was crips beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming,
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

"The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mold it!
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

"To have her with me there alone—
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone,
Where the delicious journey ended."

They paused on the threshold and the little witch shook her ringlets from her hood, and understood the daring wish with which he trembled. A cloud overhead came kindly, the moon was slyly, slowly peeping through it, and it gave him courage for this:

"My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But some how, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

"Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet, still,
O listless woman, weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give—But who can live life over?"

It comes to every one to wish he could "live life over." The boyhood dream of future success and immortal fame and the boyhood love of some rosy girl in hood and tippet is in the memory of every man. But it is only a memory, and Dean Swift remarks that the memory is the grave of things.

When I was a boy I spent many a happy day in the old log schoolhouse at Lafayette in North Barren county, and here is the malice and cruelty of this life—it was not till years after, that I came to know they were happy days. When I heard the elders of the village discourse of the happy days of childhood and schoolboyhood, I did not believe a word of it and laid it all to cant. I now know what a fool I was. The school was a very different institution from the schools of nowadays. The teacher was strong on spelling and on ciphering. The pupil was required to wade through the old blue back speller at least twice before he was permitted to read. Nowadays they put children to reading before they know their letters. The old-fashioned spelling bee is a thing of the past, when on Friday afternoon the school was divided into two classes and competed for the prize that was awarded for excellence in spelling. We have none of that now, and that is why we have so few good spellers.

I remember at the school taught by Alexander Ford, who is now in the realm the good God prepared for the just—I remember at that school that a boy did not begin to cipher until he had got through

the third reader, and had considerably progressed in penmanship. And even then he was denied a slate and pencil until he had collared the multiplication table and mastered it. He was required to know it thoroughly, constantly and instantaneously. He knew not the moment Mr. Ford would roar out: "John, what's seven times six, or nine times nine?" If he did not give the correct reply before the sound of the old man's voice had died away, John was ordered to surrender his slate and learn the multiplication table.

The boy who could cipher through the rule called "Practice" in old Pike's arithmetic, was envied by all who had not advanced so far. If he could wade through vulgar fractions he was a hero. If he had got to "Tare and Tret" he was a Jason of a man, an adventurer so daring as to be the despair of his less successful rivals, and if he had "worked" two or three "sums" in "Tare and Tret" he was a demi-god, a wizard of "figgers" and the darling of the school.

At "playtime" there was bat and ball, and the game was called "town-cat"—it was the genesis of baseball, not so scientific, but just as enjoyable and less destructive to life and limb. Sometimes the boys played marbles, and sometimes the boys spent "playtime" searching for a scurrilous miscreant, who had audibly uttered the word "school-butter" in that vicinity, or had been reported as uttering it. It was a mortal affront and only a ducking could assuage the disgrace of it. Mr. Ford never expelled a pupil. He ordered things different—he never spared the rod, and it was understood that every big boy in school would get a licking, if, within a cer-

tain time, the man who had said "school-butter" had not been thoroughly ducked in Philpott's pond.

The poet Stedman asked, "But who can live life over?" I have the last few minutes.

OUR VILLAGE IV.

In the Kentucky of half a century ago the August election was a great event. It was the grand annual inquest the people made of State or County affairs, and took stock of their governmental holdings. It was when the year was in its prime, the season of fruition. The flowers of the springtime had encouraged the husbandman with promise, and this was the month the pledge must be redeemed. Grain fields had yielded their harvest, and meadows were dotted with stacks. Corn was in the glorious rich roasting ear. Tobacco fields were clean and tobacco plants were topped. It was that splendid season when summer is preparing for the reception of her bridegroom autumn.

The August election was a day for boys and slaves as well as for men, and the most abject negro was free for that four and twenty hours, and he, his wife and children were early comers to the place where the polls were opened. The village of Lafayette was a "Stringtown," and in my boyhood it was the polling place of the extreme northern community of Barren county. It was at the foot of Pilot Knob, and a little way to the south were the waters that started to the sea by way of Blue Spring Creek. In the delightful and romantic valley of that placid stream, now lazy in deep pools, now lively

in gravelly riffles, lived some prosperous farmers, owners of numerous slaves, and many of those farmers voted at Lafayette.

Slavery existed in its mildest form in Kentucky, and showed its brightest side. It was only a mean man, unspeakable, who was mean to his negroes, and nothing could shield him from a public contempt that was as cruel as the Athenian ostracism. Not only material interests, but social peace required that the slave should be well treated, and it was notorious that the slave in a fashion reflected his master. Thus the slave of a proud man was proud and the slave of a thrifty man was thrifty. The slave of a vicious man was vicious, and the slave of a trifling man was trifling. The slave always and everywhere was the label his master put upon him—he was what his master made him.

Every slave, who would have it, had his "patch" for watermelons or tobacco, or both, as he pleased, and he was given time to cultivate it. Those of them who had melons, rich, ripe and red, by the day of election, reaped a harvest. On that day the master furnished the negroes with wagon and team, or cart and oxen. The very thrifty ones set tables in the street under the shade of the trees, and served roast mutton, chicken, bread, cakes, coffee and cider, and many of them reaped fat abundance of coin of the republic. They were always protected in this little business by the leading whites, and woe to the white vagabond who failed or refused to pay his score.

While the solid men of the community were at the polls watching the progress of the voting, or

went hither and thither rallying their partisans for the civil fray, boys were engaged in games, and sometimes they and their elders engaged in fights; but it was with nature's weapons. There was no hip-pocket, and a pistol was a disgrace and a cowardice. About noon those of the slaves who could play the fiddle brought out that instrument, and the music, the most inspiriting you ever heard, saluted the ear, and the strains were from the big spring at the north to the big meeting-house at the south of the village, and now it was that the young negro men led out the buxom dusky belles, and such dancing on the dusty bosom of mother earth was nowhere else ever seen or heard. It was vigorous in the extreme, it was agile in the most astonishing degree, and there was a something about it that we may call a robust gracefulness—the very rhythm of motion—that put every eye a-shining, every foot a-patting, every ear a-jingling. The fun grew fast and furious, the laughter loud, volcanic from contented heart, and to be capable of it as we were then, where is the man who would not "fetch water from hell" to insure it? White men crowded around and the dancers who did not extort applause from the white folks were not only slighted, but disconsolate. And so the mirth continued until the evening sun kissed the treetops of the Lick Swamp in the west and admonished the negroes that it was time to gear up and go home.

Meanwhile there was excitement at the polls, for the Lafayette precinct was sometimes Whig and sometimes Democratic, and so was the Barren county of that day. It was a convivial age, and no great

disgrace came to the man who was publicly intoxicated. Candidates "electioneered" and rode over the country with saddlebags laden with sundry bottles of whisky "treating" their supporters and opponents alike. There was no excise tax, and a barrel of whisky could be bought for $8—excellent whisky, too, if such a term may be applied to the stuff that enrages scores where it cheers one. But in those days treating was expected, and it was required. A candidate who would employ the methods of "electioneering" nowadays that the best men did in those days—the unlimited and indiscriminate use of whisky, not as a bribe, but as an evidence of good fellowship—would not carry a single precinct of Barren county, no matter what ticket he represented.

As the sun went down the polls were closed. The viva voce system prevailed, and when the last vote was recorded, the clerk of the election footed the vote cast for each candidate, and the sheriff announced the result. The victors were jubilant and the vanquished correspondingly depressed. A stir-up cup was drunk, and by dark the village was left to its own denizens. Another civilization has supplanted that of the fifties. Evolution has done, and is doing, its ceaseless works of destruction and construction. The August election is gone. Slavery is gone. The viva voce vote is gone. Conviviality is less prevalent. Old things have passed away. Most things have become new.

But to the man of three-score the Kentucky August election is at once a pleasure of the memory and a regret of the heart.

ROBERT S. MUNFORD.

When Robert S. Munford died Hart county lost a man who will be loved and quoted by men yet unborn. He was a unique character, a combination of charming simplicity, impractical wisdom and lovable folly. There was a streak of Jonathan Oldbuck in him, and a rather pronounced streak. There was a suggestion of Wilkins Micawber about him, too, for hope—most blessed of all endowments God has given to men—was a leading attribute of his character. He believed in men and women. He doted on children. He loved the soil, the waters, the trees, the stones, the flowers and the grass. He was a friend of all domestic animals. He was a child of and a student of nature. He was that happy man—an observer of common things.

He was garrulous, and one of the few imaginative men who loved the companionship of man more than the solitude of nature, though he loved both passionately. He was an authority, more or less conclusive, on many things—on hunting, on fishing, on farming, on natural history, on geology and many other matters. He was a famous antiquary and collector of Indian relics and relics of another race his imagination saw vividly, and a race that was ancient when Father Abraham was promised for his seed dominion over all the earth. Few men got as much satisfaction out of life as "Bob" Munford.

I shall never forget my first meeting with him. It was near two score years agone. I had some business at Munfordville and made the journey from

Edmonton there on horseback—above thirty miles. "Putting up" at the taven I found Col. Munford a guest also. It was not until the following morning, after my business was transacted, that I fell in with him and came to know him, though I knew his brother, William E. Munford, so long an honored citizen and public official of Barren county. Another brother was a leading journalist of Kansas City, Mo. The next morning was bitter cold; it was one of those sudden changes that come without warning. Snow was deep on the ground and the thermometer indicated zero or a little worse. The landlord, John W. Allen, as good a man as I ever knew, asked me if I would return home that day. In reply I informed him that unless there was a change in the weather he might expect me for a guest the remainder of my natural life. He then introduced me to Col. Munford, and he could not have done me a greater favor.

We fell a-talking, or, rather, he fell a-talking, and I fell a-listening. Nobody could be more entertaining, more instructive than he. He talked till noon, when we, and a schoolmaster named Meade, went into the dining room and sat down before as good old Kentucky cookery as you ever flung your tongue over, presided over by one of the landlord's daughters,

"With eyes like Hebe and arms like Aurora."

The charm of her conversation and the graciousness of her manner so fascinated us all that even Munford refused to monopolize the occasion.

After dinner we monopolized the public room, and

he talked until the Courier-Journal came. After we had finished our respective copies he began again and talked till supper. The theme of his discourse was bees. It may be that some man since the time when Samson found that flock of them in the carcass of that lion he split open, knew as much about bees as Bob Munford, but the man never lived who could tell as much about bees as he could. Some of his narratives bordered on the fabulous, but for about ten hours—we kept it up till after 10 o'clock at night—I was never more entertained in my life. As we parted for the night he remarked that he had just dipped a little into the subject.

Next day the weather was still worse, and as soon as breakfast was over we got together and had the identical experience that day we had gone through the day before, except that the theme of his discourse was fish and fishing. I would give much if I could repeat his narrative of a catch of "goggle eyes" he made in some spring near Green river, when the weather was just about what it was that day we sat before the generous and inviting log fire in Uncle John Allen's tavern "twice twenty years ago." He had fished in a dozen States and a hundred streams. He had caught more fish in quantity, and more fish, in variety than any other man in the country or in the world.

The third day the blizzard was yet raging, and Uncle Bob gave me a lesson in hunting. A mighty hunter was he, and he could have taught Nimrod a trick or so in that line. When a boy he read everything he could find about the Indians, and he believed every Indian was just such a being as

Cooper's Uncas. There were no bad Indians, in his esteem. When a young man he lived for months with a tribe of friendly Indians, and gained a complete knowledge of their polity, their habits, their virtues. He was their friend always. They taught him many secrets of woodcraft, especially the use of the hunting knife and the ensnarement of game. He said he had slain above a thousand deer and many score bear. It has been a long while ago, and I have only a general idea of his conversation, but his narrative is yet fixed in my recollections as about as fine a discourse on hunting as was ever delivered.

The third day was not so cold, but there was falling a vicious, frigid, surly, steady, tenacious rain, so I remained another day. Now his theme was farming. Horace Greeley would have delighted in him. He had developed a winter turnip that ought to have made him immortal. It was a wonder, and the "greens" from half a dozen of them, clipped every day from February to May, were the complement of an exquisitely cured jowl for each day of that "greens" season. He was an authority on clover and other legume crops grown for fertilization. I was inexperienced, but I could not but suspect that when he "turned under" nitre to the value of a dollar as a fertilizer it had cost about two dollars. That is what broke him. As a theorist he never saw his fellow; as a practical farmer, why, Hart county is full of men who could teach him the A B C of that noblest of all vocations. But it is like the memory of a sweet dream of youthtime, to recall that lecture on farming in Allen's hotel that day by that kindly old red-headed gentleman, who was another Ben Franklin, if he had only known anything thoroughly

or cared anything for the altogether practical in life. Franklin was a sordid man, but Franklin was a universal benefactor. Munford strove to benefit his kind; but Munford was a dreamer. He amused men.

I saw him many times after that. I remember it was the year of the famous Beecher trial. He was for the prosecution and Judge Gardner, of the County Court, was for Beecher. One day the Courier-Journal came out with an editorial headed: "Have Done With It," by Mar's Henry. It pleased Uncle Bob immensely. He damned himself if it was not a classic and read it to twenty different people that day. I had greatly enjoyed it before I met Uncle Bob; but I pretended ignorance, and he carried me way down the hill to hear him read it. He and Gardner had it hammer and tongs that evening.

He was an enthusiast, and but for that guild men and women would yet be dwelling in tents and living as they did when Abraham and Lot were the two foremost men of the whole world. He was a bachelor, but the man never lived who put a more exalted estimate on the character of woman than he. He was something of a beau all his life. Not a coxcomb—no man farther from that—but he always loved to be among women, to talk to, and with, them, and all the elder ones honored him, and all the younger ones, however far they were from being "in love" with him, loved him.

The last time I saw him he had just come into possession of a marvelous Indian pipe. He was an

inveterate collector of such things and when the war broke out he could have sold his cabinet for a fabulous sum. He was plundered during the war and most of his collection was stolen. It was County Court day and he was exhibiting his wondrous pipe. Since then I have read the works of Gaborieau and the author of "Sherlock Holmes." Neither ever shared half the ingenuity in reasoning from effect back to cause that Bob Munford did that day in showing how it was that the pipe was the property of a chief. And he proved it, too. And to the satisfaction of all.

The late Maj. Botts was a great wag; so is Dave Towles. One Circuit Court at Munfordville the late E. I. Bullock, of Paducah, had an important case in the Hart Circuit Court. He was on hand deep in the study of the record. Botts and Towles told Munford that Judge Bullock knew more about bees than any man in the world, and that he had propagated a "sour wood" bee that would uptrip the very old devil himself. That was enough for Munford. He determined to discuss bees with Bullock. He tried it half a dozen times and each time he was snubbed. Botts and Towles encouraged him with the explanation: "Ke knows you will discover his secret if he talks with you; keep prodding him." Munford did keep prodding him until Bullock turned on him and delivered an oration damning all bees from those Virgil romanced about down, and wound up with the assertion: "I don't even love honey." Munfordville is laughing over that story yet.

Bob Munford lived in this world nearly four score years and ten. During all that time he never

did wilful harm to any one. That can be said of few of the world's great men. He will rest easy in his honored grave. The grass will lie light above him.

LONG AND SHORT NOVELS.

Touching the question of long and short novels—which is to be preferred—it may be generally remarked that there never was a good novel that was too long, and there never was a bad one that was too short. Poe's short novels are read with much pleasure; but "Les Miserables," gigantic in its five parts, is worth ten times more than all the novels Poe ever wrote. Scott was a long-winded writer, but who would have him shorten even "Count Robert of Paris," or "Anne of Gierstein?" He was not so original as Dickens; but on the merest hint of history he could weave a romance that vindicates the judgment of Swift that the imagination is a higher attribute of the human mind than the memory. And speaking of "A Tale of a Tub," which, however, is an allegory and can scarce be put in the classification of novels, who would have it shorter? What a gigantic mind that conceived it! What marvelous genius that wrought it!

But to get back to the dean of them all—above Dumas, above Thackeray, above even Balzac or Dickens, the author of Waverly. Take up Quentin Durward, a long novel that was suggested by a visit the cunning scoundrel, Louis XI, paid to the ruffianly scoundrel, Charles the Bold, and after we follow the beggarly Scottish youth from his tilt with the mighty Dunois, the best lance in Europe, to

the orgies of de la Marck upon the murder of the Bishop of Liege, we come to the meeting of the despots, the rage of the duke when Durward's tidings were communicated to him, his imprisonment of his sovereign and the craft of the traitor king. Then came the reconciliation, the treaty and the expedition to Liege to punish the usurper. How intense is our interest when it is proclaimed the hand of Isabelle of Croye is to be the reward of him who shall slay the robber de la Marck, the Wild Boar of the Ardennes; how we hope that Quentin may be the fortunate one! And then, when the battle is over Crevecoeur shows a boar's hide, such as the robber was wont to wear, and Dunois produced a cloven shield with de la Marck's armorial bearings, and each claimed to have slain the monster. We know that Quentin had brought the robber to bay and would have slain him had he not heard the cry of Trudchen, the daughter of Meinherr Pavillau, syndic of Liege, whom a French soldier had siezed as his prey. But it turned out all right.

Old Ludovic Leslie, Quentin's uncle, showed the head of the robber and abdicated his right to claim the hand and fortune of the heroine in favor of his nephew and there was a happy marriage to conclude the romance, as there should be in all good novels.

The complaint that we lodge against Dumas is that he did not invent other adventures of the immortal Musketeers, that he did not add other volumes to the "Valois" series, tell more of Bussy d'Amboise, give us more of Chicot. Why did he not picture us Sully as he did Richelieu and Mazarin?

We are ready to pick a quarrel with Balzac for dying at fifty-one. Here was perhaps the greatest man of letters since Swift, possibly since Shakespeare.

And Dickens, he of the creative faculty, why did he not give us other Sairy Gamps, Wilkins Micawbers, and Dick Swivellers? Take that tea and punch drinking at the house of his immortal miscreant, Mr. Quilp, when Sampson Brass, and the excellent Mrs. Jiniwin were discussing the personal appearance of the departed one, and the lady maintained that her son-in-law's nose was pug, a decided pug. "Aquiline, you hag; aquiline!" butted in the insolent scoundrel, who came to life when everybody was wishing that he had really been drowned, as had been reported, and some of us think that Dickens did violence to justice in rescuing him. Many of us might have thought some of Dickens' pathos had a faint, just a faint, sound of inferior metal, but all of us wish he had written a score more novels like "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "Nicholas Nickleby."

Who ever tired of "Henry Esmond," the best picture of Queen Ann's time yet penned? Where is more human nature compressed into two volumes than in "Tom Jones" and "Roderick Random?" Was there ever before or since such a wonderful courtship as that of My Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman?—all long novels.

The list is immense, and, put to the popular vote, the long novel will leave the short story out of sight in the rear.

MOSES AIKIN.

The fashion that Ben Harrison and William McKinley introduced of addressing crowds from their front porches when candidates for President reminds me of a stump speech I heard delivered from a front porch a long time ago, when I was a small boy. It was in 1855, the year Beverley L. Clarke was the Democratic candidate for Governor of Kentucky. Charles S. Morehead was the opposing candidate. It was what is known in Kentucky politics as "Know Nothing Year." There was a great deal of political arrogance and intolerance floating around in Southern Kentucky in those days. The speech I allude to was delivered by Clarke, and the scene was the front porch of the "Good Samaritan," a most hospitable tavern, kept by the late Esquire David Philpott and his good wife Jane in a village in the north extermity of what is now Metcalfe—then Barren—county, near the borders of Green and Hart counties. The village had several names—Frederick, Lafayette and Centre among others.

Tradition has it that 1855 was a wondrously "fat year." Nature played the part of Lady Bountiful, and the fields, orchards, meadows, pastures and gardens and woods, fructified and brought forth as never before. The forests were groaning with mast, and the autumn heralded immense flocks of wild pigeons, followed in winter by myriads of robins roosting in the barrens, that were abandoned fields covered with scrub cedars. It was Goshen except for political disputation; it was Arcadia except for political rancor.

I remember it was a fearfully hot day; but there was a large crowd in attendance to hear the former Congressman of the "Bloody old Third," and no man of that day better deserved a large audience than "Lon" Clarke. The Know Nothings had sent over to Green county for the Rev. Moses Aikin to "answer" the Democratic champion. Lafayette is a "string" town, and at the southern extremity there stood the largest single room loghouse I ever saw, and I make no doubt it was the largest in all Kentucky; probably the largest in the world. It served for church—or rather, "meeting house," as it was called—courthouse, schoolhouse and town hall. It was built by the founder of the village, Joseph Philpott, and presented to the community, a free offering. One o'clock came, and no Clarke; 2 o'clock came and still no Clarke. Aikin announced he would speak, and speak he did, and such a speech! It infuriated every Democrat on the ground, several of whom denounced him in language that Gentleman Chucks would have envied. The Know Nothings were jubilant, and so they remained until near sundown, when the crowd adjounred to the north end of the town, where was to be had plenty of liquid refreshment at five cents the tumblerful.

Just as the sun hid his face in the forest to the west a carriage came tearing up from the south at breakneck speed. It halted in front of the Good Samaritan. A cheer went up from every Democratic throat, for it was Beverley L. Clarke, just from Glasgow, where he had spoken twice that day. Night had come, and Blucher, too.

"Will you speak here or at the meeting house, Lon?" asked Landlord Philpott.

"I want a dram, first thing," was the answer. Twenty willing hands seized him, and he was carried bodily inside, where a julip as long as your arm and nectar fit for gods was handed him. Then he announced he would speak from the front porch. He spoke for more than an hour, and no man ever held his crowd better. Numberless are the speeches I have heard since, but I have for more than 50 years believed that Beverley L. Clarke's speech on that occasion was the best I ever heard. Aikin was there to answer him; but left before Clarke closed. The local Know Nothing lodge lost fifty-seven members at its next meeting, owing to that speech.

Moses Aikin was an extraordinary man. It was said of a celebrated English statesman—Sir William Yonge—that nothing but such parts could buoy up such a character, and that nothing but such a character could drag down such parts." The same might have been said of Moses Aikin. He was a tremendous man physically, weighing above 300 pounds, and yet symmetrically formed and graceful in his movements. Physically he was a magnificent animal. He had a giant mind, but it was lamentably uncultivated. He know the Bible from lid to lid, and the Baptist commentaries on it, and he was master of a few other books. He was possessed of wonderful animal magnetism that rendered his oratory very effective on the stump or in the pulpit. He had acquired that habit of "sing song" that characterized the pulpit of rural Kentucky the first half of the century, and, strange to say, in his case it enhanced the charm of his oratory. The Hon. Web-

ster Davis is the only statesman I know who has that habit, but my advice to him is to get rid of it just as soon as possible. Had Moses Aikin possessed the virtue of self-denial, had he been able to subdue his passions, and had he been properly educated, I verily believe he would have been one of the first Americans of the century. But, alas, he could not resist Capua—Capua that "destroyed the bravest army which Italy ever saw, flushed with conquest and commanded by Hannibal." Few there are to overcome where Hannibal failed.

Soon after the new courthouse was built at Edmonton, Aikin attended Circuit Court there. The late T. T. Alexander was then Judge of that judicial district, and Aikin undertook to evangelize in that community. He got permission to preach in the courtroom one night, and no one who was present on that occasion will ever forget it. The cream of the bar of that circuit was there, some of them very able men, and all of them were under the spell of his genius before the meeting closed. Like Alcibiades, he seemed to have the audacity of conscious superiority. His text was Revelations xv., 3:

"And they sang the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints."

The sermon he preached was one of the most powerful I ever heard. He had evidently read the works of Thomas Dick, the Christian philosopher, and a part of the sermon was a brief allusion to the solar system. I remember he cited that the world was moving through space at the rate of 14,000

miles an hour—I think that was the schedule; at any rate it was mighty rapid. When he got through with that statement he pointed his finger toward the audience, and in the most impressive manner imaginable and with a solemnity that was awe-inspiring he said: "At some point on this planet's journey you must die." Now one-half of those he was addressing looked upon him as the devil in a tub of holy water; they had no confidence in him whatever; but every one there was thrilled by that tone and manner. I have never seen an audience—not even in a theater—so completely swayed as he swayed his hearers that night.

The man was a powerful personality. He split some of the Baptist churches in that community. The second and last time I heard him he was making a confession. It was a grand sermon. He acknowledged all that had been charged against him, and delared that he had been worse than his bitterest foe ever asserted or dreamed he had been—that the half, the tenth part, had not been told. Then he spoke of the infinite mercies of God, and related how he had carried his burden of sin to the cross of Cavalry and there left it. There was not a dry eye in the audience, and he closed with a pathos that was overpowering, almost sublime, and besought his enemies to do for him what God had done for him. Only yesterday I was reading a historical romance in which Nell Gwynne is one of the characters, and the author makes her say:

"You're all so ready to call on God to forgive! Is forgiveness God's only? Will none of you forgive for yourselves? Or are you so righteous that you can't do what God must?"

The words recalled to my mind Aikin's confession and his appeal. It was under his preaching that the late Governor Thomas E. Bramlette made a profession of religion. It was by Aikin that Bramlette was baptized, and had he been virtuous he would have been the foremost divine the Baptist Church of Kentucky ever knew.

The last time I saw Aikin he was a prisoner in charge of a United States Deputy Marshall on board a railroad train speeding to Louisville to be tried in the Federal Court for making moonshine whisky. There is a tradition that he astonished the bench and bar when his case came on. He conducted his own defense, and, more lenient to him than to the late Judge George W. Craddock, Judge Ballard permitted him to attack the constitutionality of the Internal Revenue laws. He made a masterly argument that electrified the bar if it did not move the court. He was then about four-score years old. Not a great while after he was summoned before the eternal bar, where all hearts will be searched.

It was not the first time Aikin had been arrested. He was a Southern sympathizer, and spent a winter at Camp Chase. While there he addressed a curious letter to his old political friend, George D. Prentice, who printed it in the Journal and commented on it in characteristic style that occasioned much mirth. In prison with Aikin was the late Shelton Farris, of Barren county. Farris was too old to join the army; but he was an intense Southern man, and one day he took his gun and started out to kill or cripple the whole Yankee army, then encamped at Munfordville. He landed in prison, and he and Aikin found them-

selves friends after an enmity of many years. There never were two men less alike, though both were exceedingly strong characters.

One day a near neighbor and lifelong friend of Farris died. At the grave Farris was asked to say a few words. Looking on the features of his dead friend, he began his funeral oration:

"My friends, thar lays as good a Dimocrat as rain ever wet or sun ever dried."

Then he stepped back. Eulogy had been exhausted.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH AND MR. BONNER.

More than fifty years ago an excellent and gifted woman made her home in a villa on the banks of the Potomac in Georgetown. The scene was rural and romantic, made so by the beautiful river and the grove-covered and vine-clad hills of that vicinity. It was amid such surroundings that Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte Southworth wrote more than fifty novels, and made a name that is an American household word. Never was there a writer more loyal to virtue; never a healthier hatred of meanness and iniquity than that she inculcated. She never failed to reward the good, and she would not suffer the ultimate triumph of the wicked. She loved justice, and meted it out to the righteous, and she believed in vengeance and visited it upon the depraved, with even hand, and to each according to his desert.

The most charming love story in all letters is the courtship and marriage of Boaz and Ruth, the alliance between the houses of Elimelech and Moab.

Though it was real, it shames the "realistic school." Balzac had transcendent genius, and we must rank him equal to Swift, of the English school; or Hugo, of the French; or Goethe, of the German—as a man of profane letters, inferior only to Shakespeare and Cervantes; but he always leaves a bad taste in your mouth. He was eternally murdering when it would have been just as easy to save, and he dispensed volumes of misery that he could just as well have made tomes of happiness. Nobody but a madman could have written "Cousin Bette," or "Cousin Pons," but they are work of a Titanic madman. Take Sir Walter Scott's Waverley novels, and I will warrant that "Quentin Durward" has been read ten times where "St. Roman's Well" has been read once. Where is the boy who does not resent that unnecessary murder Capt. Marryat perpetrated in the death of the hero of his otherwise excellent story of "The King's Own?"

Mrs. Southworth was of the romantic school. She no more believed in the defeat of virtue than she believed in a bad breakfast, and if your appetite is poor take down one of her novels and read how she served a breakfast. She will immediately stimulate your imagination and you can almost taste the coffee, the toast, the biscuits, the cakes, the chops and the chicken. Mrs. Stowe was a woman of a single book, but Mrs. Southworth was pretty nearly what Donn Piatt said she was, the first American novelist.

December 26, 1819, was born in the District of Columbia Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte. She was educated by her stepfather, Josiah L. Henshaw, and was graduated in 1835, before she was sixteen, and

thus must have evinced a remarkable precocity as well as the wonderful industry that characterized her maturer years. Before she was out of her teens she taught in the public schools of Washington, and even then her ever-busy pen was at work and produced her first story, "The Irish Refugee," that gave promise of a genius that later was so prolifically developed. This was soon followed by her first novel, "Retribution," with the publication of which her life work began.

In 1840 Miss Nevitte became the wife of Maj. Frederick H. Southworth, of Utica, N. Y., and twelve years later she made her home in Georgetown, but a step from the banks of the beautiful stream that is to our people what the Tiber was to Rome, what the Thames is to England, what the Seine is to France. Here she wrote fifty novels, sometimes as many as three a year; here she made her name familiar to all reading America, and she so labored that tens of thousands of men and women, boys and girls, were drawn to her by the cords of her genius and the excellencies of her heart, and they were ever her friends.

It is impossible to write of Mrs. Southworth without a mention of Robert Bonner and the New York Ledger. Where is the man or woman of three-score to whom these names do not bring pleasant memories? In his sphere Bonner was a genius and a public benefactor. When Sir Walter Scott met the great financial reverse that engulfed his fortune, and made him a bankrupt, an English gentleman exclaimed, "Scott broke! If every man to whom he has given hours of delight would contribute to him a

shilling he would be the richest subject in Europe." And to millions Bonner gave hours of pleasure as he made his weekly visits during all the years he was the heart and the brains and the purse of the New York Ledger. It was called "The Chambermaid's Organ," in derision, and it is true that its literature was inferior to Johnson and Goldsmith, but it was purer than Fielding and Smollett. They said it was "trash," but it was wholesome trash. It never taught an immoral lesson, and if it made boys and girls romantic, it never made a boy a rascal, or led a girl astray. There was not a line of it that could not be read aloud in the chastest family circle. It lived its day of usefulness and when the genius that made it so successful relaxed its hold and newer ideas were evolved out of old steam engine methods of progress the Ledger died, even as the epoch, of which it was an institution, fifty years ago, is dead.

Bonner, was not a Yankee, but a Scotch-Irishman, not a Puritan, but a descendant of some stern Presbyterian, who had held Londonderry and fought in the victorious ranks of the soldiery that triumphed at the fight of Boyne Water. When James G. Blaine was a baby and Andrew Jackson was President, Robert Bonner landed in America, a poor boy; nearly three score years and ten later he died a millionaire. He had health, strength, energy, industry, judgment, persistence, honesty, frugality, and sobriety. He was apprenticed to the printer's craft and became the best printer of every office in which he worked. His motto was, "The best is the cheapest," and that coupled with the fact that he was the most brilliant, adventurous and successful advertiser of his time,

made his fortune. The genius of the man was disclosed in a success that made the "good will" of his periodical worth more than a million.

Bonner was not a pioneer. Some years before his time there were some literary publications—weekly and illustrated—in Boston. The proprietor was a man named Gleason, and one of them was called "The Line of Battle Ship," a rather good name for the sort of paper it was. Another was "Gleason's Pictorial." No doubt there are garrets in many American farmhouses in which are stowed away copies of these publications. Ben Perley Poore was a voluminous contributor to them, and my recollection is that his novels were in the main historical—that is, he wrote mainly romance, the scenes of which were laid during our war for independence. His heroes were American patriots of the Continental army and his villians were ruffians of the British army, and the Tories. They were not up to "Henry Esmond," or "The Tale of Two Cities," but they were good patriotic reading, and some bloody fighting, in nearly all of which we licked the British and Tories.

Poore was a Washington correspondent the last twenty years of his life, representative of the Boston Journal, as I now recollect. He was the dean of the press gallery when Gibson, Ramsdell, McCulloch, Piatt, Redfield, Buell and their splendid set gave a vigor, syle and strength, and finish to newspaperdom that is the despair of the cloth of today.

No doubt Bonner got the idea that conceived the Ledger from Gleason's publications, and he made the venture a success by means of the most ex-

tensive and the most attractive advertising that had theretofore been practiced. He caused the Ledger to be known in every community and made it a welcome visitor in tens of thousands of households. He made millions out of it, and though he was perhaps the most daring, and certainly the most brilliant advertiser of his time, the Ledger never contained a line of advertising other than the simple announcement of its terms to subscribers. Every other line of it was pure reading matter.

It was about 1858 that "The Hidden Hand" was first printed in the Ledger. It was Mrs. Southworth's greatest novel, and so popular did it become that Bonner ran it as a serial in the Ledger several times, at intervals of two or three years. What man or woman of three score to-day does not remember how popular it was and what a run it had? What neighborhood of the Atlantic slope, or the Mississippi Valley, is without a blooming matron christened "Capitola," some forty years ago, in compliment to Mrs. Southworth and in admiration of, and affection for, her dashing heroine? There was Maj. Ira Warfield, "Old Hurricane," a fine type of the old Virginia cavalier, a greater and better "Peveril of the Peak," a delicious Baron Bradwardine brought down to 1845 from 1745. There was "Mrs. Condiment," his housekeeper—was there ever happier name for such a station?—who knew what a good breakfast was and how to have it prepared and served. There was "Wool," "Old Hurricane's" colored body servant, typical of a class we shall look upon no more forever, and "Pitapat," "Capitola's" colored maid, also typical of a class, to form

whom is as much a lost art as the forging of the Damascus blade. There was Herbert Grayson, a right down good fellow and dashing soldier, but scarce good enough for Capitola Black, though she married him. There were Mrs. Rock and Travis Rock, her son, and Col. Le Noir—all these of the warp and woof of this charming narrative. And there, too, was "Black Donald" most formidable and interesting of outlaws—an American Robin Hood and Jack Shepherd in one, the robber in colleague with Le Noir, the villain of the story. Nor should the delightful hamlet of Tiptop, the scene of the narrative, be forgotten. There are 10,000 men and women who would enjoy a stroll through its high street and its lanes.

"The Hidden Hand" was dramatized and played in every town in the country that had a theater. It was immensely popular and no doubt made several fortunes for Mr. Bonner. Mrs. Southworth was not a novelist of the first class—far from it—but be sure that you will never, as man, enjoy Fielding or Goldsmith or Scott or Dumas or Thackeray or Dickens unless, as boy, you enjoyed the "Hidden Hand" or "Ishmael" or "The Doom of Deville" or "The Curse of Clifton" or "Rose Elmer" and the rest of them.

Sylvanus Cobb, jr., was another regular contributor to the Ledger, and "The Gunmaker of Moscow" was almost as popular as "The Hidden Hand," and had as many lives in the Ledger as Mrs. Southworth's famous novel. Cobb was a most prolific writer, and his novels narratives of adventure of the heroic mold. Emerson Bennett was an-

other regular contributor. His were frontier stories, making virtuous our oppressions and robberies of the red man. Miss Dupuy, William Henry Peck, Amy Randolph, J. F. Smith and many others were constant contributors of love stories that added immensely to the popularity of the publication.

Other contributions were James Gordon Bennett, editor and founder of the New York Herald; Horace Greeley, editor and founder of the New York Tribune; Henry J. Raymond, editor and founder of the New York Times, and George D. Prentice, editor and founder of the Louisville Journal. To these must be added William Cullen Bryant, editor of the New York Evening Post, one of our most distinguished poets, while other poets who contributed to the Ledger were Longfellow, Saxe, Morris, Willis, Sigourney and the Carey sisters. Tennyson wrote one poem for which the Ledger paid him $5,000.

Mr. Bonner also secured a story by Dickens at frightful cost, but it was worth the money for Dickens was then at the zenith of his powers and the summit of his popularity. Twelve of the leading clergymen of America contributed papers, as did twelve leading college professors. Who does not recollect Fanny Fern, who wrote, exclusively for the Ledger, those breezy papers that made her a favorite from ocean to ocean? Edward Everett contributed the "Mount Vernon Papers," for which the Ledger paid $10,000 to be devoted to the Mount Vernon fund.

Bonner was bound to have the best, and would have no other, and so it came that when he estab-

lished a chess department, Paul Morphy, the most famous player of the game in the world, was the editor of it at a large salary.

To conclude, Mr. Bonner was a public benefactor, and Mrs. Southworth was an example of noble womanhood.

LUXURY.

A big, portly, burly 'possum, hoary with the fat that comes from polkberries in August, pawpaws in September, and persimmons after October's frost has made saccharine the astringent juice of that noble fruit. Take, I say, a bird like that, butcher him as Caesar should have been carved, let his lordly carcass take the frost of at least two fine nights after

> ———chill November's surly blasts
> Make fields and forests bare.

Take that fellow, cook him with an art commensurate with his aristocracy in the realm of game and gastronomy, and you have a dish fit to have been served from Juno's kitchen, when Jupiter had for guests Jason's mighty crew.

Catch this gentleman by shaking him out of a sapling in which he had been "treed" by a dog of the name of Hector; but on no account allow Hector or other more plebian dorg to worry him. Have a split hickory stick and insert Mr. Possum's tail in it, and so carry him home in triumph and confine him in an empty barrel in the smokehouse. Mr. M. B. Morton, of Nashville, Tenn., says the dorg should

be named "Clinker." There might be polemic about that.

The next morning, bright and early give that 'possum into the custody of one of our colored fellow-citizens of the old school, who understands his business. He will lay the handle of the ax across the varmint's neck and put an enormous foot on the hickory of it, on either side, and then take the animal by the tail and pull with all his might until the neck is broken. That is the way to kill a 'possum. I have heard of barbarians shooting them. I never saw it, and would not for any consideration allow it in my presence. Meanwhile, have a cauldron of boiling water at hand, in which had been somewhat dissolved a small quantity of fresh hickory ashes right out of the fireplace. Blood in sufficiency had come from the ears and mouth of the 'possum, if the executioner knew his business—my old playfellow, Alec, could turn the trick to an exactitude—and now, while the carcass is yet warm, plunge him into the scalding water and pick him bare of every hair, and do it rapidly. Then dress him and put him away to cool.

That night, the following night, and even the third night, let him take the frost in the open air, and he would be all the better if frozen stiff.

And here is the way old Aunt Car'line used to cook him. She boiled him till he was tender as butter in water that had floating around sundry pods of red pepper. This became impregnated with the fat of the varmint, and she stewed it to the con-

sistency of thick gravy, after lifting his majesty out of it.

Now, here is where Aunt Car'line and her lord and master, Uncle Archie, could not agree. The old woman wanted to put him in an oven with sweet taters and brown him. Archie preferred roasting the taters in the hot embers of the hickory wood fire, and barbecuing the 'possum before the fire, bathing him every five minutes in the gravy that resulted from his boiling, and finishing off with the taters in the oven in which was first poured the gravy. I have tried both. Solomon could not have made judgment betwixed the different methods of Aunt Car'line and Uncle Archie. Either would cause any common man to swallow his tongue about the middle of the feast.

But that is not all. Man lives by bread as well as by 'possum. When I was a boy the forest area of Barren County, Ky., was perhaps five times what it is now, and frost, "killing" frost, was always tardy, and ofttimes as late as All Saints' Day. Every farmer had his late patch of corn for roasting ears during October. In the last days of that month the corn was in the "dough," and when it got a little harder, it was plucked, shucked and grated, as you would a nutmeg on a tin grater as big as a full sheet of foolscap paper, bended over a board. Talk about corn meal!—that's the stuff; but the season cannot last above two weeks, otherwise we would get too proud to die. And it is likely that feeding on such, daily, we would not die at all, we would stay so virtuous.

There is your meal. Make your dough of that meal and pure spring water, fashion it into "pones," put them in a hot skillet covered with a hot lid, on which is heaped live coals, and bake rapidly, very rapidly, and you have the very best bread in the world, and the most wholesome ever. It is nearly as good shortened, and it is delicious as hoe cake, journey cake, or ashcake. Try it with 'possum.

Some time ago I tried to tell what should follow a feast of pot-licker, a broth of equal excellence with 'possum or roast goose, or roast turkey, or fried chicken, or hog's jowl and turnip sallet, or sparerib and backbone, or country sausage, and as promotive of felicity and longevity. I allude to a quid of tobacco. I have not now that composition before me; but when I saw it in print I realized that I had been guilty of a series of omissions, and as I have been asked to repeat the thing by sundry persons, who never knew it except from hearsy, I shall now propose a new and more accurate edition, as follows, viz:

In the first place, the "barrens" of Kentucky is the land where the tobacco plant attains its acme. There, on a frosty morn' in autumn, the virgin soil of the woods exudes saltpetre and is fertile enough for hemp or turnip without embarrassment to its exhaustless energies. That was when I was a boy. Rocky, rough, a sinkhole on every farm; subterranean streams, draining every square mile; the Mammoth Cave, just across the line; the vegetable growth scrub hickory, scrub post oak, wild grapevine, dense hazelnut thicket, here a black walnut, there a red dogwood—everywhere May apple, per-

haps from the mandrakes with which Leah hired Jacob of Rachel.

Go here and clear a patch in the late June or early July, digging up all the stumps possible; pile the brush and get all the rails you can of the post oaks and haul off the fire wood. Leave the debris to rot till a dry spell in January; then set it afire, and dig up the remaining stumps. Now plow it with a jumping coulter ahead of a very narrow "bull tongue" and harrow, piling the roots. Repeat this operation when the winds of March have made the ground dry enough for the plow after the rains, the sleets, the freezes and the thaws of February. Get every root out of the way, and again in April go over it, plow and harrow. In May, about the 15th, plow and harrow a fourth time, "lay the ground off" as for corn, three feet each way, and then transplant the tobacco from the bed. They used to make hills for this, but that has been found to be unnecessary labor. When the plants have been set for some eighteen days, go over the ground with the hoe and destroy all vegetable growth but the tobacco, and be sure that your plant is of the yellow prior variety. If you neglect that precaution all your labor is vain. Your tobacco will not be fit to chew.

Now, put the cultivator to it—that is, plow it as you do corn, and cultivate it with double shovel and hoe frequently—this tobacco is for local domestic use, not for market. Early in July "prime" the plant and "prime," high enough—that is, take off the bottom leaves that rest on the ground. By the 10th of August "top" the plant, leaving from fourteen to sixteen leaves on it. Now "succor" it and "worm" it daily, and a successful way to "worm" is

by prevention, as follows: Grow jimson weed on the edge of the patch, put in the blossom a syrup in which a pinch or two of cobalt had been dissolved. It is a great labor-savor.

Keep the suckers off and the worms off, and let the tobacco get dead ripe. The dews of cool early autumn nights help it immensely, giving it body and developing the nicotine. I heard a man who knew nothing in the world about tobacco sing the praises the other day of a pipe that took the nicotine out of the tobacco before the smoke got to the palate. I ventured to say to him that I would as soon smoke corn fodder or drink whiskey from which all alcohol had been banished. Nobody ever chewed or smoked or snuffed tobacco except for its nicotine, and nobody ever drank whiskey or wine or beer except for the alcohol of it—as well drink stump water.

Then, on some glorious morn of splendid and opulent October, the season of incipient Indian summer, when the fodder is in the shock—but ere the frost is on the pumpkin—when the dew is heavy and the air is crisp—when the magnificent sun of such a day is well on his course in the heavens—go into the patch and "cut" the tobacco, hang it on the "stick," and never let it touch mother earth. Take it to the scaffold, improvised in the patch, of rails or poles, and let it there "yaller" until it is as the hickory leaf turned golden at the first touch of autumnal frost. Let it hang for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, then house it in a barn tight enough to exclude the light, and almost tight enough to exclude the air. Two days later fire it by means of charcoal, heating the building to that degree that

drives the sap from the leaf to the stalk, and makes the stalk as dry as last year's corn shuck.

When the welcome rain of November that patters on the roof and makes sleep the sweetest of all God's blessings has brought the leaf in "case," strike it down and "strip" it, selecting the choicest leaves for chewing. Then "bulk" it, and as carefully as though you were putting it in the hogshead to compete for a prize. In March "hang" it again, so that the winds may make it as dry as Tophet's powder-house, until it turns to snuff at the slightest touch. April showers will bring it in "case," when it must again be bulked with all the care and tenderness and nicety of the November bulking, with this addition: Sprinkle on each layer a handful of sun-dried peaches—about a peck of peaches to each 100 pounds of tobacco.

And so, let it be. The "sweat" will come in the latter part of May. Take it up some time between the summer solstice and July 10, stem it, lightly spray it with old peach brandy in which new poplar honey has been dissolved. Twist it, not more than seven leaves to the twist, and not too tight; lay it away in an air-tight chest of oak that has been in the household, time out of mind, and when pot-licker time comes, the following November, take a twist of that tobacco and it will beat anything for chewing that ever came off the land drained by Jeemses River, and for smoking nothing ever came out of Cuba to compare with it—if you employ a home-made corncob pipe. And a quid of it stowed away in your cheek after a hearty meal of hog's jowl, turnip sallet, poached eggs and corn bread, in March, will make you drop into sweet and pleasant reverie.

No wonder some forty vermifuge doctors starved to death in Barren County, where the folk in those days lived on 'possum, goose, and pumpkin bread, and chewed and smoked that sort of tobacco. The very children perpetuated the virility of their dads and mams.

A SARCHING CUP OF TEA.

It was the abundantly fat year of 1855. Ceres, Pomona and Sylvanus all yielded exuberant plenty like unto Goshen. The fields laughed from flower to fruit and the barns groaned with prolific bounty when the season come of which the poet wrote:

> The kiss that would make a maid's cheek flush
> Wroth, as if kissing were a sin.
> Admidst the Argus eyes and din
> And tell-tale glare of noon,
> Brings but a murmur and a blush,
> Beneath the HARVEST moon.

It was the May election, the Calends of that beautiful month, when every precinct in old Kentucky met in local inquest to choose one of its citizens to fill the office of Constable. In the La Fafayette precinct of Barren County, two young men, who had just attained to their majority, were candidates—Wilburn Strader and Frank Hiser. Both were popular, both of the flower of that splendid citizenship.

It was "Know-Nothing year," and though both Strader and Hiser were of Democratic families, both were members of the secret political order that

swept over Kentucky in 1855, as it had over Massachusetts the year before. Frank Hiser was the favorite of eleven children born to Captain Hiser and his good wife—four sons and seven daughters. The Captain was one of the two voters of the La Fayette precinct who did not join the Know-Nothings. Strader was a clerk in the store of Joseph Altsheler, father of the popular novelist now of New York city, whose writings bring intellectual pleasure and profit to thousands of readers. The store was just across the line in Hart County, at Three Springs, but most of its custom came from Barren, where Strader had his citizenship. Altsheler, being of foreign birth, of course, was anti-Know-Nothing, and, like Captain Hiser, in the case of his son, the merchant was sure his clerk was a Democrat and lent him his powerful influence in the election.

Never was there a more hotly contested race even in that community. The election was viva voce and each voter, when his name was recorded, announced his choice, and fraud in the count was simply impossible, for each candidate had a friend and guard to see that the vote was recorded as cast, and every one saw that it was counted as recorded. Kentucky was the last State to substitute the ballot box for the poll-book.

Just before the time for the close of the polls the candidates were tied with 174 votes each. The "Cavalry" of each party had been busy since 9 o'clock in the forenoon, bringing voters from their farms and now less than a dozen of that entire electorate were unrecorded. When they thought all the votes cast except those of the candidates and the four

election officials, of whom two were for Hiser and two for Strader, Captain Hiser led his son up to the polls and made him vote for Strader, though it is due to say that he required no urging. It recalled Fontenoy, when the household troops of France said to the English: "Gentlemen, will you be so good as to fire first?" Strader's friends sought him and carried him to the polls and it was with a thrill of pleasure that he, too, voted for his competitor, and again the race was tied, and it was supposed that the ultimate result would be determined by lot, as the law provided, when up came Wick Fansher, one of Altsheler's customers, and voted for Strader, and thus he was elected.

There are old men in that community, boys then, grandsires now, who recall that well-fought day and they also recall the surprise of Captain Hiser and Merchant Altsheler when they found that they both had been supporting a Know-Nothing for public office.

However, it was not of that election it was my purpose to write, but of a farmous Cup of Coffee. There lived at that time in the Green River hills of Hart County, one Eliphalet Jarvis, a natural born vagabond, whose ostensible trade was that of grindstone-maker. He had gypsy blood in his veins and pretended to tell the fortunes of the credulous, mostly negroes, and thus, whiskey being cheap, he acquired enough by this fraud to supply him with liquor enough to keep "pretty particular drunk," as Lawyer Pleydell's housemaid said of Lawyer Pleydell's clerk in "Guy Mannering." On the day of the election in May, 1855, "Lif," as everybody called

him, went over to La Fayette to spend the day with his boon companion, "Hypocrite Bill" Pierce, who was so designated to distinguish him from "Sycamore Bill" Pierce, over on Little Barren River. They were not of kin and no very good friends.

"Hyp" Pierce was an indispensable if there ever was one. When the stable of Captain John Matthews, below Glasgow, met on neutral turf the stable of Andy Barnett, of Green County, at the race course at La Fayette to contest for the supremacy of the Upper Green River section, which is the cream of the Pennyrile, "Hyp" was the official starter He was expert with a deck of cards, and it took a hand-and-a-half to match him at "old sledge." He superintended every shooting match, and slaughtered the beef that was prize of that rivalry. He was master of ceremonies at a score of cornshuckings every season. When the circus show came along "Hyp" was the first citizen of the village and hail fellow well met with chariot driver and clown. In short, he was a man of superlative "anagosity," the most delicious vagabond in all the world. It is a calamity to human nature that Charles Dickens did not meet "Hypocrite Bill" Pierce.

On the occasion of the May election at La Fayette in 1855 "Hyp" and "Lif" met and had a grand and glorious time. Early and late they were down at the big spring passing a bottle of good whiskey back and forth like two men working a cross-cut saw. By nightfall both were disastrously drunk and "Lif" went home with "Hyp," when the latter would take no denial.

"Hyp" lived on the edge of Lick Swamp with his

good wife, Sarah, and his children, none of the latter at home on that occasion, however. "Buck," the eldest boy, was that season a farm hand at Waddy Thompson's; Dick was the handy man at the Good Samaritan Tavern. Ike, Tempest Ann and Sally were gone to their Uncle Zeke Neal's to a dance held to celebrate the victory of "Burn" Strader at the polls that day.

Blessedly encumbered with a quart bottle of whiskey, "Hyp" and "Lif" managed to reach the domicile of the former where the good wife, Sarah, greeted her lord's friend with smiles of hospitality that were warrant of good cheer, for she was a famous cook.

"Lif" was mighty fond of coffee and he loved it strong. "Hyp" and Sarah did not touch it except for breakfast. Sarah ordered "Hyp" to go to the spring and fetch a bucket of water to make a pot of coffee for "Lif," who was not satisfied with less than half a dozen cups at a meal. "Hyp" seized the bucket and started for the gum spring in the dark, and it so happed that, mistaking the spring, he dipped a bucket of lye out of a tub where Sarah had been making soap. Returning to the house that was dimly lighted with a tallow dip, Sarah made the coffee of lye instead of water and put it on the table steaming hot. It was a good supper of country sausage from a corn shuck, a spring chicken, fried, and broiled ham, with corn pone and biscuit.

At table "Lif" managed to get away with a large cup of the coffee and "Hyp" cursed his friend's gizzard for rebelling, but after much insistance on the part of both his friends, "Lif" gingerly passed the empty cup back with remark, "Half a cup, Madam, half a cup, please. It's damned sarching."

A LAY SERMON.

It was when there were yet Yankee soldiers in Kentucky and there was a garrison at Lebanon, in the county of Marion. Down in Barren County was an honest man, and a homely; he had few of this life's goods and chattels, but he had what was better —a guileless heart, a conscience void of offense toward his neighbor, a strength to bear small ills and the perpetual good humor that good health and no evil thought ever bring. His appetite was good; his sleep was sound. He was more to be envied by the philosopher than the victor of Actium, or Hastings. His name was David Faulkner, and it came to Mr. Faulkner to enter the stormy sea of trade that can show more shipwrecks than argosies safely harbored.

He was a simple-minded man, was David, and he was no fool—he was a single-minded man, was David, for he was no rogue. Mr. Faulkner got tidings that the article of food known as beans was scarce in the Yankee camp and in great demand at a high price, and he determined to venture as a mechant. Now your merchant to be successful must be as wary a buyer as he is shrewd a seller. David was a poor buyer—the simplest rogue in all Metcalfe County could read him like a book. He knew this, did David—that to sell beans he must have beans, and he had no beans ; he must buy them before he could sell them. And so he went abroad among the farmers and their wives and he bought regardless of price. When he had secured a wagon load they were perhaps the most costly, the highest priced lot of beans merchant ever had. But that was not all,

nor the worst. In those days they raised in around Chicken Bristle a "cornfield" bean that was all black, entirely black. In David's cargo were some bushels of this black bean, which he had bought from old Aunt Jenny Trusty at a very high price. The Yankees seemed to be prejudiced again the black bean, and when David made the journey of fifty miles and exposed his wares in camp he met with sore disappointment. There is a law of physics that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and there is a law of trade that an article of merchandise is no better than its worst sample. The Yankees could see nothing but the black beans in David's cargo, and they would offer no more for the whole lot than they were willing to pay for a cargo of all black. David was bound to sell, for he was as guileless as Moses Primrose—he of the spectacles—and his venture was just about as disastrous.

There was another very excellent man in that neighborhood of Barren County. He had financed, underwritten, J. Pierpont Morganed the enterprise—his name was Lonney Thompson. Honest man that he was David made an elaborate and a particular report of the transaction to Mr. Thompson, and closed with the mournful remark, "But the bean was black."

Now David was unconscious of the fact that he only gave expressoin to a truth that was profound, when that other David was King of Israel, and was rebuked of sin by the Prophet Nathan. "There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor." And then Nathan proceeded to talk about the ewe lamb which the poor man had bought

and nourished up; of the stranger that came to the rich man, and of the ravishment of the poor man's ewe, and closed with "Thou art the man." And David fasted, and went in and lay all night upon the earth.

It was a truth profound when Solomon, in cedar palace, sang about vanity. Indeed, it is a truth that has attended and waited on mankind, Christian, infidel and pagan, since the father of us all ate the fruit set before him by the mother of us all. It is the truth that comes to the Pope in the Vatican, to the humblest priest of his hierarchy, and to the humblest parishioner of the humblest priest. It came to Alexander of Macedonia, when he awakened from drunken slumber to remember that he had assassinated his friend and foster brother, and it came to greater Caesar, as he fell at the foot of Pompeii's pillar and said: "et tu Brutus," which may be translated—"The bean was black."

The King, with the crown upon his head, the purple on his body and the sceptre in his hand, comes to know "The bean was black." And the shepherd, with crook in hand, attending his flock, realizes the same mournful and inevitable truth. My lady, adorned in richest robe, bedecked with richest jewels, brazen with the lust of gain, and wanton with the lust of pleasure, finds in the end—"The bean was black." Great Bismarck found it so, and he came very nearly cursing God about it. He was the royal Bengal tiger of diplomacy, and statesmanship, but he found "The bean was black." The great Napoleon was a far greater Bismarck, but he found "The bean was black."

He ate the black bean amid the snow and ice of Russia. It was in that mutton stew at Leipsic, and it came with the rain the night of June 17, when for the second time, he lost his crown at Waterloo.

And so it goes, and ever was, since Cain planted the black bean in Eden and watered it with the blood of his murdered and innocent brother—and so it must be until time unvails eternity. He of Galilee came, despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief. He came to tread the wine-press for us and eat our black beans for us. He ate, for it was written that He should taste death for you and me. But they crucified him because He ate of black beans with publicans and sinners—men and women like you and me. But though we must all eat of the bean that is black in the end, we shall find there is balm in Gilead, and a physician there.

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SECOND BOOK

Men, Things

and

Events

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ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

"Nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die, in molding."

Wherever fire burns or water runs; wherever ship floats or land is tilled; wherever the skies vault themselves or the lark carols to the dawn, or sun shines or earth greens to his ray; wherever God is worshipped in temples or heard in thunder; wherever man is honored or woman loved—there from henceforth and forever, shall there be to him no part or lot in the honor of man or the love of woman. Ixion's revolving wheel, the overmantling cup at which Tantalus may not slake his unquenchable thirst, the insatiate gnawing at the immortal heart of Prometheus, the rebel giants writhing in the volcanic fires of Aetna—are but faint types of his doom.

And that anathema one Harrison Gray Otis has courted in his declaration that Robert E. Lee was a traitor.

Here is what I had to say about it at the time:

Only the other day all that is patriotic in American citizenship, all that is excellent in American manhood, all that is noble in American character joined to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee and pay tribute to as lofty, as illustrious, as grand a figure as any with whom the history of men and nations has ever dealt. But there was a discordant sound—a Caliban obtruded on the scene. It is written: "Now, there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them."

The Los Angeles Times took advantage of the occasion to pour the venom of its scurrility and slander on the memory of the great captain, whose

military genius made Scott's march from Vera Cruz to the city of the Montezumas an unbroken victory, one of the fruits of which is the Statehood of California in the American Union. Harrison Gray Otis is supposed to control the political and moral departments of the paper mentioned in the foregoing, and here is one of his opinions:

Although it may be that President Roosevelt could not with propriety have brought out certain great historical truths; that he could not fitly have said things of vastly greater importance than anything he did say, it is obvious to the Times that the occasion should not be allowed to pass without stating these pregnant facts. Due regard for the highest patriotism and for historic truth demand that they be not ignored. It will not do to let Gen. Robert E. Lee be held up before the eyes of the rising generation as a knight without reproach, as the type of American manhood to be taken as a model, as a patriot to be revered and imitated. The distinction between a Robert E. Lee and a Ulysses S. Grant is vital and must not be overlooked. It is essential to draw the line today as it was in the sixties.

Then this paper proceeds to admit the splendid soldierly qualities of Lee, the skill with which he fought and the fortitude with which he endured, and all that, after which it sends this Parthian arrow:

Nevertheless, after these things have been said, it is imperative to say one or two things more, namely that Robert E. Lee was a traitor to his country, that he fired on the flag, that he was false to his oath, and that his career should not and cannot be an inspiration to youth. Happily, there is no danger of rekindling animosities by the presentation of these historic facts. The embers of sectional hatred are dead; but the fires of patriotism still grow, and they must be fed with the everlasting principles of truth and righteousness. Never shall it be forgotten that the civil war was not a quarrel over differences of opinion, but was a mighty struggle between loyalty and treason, between right and wrong—and that Robert E. Lee's sword was drawn in dishonor and sheathed in humiliation. These are not agreeable things to write, and it

may be that President Roosevelt could not have written them without needless affront to the Lee committee, but it would be treachery to all sacred verities that the Stars and Stripes wave for to leave these things unsaid.

I do not discover in that a very fulsome compliment to Theodore Roosevelt. As I read it, the President is charged with such moral cowardice as makes him put truth behind him when confronted with a "propriety" in front of him. Gen. Lee taught that when one could not speak truth it was his duty not to speak at all. Gen. Otis preaches that it is given to truth to surrender to good manners. There is a difference.

"Happily there is no danger of kindling animosities by the presentation of these historic facts"—indeed there is not; Gen. Otis has seen to it that the animosities, so far as he is concerned, are exactly what they were when Gen. Lee was disfranchised and his former slaves made voters. "The embers of sectional hatred are dead," but one must read Charles Francis Adams, not Harrison Gray Otis, to find it out.

This man Otis has forgot some of his rhetoric. He ought to chop patriotism with "King Bob" Kennedy, of Ohio, who put it this way: "The North was eternally right, and the South was eternally wrong," a passage that admirably and precisely served for text for Moloch's stump speech in hell, when he was drumming up troops for another campaign against the Almighty. Again, Otis says that it shall never be forgotten that "the civil war was not a quarrel over differences of opinion, but was a mighty struggle between loyalty and treason."

But everybody save Otis has forgotten it, and if he will chop logic with Henry Cabot Lodge he will learn that the South had the butt cut of constitutional law on the principle of secession in 1861. However, the sword settled that quarrel, and settled it exactly as the sword has settled every other quarrel since Cain slew Abel—that is to say, there will be no more secession in this country until the stronger shall pull away from the weaker. That is all the war settled so far as secession is concerned, all it could settle.

How easy and how natural for us to say: "I am right and you are wrong; I am a patriot and you are a traitor; I am a child of God and you are an imp of the devil." That is all Otis says, and all that Otis means. There is nothing new in it. It is the preachment of Cain and of Moloch. It stoned Stephen, it broiled Lawrence, it kindled the fagots Calvin employed to vindicate heaven and confound perdition. It sounded the tocsin of Bartholomew's Eve, and nerved the assassins of Glencoe's night. It believes in the donjon, the rack, the block, the stake. It has made 10,000 hells on earth and to it the awful interrogation, "Where is thy brother?" has but one answer: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Let us turn from Otis and his "patriotic" arrogance, his despotic fanaticism, and learn a lesson of love and charity in the beautiful lines of that noble woman, author of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, who thus wrote of the great Confederate chieftain:

A gallant foeman in the fight,
  A brother when the fight was o'er,
The hand that led the host with might
  The blessed torch of learning bore.

No shriek of shells nor roll of drums,
  No challenge fierce, resounding far,
When reconciling Wisdom comes
  To heal the cruel wounds of war.

Thought may the minds of men divide,
  Love makes the heart of nations one,
And so, thy soldier grave beside,
  We honor thee, Virginia's son.

Could Julia Ward Howe think that of a traitor? All womanhood answers no.

Will men of the Otis ilk never learn that in the Constitution of the United States was planted the seed of our sectional strife, and that there was no possible way to avoid the war that came in 1861, and a war that would have come if every Southern State had voluntarily emancipated its slaves a generation earlier and every slave had been successfully, prosperously and contentedly colonized in another hemisphere? I suppose this Otis thinks Hosea Bigelow's Copperhead party the purest patriotism; but it only evinced that a time would come when the North and South would spring at each other's throats. We were then at war with a foreign power, and if Mexico could have read English in Yankee dialect, this Bigelow party would have given her comfort, if not aid.

Josiah Quincy, a great statesman in his day, when a Senator in Congress from Massachusetts, declared that if Louisiana came in as a State of the Republic, it would be the duty of some, as it was the right

of all, to withdraw from the Union, and what he said went unchallenged. In those days the right of secession was conceded with practical unanimity.

Why was it denied in 1860? Because the American people had grown so great; they were so prosperous, so free, so contented under the Constitution and in the Union, that when secession—an undisputed right at the beginning of the century—came in 1861 millions sprang to arms to save the Union. That which was an acknowledged right was now only a disputed theory. Here was an irrepressible conflict that only the sword could determine.

The American people were divided into two schools. One side, the overwhelming majority in number, the infinitely superior in wealth, held that if a State seceded she should be coerced to return to the Union. Grant was of this opinion. The other side, comparatively weak in numbers, and in a comparative sense ridiculously poor in wealth, held that the citizen's alliance was due to his State, even in a quarrel with the Union. Lee was of this opinion.

Grant and Lee followed their convictions. Both were right, both equally patriotic. Had either done other than he did, and at the same time participated in the conflict, he would have been the traitor.

And he was a son of the old Dominion, her noblest, if not her most illustrous son—her grandest, if not her greatest, child. And what a matchless old Commonwealth it is!

It is everywhere conceded that Virginia is the most illustrious of the American commonwealths. She contributed to civil liberty the tongue of Henry,

the pen of Jefferson, and the sword of Washington. Nay, she illumined the Christian civilization and exalted the human race with the lofty character of Robert E. Lee. The Constitution fell from the plastic hands of her Madison and her Mason, and to the Republic she gave Kentucky and the opulent empire called the "Middle West." Leader of the rebellion of '76, she was the citadel of the rebellion of '61, and in her generous bosom sleeps more buried valor than reposes in the soil of all the rest of our hemisphere besides. When the South was at bay against what was practically the world in arms and the Old Dominion was bleeding at every pore, the vulture tore her tortured vitals and the vandal carved from her side what is now West Virginia and made it an annex of Pennsylvania.

And then, O! Churl, in the prodigality of her transcendent munificence, she gave to the North in that mighty struggle, George H. Thomas, the greatest and most consummate soldier who wore the blue, the one blade worthy to clash with the blade of Lee.

"Ah me, the vines that bear such fruit are proud to stoop with it!'

Lee a traitor! Then give us countless and perennial generations of them!

THE HOUSE OF STUART.

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnnie Groat's.

For the first time in more than three centuries a Catholic has just been elevated to the Supreme bench

of Scotland, and that, too, upon the nomination of a Protestant King of England. And the name of the new Justice is Campbell. Shade of MacCalum More! Shade of John Knox!

And a prince of the House of Brunswick, the reigning dynasty of Great Britain, has been christened Charles! Shade of Cromwell! Shade of Pym!

There have been four Williams Kings of England, the first and the third very great men, and the second knew how to wear a crown according to the lights of his age. Of the eight Henrys, six were very strong men and ruled with imperious hand. The first, third and fourth Edwards were mighty warriors and statesmen. The first Richard was Coeur de Leon, and the last was Richard III, perhaps the greatest crowned intellect, and certainly the greatest crowned scoundrel, in English history. John was intended for a great man, but turned miscreant.

James I, the first Stuart, was a learned man, and the King of France, no mean judge, swore he was also a learned fool. James II was a yet greater fool and swapped the crown for a mass, thus reversing his grandfather, who said, "Paris is worth a mass." Charles I, the son of the first James and father of the second, might have been a successful King if he could have seen the strength there is in speaking the truth. Had he been a candid man and true to his word, Cromwell might have restored to him his crown. Charles II had more sense than his father, his grandfather and his brother combined. Otherwise he would have lost the throne with his principles.

The first George was an imported King, taken

on trial, and a very good one, for he did what Walpole told him to do, and since the death of Anne that is all a King of England has been fit for—obey his prime minister. His great-grandson, George III, undertook to rule and made such a mess of it that he lost for the Crown what is now one of the most opulent and the most powerful nations in the world His son was nearly as thorough and complete a scamp as ever wore the English purple, though they said he was "the first gentleman of Europe."

Of her four regnant Queens, three had glorious reigns—Elizabeth saved Europe from Spain, Anne saved Europe from France, Victoria brought again the golden age.

There is much in a name, and the sanest of us have a streak of the superstitious. It is a rare Englishman who would not be disturbed if a John, a James, or a Charles should ascend the throne.

This incident of a Catholic put on the bench of Scotland makes the mind revert to Mary and her bastard brother Murray, to Montrose and his heroic kinsman, Claverhouse; to Prince Charlie and Flora McDonald, to Lord George Gordon's riots and the agitation they caused in Scotland. How has religious zeal and the malignant fanaticism it spawned receded before the resistless tread of enlightened civilization! Only a while ago Charlie Russell, a Catholic Irishman, died Lord Chief Justice of England!

The writer of this is no Catholic, nor does he belong to any Protestant church—he is just a simple Christian, for whom the blood shed on Calvary made all and ample atonement, and, therefore, he can dis-

cuss without bias the incident with which this paper opens.

In the political and religious strifes between Protestant and Catholic in the British Isles, the former reaped substantial victory, while round the other side cling romance, devotion and glory, and the same is true of another cause counted as lost on this side of the world. Mary was the most beautiful of women and the most unfortunate of Queens. Had her brother been Catholic, or had he been legitimate, hers might have been a happy fate. In the one case, Murray's sword directed by his consummate statecraft, would have saved her crown, and in the other, he would have been King of Scotland, and she Queen-Dowager of France, a land she loved so passionately.

But fate would not have it so. The niece of Francis of Guise, the first captain of Christendom, the head of the house of Lorrain, the defender of Metz, and the conquerer of Calais, Mary was married to a worthless King of France, and through her Guise governed that realm until the King's early death, when Mary was sent to Scotland, a weak woman, to govern the most ungovernable people of whom history gives account. Her entire reign was a series of unbroken mistakes, possibly attended with crimes, according to the canons of our age; but if Mary was criminal, she was dealing with a lot of baser and crueler criminals, and as a general proposition the unbiased man is on her side. Imprisoned in Lochliven castle, her brother became regent, and upon her escape he overthrew her army, and she, fated to destruction, sought asylum in the kingdom

of her cousin, Elizabeth, who, after long imprisonment, cut off her head.

Mary's son became King of England and Scotland. He had been bred a Protestant, was a pedant and perhaps the most learned fool in history. It was in his reign that was produced the English translation of the Bible, an event that would have added distinction to any reign, and made it illustrious. In theory he believed in the divine absolute right of Kings to rule; but he was too timid to practice it.

From the landing of Mary in Scotland to the battle of Culloden, a period of some eight-score years, fate loved to deal untold misfortune on the house of Stuart. Charles I was the most virtuous man who had sat on the English throne, and he had the affections of his people of both realms; but he was indoctrinated with the idea of arbitrary power, and to attain it he adopted a course that was full of fatal mistakes. He allowed the Parliament to chop off the head of Strafford, who was capable of saving his crown. Instead of appointing Montrose commander of the army in England he sent him to the Highlands of Scotland, where he made a campaign that neither Hannibal nor Napoleon would have been ashamed of, but that was as fruitless as is was glorious. His father had sent two regiments to the continent to fight in the "Thirty Years' War" on the Protestant side. Monk belonged to one of those regiments, and was the best tactician in England. Charles refused him important command. Cromwell captured him and his book on tactics, and adopted the thing, and that was what got him the

ultimate victory. His soldiers were known as "Ironsides," much due from the hint Cromwell got out of Monk's book.

Chivalrous as were the King's armies they succumbed to the prowess of the Parliament armies, led by Cromwell, the greatest Englishman of that or any other age, and Cromwell cut off Charles' head, just as Elizabeth had cut off his grandmother's.

After the Cromwellian despotism ceased, upon the death of its creator, that same Monk restored the house of Stuart to the purple and put the crown on the head of Charles II, who might have been a very great man had he not preferred to be a very great scamp. His life had been one of hardship and of danger. He had seen human nature as fickle as the winds' lists and as false as dicers' oaths. He did not believe there was honor in man or chastity in woman. And so, instead of being a great statesman, he elected to be a great trifler. He was called the "merrie monarch," and his was the merriest court in Europe during his entire reign of more than twenty years. Instead of giving laws to the continent as Cromwell had done, he was content, to be pensioner of his cousin, Louis XIV, who was the virtual ruler of England as long as he could keep Charles amused, and that was not at all difficult when the purse was full, or the women handsome.

James II, his brother and successor, was a very different order of man. Some wit said of the two, while Charles was yet living: "The King could see things if he would; the Duke would see things if he could." James, too, loved pleasure, but he was

much fonder of statecraft, and took his job of statesman seriously. He was always projecting with affairs. Once he thought he had discovered a plot to assassinate the King and went to Charles with a long story about it, to which his brother replied: "Rest easy, James, nobody will kill me to make you King."

No sooner was James on the throne than he began to meddle with things the English people would not allow to be tampered with. He was a brave man, as all his line, absolutely honest, and a stout soldier, well approved by the test of battle. He might have been a successful ruler had he been a Protestant; but he sought to re-establish the Catholic religion and lost his crown in the attempt

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William of Orange, James' son-in-law, now became King of England, and for three-score years thereafter there was constant plot to restore the house of Stuart to its hereditary right. Claverhouse raised the Stuart standard in Scotland:

Dundee, he is mounted; he rides up the street;
The bells are rung backwards, the drums they are beat.
But the Provost, douce man, cried, "E'en let them gae free,
For the toun is well rid o'that de'll o' Dundee."

Claverhouse soon fell on a stricken field, with the shouts of a glorious victory ringing in his ears. But it was all in vain. William was secure on the throne, and when he died, Anne, daughter of James, and a Protestant became Queen regent.

All Anne's children died, and she and her favorite minister, Bollingbroke, desired that her half-brother, "The Pretender," should be her successor on the

throne, but here adverse fate again pursued that Stuart cause. Anne died suddenly, and the Whigs were too vigilant, and thus came in the house of Brunswick, its head also a lineal descendant of Mary of Scotland. But George I was very unpopular. He spoke not a word of English. He was German to the marrow, and thought a hundred times more of this electarate of Hanover than he did of the English throne. There was a rebellion in Scotland for the Stuart in 1715, but it was mismanaged, and old George himself was half sorry that it failed, for he would have gone back to the continent feeling well rid of his subjects in England, who were determined to govern themselves regardless of who wore the purple. There was not a day after he became the head of his family that the pretender would not have been made King if he had only become a communicant of the Church of England.

In 1745 the Stuart made the last attempt to regain the English crown. The young pretender, Prince Charles, landed in Scotland, and the highlands swelled his ranks with first-class fighting men.

The standard on the braes o' Mar
  Is up and streaming rarily!
The gathering pipe on Lochnager
  Is sounding lang and clearly!
The Highland men from hill and glen,
  In martial hue, with bonnets blue,
Wi' belted plaids and burnished blades
  Are coming late and early!

And victory came with them, repeated victory, in Scotland. England was invaded, and the King in London was ready to go back to Hanover; but the Duke of Cumberland met the invaders of Culloden, and there the cause of Stuart was forever lost.

But it lives immortal in history, in tradition, in poetry and in romance. "O'er the Water to Charlie" is yet sung in Scotland:

I ance had sons, but now hae nane;
I bred them toiling sairly,
And I would bear them a' again
And lose them a' for Charlie.

Ever since Culloden, now nearly nine-score years, the house of Brunswick has been more secure on the English throne than any other dynasty in English history, and yet more English tears have been shed over the misfortunes of the Stuart line than England ever gave plaudits to the Hanoverian succession.

But the Stuart cause, though lost in a material sense, will live forever in the imaginations and in the sentiments of men the world round.

And a Catholic, a Campbell, is on the Supreme bench of Scotland!

CLEMENT LAIRD VALLANDIGHAM.

This was a man. We find his like in Plutarch. Thomas Carlyle would have delighted in him and made a hero of him. For the right, as he saw the right, he would have been one of the glorious caravan of martyrs. The Regent Murray, the unfortunate Mary's brother, with the bar-sinister, said of the dead John Knox: "Here lies a man who never feared to look on the face of man." That, too, was Clement Laird Vallandigham. He was Huguenot and Scotch-Irish, of the blood that defended Rochelle, mingled with the blood that defended Londonderry. It followed the white plume of Henry of Navarre, and withstood the impetuous courage of

Graham of Claverhouse. The first Vallandigham to cross the waters settled in Virginia on the Potomac, not far from Mount Vernon, the last decade of the seventeenth century, and it was a descendant of his, a a Presbyterian clergyman, who married Rebecca Laird, of York county, Pa., and to them was born, July 29, 1820, at New Lisbon, Columbiana county, Ohio, a son, Clement L. Vallandigham.

The boy was father of the man—open, resolute, diligent, studious, manly. He was prepared for college by his father, and when seventeen years of age he entered Jefferson College, Cannonsburg, Pa. Always methodical, in college he followed certain rules for the regulation of his moral conduct, and one of them was this: "Cultivate decision of character, moral courage, independence." Here another: "Be honest, be generous, be open-hearted, be polite, be a good neighbor." One more: "Have an object in view. Aim high." And here is yet another that every youth should have stamped on his mind and branded on his conscience: "Character is power, is influence." It is a curious coincidence that he left college in his senior year because of a heated discussion he had with the president of the institution on the subject of "State's Rights." He returned to his home in Ohio, and entered the law office of his elder brother as a student, a slender, hawk-nosed, eagle-eyed, handsome, engaging young gentleman. Years afterward the president of Jefferson College, with whom he had engaged in discussion, wrote him a letter of explanation and apology, and offered him a diploma on the sole condition that Mr. Vallandigham would apply to the faculty for it, but he would not.

Young Vallandigham began the study of politics at the age of sixteen, and he brought to the task a superior intellect and a hunger for the right. But he brought more; he was both honest and brave in the three great estates—mental, moral, physical. He might have been wrong, but if he was it was a misfortune not a fault. He was no time-server. When he was twenty-three he wrote certain rules to guide his conduct as a statesman, and here is one of them: "Always to pursue what is honest, right and just, though adverse to the apparent and present interests of the country, well assured that what is not right cannot in the long run be expedient." Again: "In all things coolly to ascertain and wtih stern indepenednce to pursue the dictates of my judgment and my conscience, regardless of the consequences to party or self." These be brave and noble words. If every public man lived up to them the problems of government would be about solved. The country would be safe in the control of either political party; laws would be equal for high and low, and justice the same for strong and weak. Privilege would slink away and hide its hideous head and truth would have a fair field and a fair fight against error, and there would be hope that a time might come when the state should be purged of corruption and incompetence.

In 1845 Mr. Vallandigham was elected to the State legislature. He had just attained to the constitutional age and was the youngest member of the body. Again he formulated certain rules for the regulation of his conduct as a representative, and here is one that it is pre-eminently fit to quote: "To speak but rarely, and never without having made

myself complete and thorough master of the subject. * * * No error is more fatal to influence in a deliberative assembly than the violation of this plain truth. 'Verily ye are not heard for your much speaking.'" When one contemplates the vast mass of verbiage that is in the enormous volumes of the Congressional Record for a single short session of Congress he can appreciate the wisdom of that rule laid down by this extraordinary young man. During his service in the legislature, he made a speech in which he drew the character, as he conceived it, of the true statesman. It is a splendid passage, truly eloquent and breathing in every word a lofty and patriotic sentiment. The man's ideals were simply sublime.

Again he was elected to the legislature, though he had voted to restore salaries to a higher grade, always an unpopular thing to do. It was during the Mexican war, and he supported the war in an exceptionally able speech, which was not very well received in the Whig legislature. True to his principles, he moved to lay on the table certain resolutions indorsing the "Wilmot proviso." In his speech against that measure he predicted that the agitation of that very question would inevitably lead to civil war, and it was a prophecy. He declared that he was a Union man and unalterably opposed to its dissolution, and that same session he voted to reject two Whig petitions to the legislature to declare the Union dissolved and wihdraw the Ohio Senators and representatives in Congress because Texas was admitted as a slave State.

Vallandigham now took up his residence at Day-

ton, opened a law office, and became the editor of the Empire newspaper, which he made a powerful organ of the Democratic party. In 1852 he was nominated for Congress in the historic Third district—Montgomery, Butler and Preble—but was defeated by Lewis D. Campbell, one of the strongest men Ohio ever produced. Two years later he was again defeated by Mr. Campbell. In 1856 the same two were again opposing candidates for Congress, and again Mr. Campbell was awarded the certificate of election, but Vallandigham contested the seat and it was given him, and thus it was that this strong, intense, able, brilliant man took his place in the national councils May 25, 1858. It is well enough at this place to glance at the State of Ohio from a political standpoint.

Ohio is composed of many elements, now thoroughly homogeneous. It was settled by the Puritan, the Cavalier, the Quaker, the Scotch-Irish, the Pennsylvania Dutch, and to them came many Germans and Irish. The Western Reserve was territory acquired by Connecticut, and it was peopled by families from New England, a hardy race, who builded a powerful and prosperous State in that region. In that part of Ohio the Democratic party never got a lodgment. Thence came Giddings and Wade and Garfield and McKinley. The rich basin of the Ohio, where the Muskingum, the Scioto and the Miami water valleys as fertile as Goshen, was settled principally by Virginia and Maryland—soldiers of Washington who were given these lands because their country had no money to give them. They were divided in political sentiment, and many of

them adhered to the preachments of Hamilton rather than to the doctrines of Jefferson.

The "Backbone" was settled by the Pennsylvania Dutch, and they possessed a great area and multiplied prolifically, and they and their sons and daughters were Democarts. The Germans were mostly in cities and towns. They were of several tribes. Those of them who held to the Catholic Church were Democrats, while the Lutherans were Republicans. The Free Thinkers among them were also Republicans. The Irish may be classed among the Democrats. The clergy were, for a great many years, a powerful factor in Ohio politics—the Protestant clergy. As a class they hated the Catholic Church and the Democratic party. They persisted in dabbling in things that belonged to Caesar, and repudiated what was owing to Caesar. Frank Hurd said he visited every Protestant church in Toledo, devoting a Sunday to each, and every occasion was a Republican campaign rally and every sermon a Republican stump speech. That was during the war of 1861-65. In 1857 thirty-two young women of Republican families, dressed in the habiliments of woe, paraded the streets of Columbus, following a coffin that they supposed was "Bleeding Kansas." Possibly at that very moment Jim Lane was contemplating murder, and John Brown was doing murder, in that same Kansas. Those were strenuous times, and while Pope Angelica is not yet come to whip simony from the church, most of the politics has been banished from the pulpit in the great and commanding State of Ohio, that has furnished more brains to the Republican party than any other State, and at the same time has contributed more than her

full share of brains to the Democratic party. Not the least of the ills with which this country is afflicted —and has been afflicted for forty years—is the lack of homogeneity of the Ohio Democracy. There were Frank Hurd and George Converse, no more in accord on the tariff question than the tune of Greensleeves and the one-hundredth psalm. There were John A. McMahn and A. J. Warner, as far apart on the money question as the East is from the West. It is not too much to say that Clement L. Vallandigham was the greatest man, if not the most powerful mind, the Ohio Democarcy has produced.

In Congress Vallandigham got in the front rank at a single bound. He was an orator and a debater, and he believed something. That's the stuff—he believed. He might have been wrong—his principles might have taken hold on damnation; but he was like the Luther that was bent on going to Worms. He supported Douglas in 1860, but he was not in full accord with that great leader and never hesitated to disagree with him. He was thrice returned to Congress, and did all that man could do to avert the war between the States. He might have done as John A. Logan and Daniel E. Sickles did; but he was made of sterner stuff.

There was no man of that epoch more devoted to the Union than Clement L. Vallandigham, but it was the Union of the Constitution that he loved. It is not done in way of criticism, but stating the plain truth, to say that in 1863 he Republican party preferred disunion to the Union with slavery at the South. That was Vallandigham's objection to Lincoln's administration. He was willing for the South

to be whipped back into the Union, but he wanted it done in a constitutional way. His great mistake was that he did not realize that war legislates. The army had a task to do. If the Constitution was in the way of that work, so much the worse for the Constitution. If the citizen went about muttering about habeas corpus and the bill of rights, so much the worse for the citizen—he was sent to Fort Warren. The country was in a convulsion and recognized no law but that of self-preservation.

Gen. A. E. Burnside was a stout soldier and a poor commander. He had rude courage and crude generalship. It is related that when he was whipped at Fredericksburg, Stonewall Jackson proposed to Gen Lee that he be permitted to take the offensive, strip his soldiers to the waist that comrade might recognize comrade, and make a night attack on the demoralized Federal army. Lee refused, with the remark that he knew Burnside and that he was sure Burnside would make another charge. Jackson answered that there was no charge left in that army. Both were right. Burnside did order another charge, but the army refused to be murdered. As great a failure as McDowell, and among all Federal commanders second only to John Pope in the failure line, Burnside was sent to the Department of the Ohio to catch deserters and overawe copperheads. He issued order No. 38, threatening penalties against "implied" treason. He forbade citizens to keep and bear arms and suspended the right of free speech. These were aimed at Vallandigham more than any other individual. The Cincinnati Enquirer was another selected victim of this tyranny. Burn-

side was used as the French soldier Augereau was used by Napoleon when the directory was overthrown and the consulate established in its stead. Of course, Vallandigham was bound to denounce such a business as that Burnside was engaged in, and, of course, he was arrested. He was tried by a military commission and ordered to be imprisoned the remainder of the war. The Ohio Democracy was enraged and became violent. They sacked the office of the Dayton Journal, and if they had been armed, the seat of war would have been transferred to Ohio. Mr. Lincoln commuted Vallandigham's sentence to banishment, and he was sent to Gen. Rosecrans to be turned over to the Confederate general, Bragg. After a time he left the South and made his way to Canada.

While he was yet in exile the Democrats of Ohio nominated him for governor. The Republicans nominated a war Democrat, John Brough. The campaign was intensely exciting, and Vallandigham was disastriously defeated by 100,000 majority and upward. There is little doubt that there was a majority against him, but it is absurd to say it was that great, or even the half of it. The administration at Washington was not ready to surrender the Union. The inauguration of Vallandigham as governor of Ohio in 1863 would have been as great a calamity to the administration as a complete Confederate victory at Gettysburg. The military defeat could have been compensated by a subsequent military victory, but such a political defeat as the election of Vallandigham would have been fatal. It would have left but one thing for Lincoln to do, to withdraw his armies from the field and disband them.

And so we can easily believe that the Republican majority in Ohio in 1863 was enormously padded. In those days the Republican party did not bother itself with an oversupply of conscience or integrity.

Vallandigham got back to Ohio the day the State convention was held at Hamilton to send delegates to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago. He made a speech to the convention that meant business. Mr. Lincoln consulted with a prominent Ohio Republican as to the advisability of arresting him, and was told that it would necessitate the withdrawal of the army from before Richmond and employing it as a posse comitatus to make the arrest. And so Vallandigham was left alone and permitted to canvass for the Democratic national ticket. By this time the South was exhausted and the war was practically over.

In 1867 the Democrats nominated Allen G. Thurman for governor of Ohio, and his Republican competitor was Rutherford B. Hayes. It was Vallandigham's fight. He had his eye on Ben Wade's seat in the United States Senate, and he managed the campaign. Sometimes politics—and especially Ohio politics—cuts some strange capers and shines. Since the creation of the Republican party, Ohio had never gone Democratic. True, George E. Pugh was a Senator from 1855 to 1861, but the legislature that chose him was elected in 1853. Ohio had been a Whig State in Presidential years, and the Republican party had been greatly re-enforced by a large body of war Democrats. Nobody dreamed that anything extraordinary was going to happen in a political way in Ohio in 1867, but something extraordinary and very extraordinary, did happen. The

first news was that Thurman was elected, and for many years it was the duty of every good Ohio Democrat to believe as well as to claim that he was elected. If there was a doubt about the race for governor, there was no doubt about the political complexion of the legislature—it was Democratic, the first Democratic legislature for many years.

Vallandigham had earned the Senatorship, but the politicians were against him. He went to Columbus thoroughly angered and made some plain talk. It was on that occasion that he was reported as turning on John G. Thompson, and exclaiming: "D—n you, I'll put a knife in your vitals!" and a time came when he drove that gentleman from the chairmanship of the State committee. Thurman had made a splendid race and his popularity was great. No one ever blamed him for accepting the Senatorship. He was in that body twelve years, and probably it is not too much to say that he made more reputation in the Senate than any other man Ohio ever sent to that body, not even excepting John Sherman, who was there nearly three times as long. But the Democratic party of those days needed a leader in the Senate—needed a Vallandigham there.

The double decade immediately succeeding the war developed four strong leaders of the Democratic party—Samuel J. Tilden, Samuel J. Randall, William R. Morrison and Clement L. Vallandigham. Tilden was the greatest of these, but he had no health, though he was elected President. Randall would have been President had he lived in New York and been sane on the tariff. Morrison would have been President had he been nominated. Perhaps Vallandigham would have been President had

he lived ten years longer. He was not only a virile and splendid leader but he was a big-minded man. He very nearly nominated Chase in 1868, and had he succeeded, it might have been the death of the Republican party—certain it would have been the death of radical Republicanism. The Dantons and the Marats would have been replaced by Vergniaud and Dumouriez. The South would not have quaffed such a bitter cup. And when Vallandigham died he was the life of a "new departure," big with promise and with history.

He died in his prime, when little over fifty. His death was a shock to the whole country. The Republicans had come to respect him and to admire him. They had ceased to hate him, and yet continued to fear him. The Democrats were beginning to see in him a captain. He did not live to see William Allen come from retirement to lead the Ohio Democracy to victory. He did not see the resistless Democratic tidal wave of 1874. He did not live to see the rape of the Presidency in 1876-77. Had he lived he would have been in the full maturity of his powers when Cleveland was inaugurated in 1885. Had he lived he might have been the man from Ohio who came to the Presidency in 1881. Could the energies and accomplishments of James A. Garfield and Clement L. Vallandigham have been fused in a single personality, what a mighty man he would have been!

BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN.

There are the rich and the poor. Now, as ever, they are the problem of politics and statecraft. Since the time of Abraham it has been the custom of the

rich to own much property, and since before the time of Lazarus the poor have possessed little of this world's goods. That always was, and it ever will be, so long as meum et tuum plays a part in the affairs of men. It is easy to make the poor dissatisfied with their lot; envy is a noxious plant. In all the ages demagogues have been active in arraying class against class, the poor against the rich. The Rome that withstood Pyrrhus, conquered Hannibal and sent her victorious legions to the Euphrates was alternately ruled by patrician oligarchy and plebeian mob. Sooner or later a Caesar was inevitable. But we order things better. Ours is a government of all the people, by the people, and for the people. We have no room for Caesars, though our demagogues are legion.

It was the memorable and pregnant year 1896—the closing days of the month of January. The people were in a state of discontent. Agitators were abroad in the land. Dr. Sangrado's practice was large. Dr. Fakir was everywhere. The mart was empty, the bay shipless. Only the strong arm and the stronger will of a strong man had crushed riot and anarchy at a great industrial and commercial center. Labor was idle; capital was in a panic. Coxey had marched a horde of vagrants to the Capital of the country and what was a farce might have been a tragedy. Revolution would have come in any other land dominated by Saxon blood and not subject to Saxon ideas and Saxon polity.

The Senate of the United States was sitting. A member new to that council chamber was to be heard. He was not unheralded. We are told that the party that persecuted Savonarola was happy in

the dream that a Pope was to come who would reform all things and utterly extirpate simony in the church. He did not come; he has not come. And now we were told that a Senator was to appear in the American Congress who would wipe error and corruption off the face of the earth, uproot political simony and plant virtue in all our hearts, wisdom in all our minds, content in all our consciences, melody in all our throats, and money—such as is it was—in all our purses. Nobody seemed to know exactly how all these great blessings were to be accomplished, and there was some degree of curiosity as to the ways and means, and no little skepticism as to the results.

Many years ago, down in Barren county, Ky., there lived John Lambrith, a fine old character, admirable in many particulars, despite his inveterate disposition to litigate his rights in courts of justice: One day when he had been defeated in a lawsuit involving something less than $10, he called to his adversary in the court room:

"Come out doors, Motley; I want to tell you how mean you are."

And that was the method our Pope Angelica, from South Carolina pursued in his grand performance of reform and disinfection when he delivered his maiden speech in the Senate of the United States, January 29, 1896. He told his colleagues how mean they were. He rebuked them for not applauding Senatorial eloquence themselves and for forbidding the galleries to applaud it. He declared that the government was in the hands of plutocrats—that the Secretary of the Treasury was a Judas, the President the enemy of mankind, or words of that

import. He reproached himself for permitting the people of South Carolina to cast the electoral vote of that State for Grover Cleveland in 1892. The speech was a long, rambling harangue and the text of it might have been the words of Sir Peter Teazle: "We live in a damned wicked world, Sir Oliver, and the fewer we praise the better." He introduced the pitchfork as an implement of statecraft, and of Senatorial deliberation, and about all that could be made of the performance was that there was a man in the Senate whose probity would have sufficed to save Sodom had he been there; that that man was tall, muscular, athletic, one-eyed; that he was from South Carolina, and his name Ben Tillman.

The Senate had heard much of this man. He had been discussed from ocean to ocean. He had led a successful revolution in his own State. He was no ordinary man. He only lacked genius to be a very great man. He was a man of marked and pronounced individuality. Perhaps not Ben Tappan, nor Thad Stevens, had been so frank, so blunt, so abrupt, so brusque, as he. Perhaps Ben Butler had been no more cordially hated by his enemies than he. In the Continental Congress Bee, Butler, Gadsden, Izard, Laurens, Motte, Pinckney and Rutledge had come from South Carolina. In later Senates the Butlers, Gailard, Hayne, Calhoun, Preston, McDuffie, Hammond, Chestnut, Hampton and others had made illustrious the State of South Carolina. For above a century these men, and such as they, ruled that State. It was not exactly an oligchy; that is too harsh a term—it was a patriarchal system rather. It was an honest, cheap, pure govern-

ment, without corruption and without scandal. Intelligence guided the council, and the councilors were too proud to stoop to a meanness. It was this system, common to nearly all the slave States, that led Thomas Carlyle to give his sympathy to the South in the great struggle of 1861-65. No other age, no other clime, ever saw such a system, and the world shall not look upon its like again.

Tillman overthrew the establishment of more than two hundred years. Blue blood was deposed. The masses—the white masses—were made to see and feel their power. Perhaps it was only the inevitable sequence of Appomattox. The day of the "cracker" was come, and though Tillman was neither Mirabeau nor Danton, he led a revolution as complete, with results far more stable than theirs. The speech that Tillman delivered in the Senate on the resolutions commemorative of the life and character of his dead colleague, John Laurens Manning Irby, is a remarkable production, and will profit every reader. It is the history of the bloodless revolution of South Carolina. It relates how it came to be that old things passed away and all things were become new. It is folly to deny the man some extraordinary qualities.

That January day, 1896, Tillman rose from his seat, in the extreme rear row, and with heavy tread marched down to the desk in the first row lately occupied by his predecessor—and it was no coincidence—and it was from that position that he hurled his agrarian threatenings, thence he wielded his pitchfork. There was a large attendance on floor and in galleries. Always dignified, the Senate was now solemn. One could but be reminded of the

scene in another Senate thousands of years before, when Marcus Papirus struck dead the profane Gaul who plucked his beard. And it recalled another event recorded in more modern history—Martin Schenck at Nymwegen:

"On the evening of August 10, 1569, there was a wedding feast in one of the splendid mansions of the stately city. The festivities were prolonged until deep in the midsummer's night, and harp and viol were still inspiring the feet of the dancers, when on a sudden, in the midst of the holiday groups appeared the grim visage of Martin Schenck, the man who never smiled. Clad in no wedding garment, but in armour of proof, with morion on head and sword in hand, the great freebooter strode through the ballroom.

Readers of Thucydides might have reverted to the picture of Cleon, the Athenian demagogue:

"We see plainly the effort to keep up a reputation as the straightforward, energetic counsellor; the attempt by rude bullying to hide from the people his slavery to them; the unscrupulous use of calumny to excite prejudice against all rival advisers."

Cleon also boasted that he was the "unhired advocate of the poor, and their protector and enricher by his judicial attacks on the rich."

Of his manner it is written that Cleon first broke through his gravity and seemliness of the Athenian assembly by a loud and violent tone and coarse gesticulation, tearing open his dress, slapping his thigh and running about while speaking.

Who would rather be Cleon than Nicias? Who would rather be Tillman than Cleveland?

Again, it might have been reflected that the poet Longfellow, somewhere in his writings, hazards the thought that the devil would not be if God did not have some beneficient purpose to subserve by means of him.

Perhaps there were those who thought of Hume Campbell and his pitchfork speech in the English Commons a century and a half before. It, too, was coarse invective, but there was one there to challenge him and to answer him—one of whom, a man who loved him not, wrote:

> Three orators in distant ages born,
> Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
> The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
> The next in language, but in both the last;
> The power of nature could no farther go;
> To make the third she joined the other two.

Pity it is there was none in the Senate to challenge Tillman and answer him as Pitt challenged and answered Campbell. The most dignified of American Senators came from South Carolina. He was an ideal statesman, an ideal man. In him was Roman grandeur and Spartan virtue, the one more admirable presiding officer than Aaron Burr or John C. Breckinridge. He looked and acted and spoke and was the Senator, the statesman, the sage. His vision was clearer than Webster's if his horizon was more circumscribed. And he was not the least of that matchless trio of whom Clay and Webster were the other two. We cannot imagine what Lowndes would have become if he was, as claimed for him, a greater Calhoun.

Tillman is the least dignified of Senators, the least conventional, a small edition of O'Connell, an illiterate Ingalls, a more virile and less fluent Bryan, a more audacious and more zealous Blackburn. A demagogue? Certainly. But possibly he believes it, all of it, and more, too. If the man had the genius and the eloquence of Mirabeau he would be more

than Richelieu or Bismarck. Could either of these have made the proudest of Commonwealths, "The Cock of the South," a rumseller?

Elijah Hise, one of the giants of a former generation, used to employ expletives to emphasize an argument. Tillman sometimes laughs, but it is laughter without mirth. It startles, it grates, and is as different from the laughter of John M. Harlan as merriment is from menace. There was one of the greatest of popular orators lost to the people when Harlan went on the bench.

In a speech not a great while ago, and a very good speech it was, Tillman told how as a child he stood beside his mother's knee and heard from her lips the story of Seventy-six and the glorious part South Carolina played in that magnificent tragedy. It is an old, old story, that of "Seventy-six," and has been told again and again at ten times ten thousand firesides in this heaven-favored land, and that old story did much to make the men who wore the blue and the gray. That Roman matron of whom her heroic son said, "Hadst thou been wife to Hercules six of his labors thou wouldst have done and saved thy husband so much sweat," had, and let us believe has, her prototype in millions of American homes. Every man must think better of Tillman for that glimpse of his childhood.

Somebody accounted for the genius of Napoleon because his swaddling robe was tapestry, in which were woven figures depicting scenes from the Siege of Troy. Tom Marshall had another theory. One night he interpolated this sentence into that wonderful lecture on the tremendous Corsican :

"I make no doubt that if the exact facts could be ascertained it would be found that Napoleon Bonaparte was the direct lineal descendant of Julius Caesar."

There is a better theory than either. No doubt Madame Mere told her son in his childhood the story and the glory of Belisarius. Be that as it may we can easily imagine that the child Tillman thirsted for the knowledge that is stored in the tradition of the men who founded the American republic and were the fathers of the greatest of the republics.

HINTON ROWAN HELPLER.

It was some ten years or more ago, on a sultry summer afternoon, when Congress was not in session, I happened to walk into the reading room of one of the leading hotels of Washington, fronting to the north, with several windows all open to the air outside. There were some nine or ten persons lounging in the place, and over in the corner were some four or five old gentlemen in rather animated converse, the leader a man of striking personality. Now and again he would rise from his chair to make more emphatic a gesture, and I discovered a very athletic man, above six feet in height, straight as an arrow, and broad-shouldered as a giant, and long-armed as Rob Roy MacGreggor. His face wore the florid of an Englishman, his eyes were sky-blue, and his hair was white as cotton, but a vigorous, ivory white. His beard was the same.

He would have been a distinguished presence in any company, though his physique was suggestive

of the coarse. He was not a fine-grained man like John C. Breckinridge, or Roscoe Conkling, and yet he was symmetrical. His features were large and heavy, but there was an expression of unmistakable resolution written all over his countenance, and an air of manifest sincerity in his every utterance. Everyone paid the closest attention to what he said, and all accorded him something very nearly like deference.

His theme was that humanity was going to the dogs, and the main cause of it was novel-reading. He contended that it was a crime for a teacher to depart from fact in the instruction of youth or for anyone to deal in fancy in discourse, written or spoken, with his fellowman. As he dilated on this line, I mentally quoted:

> "What is truth?
> 'Twas Pilate's question put to Truth itself,
> That deigned him to reply."

I then reflected this way: Charles Dickens heard this man talk that somewhere, and the fertile genius of the author of Martin Chuzzlewit immortalized him in the Gradgrind of "Hard Times." I am yet confident that I am right in that impression.

After some half an hour a friend came in, and I eagerly asked him who that remarkable person was. He answered, "That is Hinton Rowan Helpler."

Soon thereafter the party broke up; but I was determined to have a talk with Mr. Helper the first opportunity, and I had not long to wait. Within a week I found him in that same reading room, and I fell in conversation with him. Within a dozen

sentences I brought him to discourse on his philosophy of fact, and he traveled the same road he had trod the first time I saw him. I asked him if he had ever met Charles Dickens and he answered that he had not. I asked him if he had ever read Dickens' novels, and with an accent of impatience he thanked God he had never read a novel in his life. I then spoke of "Hard Times" and said that Dickens made one of the characters of that novel preach the precise philosophy as to facts that he had just uttered. He looked very much surprised, and, I thought I detected that he was rather pleased; but he would not promise to read the book.

Dickens had the genius of Scott in that he could get a hint from a trivial circumstance and turn it into a masterpiece of fiction, and I am satisfied that he saw and heard Helper when on his visit over here and overheard him deliver the sentiments he makes Gradgrind profess in "Hard Times." Helper did not get them from Gradgrind, therefore Gradgrind must have appropriated them from Helpler.

More than fifty years ago, Hinton Rowan Helper was the most talked-of man in the United States, all because John Sherman indorsed "The Impending Crisis," a book Helper had written advising the South to emancipate the slaves. Born a citizen of North Carolina, of English parents, Helper was not opposed to slavery from any transcendental or altruistic consideration. If he had not believed the South would be infinitely more prosperous without slavery than with it, he would never have advocated emancipation. There was nothing of the sentimental in his make-up. "Facts, facts, give me facts!" was his motto. He looked on Garrison, Phillips, Beecher

and that set as a lot of fanatic lunatics. He regarded John Brown as a midnight assassin, who sought to put the knife to every white throat and the torch to every white roof of the South. For these folks he had nothing but contempt, scorn, hatred.

Helper was a plain blunt man, who sought the emancipation and the deportation of the negro from our country. He was a man of superior intellect who clearly saw that unless the negro was freed, by the advent of the twentieth century, the cotton states east of the Mississippi river would be populated by twenty negroes to one white. and that would mean Hayti for those states, whether slavery survived or perished. It was to avoid that, to preserve Anglo-Saxon civilization, that Helper appealed to the South to abandon slavery. Had his advice been taken there would be no "race problem" in our country today, for there would be no negroes to make it.

If the Garrisons, the Phillipses, the Beechers, the Summers and things had not intermeddled, by 1880, every border state would have been rid of slavery; but they would not emancipate on compulsion. North Carolina and Tennessee would have followed within a decade, and thus the thing might have died a natural death.

Lincoln's idea of slavery was precisely the Helper idea. He was for emancipation for the benefit of the whites of the South. Had the negro only been concerned, he would not have permitted the fire of a gun.

The Thirty-sixth Congress has never been surpassed for parliamentary ability in our country. The

Republicans had a plurality, that was little short of a majority, in the House of Representatives, and the old Whigs and Know-Nothings of the North, and the old Whigs and Know-Nothings of the South, who were opposed to the Democratic party, held the balance of power. The House was not organized till after the Christmas holidays, but on many of the ballots John Sherman, the Republican caucus nominee, was very nearly elected, and it was all fixed to elect him by Whig and Know-Nothing votes from the South, five of them from Kentucky, when one morning the papers came out with a list of the Republican signers of "The Helper Book," and John Sherman's name was one of them.

Every Southern Whig or Know-Nothing knew it was political suicide to vote for Sherman after that expose, and his case then became hopless. The John Brown raid had occurred the October previous, and Sherman made a speech bitterly denunciatory of Brown, as did nearly every other Republican in both Houses. What would happen in the Sixty-second Congress if Owsley Stanley, or Henry Clayton, or Bob Henry were to memorize a speech of any one of a score of Republicans in the Thirty-sixth Congress on John Brown, and deliver it on the floor? He would be hissed on the Republican side and the eloquence expunged from the record.

Sherman explained that he had signed the "Helper Book" without knowing its contents. When I cited that to the old fellow, who has just passed away, it made him furious. He declared that Sherman had read every word of it, heartily approved it, and that he recanted in the vain hope to get the speaker-

ship. You could always get Helper into a passion by a mention of John Sherman's name.

The last years of Hinton Rowan Helper's life were spent chasing a rainbow — a railroad from Behring Sea to Cape Horn. It may be accomplished some day, but it will never transport on a single train a ton of through freight. Thousands of miles of the road are now built and are parts of different systems. But the old man was infatuated with the idea, spent all he had in the promotion of it, and then surrendered to it a mind once powerful in its reasoning faculties. Next to the last time I saw him he argued with me to put $2,500 in it, and he would insure me $50,000 in five years. I told him all right—that if he could find $2,500, my property, just to put her in and send me the certificate of stock.

Only the day before his death—or rather the day of his death, for he died that night—I walked a few steps behind him a full block of Pennsylvania Avenue, and I could discover no loss of vigor in his tread or any less erectness of that stalwart frame.

But the world had wrestled with him and thrown him. His mind was shattered and his heart was broken. Friendless, penniless and alone, he took his own life and died at the age of 80—this man who had shaken the republic from center to circumference, and who at a critical period had held and filled the center of the stage. A day or two after he was buried somebody proposed a monument to him. Fifty dollars in his purse the day he died might have saved his life.

CARL SCHURZ.

Perhaps there is no intelligent American who does not give first place to Alexander Hamilton among our foreign-born citizens, and perhaps 90 per cent of intelligent folk would accord Carl Schurz second place. Though German-born and German-learned, Mr. Schurz stood among the elite of the front rank of American citizenship and American statesmanship. As a publicist he was perhaps the first of Americans when he died. He was a gigantic intellect, and an exalted character. Not John Knox, nor Sam Adams, was more courageous of conviction, or less disposed to compromise with what he thought error, than this revolutionist and exile, a natural-born Mugwump.

Forced to leave the land of his birth for opinion's sake, Schurz was a teacher and journalist in Paris and London, and in 1852, when only twenty-three years of age, he came to America and for more than half a century he was a potent factor in the molding of public opinion in the land of his adoption. In 1857 he was the defeated Republican candidate for Lieutenant-governor of Wisconsin. In 1860 he was a conspicuous member of the historic convention that named Abraham Lincoln for the office of President of the United States. In 1861 he was the American Minister to Spain, a position that had been conferred on another of our foreign-born citizens, himself a revolutionist and an exile, by President Pierce. Schurz was a brigadier general in the Union army in 1862 and a major general the following year. He saw disastrous defeat at second Bull Run and at Chancellorsville, helped to gain the hard-earned

victory of Gettysburg, and participated in the brilliant operations around Chattanooga.

From 1852 until the adoption of the fifteenth amendment of the Federal Constitution he was conspicuous, in peace and in war, in the crusade against slavery. He beheld all the infamies of that spawn of a political Sycorax—Southern reconstruction. When the war was over he returned to journalism and was the Washington correspondent of the Tribune. Later he was the editor of the Westliche Post at St. Louis. In 1868 he was the temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention, which nominated Grant, and in the ensuing campaign he was one of the most eloquent orators on the stump and one of the most powerful writers in the press.

In 1869 Schurz became a Senator in Congress, and before his term expired the country recognized in him one of the colossal figures of the Senate, as the Senate then was. There were giants in the earth in those days. Hamlin, the Morrills, Edmunds, Sumner, Wilson and Anthony were from New England; Conkling and Fenton came from New York; Frelinghuysen from New Jersey, Thurman and Sherman from Ohio, Morton and Pratt from Indiana, Trumbull from Illinois, Carpenter and Howe from Wisconsin, Davis and Stevenson from Kentucky, Z. Chandler from Michigan, Alcorn from Mississippi, Frank Blair from Missouri, Tipton from Nebraska, Casserly from California, Bayard from Delaware.

Perhaps the history of the Senate does not contain account of a more brilliant debate than that on the resolution looking to an investigation of what was called "the French Arms Sales." It ranks with

the debates on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and Schurz was to one what Douglas had been to the other, the chief figure, and perhaps the ablest. It was in 1872, and the despondent, pathetic, and eloquent words of J. Proctor Knott, in 1870, bewailing the fate of France, had come to be realized. Germany was conqueror, and the land of Du Guesclin and Dunois of Conde and Turenne, of Desaix and Lannes, was prostrate. In her delirium, France fought to the bitter end and purchased arms wherever they were to be had and money could command them. Our war had left immense supplies of arms on our hands and we sold them, and Remington & Sons, of New York, were large purchasers; but when Secretary Belknap learned that the firm were agents of France he rejected their bids; yet one Richardson, a country lawyer of Ilion, N. Y., came on the scene and purchased as many as 40,000 muskets at a time. To be sure he was only the agent of the Remingtons, as they were the agents of France. There is little doubt that we had failed to observe the proper degrees of strict neutrality, and that was what was proposed to be investigated.

It was the beginning of the national life of the Liberal Republican party which had originated in Missouri, quickened to life by the Drake Constitution of Reconstruction days—an intolerable despotism. In the Senate Sumner, Trumbull, Fenton, Tipton and Schurz, all Republicans, were enlisted in the Liberal Republican movement, and the proposed investigation was an attack on Grant's administration. Gen. Grant was a great man, but it may be that his fame suffered by reason of his two terms in the Presidential office. He was a military com-

mander, a great soldier with the simplicity of a great captain. He it was, on the Union side, who had the correct conception of the war. His task was to take Richmond. He knew that if he attempted to outgeneral Lee he would go as Pope, Burnside and Hooker went. He set out to destroy Lee's army, and he knew that if he lost no more than a brigade for every one of Lee's regiments he put hors de combat the advantage was his, and that victory would be his in the end, for he could get another brigade to replace the one destroyed, and Lee could not get another regiment. Hence the Kilkenny cat business —"My cat has the largest tail." It was very simple, therefore, very great.

When Gen. Grant became President, about his second act was a message to Congress that read marvelously like a military order and was a virtual command to repeal the law that made A. T. Stewart ineligible to a seat in the Cabinet. Congress was ready to obey, and set about it, but Sumner would have none of it, and the President was balked. Before the Cabinet was announced in 1869 the personnel of it was a secret, guarded like the result of the deliberations of a council of war. It was inevitable that the most practical of soldiers, like the President, and the most utopian of statesmen, like the Senator from Massachusetts, should clash. Sumner was incapable of a wilful deception; Grant believed that Sumner was false to his word in the Santo Domingo business. The President said of him: "Of course Sumner don't believe in the Bible. He didn't write it. The party stood by Grant, and Sumner was deposed from his chairmanship. It was well enough, for Mr. Fish, the Secretary of State, could not hold converse with the chairman of

Foreign Affairs, and it was said that Mr. Motley, our Minister to England, took his instructions from the Senator, instead of from the Secretary.

Sumner made the opening speech on the resolutions to investigate the sales of arms to the agents of France. It was a disappointment. Though one of the greatest orators and most intrepid debaters the Senate ever knew, Sumner required study before he spoke, and on this occasion he was far from prepared. The administration Senators were jubilant, Carpenter especially sarcastic, brilliant, and able in his comment. Their joy was short-lived. Schurz not only restored the battle, but he carried dismay into the administration ranks. While he was speaking the wife of the President and her daughter had seats in the diplomatic gallery, and on the floor were members of the Cabinet, the aged Frank P. Blair, sr.; George William Curtis, and the leading members of the House of Representatives, including Hoar, Banks, Butler, Cox and others. Perhaps the several speeches and colloquies of Schurz, Conkling, Carpenter and Morton during that debate rank with anything the Senate has heard since the time of Webster and Calhoun. The Democrats—Thurman, Bayard, Casserly, Davis and Stevenson—all exceptionally strong men, said but little. It was a family quarrel and they did wisely. As an orator Conkling was without a peer. His sentences were like the man—magnificent, the admiration of his friends, the despair of his rivals and the wonder of all, and the argument of all his utterances was as able as the justice of his cause would admit of. It is praise enough for Schurz that in the esteem of many capable judges he surpassed all of them save Conkling

alone, and as Macaulay said in comparison of Pitt and Fox, did not fall below Conkling.

There was one passage between these giants where the German was brilliant to a degree, and recalled the scene when Jefferson Davis, with all the pride that all the blood of all the Howards could make, replied to Stephen S. Douglas:

"I scorn your quarter!"

Conkling introduced an amendment to the resolutions looking to an investigation of the "General Order" scandal in New York, with which the firm of Leet & Stocking was connected. Here was the reply of Schurz to that:

"On the path of duty I have walked I have seen men far more dangerous than the Senator from New York, and before a thousand of them my heart will not quail. No, sir, I shall vote for this amendment with all the scorn which it deserves."

Nothing came of the proposed investigation except the birth of the Liberal Republican party. Germany had licked and spoliated France, and the German vote was still Republican. Morton admonished Schurz that he did not carry that vote in his vest pocket, and that all roads that led out of the Republican party led into the Democratic party.

The Liberal movement was vitalized, and but for the fact that the donkey was fittingly typical of the Democratic party in 1872, it would have been triumphant. In May the Liberal Republican leaders of the whole Union assembled at Cincinnati in a convention that was something like a mass-meeting. It was full of promise. There were more than 400, but not of the order of those who sought David in the cave of Adullum. They were discontent, but it

was for the country. They were Republicans, but they were reformers—mugwumps of subsequent years. Many of them were original abolitionists and had hung on the periods of Beecher and Phillips, believed in the teachings of Lloyd Garrison, and had mild disapproval, if disapproval it was, of the deeds of John Brown. Schurz was the president of the convention, and at that time he was probably the most interesting personality in the whole country.

There was what might be called a sort of "third house" present and doing business, composed of young men, the leading journalists of the country. They were Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield Republican; Whitelaw Reid, of the New York Tribune; Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati Commercial, and Horace White, of the Chicago Tribune. They were Republicans. To them came Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, and William Hyde, of the St. Louis Republican, Democrats. George Alfred Townsend, the famous "Gath," was a delegate from Delaware. Alexander K. McClure, of the Philadelphia Times, was a delegate from Pennsylvania. They were all very able and brilliant men, and if journalistic genius could have made a President, it would have been done then and there. Had it been left to them perhaps Charles Francis Adams or Lyman Trumbull would have headed the ticket, but while these youngsters were killing off David Davis, Frank Blair nominated Horace Greeley.

It was a striking campaign that followed, and Greeley would have been elected if the Democrats could have been induced to render him as loyal support as the Populists gave Bryan or the Gold Democrats gave McKinley in 1896. Though the

regular Democratic convention indorsed the ticket, there was a bolt, and so serious was it that Greeley carried Kentucky, the then banner Democratic State, by the beggarly plurality of only 11,000. When the "October" States were heard from Mr. Greeley made a tour of the country and delivered a series of the grandest speeches the country ever heard, before or since, emanating as they did from as noble a heart as ever beat in human bosom. The country would not hear. He failed, as Douglas and Seymour failed before him, and as Blaine and Bryan failed after him.

It was pathetic, the appeal that grand old man made. Perhaps he was not the stuff of which Presidents ought to be made; but no man ever sought office prompted by purer motive. The campaign was brutal in the extreme. It was a disgrace to our politics and to human nature. It was as selfish and uncharitable, untruthful and unchristian as the devil would have it be, and as the devil could have made it had he been ignoble enough to try his hand at it.

That noble heart was broken, that giant intellect was sapped, and the best man then living died in a mad house, the victim of ignorance and prejudice and scurrility and slander and malice.

It is a shame to human nature that Horace Greeley was hounded to his death, he who had written of another death these lines:

> "When at length the struggle ended with his last breath, and even his mother was convinced that his eyes would never again open on the scenes of this world, I knew that the summer of my life was over, that the chill breath of its autumn was at hand, and that my future course must be along the downhill of life."

Let him who can read that passage unmoved ap-

prove the manner of the warfare against that broken-hearted father in 1872.

In 1876 Schurz was back in the Republican party, and Hayes made him Secretary of Interior in his Cabinet. In 1884 he supported Cleveland, as he did in 1888 and in 1892. In the campaign of 1896 he made what was probably the greatest speech of the campaign on either side. It was an argument for the gold standard as unanswerable and as inexorable as the multiplication table. In 1900 he was bitterly hostile to the policy of expansion, and he became a leader of the "Anti-imperialists."

"Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?"

The Teuton was engaged in the work of expansion when Probus was Emperor of Rome, and a mighty man he was at the business, and has been for twenty centuries. If he were to stop now there would be another flood, and ought to be. There is nobody else to expand—and it has to be done. A very disagreeable, a very arduous, and a very expensive and bloody job—but it is an absolutely necessary job. The world must not recede; it cannot stand still.

Mr. Schurz wrote a "Life of Henry Clay," the very best work on that subject yet produced, and it is to be regretted that we have not a score of volumes of like character from his pen.

Mr. Schurz was long the president of the Civil Service Reform League, and did as much as any other man in the effort to supplant the spoils system with the merit system in the public service. In one

of the most delicious satires ever spoken on the floor of Congress, Proctor Knott described our officeholding and officeseeking class. At that time our system was something like the Spanish civil service described in "Gil Blas," and we are not altogether rid of it yet. Great men must have great men to help them be great. Sometimes the great man's great man is a greater man than the great man himself, and that is no serious disadvantage. It is not criminal to seek office, but sometimes it is ridiculous.

Cervantes wrote for all mankind. Every American voter has seen the officeseeker after the order of Sancho Panza. When that immortal spoilsman saw his ambitions about to be realized he made these sage remarks:

"I do not understand these philosophies; all that I know is that I wish I may as surely have the earldom as I would know how to govern it, for I have as large a soul as another, and as large a body as the best of them; and I should be as much king in my own dominican as any other king; and, being so, I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be contented, and being content, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to desire, there is an end of it, and let the estate come; so heaven be with ye, and let us see it, as one blind man said to another."

There are many "earldoms" in our land, and the tribe of Sanchos is legion in these glorious and free United States of America.

The Hon. Jacob Hannibal Gallinger is a Senator in Congress from the State of New Hampshire. He is a tremendous worker, and labors for pensions and believes in offices for the "victors." Mr. Cleveland

was never so busy writing veto messages as Mr. Gallinger in writing favorable reports.

Mr. Gallinger engaged in a newspaper controversy with Carl Schurz on the subject of Civil Service Reform, and here is what he was foolish enough to say in one of his letters:

"It were probably better to suffer you to lapse again into that political obscurity where your disloyalty to the Republican party precipitated you than to gratify your yearning desire for notoriety by keeping you longer in public view, into whose presence you have seized this opportunity of obtruding yourself."

We are told that Thackeray said that when he wrote the passage in "Vanity Fair" where Becky Sharp falls in love with her husband as soon as she lost him—the time he thrashed the noble roue whom he found his wife's guest at a very inauspicious hour—he involuntarily broke his pen. He thought the passage a fine one, and it is one of the masterstrokes of his superlative genius; but Thackeray could not have been as well satisfied with his composition as Senator Gallinger was with his epistle to Schurz, of which the above is an extract. No doubt he broke the pen.

It was one occasion when, on the path of duty he had walked, Mr. Schurz met a man before whom his heart quailed. But it was necessary to say something, and here is what he said. After reproaching the Senator for his cruelty in taunting him with his obscurity, he continued:

"Nature and fortune are sparing with their choicest gifts. On you they have lavished a rare combination of genius and success. The great and powerful of this world should at least be generous enough not to scoff at the feeble and insignificant. You are a genuine celebrity. Your noble defiance of President Harrison on account of

a consulship, of which your biographer tells us, and your valiant battle for post-offices and revenue places have carried your fame into the remotest corners of New Hampshire. The fearless statesmanship of your attack on the 'hopping test' in the Senate has made your colleagues and many other people prick up their ears with amazed curiosity. The stranger in the Senate gallery, directory in hand, easily identifies you on the floor of the chamber as the occupant of chair No. 7.

"Having been a member of the Senate myself, I know what such triumphs mean. No wonder you are proud But do not let the pride of your greatness, however just, harden your heart against ordinary mortals. Everybody loves fame. You have it in abundance. Why do you blame me for coveting a little of it? Do not grudge me that passing gleam of notoriety which comes to me through the reflex of your renown in having my name mentioned for a few days together with yours in this public discussion."

When that consummate baseball general, Comiskey, was captain of the famed St. Louis Browns his second baseman was "Yankee" Robinson, affectionately mentioned as "Robbie." "Robbie" could always be depended on to claim everything. Many was the time when he was "out" by two rods that he would emerge from the dust, shake himself and exclaim, "Never tetched me!"

That is what the Hon. Gallinger said when he read the foregoing retorts of Schurz.

EDWARD WARD CARMACK.

And the king said unto his servants: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Whether this man was more richly endowed with those qualities for which good men loved him than he was bounteously gifted with those attributes for

which intellectual men admired him will never be known. He was the most brilliant mind with which my mind ever had personal commune, and he was the knightliest man whose hand my hand ever clapsed. He was the greatest son of the South during his entire public career, and the North, as bitterly as the South, is filled with indignant horror over the deep damnation of his taking off.

They who slew him builded fatefuler than they knew, for they completed Tennessee's immortal trio of demigods in Valhalla—Andrew Jackson, Nathan Bedford Forrest and Edward Ward Carmack. The legislature of Tennessee owes it to the good men and women of that State, and to the entire South, to take measures to have carved out of purest Carrara a statue of Carmack to place in the hall of the old House of Representatives at Washington to serve for exemplar that the youth of future generations may strive to emulate his nobility of character and rival his splendor of genius.

But Carmack survives in millions and millions of Southern hearts, and his influence is more puissant in death than it even was in life.

Just fifty years and 4 days old, on that fateful Monday, November 9, Edward Ward Carmack had scarce emerged from his physical prime and was just entering into his intellectual zenith. Without any loss of brilliancy, he was daily augmenting and solidifying his transcendent intellectual powers, and the golden promises of an exuberant efflorescence was then yielding a harvest of plenty beyond the dreams of hope itself.

In a twinkling he was cut down, and all without warning, as he was peacefully on his way from the

place where he worked to the place where he slept, and thus he fills a martyr's grave, because he was a man whose pen dared write what his heart dared forge—one who never feared to look on the face of man. When we contemplate the trivial provocation pleaded by those who so savagely took his life, we cannot but agree with Bishop Hoss that Carmack was murdered, not for what he had written, but for what it was feared he would write.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.

Great as Carmack was in either House of Congress, eloquent as he was on the stump, powerful as he was as an advocate before "twelve men in a box," he was yet made for the editorial chair of a widely read independent political newspaper. Like Clement L. Vallandigham, Carmack was too positive and too intense a nature to gain a great place at the bar, except before the jury. Unlike the politician, the lawyer cannot choose his cause, and Carmack was a man who could not argue a brief in the rectitude of which he had little faith. He had the intellect to command the logic, and the mind to analyze a legal principle; but he did not have the temperament of a lawyer as did Ben Hill, or Matt Carpenter, or Allen G. Thurman, or John G. Carlisle.

Hence it was perfectly natural for Carmack to abandon the bar for the forum. He became an editor, and no more gifted pen ever reinforced that noble profession. Perhaps our country has produced but two perfect newspaper men—Charles A. Dana

and Joseph B. McCulloch—possibly Henry J. Raymond might be added to the list. These were as great as writers as they were as gatherers of news. Carmack was not a news man; but as a commentator on events and on men, as the advocate of living principles, American journalism has rarely known his equal, and never known his superior. One of his favorite authors was Edgar Allan Poe, and with the exception of Poe, the first man of letters of our hemisphere, I do not believe Edward Ward Carmack ever had a superior in America in the mastery of the expression of the English tongue. He was a dull man who would not forego a night's sleep to hear Ned Carmack recite "Annabel Lee."

But before Carmack laid hand on Poe he had drank copiously at that richest fount of our speech, the English Bible. Except Benjamin F. Butler, I recall no man in our public life who quoted so frequently and so aptly from Sacred Writ as he. He reveled in the Psalms, and in the pulpit he would have been another Simpson, perhaps another Campbell. In the editorial chair he was far more than a gifted writer. He was a student and a thinker. But he was more, infinitely more than that, than these, than all—he believed something, and like another Luther, he would go to Worms though it were to his death, and so he did, and so he was a martyr to duty and to country.

Though an editor were Hazlett, Macaulay and Hume combined, and had no belief except as the wind listeth, he would be a Samson without his locks —one Greeley, or one Carmack, worth ten thousand like him. To convince others one must himself be convinced, to move others, one must himself be

moved. It was his character and his beliefs that made Carmack the force he was, that commanded the love of millions, and pity 'tis 'tis true, that brought him to an untimely grave.

In the national councils Carmack took the place left vacant by the transfer of Lamar to the Cabinet and the bench. Though so prodigally endowed by nature, Carmack trod no royal road o civic eminence. The rich soil of his mind was ceaselessly cultivated. He burned the midnight oil in communings with the mighty minds that had left their impress on the world, and while others slept he delved in the lore of past ages, digested and assimilated the wisdom of those who had gone before. That was what made him so formidable and so ready in debate. That was what made him feared in intellectual combat as neither Ingalls nor Reed was feared.

One cannot compare Carmack and Ben Hill, or Carmack and Judah P. Benjamin, or Carmack and James S. Green. He was as different from Robert Toombs as the rapier of Crichton from the hammer of Thor. Withal he had the heart of Burke to sympathize with suffering and to hate cruelty everywhere. His speech in loathing and denunciation of "Hell-roaring Jake" Smith's infamous order in the Philippines was as lofty a specimen of indignant eloquence as ever the United States Senate heard.

"And this," he exclaimed, "the President tells us, is 'benevolent assimilation!' "

"And how would the Senator characterize it?" demanded Foraker.

Quick as a flash came the retort, "I call it malevolent annihilation."

Carmack was not the constitutional lawyer that Carlisle was, for his genius did not trend that way, and for the same reason he had not the mastery of economic subjects possessed by John Sharp Williams, but in a great constitutional debate he would have been an invaluable lieutenant to Carlisle, and to Williams he could have brought aid like that Blucher carried to Wellington. In the fundamentals he was all that Carlisle or Mills was, but he had devoted the study to history and to literature that they brought to detail of law and economy.

Lamar had a more riotous imagination than Carmack; and I am persuaded that had Carmack been as much of a dreamer as was Lamar, and indulged in more introspection he would have been a more extraordinary man than he was; but Carmack was a man of action as well as a man of thought, and as a soldier he would have been as superb on the field as he was great as a lawgiver in the Senate. He was a born leader, and Isham G. Harris was the only man he ever saw of whom he was content to be a follower. The time Lamar spent in dreaming Carmack devoted to work—reading or writing. In committee Lamar was often inert; but Carmack was a positive force there. In open Senate, when both were aroused to action, they were equals—Lamar the finer imagination, Carmack the more caustic wit, the more rollicking humor. In diction the scale nearly balanced between them.

Carmack was ten years in Congress—four in the House and six in the Senate. Ben Hill served two years in the House and five in the Senate. Except

Lamar, I doubt if any other American ever made so enviable a reputation in the national councils in so limited a service as Hill and Carmack. Hill was there but seven years to Carmack's ten, but his opportunities were greater. Carmack had no such theme and no such adversary as Hill encountered when he utterly crushed Blaine in the debate of the general amnesty resolution. Nor did Carmack have the chance that came to Hill when he annihilated Mahone. Perhaps no other Southerner since the war, unless Carlisle or Eustis was he, could have contended with Carpenter as Hill did on the Constitutional question involved in the debate of the contested election of Senators from Louisiana.

But all in all John T. Morgan's estimate is just and it will hold—that Carmack was the most brilliant man the Senate knew for the thirty years that Morgan was a Senator.

If I were asked to cite the most beautifully pathetic and the most loftily patriotic burst of eloquence that ever fell from the lips of American orator, I should tender Carmack's tribute to the South. It was my happy fortune to hear it as it fell from his "iron lips." Though then his political enemy—I a goldbug—I was transfixed with wonder that turned to rapture ere he finished the noble sentiment. The entire House was entranced—Republicans as much so as Democrats—and even the stern and cynical Reed gazed on the orator and drank in the words as one bewitched. I have seen the House moved to more tumultuous applause by William L. Wilson and Bourke Cochran, but never in my time—now more than thirty years—has that House been so profoundly impressed, so deeply stirred, as when Car-

mack bowed and sat down that day. There were too many tears for riot.

I know I shall be pardoned for inserting it here:

> The South is a land that has known sorrows; it is a land that has broken the ashen crust and moistened it with its tears; a land scared and riven by the plowshare of war and billowed with the graves of her dead, but a land of legend, a land of song, a land of hallowed and heroic memories. To that land every drop of my blood, every fibre of my being, every pulsation of my heart is consecrated forever. I was born of her womb; I was nurtured at her breast, and when my last hour shall come I pray God I may be pillowed upon her bosom and rocked to sleep within her tender and encircling arms.

I have one suggestion to make, one prayer to offer —that every Southern mother teach her child, the pride of her home, and the hope of her land, to repeat that matchless passage. Plant it in his memory when it is young and plastic. It cannot but lead him to noble thoughts and generous impulses.

Genius, statesman, orator, publicist, patriot, gentleman, Christian, farewell—"the first Southerner of his day!" is thy epitaph!

WILLIAM PINKNEY.

Was Pinkney a greater advocate than Choate? It is impossible to say. Each was the first of his generation. Marshall and Story, perhaps the two best judges of such a matter our country has produced, were agreed that Pinkney was the foremost lawyer who ever pleaded before them, and thus they put him above Webster himself. William Wirt was a delightful man and a learned lawyer, twelve years Attorney-General, and he was never quite fair in

his estimate of his rival, but after Pinkney's death Wirt agreed that he was the greatest lawyer of his time. It was somehing grand to have been the leading counsel in the great cause involving the constitutionality of the United States Bank and with Webster and Wirt for juniors, but Pinkney had that distinction and gained the case, though opposed by Martin, Hopkinson and Jones. It was claimed for Pinkney that John Marshall put more of his pleas in his decisions than any other man's, and in one of them Marshall, though deciding against him, paid a compliment such as Socrates might have bestowed on Pericles. In rebuke of Charles Sumner, the late Matthew H. Carpenter gave an estimate of Rufus Choate, that applies with equal force to Pinkney. Charles James Fox declared that one of Lord Erskine's speeches before a jury in the Court of King's Bench, was the most perfect specimen of human reasoning that had ever come under his notice, and it is very doubtful if Erskine was the superior of Pinkney as an advocate, or, as a reasoner.

William Pinkney was born at Annapolis, Md., a subject of the British Crown, March 17, 1764. Annapolis was then the Athens of the western hemisphere, with a society as cultured as that of Williamsburg, and the father of Pinkney was a leader of that community. The family came of an adventurer, who fought for the Conqueror at Hastings, and when the Pinkneys crossed the ocean, one branch settled in Maryland and the other in South Carolina, where they added C to the name. The father of William Pinkney was a Tory during the war of the Revolution. Had he lived in an earlier day he would have preached passive obedience. He

had held the King's commission, had subscribed to the oath of loyalty and refused to rebel against the Crown. His estate was confiscated by the colonial establishment, though the man's personal character was so stainless that he retained the respect of the patriots even in those strenuous times. So far as I know, Pinkney is the only statesman who ever player a great part in our country, and was the son of a Tory. That he reached such eminence is a tribute to the personal character of his father as well as to his own transcendent abilities. We find him when a very young man a member of the convention to form a constitution for Maryland two years before the Constitution of the United States went into effect. The passions of the struggle were still alive, and yet this son of a leading Tory was thus honored by that patriot constituency.

The confiscation of his estate left the Elder Pinkney a poor man, and the son did not have the advantages of a thorough education in his earliest manhood; but William Pinkney was an extraordinary character, and when President Washington appointed him Commissioner to England, under the Jay treaty, he employed a private tutor and plunged into the study of the classics, that most men master, if they master them at all, in their classes at college. It will be recalled that Erskine was at first an officer in the English Navy, and subsequently held a commission in the English Army, before he studied for the bar. Pinkney studied physic and expected to be a doctor before he found cut what the hand of God had fashioned him for.

It was in the office of that Judge Chase, whom John Randolph, of Roanoke, impeached, that Pinkney began to read law, and he was admitted to the

bar in 1786, at the age of 22. Little did the courts that licensed him to practice, dream that here was one who would eclipse in the profession the genius and the fame of Luther Martin, then the head of the American bar, who pleaded successfully the cause of Burr against Wirt, and the cause of Chase against Randolph. In 1788 he was chosen a member of the State Legislature, and it is a fact somewhat curious that his splendid genius for forensic eloquence first burst into radiant bloom in speeches in advocacy of the emancipation of the slaves.

In 1796 Washington appointed Pinkney Commissioner under the Jay treaty, and he took up his residence in London, where he remained for eight years. It was that tremendous epoch when England was in a death grapple with the Corsican, and it was now and here that Pinkney got his education. He attended the debates of Parliament at a time when the House of Commons was the first Senate of that or any other age. He heard Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Grey, Erskine, Canning, Dundas, and little did that matchless galaxy dream that in that youthful American commissioner, who sat within their bar, in rapt attention to their disputations, was one who might have rivaled the greatest of them, the equal of Pitt in the Senate or Erskine at the bar. Pitt was Pinkney's favorite; it was after Pitt that he fashioned his style, and he declared: "I could sit there forever and listen to Mr. Pitt."

During his residence in London Pinkney was an untiring and a laborious student. He visited the courts of law and equity and added vast stores to his already abundant knowledge of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, and it was here that he fitted himself for

first place at the American bar. In 1806 President Jefferson commissioned him to return to England and attempt to patch up the quarrel that led to war six years later. Napoleon had crushed Prussia at Jena, and from the palace of Frederick the Great had issued the "Berlin Decree," that England answered by an "order in council." Between the two titanic belligerents America was treated both injuriously and contumeliously. And now Pinkney was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, and as such he averted war for some years. When the war was inevitable, Lord Holland, the nephew of Charles James Fox, offered to give asylum to Pinkney's son in his own household in order that he might complete his education.

Pinkney returned to the United States in 1811, and was appointed Attorney-General in President Madison's Cabinet. Of the previous fifteen years he had spent thirteen abroad, but the day he got the position that made him the titular leader of American bar he was also the actual leader of it. He continued in the Cabinet until Congress enacted a law requiring the Attorney-General to reside at the National Capital, when he resigned and was succeeded by Richard Rush.

In the war of 1812 he commanded a company, and was severely wounded at the battle of Bladensburg. This should have reversed the attainder of his father, and doubtless it did in public estimation. It was the age of the pamphleteer. "Junius" was not a score of years off the stage in England, and the pamphlet served the office of the editorial page of the political newspaper of our day. Pinkney entered this field, and he was as able with the pen as he was

eloquent with the tongue. He was now in the full meridian of his splendid intellectual powers and ranked among the first statesmen of his time.

In 1815 he was elected to Congress, but served only a few weeks, when he resigned to accept the position of Minister to Russia. It was during this Congress—the Fourteenth—that he had a debate with Randolph, when the latter began with this sentence: "I rise to oppose the motion of the gentleman from Maryland," and then, after a pause, continued in parenthesis, "I believe he is from Maryland." It was a trick Randolph had. Never was there another American who could do so much with a parenthetic sentence. The House roared with laughter as Randolph thus pretended to be in doubt as to what state the first orator in Congress hailed from. In our day one might as well have questioned whether Reed was from Maine or Carlisle from Kentucky.

Pinkney was eminently successful in his mission, and returned to the United States two years later and entered actively upon the practice of his profession, but in 1820 Maryland sent him to the Senate, and in 1822 he died—the first orator, the first lawyer, and one of the foremost statesmen of his time. He was but fifty-eight years of age.

If one would discover what a giant Pinkney was let him read the speech of February 15, 1820, on the Missouri question. It was in reply to Rufus King, and we can easily believe the tradition that King remarked while Pinkney was speaking, that his own position was unconstitutional. Never was there an American orator who suffered more from the reporters. He could not be reported. He could not

even report himself after he had concluded the effort. He was a powerful reasoner, a matchless orator, learned in his profession and rich in the acquired knowledge that is gained from general literature.

I believe the world lost much because Humphrey, Marshall and Rufus Choate were not ten years colleagues in the United States Senate and on opposing sides; but if one will read the debates between Ben Hill and Matt Carpenter on the Louisiana Senatorship he will get a good idea of what a debate between Marshall and Choate would have been had they clashed.

I do not believe that Choate, or Marshall, or Carpenter, or Hill ever equaled the speech William Pinkney made on the Missouri question in the Sixteenth Congress. There are parts of it that remind you of some of Allen G. Thurman's strongest arguments. I know of nothing else like it. When the Constitution of the United States went into effect, Pinkney was twenty-three years of age. He was a public man thirty-five years under that Constitution, one-half of which time was spent abroad in the diplomatic service. He was elected to the National House twice, and both times resigned before the term expired. He was a member of the Senate two years. In all, he was in the National Legislature less than four years.

What a giant he would have been had he been bred to it like Clay, Webster and Calhoun. The trio would have been a quartette.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. —Hamlet.

There have been numerous books written on "The Slave Power," a few of them very good literature, and most of them utterly worthless as letters, and worse than worthless as history. In the second quarter of the last century the Anglo-Saxon in Texas conquered his independence from the mongrel of Mexico, and it became only a question of time when the lone star of the new republic should be one of the cluster of stars of the great republic. That was the work of "The Slave Power," and much resented by our then brethren at the North. It made the war with Mexico, and Thomas Corwin spoke of bloody hands, hospitals, graves, and so on. In a speech in Congress, John Quincy Adams pleaded the cause of Mexico with characteristic and consummate ability. A braw son of Massachusetts fell in that struggle, and Faneuil Hall was denied his comrades as a place where the remains might lie in state while the funeral oration was pronounced.

This was no evidence that Boston, Massachusetts, New England, and Tom Corwin were unpatriotic. It was only the ebullition of the Northern conscience, a protest against what certain elements conceived to be a pervesion of the American system and a crime against liberty. Hosea Bigelow was the New England conscience in homely verse.

And yet the Mexican war was civilization marching on, and emancipation was in its train. The hand of destiny was in that war. Civilization stood with Taylor at Buena Vista and conquered with Scott at Chapultepec. Fate wrote the treaty of peace

and treaty of cession at Guadaloupe Hidalgo, and it was tantamount to a declaration of relentless war against the institution of slavery in the American Union. Had there been no annexation of Texas and no Mexican war, there would have been no Wilmot Proviso and no repeal of the Missouri restriction. The slavery issue would not have been paramount in politics, and the conflict between free soil and slave would not have been irrepressible. There would have been no disruption of the Democratic party and no election of a President by electoral votes entirely from one section. There would have been no secession and no war, and slavery would have died a natural death. Lincoln and Davis would be mere names, and Grant and Lee, Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson, Thomas and Forrest would not have contributed epics of valor to the story of arms and been demigods in the temples of Valhalla.

But who is to deny that the fame of American prowess, as it was illustrated in that tremendous struggle, is worth all it cost? The curious thing about the politics immediately leading to the struggle is that the South was rushing to the destruction of slavery and the North did all possible to restrain her in her fatuous career. And hence the quotation from Hamlet is pertinent.

By the treaty of cession at the close of the Mexican war, California became a possession of the United States, and soon was caused to yield her boundless treasure to the service of mankind. "The Pacific Slope" was a new term coined for our geographical nomenclature, and was now a halting place for civilization in its westward course around the globe from Orient to Orient. Inseparably linked

with the history of California is the name of one of the most brilliant charlatans of Christendom. John C. Fremont was a scintillating failure in the many fields of endeavor he undertook—as soldier, as statesman, as financier, as promoter. His candidature for the Presidency of the United States in 1856 was a curiosity, a whimsically and a vicissitude. The large vote he received was a warning that the South fatuously gave all too little heed to. His election would have been the destruction of the Union. It would have died in the midst of a war that would have been a vast John Brown raid against a solid and desperate South, and without adequate support at the North He was a general in the great war that came four years after his defeat, and a general with a single fight and that a disastrous defeat. And yet this man, with such consummate genius for failure, was able to muster a considerable and a threatening following in 1864 that nominated him for President of the United States in the hope of the repudiation and retirement of Abraham Lincoln, who bore not only the fortunes of the Republican party, but the destiny of the American people.

Fremont was called the "Pathfinder," and 10,000 other adventurers—forty-niners—were as good pathfinders as he. He acquired vast areas of land in the new State, and it was said that his gold mines were richer than Ophir, and yet he was always in need of money, and one of the names they gave him was "a millionaire without a cent."

The Anglo-Saxon boasts of the episode of Runnymede, where the barons bullied and sheared their King, and of the sessions of the Long Parliament,

where the commons conquered liberty from their King. They boast of the bill of rights, the revolution of 1688, the Protestant succession, and the Mutiny Bill. On our side we boast of the Declaration of Independence and the successful rebellion of '76. But one of the noblest triumphs of our race, and one, strange to say, we rarely exploit, was the system of "claims" in the gold fields of California. It was founded on that eternal sense of justice that some Prometheus filched for us from heaven, a fire eternal, "the greatest attribute of God." The "staked claims" of the mines were not exactly invented by the Forty-niners, but they were adopted and maintained by them. The adjudications of land titles by the supreme bench of Kentucky, down to 1850, are one of the most splendid monuments of human jurisprudence, and an authority wherever English law maintains. They are, indeed, the perfection of human reason, clothed in the simplest speech of the English tongue. It is gravely to be doubted if all the encomiums the Kentucky decisions have extorted from the learned jurists of Westminster are worth the compliment the rude and unlettered adventurers of California paid them, when they unconsciously adopted their principles and applied them to the "staked claims," Here was abstract justice applied to the human economy—here was the Saxon building a state.

Within two years after the discovery of gold in California the "compromise of 1850" was enacted by Congress, and under the operation of that legislation California became a State of the Union. It was the last effort Henry Clay made for peace between the sections, It was the occasion when Webster, pleading for the Union, forfeited the confidence of

his constituency. There are two opinions in Massachusetts about that speech to this day—the senior Senator from the old Commonweatlh, taking the cue for the Quaker poet of Massachusetts, would walk backward and throw a bed quilt over his Titanic predecessor, while the late Mr. Hoar discovered, or, rather, opined, that Webster, with intellectual vision clearer than all his fellows, and with an unselfish patriotism that might shame all his critics, saw the war between brethren then in the womb of the future, and on that memorable 7th of March exerted all his tremendous faculties and matchless eloquence to make it an abortion.

California had some strenuous politics, mostly Democratic, in her early history. There were Gwin and Weller and Broderick. The last named recalls one of the most unfortunate of men—his slayer, David Terry, sinning much and was not a little sinned against. He was the victim of untoward circumstance and fell a prey to passions that had been baited to desperation. When he went on the field against Broderick it was with no expectation that he would survive the duel, and yet it has gone forth, and is generally believed that it was virtually an assassination. It is a very logical ending of a meeting of that sort that one of the principals is killed, and it is a very unmanly thing to repudiate the judgment of a tribunal to which one has appealed. Later in life Terry was in the wiles of that worst of all things, animate or inanimate—a woman devoid of principle.

For she cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her.

Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.

Or as a great writer of profane letters has it:

She was the Queen of Pleasure, an image of human enjoyment that scatters the treasure amassed by three generations, that laughs at corpses, makes sport of ancestors, dissolves hearts and thrones, makes young men old and often makes old men young.

This strong man made weak by a bad woman is only another witness that "the wages of sin is death."

But when the future historian comes to tell the story of the Pacific Coast, if he is fit for the business, his most fascinating chapter will be devoted to its successful captains of industry—Huntington, Stanford, Hopkins, Crocker, Sharon, Ralston, Mackay, Fair, Flood, O'Brien, Hearst, Spreckles, and others of that ilk. Of these Huntington was certainly the greatest, both in conception and in execution; his the clearest brain, his the strongest and the cunningest hand. What a daring thought that, when in 1863, he, an obscure and not opulent merchant of a small town, determined to build the railroad connecting the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, and how like an Eastern tale is the story of that vast undertaking carried to triumphant realization five years later.

Sharon was to financial combination what Huntington was to material development, to banking what Jay Gould was to transportation. Huntington, Mackay and Fair saw in him what Vanderbilt, Sage and Morgan saw in Gould—the wizard of combination. He had been bred to the bar in Ohio and had

studied the profession in the office of Edwin M. Stanton. His health failed, and he went back to live on the farm and lived out of doors until he was again physically robust. Subsequently he was in Missouri, and when yet a young man he and a partner made a speculative venture to the Pacific. They freighted a ship with merchandise and sent it by way of the Horn, while Sharon personally conducted a caravan the overland route. They were fortunate and reaped a rich reward. Sharon then engaged in the real estate business in the Occidental metropolis, and soon he was a capitalist of large means.

About this time Sharon fell in with the famous Ralston, the most daring speculator even of the California of that day. D. O. Mills was president of the Bank of California, then, as now, the strongest financial institution on the Pacific Coast, and Ralston was associated with him in a subordinate capacity. When Mills withdrew, Sharon succeeded him as the leading spirit of the bank. The two made a wonderful combination. Sharon had the genius to conceive and Ralston the hand to execute. Their operations were vast and gigantic and embraced the Comstock bonanzas of Nevada, and their gains were enormous.

It was in 1863 perhaps that the Republican party needed two additional Senators in Congress, and to secure them Nevada, now for nearly half a century, the "Old Sarum" of the American electorate, was made a sovereign State of the American Union. William M. Stewart and James W. Nye were the first Senators, and their votes secured the passage of the resolution submitting to the States the thirteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution. In 1872 a

rich man coveted the seat of Mr. Nye and got it. He held it exactly thirty years, and then retired. In 1875 Sharon wanted Stewart's seat, got it, and was Senator for a single term. Politics drew his attention from finance, and while he was mending political fences in "Old Sarum," Ralston engaged in reckless and disastrous speculation in California, with the result that the Bank of California failed for millions. Ralston was bankrupt and a suicide, and his personal debt to Sharon was $2,000,000.

Then it was that Sharon set about a task, one of the most stupendous in the annals of finance. He resolved to restore and maintain the credit of the Bank of California. It was a period of financial panic and industrial depression the world over. Enterprise was nowhere, and the ablest financiers of the country regarded Sharon as a Quixote, and predicted his financial ruin. But he never wavered. Securing a pair in the Senate, he devoted all his genius as a financier to the reestablishment of the material wealth and the maintenance of the sound credit of the Bank of California. He succeeded. His work reads like the military campaigns of Montrose, and were to the exchange what those victories were to arms, and more, too, for the victories of the banker bore opulent fruit, whilst the victories of the soldier were barren of all but effulgent glory.

Those fathers of ours who made the Constitution of the United States builded broader than they knew. We are gradually but surely coming to the pass that the general welfare clause of that sacred instrument is the paramount and governing principle of our system, and that whatever is desirable is constitutional.

Congresses dominated by Jefferson Davis, Robert Toombs and James M. Mason never dreamed of direct appropriations from the Federal Treasury for the construction of levees on the Lower Mississippi River. Such a project would not have received a single vote in either House in the fifties. Now such appropriation is a matter of course, and an ordinary expenditure of the Federal establishment. And so it was bound to follow—for innovation begets innovation—that appropriations would ultimately be made for the irrigation of arid lands between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. Nor is it intended to stop at that, for it is proposed that the federal government purchase vast areas of the Appalachian chain in order to preserve its forests and thus conserve, and in some measure, regulate, the water supply of the East Mississippi valley. It may be recalled that time was when the valley of the Gaudalquiver in Spain was the garden of Europe, supporting a great population of the most generous consumers then in the world; but its forests were destroyed, its water supply wasted, the deepest pools became the most obstinate of bars, and sandy deserts succeeded the most fertile fields. The population degenerated and decayed, and is now only one-sixth of what it was when the Moor yet dreamed in the Alhambra.

ASPERITY AND AMENITY IN POLITICS

The less men know about a thing the more apt are they to quarrel about it. Hence it was that there was the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Neither Guise nor Coligny knew anything about the true

spirit of Christianity; the Sermon on the Mount was all Greek to them, and that degenerate monster and irresponsible madman, who was King of France at the time, knew even less about it than did these heroes. The massacre of Glencoe, more than a century later, was as political as the affair of Saint Bartholomew was religious, and both were a mixture of religion and politics. There was infinitely more atrocity, all things considered, in the Scottish butchery of Catholics and Jacobites than there had been in the French slaughter of Huguenots and Navarrese. In those days wars grew out of differences of religious faiths more frequently than they were due to conflicts of political interests, though the two were often commingled.

It is a fascinating chapter in history, the story of France when Valois, Bourbon and Lorraine were contending for the mastery. All were fanatics in perpetual war, with the Christian religion the paramount issue. The age was heroic and infamous, and deeds of daring in the field were linked with conspiracies of ignominy, in the council. Assassination was practiced by all, and Coligny was murdered the eve of St. Bartholomew simply because the greatest of the Guises had been murdered only a short while before by a Huguenot. They were terribly in earnest in their savage faiths, both Catholic and Protestant, and each one believed that he was the more acceptable to the Lamb of God the more he could put in practice the creed of Moloch. Guise, father and son, Francis and Henry, of the House of Lorraine, fell by the hand of the assassin, so did Henry III, the last of the Valois, and so did Henry IV, the first of the Bourbon dynasty.

The world has outgrown that sort of thing. A religious war is an impossibility in the Christendom of the twentieth century, and it is much more difficult to start a political war nowadays than it was two centuries ago, when the powers had to fight every decade to regulate the balance of power of Europe. The less men knew about religion the more ready they were to fight for it, and the less they knew about politics the more certain they were to fight about it.

In 1872 the Republicans gained as great a victory as that they achieved in 1904; but when the last session of the Forty-second Congress convened there was little good-fellowship between the members of opposite parties in the two Houses. The Democrats hated Benjamin F. Butler, the real Republican leader, with all the hatred of fear and all the hatred of loathing. George F. Hoar was a Representative from Massachusetts, and he marched under the folds of the bloody shirt. John A. Bingham was yet prosecuting, in fervid eloquence and declamatory tones, traitors and doing his utmost to make treason odious. Even Dan Voorhees, a most lovable man, was not welcome on the Republican side, and Lewis D. Campbell, an old Whig, a Republican of an earlier day, but now a Democrat, who had defeated Robert C. Schenck in the Dayton district, was looked upon as a renegade, as bad, if not worse than Vallandigham. Garfield had never said a word of magnanimity in speaking of the prostrate South, but with all his splendid talents he had promoted reconstruction, and was guilty of the stupendous folly of supposing that people of the same blood as himself could

be ruled by their former slaves of the lowest and most inferior of all the races of the human family.

How different is it now! In 1872 the Republicans were jubilant, exultant, domineering, arrogant in their victory. In 1904 they scarcely mentioned it when the Fifty-eighth Congress convened. It was not that they were no longer partisans, for within a few weeks they were to make a party issue of this question: Shall we have a pure judiciary? and they took the negative side of it, too. That showed that if they were magnanimous in victory they were also demoralized by a sense of irresponsibility. Had Roosevelt's election been as closely contested as, and his victory no greater than, Garfield's in 1880, or Harrison's in 1888, it would have been all the better for the Republican party and the country.

And thus the asperities of politics have been immeasurably softened since the time that Grow of Pennsylvania and Keith of South Carolina had a fist fight on the floor of the House in open session, precipitated by the incident that Grow happened to be on the Democratic side for some purpose or other, and that episode had much to do in elevating Grow to the speakership of the Thirty-seventh Congress, when John Sherman preferred the senatorship vacated by Chase to the speakership of the House. The fiercest philippic pronounced in Congress in the past fifty years was John Young Brown's attack on old Ben Butler: "If I were to characterize everything that is pusillanimous in war, inhuman in peace, forbidden in morals and corrupt in politics, I'd call it Butlerism," but it would meet with no applause at the present day; Blaine's and Garfield's greatest speeches would be listened to with impatience; Bing-

ham's most fervid oratory would call forth derisive laughter, and John A. Logan's invectives against treason and traitors would be hissed.

Grow and Keith, Brown and Butler were not farther apart politically than are John Sharp Williams and John Dalzell, or Champ Clark and Charles H. Grosvenor, who hurl Rolands and Olivers at one another across the main aisle in political debate, but who are the best of friends in private converse. We cannot imagine Louis T. Wigfall and Benjamin F. Wade, or Felix K. Zollicoffer and Owen Jovejoy in amiable social discourse; but Ben Tillman and Bill Chandler were chums, and Tillman and Spooner as thick as Brindle and Cherry.

When Tillman made his first speech in the Senate it was to a very large audience in the galleries and a very full attendance on the floor. He was heralded. He was a Tribune. He was Brutus and Rienzi. He was Wallace and Tell. He was a very different order of man from Lowndes, and Hayne, and Calhoun, and McDuffie. He was not a Rhett, nor a Hampton, nor a Butler. He did not represent that splendid race, the country gentry of the old South, but the new order that had in troublous times grasped power, and yet hold it. The story of that old South has never yet been told, and he who would tell it aright must be Burke and Macaulay, Scott and Thackeray, combined. It was my fortune to hear Tillman's speech, and I could but go back in memory to an earlier debate in that body that I had read thirty years before—when Garrett Davis of Kentucky addressed an oration to the Senate, the theme of which was of and concerning the personality, the character and shortcomings of Henry Wilson, then

a Senator from the State of Massachusetts and subsequently a Vice President of the United States. There was a big differences in the speeches. The Kentuckian thrust with a rapier. The South Carolinian had a pitchfork.

But Tillman has learned much and has progressed. As there were brave men before Agamemnon, he has discovered that there were honest men before Tillman. I do believe he is the most candid man who has appeared in politics since William L. Yancey, and that has gained him, as it will gain any other man, the respect of all parties and all sections.

Even those who believe his dogmas are lunacies can but admire the man for the temerity with which he proclaims them, and the tenacity with which he maintains them. But never again will Benjamin R. Tillman fetch a pitchfork into the United States Senate. In commanding the respect of other Senators, he has grown in his own bosom respect for them. If he keeps on it will not be long before the amenities of his speech will equal, possibly exceed, the asperities thereof.

Two far greater men than Tillman, two orators unrivaled in their day, one from Georgia and one from Alabama, spoke in Faneuil Hall to the generation that fought in the great war of 1861-65, and Boston realized that New England had but two orators in their class, and one of these was now a Democrat, and the other an impracticable, a visionary, a fanatic blatherskite, and it is doubtful if Boston or Concord, was more charmed by the oratory of Choate and Phillips than they were delighted by the splendid eloquence of Toombs and Yancey, baleful

as they thought their preachments and innocuous as they deemed their threats.

For many years John J. Ingalls was the terror of the Senate, and the Democrats hated him even more than they feared him. His was a scorpion tongue and an exhaustless vocabulary—sarcasm and invective were his weapons. He never convinced anybody and he never persuaded anybody. His argument was magnificent, but it was not logic. His language was splendid, but it was not eloquence. He was a parliamentary Murat, terrible in a charge after Lannes, Ney, Soult, and Davoust had gained the day. There is no one to doubt that Roscoe Conkling was a greater intellect and a greater orator than Ingalls, and Ingalls was long in awe of him, and positively disliked him. Thus it is with as much satisfaction as particularity that in some of his writings Ingalls relates the encounter between Lamar and Conkling to the confusion and disaster of the latter. Kansas was a Blaine state, and Ingalls was a Blaine man, and possibly that had something to do with his hostility to Conkling, whom, however, he never attacked.

For Ingalls knew whom to kick, and that is generally the way of your bully who uses words, as well as of your bully who uses fists. George G. Vest entered the Senate in 1879, the day Ingalls began his second term, and they were fellow Senators twelve years, and nearly everybody expected that Ingalls would try to give Vest a dressing-down. Indeed, it was told in Gath and whispered on the streets of Askelon that the Kansas terror had a rod in pickle for the Missouri terrier and was only awaiting opportunity to lay it on for the edification of the Senate. Ul-

timately he concluded to try it on Uncle Brown of Georgia. Vest did not seem to be afraid, and even sought opportunity for the engagement. It never came off, and for a very good reason. Vest had in his possession a copy of a speech Ingalls delivered during the war when he was a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor on a bolting ticket, in which he not only gave utterance to political heresy in characteristic denunciations of the Republican party, but was guilty of flat political blasphemy in abuse of Abraham Lincoln. At that time Ingalls was seeking, and got, Democratic votes. The tradition is that Ingalls found out that Vest had a copy of that speech, and he never brought on the action—for his strong suit as a Senator was loyalty, and this speech, from his Senatorial standpoint, was the next thing to treason. It was long ago that this story was related to me, but I am satisfied that the substance of it was as I have tried to narrate in the foregoing. Certain it is that Vest gave Ingalls every opportunity to engage, and his provocation was never regarded.

As a Senator Ingalls was inferior to Blaine, to Conkling, to Carpenter, to Thurman, to Hoar, to Edmunds, to Ben Hill; but he was emphatically an interesting man and gifted with extraordinary powers. He left a void in the Senate that will not soon be supplied. There will be many future Thurmans before there is one other Ingalls.

In the earlier days there was greatly more asperity in Congressional debate than now. John Randolph of Roanoke, a much misunderstood and the most under-rated statesman of our whole parliamentary history, lorded it over Congresses as no other man has, though Clay and Stevens both cracked the whip in

the House of Representatives; but Randolph was more than a master of withering sarcasm and fierce invective—he was a powerful reasoner. His speech opposing a war with England is one of the greatest Parliamentary productions of our Congress, or any other political assembly that ever deliberated on God's footstool. There is nothing in Burke that surpasses it, and it is superior to the reply of Fox to Pitts' defense of his breach with Bonaparte about the treaty of Amiens . Bismarck was not ashamed to borrow frim this magnificent oration of the eccentric Virginian, and if a New Englander had made the speech it would be as famous as Webster's reply to Hayne, for it was a greater production.

Eliminate the asperities from the Parliamentary career of John Quincy Adams and little would be left. Perhaps he made more fame in the House of Representatives than any other individual, unless it was John Randolph. Tom Marshall might have been as great as either had he kept sober and held a seat in Congress as long as either. He served but one term, and, though he and Adams frequently clashed in fierce debate, he extorted more admiration from Adams than any other man, unless it was George Evans. There is a tradition that Adams crushed Marshall in debate. That is not the way I read it. Marshall was excoriating Adams about that twenty-first rule, and Adams read a paper Marshall had written against slavery in Kentucky some years before.

To prove your adversary inconsistent in political conduct is one of the weakest of arguments, and if it amounted to anything, it would pull down from

his pedestal almost every great man our country has produced.

It would take Theodore Roosevelt down a peg, mayhaps two pegs.

TWO ANTAGONISTIC IDEAS.

Some years ago the people of North Carolina held a celebration commemorative of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and Champ Clark went down to Charlotte and delivered an eloquent, ornate and patriotic speech, in which he took occasion to discuss the different ways the North and the South look on history. There is some dispute as to the Mecklenburg declaration; but then it is denied that Thomas Jefferson was the author of the declaration that the Continental Congress proclaimed July 4, 1776. It is claimed that an American schoolboy wrote the "Charge of the Light Brigade" and sent it to Tennyson, who stole the sentiment and much of the verse. It would be impossible to convince a North Carolinian that there was no Mecklenburg declaration, and for all material as well as for all sentimental purposes the declaration at Mecklenburg exists, and is immortal in the Carolinas and in the Southern States that are their daughters.

Mr. Clark cited in his speech how careful Massachusetts is to preserve every little dab of history that can possibly augment her renown, while at the South there is small disposition to save great big chunks of history that would add to the glory of that section. With the possible exception of New York, there was more blood shed in South Carolina for our independence than in any other colony, and

yet the consensus of impression in the United States is that Massachusetts conquered our liberty in two or three skirmishes around Boston, while the fact is there was more patriot blood shed in a single battle in South Carolina than in all New England during the entire seven years of war.

Everybody everywhere has heard of Israel Putnam; it is only at the South that Francis Marion is a hero. Every survivor of the men Putnam led got on the pension roll; you will not find there, nor on the roll Secretary of War Knox made, the names of Marion's men. Bunker Hill was an American defeat, and there is a monument there; Kings Mountain was the most brilliant American victory of the entire war of Independence, gained by the militia of Virginia and the Carolinas, but who would have the effrontery to put Kings Mountain beside Bunker Hill? A distinguished United States Senator, from New England, until late in life, thought George Rogers Clark was the Clark who made the expedition to the Northwest with Lewis. Now, George Rogers Clark was one of the greatest men our country or any other country ever produced. Had he been a New Englander, his name would have been as historic as John Hancock's, for he was a greater man than New England has yet produced, and did more for his country. I have heard that it was with money gained in the African slave trade that Peter Faneuil was enabled to provide Boston with "The Cradle of Liberty."

What I am trying to emphasize is this—the bulk of the American history that has been writ makes the impression that New England gained our in-

dependence, founded our political system, and is the butt-cut of American character and the upper crust of American intelligence. I have no quarrel with New England because of that impression that she has created and fostered. I do have quarrel with that stupidity of American citizenship that accepts it as truth and believes it.

Leaving the Mecklenburg declaration out of the account, the first heart to feel the spirit of independence on this hemisphere pulsated in the bosom of Patrick Henry, and his was the first voice to proclaim it. Jefferson's pen vitalized the fundamental truth that Henry's tongue had uttered, and Washington's sword achieved it. And then, when the battle was over, the victory won, independence gained, liberty secured, it was the thought of Virginia that dominated the convention that formed the Constitution of the United States. Mason and Madison were the exemplars of Virginia opinion, and their fundamental ideas prevail in every State constitution between the Appalachian chain and the Pacific Ocean. That rude and hardy population that went from Virginia and settled in the Ohio Valley and made Ohio and Kentucky and their sisters of what is now come to be called the Middle West what they are, carried with them the political polities that flourished in Virginia and was crystallized into the "American system." Those adventurous spirits were not collegiates; they knew nothing of Latin and Greek; they could not have sounded the profundities of an Emerson, and they would have contemned the sentimentalities of a Whittier; but as State builders, as constitution makers, as trustees of liberty, they were the salt of the earth, the foremost race

of men this or any other country ever saw. They were swift to the battle, slow to the pension roll. They or their fathers had gained Kings Mountain and forced the surrender at Yorktown, and now they were carrying westward the star of empire and planting the tree of liberty in the wilderness.

That is the truth of history; but the fiction of it is that New England made the Middle West—that is, what is tolerable of it. Thackeray is about the only man of letters from abroad who saw the fiction as it was. He went up and down the Mississippi on a steamboat, and he soon discovered where the narrow of the country was located and whence it came. The average foreigner who comes over here, gets no conception of the truth. When he goes home he tells them that Boston is cultured and New York rich—perhaps he says, in confidence, that both are vulgar—and that is all he knows about it.

So far as my poor information goes I am led to believe that the chief exploits of New England in the convention that formed the Constitution of the United States, was the forcing into that sacred instrument the right of the merchant marine of New England to continue the African slave trade until 1808, and the best-remembered speech Roger Sherman made in the convention is that where he favored clause 3, section 2, article 1, in which he argued that it was as proper to apprehend and return to his master a runaway negro as it was to catch and return to its owner an estrayed horse. The late John James Ingalls declared that the wickedness of African slavery at the South was not made manifest to the abolitionist of the North until it was obvious that slavery could not be made profitable in New England. If

African slavery had been as profitable in Massachusetts, Ohio and Iowa as it was supposed to be in Georgia, Mississippi and Louisiana, African slavery would be in the green tree in this glorious Republic right now. All of us are reformers if the victims of our reforms can be made to foot the bills.

I am not saying anything in reproach of New England; I am only trying to straighten out some shackling history. Champ Clark advises the South to turn historian, but I object to the South dropping into narrative unless she has got the great, the precious, the priceless gift of truthful speech, and has learned to tell an unvarnished tale, naught extenuating and setting naught down in malice. All other history is not only vicious, but worthless. Your historian should be one who

"Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better:
Sleep to wake."

Be sure the truth will find a way. Fact will not be denied, for truth is stronger than error and must prevail in the end, false history may live long and prosper, but it is mortal and must finally die.

The Virginia idea prevailed for three-score and ten years of our national history. It is comprehended in the term individualism—that the government was made for the citizen and not the citizen for the government. Or we may put it this way—the government is a convenience and not a providence. Or we may say the government is a servant, not a master. And the Virginia idea is thoroughly comprehended in the declaration: The Federal establish-

ment shall do nothing the State can do; the State shall do nothing the county can do; the county shall do nothing the individual can do. This we call home rule, and it is a principle of government that the more remote power is from the people the more irresponsible it is and the more liable the administration to corrupt influences.

In 1861 the opposing idea supplanted the Virginia idea. We may call this collectivism, and it has dominated in the administration for nearly half a century. It was never so active, never so robust, never so virulent as now. It is the mother of privilege, and privilege is the mother of corruption. It is everywhere. Whenever the citizen stumps his toe he shows it to Congress and demands that Congress shall poultice it. It is flagrant in the tariff; it is glaring on the pension roll; it is in every general appropriation; it is out yonder in the Philippines; it is down yonder at Panama; it is the vital principle of monopoly, and without it the beef trust could not have perpetrated its revolting and horrible iniquities. It is in Carnegie's charities, and it lurks in young Rockefeller's Sunday school. It has separated the American people into classes—the privileged and the subject—for if I must take of my earning to protest somebody who makes hats, what am I but the man's slave, to the extent of the "protection" the government authorizes him to extort of me? He is privileged, for the government has laid on me a tax that it never intended to collect for the Treasury, but required that I should pay to the hat maker.

No wonder the country is reeking in graft. If the government by law makes the manufacturer a tax-eater, why shall not a railroad also indulge in corruption? Here are certain insurance companies

dealing in elections. They convert the trust funds of their policy holders into boodle funds of the party in power, with which to corrupt the electorate. Why, a volume would be required to catalogue the graft that is rampant everywhere.

Talk about cleansing it! It will be cleansed when this government abandons the idea of collectivism and returns to the idea of individualism, and not until then. As well attempt to plow up hell with a pine shingle, else.

JEREMIAH SULLIVAN BLACK.

This man was the leader of the American bar, the position that Pinkney gained and made illustrious. Taney, Chase and Waite all leaned on Jeremiah S. Black, and he was a splendid, a massive pillar of justice. He mastered the science of the law and contributed immensely to the growth of that science. He understood the art of the profession, also, and penetrated it with a keener perception than Aaron Burr or Ben Butler, who were incapable of comprehending the science of it. The philosophy of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence was a simple problem to his gigantic understanding, and he traced it back to its source, which is a proper conception of the difference between meum and tuum, might and right. dogma and doctrine, Egpyt and Canaan, Haman and Mordecai. No man born of woman—not even Socrates—had a profounder veneration for the law. He looked on it as sustaining to the state the relation air, blood and food bear to he physical man, and in his esteem obedience to the law is the highest duty

of the citizen, and the enforcement of the law the supremest duty of the government.

He was fond of expounding that the government of the United States is the Constitution and he laws, and nothing else, and he had only the bitterest scorn and implacable hatred for what was known as the "higher law," which he held to be both treason and anarchy. One of the finest productions of the English tongue is his open letter in criticism and denunciation of Charles Francis Adams' paper on William H. Seward. It is a classic, and even Henry Cabot Lodge, who admires Seward so extravagantly, might read it with profit for its excellent principles, and with delight for its splendid style. There is nothing left of Seward but the ruins of what was error and evil when Black is done with him.

John Marshall our greatest judge thought Pinkney our greatest lawyer. Webster thought Jeremiah Mason was more than Pinkney's equal, and there were good judges who thought Webster the superior of either of them. There was a time when Charles O'Conor was the head of the New York bar, and it is doubtful if our country has produced his superior, though Samuel J. Tilden was his equal. On form, to employ the term of the race track, William M. Evarts is first among American lawyers. He was the most conspicuous of the cloth in the celebrated Beecher-Tilton trial. He was the leading counsel of Andy Johnson in the impeachment proceedings. He made the chief plea for Hayes before the electoral commission. He conducted the cause of the United States when the issue of peace or war was arbitrated at Geneva. Mr. Justice Miller

thought Judge Black the greatest lawyer who appeared before the Supreme Court in his day, and Miller was the ablest judge on the bench every day he was a member of the Supreme Court, after the death of Taney. Black himself believed that Matthew H. Carpenter was the foremost lawyer at the American bar, and it was his opinion that Carpenter had not reached his zenith when death all too soon cut short that splendid career.

Pinkney and Carpenter were magnificent popular orators, as well as profound lawyers. They charmed as well as instructed, persuaded as well as convinced. It is doubtful if, in the capacity and the art to rivet attention, and command the admiration of his audience, the American Senate ever knew Carpenter's superior, and, for fifty years, it has not seen his equal. Black was not a popular orator—that is, he had not the voice, the graces, the arts of the stump speaker. Black was a great orator, for the weight of what he said, and the splendid fashion he had of giving expression to his profound thought. When he got through with a sentence of the English language it was finished, and even his exclusively legal arguments are a perpetual delight to the layman. Not so with Evarts. The writer of this frequently heard him in the Senate and in the Supreme Court, and was never quite certain that he was talking English. Take one of his speeches and compare it with one of John G. Carlisle's and you have all the difference between ornament and simplicity; between ostentation and strength; but the judges understood Mr. Evarts whatever tongue he spoke.

Jeremiah Sullivan Black was born January 10, 1810, in Somerset County, Pa. He was Irish and

Scotch-Irish, and even when he had come to be a sage he was yet a poet. Like the man he loved so abundantly, Matt Carpenter, he was a "lazy boy"—so called by their fellows, blind to genius—and loved a book and his own thought better than he loved physical toil and the discourse of the vulgar herd. There was another similarity in their history—each married his first sweetheart, and in the case of each she was the daughter of her husband's perceptor in the law. Black had little confidence in his own capacity, and never was there a more astonished youth in Pennsylvania than he when his future father-in-law, who had been once elected to Congress, hastened his admission to the bar, and intrusted to this boy all the legal business of his office. That was in 1830, and now this youth of twenty was in charge of an extensive practice, and contended at the bar with some of the giants of the profession in a State then and ever famous for great lawyers.

The father of Judge Black was a Whig, and his party nominated the old gentleman for Congress when the democracy of that electorate had resolved to nominate the son for that office. Of ocurse, the young man declined, and it is possible that the nomination of his father was the means of depriving him of a great political career. He was never a member of either House of Congress, and was in no sense a politician. The late Donn Piatt extravagantly admired him, and used to advise the Democrats to bring Judge Black into the National House of Representatives for the one end of getting rid of old Ben Butler. It was Piatt's opinion that Butler would resign the day he heard of Black's election, and he related with much glee how Black sometimes

overwhelmed Butler in arguments before the Supreme Court. Though he was unequaled as a political disputant—a greater Junius—the only political office he ever held was as a member of Buchanan's Cabinet.

When a little over thirty Judge Black was appointed to the Common Pleas bench, and afterward he was a member of the State Supreme Court. He was a great judge—learned, fearless and just, and when he retired from the bench he bade it farewell in the words of Samuel as he left off judging Israel: "Whose ox have I taken? Whose ass have I taken? Whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppressed, or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it unto you. And they said, 'Thou hast not defrauded nor oppressed us; neither hast thou taken ought of any man's hand.'"

James Buchanan had followed Black's career on the bench and discerned the great jurist in the young judge from the backwoods of Pennsylvania, and in 1857 President Buchanan, without consulting Black, nominated him for the Cabinet as Attorney-General. It was with many misgivings that Black accepted, and he made his debut in the Supreme Court soon thereatfer. He appeared with fear and trembling, for he was always unconscious of his strength. He was a stranger at that bar and to that bench, and though there was curiosity to hear the new Attorney-General, little was expected of him. It was a land claim from California, and Black had mastered the issue at a glance. He had not been speaking five minutes before the bench and bar were all attention. His was a new style, as brilliant as it was logical, and for a

quarter of a century after that occasion Jeremiah S. Black was without a superior and almost without an equal or a rival in that presence.

Soon there were stormy times. A generation that knew not Joseph peopled the land. An exclusively sectional political party promised to sway the republic and establish the "higher law." Never had an American Cabinet been confronted with such grave problems, and the dominant personalities of that administration were James Buchanan and Jeremiah S. Black. That administration has been the victim of more slander than all the others of our history. More lies were told about it than would suffice to sink Nelson's fleet. Its day has about come and its vindication. It stood for the Constitution and the law. Has it ever struck you that Lincoln's administration did not change Buchanan's policy one iota, except to grab the offices, until Fort Sumter was fired on? Just think about that. How is that for vindication?

I do not believe that five-score Republicans could be mustered in the whole Union who ever read Jerry Black's open letters to Charles Francis Adams on Seward and to Henry Wilson on Stanton.

There is nothing in Junius to compare with these letters in style, in learning, in rhetoric, in force, or even in sarcasm and invective. As arguments, they are simply overwhelming; as English compositions, they are priceless classics. No young man, whatever his politics, who expects to edit a newspaper or go to Congress can afford to neglect the reading of those papers.

And then there is E. W. Stoughton—poor Stoughton—whom Black crucifies and scarifies and

cauterizes in a hundred different ways, blistering him with contempt and immersing him in ridicule. There was never anything like it in these parts. Adams was carved like Brutus wanted Caesar served; but for Wilson and Stoughton, Black had the bludgeon, and he beat, bruised, mangled them, and perhaps he did so because that was the only way of reasoning it they could understand.

In his article Wilson went on in an artless way to relate certain conduct of Edwin M. Stanton that, if true, stamped the great War Minister as one of the most consummate scoundrels in all history; but, in blissful ignorance of the logic of the case, Wilson imputed the conduct to Stanton for patriotism. Black seized on the moral obliquity of the argument and fairly blistered Wilson, who called to his aid about half a score of Senators, and the gang wrote a big paper proving Stanton guilty of everything that was base, and at the same time lauding his conduct as the most exalted patriotism and as stern civic virtue as Roman ever practiced.

And now Black again took up the pen and gave those gentlemen a lesson in morality and ethics and virtue. He was ten times as severe as in the first paper, and when he finished the debate was closed. There was nothing more to say. "The Alps and the Pyrenees sank before him."

Black loved Garfield like a son. They had been associated in the argument of the Milligan case. They were members of the same church. Their literary tastes were the same. Both were admirable conversationalists, but politically they were as far apart at the poles. Garfield made a speech on the two political parties, in which he was foolish enough

to trace all American liberty back to Plymouth Rock, where, he contended, political and religious liberty was born. He was unfortunate enough to send the speech to Black, who made a reply, in which he undertook to teach the future President some American history. The Pequod wars, the attempt to enslave that tribe, the African slave trade, the persecution of Quakers, the banishment of Baptists, and all that were dwelt on by Black in characteristic vein, but the author wrote as though it was more a duty than a pleasure—he did not revel in it as he did in his letters to Adams, Wilson and Stoughton.

When he retired from the Cabinet and was again a private citizen, Judge Black was a poor man, and doubtful if he could make a living practicing law. He was convinced that he could not make enough to live in Washington, and it was in 1861 that he rented a house at York, Pa., and there began again a struggle with poverty; but if Black did not know his own powers, the American bar did, and in a little while he resigned his office of reporter of the Supreme Court to give his whole time to his large practice. He was now the leader of the American bar, and before long he had acquired a competency and was rich far beyond his expectations. Had he loved money, had wealth been his object, he would have made millions. But in a long life he never got a dollar to hide in a hedge or for a train attendant.

But he was a son of the soil, and passionately loved agriculture. When he got the means he bought a farm in the beautiful Codorus Valley and he was little concerned about the price, but solicitous that

some of the land should be poor in order that he might improve it. He made large crops, but at frightful cost, and his farming made as serious inroads on his cash as Horace Greeley's up in Westchester County.

Here at "Brockie" the great lawyer lived his most contented days. Here in the company of his wife, children and grandchildren he was a happy man. It is delightful to read how he would draw up a lease of a plat which his little grandson was to cultivate, and we are told that his entertainment of friends on the porch at "Brockie" was "sometimes interrupted by the arrival of a small wheelbarrow load of very shabby vegetables, brought by a young gardner of four or five to sell to 'Poddy,' who had generally, after feeling in large but empty pockets, to borrow the money to pay the exorbitant price asked for them; a great deal of delightful sham barter going on the while—the whole business always terminating with hugs and kisses between buyer and seller."

When a young man Judge Black went to Bethany and sat for days at the feet of Alexander Campbell to hear the story of the Gospel. He was converted, and the greatest preacher of America baptized the greatest lawyer of America and received him into the church.

He lived the life and died the death of a Christian. The end came to him in 1883, when he was past three score and full of honors. He was at the head of the bar, as Napoleon was the head of the army.

OLD AND NEW SPAIN.

It was a popular and discerning American author who made the remark, "You may dwarf a man to the mere stump of what he ought to be, and yet he will put out green leaves;" and so with nations, and Spain, for example. More than four centuries ago, when the heroic Moor had been expelled from Andalusia before the shining lance and trenchant blade of Castilian chivalry, Spain rose to be the first power not only of Christendom, but of the entire world, and the grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella became the most powerful monarch with whom history dealt between Charlemagne and Napoleon. In addition to the peninsular, the most puissant of the then kingdoms, he was dominant in Italy and sovereign of a great part of what is now France. All the Netherlands owned him for master, nearly all the Americas, then subdued to the Caucasian, were his. He had possessions in the Far East also, and fortune, with both hands running over, put upon his brow the diadem of the modern Caesar. He was the first monarch who could boast, "The sun never sets on my dominions."

Charles V was the first personality of an age prodigal in the production of extraordinary men—Francis I, Henry VIII Solyman the Magnificent, the Constable Bourbon, Cardinal Wolsey, Martin Luther, Julius II, Leo X, Clement VII, William the Silent, Andrea Doria and many others. Don John of Austria was his son with the bar sinister, and Alexander Farnese was the son of his daughter with the bar sinister. Alva was his captain, though Bourbon, driven from France by a fatuous king and a voluptuous dowager, commanded for him in one of

his greatest battles, and the one that proved decidedly the most fruitful of his victories. His army was the bravest in the world, fashioned in the school of Gonsalvo di Cordova, El Gran Capitan. At Lepanto, when Philip II had succeeded his father, Spain overthrew the Turk in one of the greatest, perhaps the very greatest, sea fights between Actium and the destruction of the invincible Armada. Not only was the Spain of Charles' reign first in arms, but she led in statecraft, in letters and in art. Cervantes, perhaps the nearest to Shakespeare of all profane literary geniuses, was a stout combatant at Lepanto.

Philip II inherited all his father's dominions, and all his dignities, except the imperial crown of Germany. He had at command what was easily four-fifths of the wealth of the world. His armies were invincible, and led by the first captains of the age—Don John, Farnese and Emanuel Phillibert, the princely Savoyard, who brought France to defeat and humiliation, but whose victory was subsequently reduced to naught, and whose fame was subsequently eclipsed by Francis of Guise. Not content with his inherited power, Philip took for wife the Queen of England, and upon her demise he had for consort a daughter of France, sister of three several kings of that realm.

At St. Quentin the power of Spain attained to the zenith. It was now that her statesmanship became stolid and fatuous. All the genius of all the world conspiring together could scarce have devised a governmental policy more harmful and more degenerate than that which cursed Spain for more than three centuries. The king was absolute, and assumed to be master of the persons, the estates, the

minds and the consciences of his subjects, and yet this was Spain, the inventor of the very soul of modern parliamentary government. Descended from the Visigoths who wrought so destructively for the overthrow of Roman civilization, there was a liberty in that land that even the crafty and the conscienceless Ferdinand himself could not pollute, and even Charles V, was necessitated to humiliate himself before and beg supplies from the Cortes, the first of modern parliaments.

As if fate was bent on his destruction Philip must needs drive the Netherlands to revolt, the most opulent, and the day of his coronation, the most loyal of his subjects. Of that Batavian race that Julius Caesar himself absorbed because he could not conquer it, for more than forty years the Netherlands strove for their liberties against the bravest armies, captained by the most consummate generals of that heroic age. Our revolutionary struggle was a May day festival in comparison to that William the Silent maintained against Philip II.

England, Huguenot France, and thousands in Germany lent aid to heroic little Holland, and finally Philip put the world as a stake and sent his Armada against England, whose sovereignty he claimed as the heir of his first Queen. What man with Anglo-Saxon for race but his blood stirs when reading of that scene where Elizabeth mustered her nobility, her gentry, and her yeomanry at Tilbury, and reviewed them mounted on her palfrey, like another Semiramis! Catholic English were as sternly determined and as eager for the issue as Protestant, and all England, Catholic and Protestant, was resolved to die rather than own the Spaniard for master. Farnese was

on the other shore, at the head of the finest army then on the planet, waiting for the Armada to convey his transports to the British Isles; but the young navy of England, under Howard, Drake and Frobisher, met the enemy, defeated him, and the storm of ocean did the rest. Had Farnese landed the last half of the sixteenth century, or had Napoleon landed the first half of the eighteenth century, on English soil, the history of the world might have radically differed from what it is.

After the death of Philip, Spain went from bad to worse. There appeared to remain nothing but her pride and her chivalry. A picture of the government and of the people is found in the chapters of that delightfully fascinating romance, "Gil Blas." There misrule is described in all its gloom, impotent in everything except courage and corruption. And yet Spain was grand, even in her degradation. England sought her alliance, and the mighty spirit of Spain survived to tame the great nations that supplanted her long after her power was undermined, just as the mother of the East quieted her child with "A Richard of England will get you" long after Richard had served as supper for worms, with old Polonius.

And yet Spain was formidable, even in her decrepitude and her prostration. In two great wars she was prominent, and in one she saved Europe. The easiest of all countries to overrun, she was never subdued. In the great war of the Succession, Marlborough and Eugene defeated France in numerous great battles, and the kingdom of Louis the Great was rended on the Rhine border; but a grandson of Louis was maintained on the throne

at Madrid by the valor and the prowess of Spanish guerrillas, who came to the support of Berwick and Vendome, the commanders of the French armies in the peninsula, and lent them victory, resulting in the expulsion of the allied English and Austrians from the Peninsular.

Nor is it too much to say that Napoleon got his fatal wound in Spain. He had put his brother on the throne, just as Louis had given the Spanish crown to his grandson; but Spain would have none of Joseph, and so she welcomed Wellington. Had Spain accepted the King the Corsican gave her, the veterans under Soult, Junot, Massena, Marmont, Lannes and Ney, who found bloody graves in Spain, might have been children of victory again in Germany and thus saved the empire of the latest Caesar. If Spain had not aided him, Wellington could not more have expelled the French from the Peninsula than Stanhope did 100 years earlier.

It is a common belief that Napoleon's marshals were great generals, and so they were, under his eye. He said at St. Helena that of all the captains under his command, Desaix and Kleber were the ablest. Both died the same day—the first in battle at Marengo and the second by the hands of an assassin in Egypt. Lannes and Massena were, perhaps, the ablest of the others, but the first never had an important independent command. Massena was victor at Zurich and the defender at Genoa. Ney was fit for nothing but a brilliant charge and a stubborn retreat, and Napoleon declared he should never have risen above the rank of general of division. Murat was only a trooper, superb for dash and enthusiasm, and was what his master called him, a

"brilliant ass." Devoust was a hero and a victor in a battle where nothing told but stubborn courage. That same day his master, only a few miles away, gained one of his greatest victories by the exercise of his matchless genius for war. Macdonald might have saved the crown at Lutzen had the other marshals supported him. There are those who think Saint Cyr the ablest of the marshals, but he would not flatter, and the Emperor distrusted him.

But every one of them was incapable except under he eye of his master. It is sickening to read in the pages of Marbot the petty jealousies of these heroes in Spain, where they would have overthrown Wellington had they acted in concert. If Massena had caused a platoon to shoot Ney, he might have saved Spain for Napoleon. The trouble was that every devil of them thought that he, and he only, was next best general to the Emperor. Napoleon was never well served by his generals except when he himself was present or near by.

But there are indications that Spain "is putting out green leaves." The government is beginning to be efficient, and what is better to the purpose, it is become honest. Having lost her patrimony, Spain has gone to work for a living. It is said the capital is to be changed from Madrid to Barcelona, and that the Escurial is to be abandoned, an acropolis and a memory of the Spain that began to die with its erection and was centuries expiring. That Spain is now dead and we have a new Spain.

Barcelona is a progressive city, modern and a center of industry. As busy as the average American town, the music of her anvils and the cadence of her looms promise a renaissance of a people as

interesting as any in history. It is a splendid race and a land of poetry, of romance, of heroic achivements, of historic memories, reaching back before Hannibal and the Scipios. It was the most valuable province of Rome, and the first to revive the literature of Europe after the dark ages. The natural resources of Spain are exceedingly rich. The iron is equal to any in the world, if not superior, for out of it was fashioned the Toledo blade that smote against the scimetars of the Berber chivalry. Corn, wine and oil, milk and honey are abundant and unsurpassed. Honor was too oft soiled with cruelty, but the Spanish grandee lives in the story of mankind as a type of nobility never surpassed by the choicest of other peoples.

It is not very edifying to an American to contemplate our "war" of 1898. There was no glory in it, except that the navy discovered that it was worthy of the admiration of all who had read of Jones, of Preble, of Decatur, of Chauncery, of Perry, of MacDonough, of Bainbridge, of Stewart, of Porter, of Hull, of Lawrence, and the others that gathered so much of glory for that arm of the service.

But Spain unloaded the Philippines on us. No doubt we shall govern them better than Spain, but what may they not do for us?

BRODERICK.

This man was the William Goebel of the Pacific Coast, and his political career in California was the political career of Goebel in Kentucky forty

years later. One was Irish, the other German; both were exceptionally strong and stalwart men. Both were unscrupulous and utterly callous to the rights of others; Broderick ruled by fierce outbursts of imperious command; Goebel got and held sway more by finesse. The Irishman, turbulent, fierce, domineering, dictatorial, was yet a man of magnetism, and held his friends by hooks of steel; the German, cold, forbidding, gloomy, taciturn, was unattractive, and yet by some sort of mysterious paradox of human nature, men delighted to do his bidding. Both were ambitious and ready to shed blood for power, and strong as they were, both were filled with vanity and eager for a world's applause. Both loved money—Broderick, because it would buy him political preferment, and Goebel, because it was a source of power. Both acquired money; Broderick spent his, Goebel kept his. Neither cared a rap for principle, neither had the faintest conception of the import of the word, and yet both so managed that their followers held each as a martyr to a cause. Both were temperate in their habits, eschewing alcohol and narcotics. Broderick, after being a pro-slavery Democrat in New York, was an anti-slavery Democrat in California; Goebel, a gold Democrat in 1896, became the leader of the Bryanites in 1899. Broderick forced the legislature to proceed to ballot for United States Senator a year before the accustomed and legal date, but he did it by law; Goebel outraged every principle of self-government in the music hall convention, and did it not only without law, but in defiance of law. Both died at forty. Both went to bloody graves, as was inevitable, their lives being what they were.

David C. Broderick was born of Irish parents at Washington, D. C., in 1820. His father was a stonecutter, and his cunning helped to fashion the massive columns which support and adorn the east front of the National Capitol. When he was a child his father moved to New York, and there the boy grew into politics from the streets. He was a volunteer fireman, lithe, athletic, combative, and before he was twenty he was the best man in his company, and an active politician. Not a great while later he was a Tammanyite, a "Loco-foco," and a "Hunker." His friend and monitor was the notorious George Wilkes. He belonged to Capt. Rynder's Empire Club, and supported the Marcy faction in State politics. In those days a shoulder hitter like Tom Hyer was of more value to a political party in New York city than an orator like John R. Fellows. Broderick was never an orator, but he was a shoulder hitter of magnificent strength and desperate courage. Soon he was a leader.

In 1844 he was the Tammany candidate for Congress, and was beaten by his Whig competitor, but it took a Talmadge to do it and all the power, wealth and aristocracy the family could boast. Stung by his defeat, Broderick became a forty-niner in California.

He went to California with a single resolve, and that to return to New York a Senator in Congress. No miser ever sought gold more assiduously, no lover ever courted mistress more ardently, no hero ever went to battle more resolutely, no spider ever wove web more persistently, no bullodg ever clung to victim more tenaciously. Here is his own language: "I tell you, sir, by G—d, that for one

hour's seat in the Senate of the United States I would roast before a slow fire in the plaza. * * * Ah, yes, I know these friends! I am going to that Senate. I'll go if I have to march over a thousand corpses, and every corpse a friend!"

He never smiled. Though Irish to the marrow, he had no sense of humor—neither did Goebel; but Goebel was a Hessian—Broderick was one of the strongest of men with a single purpose, and every day he worked and every night he dreamed and every hour brought him nearer the goal, for victory came at last, and all things considered, it was one of the greatest personal triumphs in the annals of American politics. He was no Douglas to convince, no Clay to persuade, no Corwin to entertain, no Marshall to dazzle, no Breckinridge to charm. He was no scholar, no student. He was a strong man, robust of health, athletic of muscle, imperious of will, consumed by ambition for distinction, and devoured by lust of power.

It was the very community for him—that California of the Argonauts—Gwin, Bigler, Fremont, Crittenden, Coffroth, McCorkle, Baker, Crabbe, Marshall, Scott, Latham, Conness, McDougall, Mahoney, Selover, Weller, Worthington, Foote, Estill, McKibben, Colten, Butler, Maguire and a hundred others, including David S. Terry. From the day California became a State Broderick and Gwin were rivals. The latter was a Tennesseean and had been a member of Congress from Mississippi. He was a little less remarkable man than the Irishman, equally fearless and more adroit. It is a notable fact that many Californians from the South were partisans of Broderick, while many

from the North supported Gwin. If Broderick was more intense than his rival, Gwin was more discreet than Broderick. If Broderick was more of the lion, Gwin was more of the fox.

For long years these two were rivals for the supremacy in the Democratic party, and with all his strength of character and all his arrogance of will, Broderick was repeatedly beaten. The governor—Bigler—belonged to him, but Weller got the Senatorship Broderick had marked for his own. Again, when he thought that the game was in his hands the Know-Nothings carried the legislature, but wasted their victory in an undecisive struggle between Ed. Marshall and Henry S. Foote for the Senatorship, which left a vacancy. Again, when there were two Senators to elect, Broderick practiced a piece of Goebelism worthy Goebel's music hall convention—he dictated that the long term, that was not to begin for two years, should be filled first, though the other term was to begin immediately. As soon as he jammed that outrage through the legislature he had himself elected to the long term and then proceeded to sell the short term—not for gold—all the coin of all the mints of all the world would not have bought it—but for power. He found a purchaser; and whom do you think it was? Gwin, of all men in the world, and the famous "scarlet letter" was the bill of sale. The "scarlet letter" abdicated all Senatroial power over patronage. Broderick was to name every official, and that was the frightful price the fox paid the lion to be his colleague. But there was an old man in Washington City—then President of the United States—and, however much we may differ about his patriotism, or his wisdom, nobody can impugn his honesty—

Buchanan took such measures as to nullify the "scarlet letter."

Broderick fiercely assailed Pierce's administration because Gwin, a Senator, controlled the patronage. He denounced Stephen A. Douglas with characteristic bitterness for the compromise of 1850, though it was transparent that his real grievance against the "Little Giant" was that he was the prop of the administration in the Senate. And now Broderick was the leading Senator and sole purveyor of office in California. Buchanan knew all about office. He had been in both Houses of Congress, in the Cabinet and in the diplomatic service. He was known as "Old Public Functionary." When he became President he made an order that yet maintains. It was that when a member of either House of Congress recommended a man for office, he must do it in writing, to be filed in the department to which the office sought was attached. The day that order was promulgated Broderick became the relentless enemy of the President and the administraiton. He made a speech in the Senate that was the fiercest assault on a President that body had ever heard. The gossip was that the speech was the composition of George Wilkes, whom Broderick had driven out of California for securing an office from Gov. Bigler which Broderick had promised to another, but the two were again friends, and as Broderick had been lion to Gwin's fox, he was again shark to this pilot fish.

It was surmised that Broderick's objection to the executive order—that was made without any thought of Broderick—was that he had hypothecated the collectorship of San Francisco some two or

three times in order to get control of the legislature. A man who would roast over a slow fire on the plaza for the Senatorship, or kill a thousand friends to get it, would not hesitate to promise an office to Tom, Dick and Harry for it. That, it is probable, is what Broderick had done, and hence his rage when "Old Buck" made the order putting him and all like him on record, to the relief and the security of his and future administrations, for the order has never been rescinded. At any rate, that was what Broderick's enemies said, and there was a good deal of difficulty in finding answer to the charge.

When the quarrel came on between Buchanan and Douglas, Broderick, who had many a time and oft exhausted the vocabulary of abuse in denunciation of Douglas, became his partisan and sided with him through out the controversy. It was not that Broderick knew anything about the merits of the quarrel. He was no doctrinaire. He was no statesman. He was intended for a feudal baron of mediaeval times, surrounded by retainers and in perpetual war with neighbor, or remote barons. He had the temper of a Bajazet, and by some whim of nature he came into the world some centuries later than he was due. We think of him as of the Black Douglas, with sword on thigh, spur on heel, foot in stirrup, lance in rest, visor down, and steed at full tilt, running a course; or, better yet, in the melee where blade and mace do their bloody work. What cared he for the slavery question? True, he would have freed every one of them for an ounce of additional political power in California to-day, and reinslaved double as many for half an ounce more of the same power to-morrow. And yet the man is one

of the "martyrs" of the cause. Humor is a monkey that goes gadding about and finding strange bedfellows. Broderick was more like a Southerner than any Southerner in California, and a thousand times more Southern than Gwin, and it is quite likely that had he been allowed to name the Federal office-holders of California without going on record he would have favored the Lecompton constitution and been killed by a man from Pennsylvania, or Ohio, instead of one from Kentucky.

Dave Terry was as strong a personality as Broderick, as brave a man physically or morally, and an abler man mentally. He had been a Know-Nothing and was not a partisan of Gwin. As a lawyer he ranged with the leaders of the bar, and his character was as eminent as that of any other man on the Pacific coast. Broderick himself was his eulogist, and respected and admired him.

When Broderick appealed to the Democrats of California in his quarrel with Buchanan, he was overwhelmingly defeated. That infuriated him. He bolted and put out a ticket with a Republican at its head, and the people beat him at the polls by an enormous majority. In a speech in the regular Democratic convention Terry had denied that Stephen A. Douglas was the leader of the Broderick party, though he asserted that a Douglass was—Frederick, the black Douglass. The sarcasm was reported to Broderick, and he was infuriated.

Broderick denounced Terry in unmeasured terms, and closed with these words: "I have hitherto spoken of him as an honest man, as the only honest man on the bench of a miserable, corrupt Supreme Court, but now I find I was mistaken. I take it

all back. He is just as bad as the others." That language in that community meant one of two things, a retraction, or a fight. Broderick had fought one duel and his life was saved by the watch in the fob pocket of his trousers. Terry had acted as a second in the duel. That population was composed of the most adventurous men of that generation, and dueling was a daily event. Gwin had been on the field and so had numerous others.

Terry demanded a retraction of Broderick's words. The best friends of Broderick urged him to make it. In answer to Terry he evaded it. Terry gave him another chance to retract, and again the best friends of Broderick urged him to do so, but the Hotspurs would not have it. They declared that he would have to fight in the end, and that he might as well begin with Terry. Broderick was the best shot on the coast, and he was more than that—he was the quickest. As the challenged party, Broderick chose pistols, and over the protest of Terry's seconds, Broderick's seconds insisted upon, and, as the challenged party, secured as one of the terms of the combat that after the principals had announced "Ready," they might discharge their weapons upon the word, "fire, one, two," after the first and before the last. Terry's seconds contended that the word "three" should be added, that such quick action was unprecedented, that everywhere and always the word was "fire, one, two, three." But the "code of honor," gave the election to the challenged and the seconds of Broderick secured for their principal this immense advantage.

On the field Terry was much the more composed. Broderick was laboring under powerful excitement,

but by sheer force of will and wonderful physical courage he controlled it and showed an admirable front. Terry won the weapons and Broderick the ground and the word. Broderick was placed with his back to the sun just emerging from below the horizon, another great advantage. When the word was given Broderick fired at "one"; Terry fired before "two." Broderick's ball entered the ground about nine feet in his front. It is claimed that the trigger of his pistol was more delicate than was Terry's and that it was discharged prematurely; but that claim was made by the gunsmith, whose pistols had not been used, and it was denied bv both of Broderick's seconds in a card to the public. That the pistol exploded prematurely is certain, but it was due to the excitement under which Broderick was laboring, a suppressed nervousness that was apparent when the men were placed. He was confident that he would kill Terry, and perhaps there was not a man in California who was not surprised at the result when Broderick fell. Had the terms of the duel been modified and the word "three" added it is probable that Broderick would have survived. Terry only sought to wound him severely enough to prevent another shot and had he been allowed the further time he would have put the ball farther "out" so as to escape the lung. It only shows what pygmies men are in the hands of fate.

Broderick dead was a "martyr," so would Terry have been the martyr had he fallen and Broderick survived. With his violent temper, overbearing manner, and brutal tongue, it was as certain that

Broderick would fill a bloody grave as any event in the future could be certain that had the slightest element of chance.

His fate was happier than Terry's.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

This was written when the United States and Great Britain were establishing the boundary between the Dominion and Alaska.

We have sent some high joint commissioners across the waters to deliberate and adjudicate upon the disputed Alaskan boundary, but it is semi-officially declared that our high joints are instructed not to "deliberate," and the personnel of the American members of the commission is an absolute warrant against any such thing. Through one rose from the dead and pleaded, Henry Cabot Lodge, Elihu Root and George Turner would be of the same opinion still.

About the year 1754 England was engaged in a war against France, and it was not a very successful war. Admiral Byng not only failed to succor Fort Mahon, but he failed to fight the French fleet. The Duke of Richelieu, a worthless courtier of a more worthless court, with no military prowess, but superb personal courage, reduced Minorca. All England was enraged, and Brown's "Estimate" was published in order that Britons might read that "they were a race of cowards and scoundrels; that nothing could save them; that they were on the point of being enslaved by their enemies, and that they richly deserved their fate."

Now it was that a great man rose in the kingdom.

Instinctively the country turned to him, and he was given power and intrusted with the conduct of the war. A little while and all was well and all was victory. Goree was conquered. Guadaloupe fell, to be followed by Ticonderoga and Niagara. Boscawen beat the Toulon fleet and Wolfe died, victorious and glorious, on the heights of Abraham. Hawke defeated the Brest fleet, Montreal fell and Canada was subdued. Clive's success at the East was equally pronounced and equally splendid. Nor was French arms less unfortunate on the continent of Europe, where Creveldt and Minden were French defeats. The story is told in one of the innumerable brilliant passages in Macaulay.

And so it was that William Pitt, first of the name, earned a place in the company of great ministers, and we associate him with such rulers as Richelieu and Bismarck. His administration was as splendid as Marlborough's and as successful as Cromwell's, and he was aptly characterized as one who "loved England as an Athenian loved the city of the Violet Crown, as a Roman loved the 'maxima verum Roma.' " He made England drunk with victory; but behind it stalked the costly, yet vaulable, lesson of disaster. Had the French flag remained at Quebec, had Cape Breton continued a French fortress, the English flag would have remained at Boston and at Charleston. New York and Pennsylvania, Virginia and North Carolina would have continued "as loyal as Kent." When England drove France out of Canada it was but a question of time when America would drive England out of the colonies. Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham carved out American independence.

With the French in Canada our fathers would not have rebelled for ten times the tax Lord North imposed, and with the French in Canada, the policy of Burke would have prevailed over the king and his ministers in English councils. It took Yorktown to teach England what she had long repeated. "Britons never will be slaves." Yorktown not only made independence for the thirteen colonies, but it was at Yorktown that was born the more than freedom that Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand now enjoy.

For more than one hundred years America and England have never been entirely without a diplomatic crow to pick, and several times the two countries have been on the verge of war. They did go to war in 1812, but it was not much of a war, and on the part of England it was a mere episode, that country having important litigations in the courts of Mars at that time with one Napoleon Bonaparte. Canada, and by Canada I mean all that part of North America under the British flag—Canada has been the occasion of much diplomacy, to which the United States and Great Britain have been parties. It was in the nature of an accident that England did not throw Canada in when peace was made at the close of the Revolutionary war, and Mr. John W. Foster, in his excellent book, "A Century of American Diplomacy," intimates that we would have got Canada had not Washington feared that France would claim it for her services in the war. The population was French and anxious to be restored to the dominion of the French crown. Our statesmen were wise enough to know that it was better for the United States that England retain Canada

than for France to regain it. The hand of fate was in the thing. With France re-established in Canada, war between the United States and France would soon have followed. England would have licked France for us, and thus history would have served up a very different kettle of fish for posterity.

That Canada will some day be a part of the American Union is no sort of doubt, and there is just a little doubt that Anglo-Saxon federation the world over will be one and inseparable before we and Canada are one politically.

It is somewhere related that Dr. Franklin strove to incorporate in the treaty of 1783 a clause providing for absolute free trade between England and the United States, but England was as much in love with a protective tariff in that day as Allegheny County is in our day, and thus the broad and expansive question of protection came into our politics, has had a paramount place much of the time, has been a "cardinal" all the time, and promises to be with us for some time to come. If, in 1883, England had done what Joseph Chamberlain wanted England to do in 1903, protection would be as dead in American politics as the pragmatic section of Maria Theresa is in the politics of Continental Europe, but England procrastinated away her day of opportunity. Mr. Chamberlain spoke too late. During Washington's administration John Jay, then Chief Justice of the United States, was sent to England to negotiate a treaty. He was partly successful in his mission, but the treaty was not all that was hoped for. In those days England and France were the issues in American politics. The French Revolution was not yet through washing the face of Europe in blood, and

England was all that stood between chaos and order. Washington, Hamilton and Jay were for Engalnd and Jefferson and Clinton were for France. Jay's treaty occasioned some most terrific politics. But the administration was strong enough to secure its ratification, and, before the close of the century, we were at war with France. Mr. Jay's treaty was beneficient in its operation, and was a long step in the way of closer relations between the two English-speaking nations.

Not a great while afterward came the war of 1812. England and Napoleon were in a death struggle. At Tilsit the Corsican had the continent, including Russia, at his feet, and he was preparing to hurl the whole continental power against the island foe. England was as supreme on sea as Napoleon on land, and to maintain her supremacy she was as contemptuous of the rights of others as Napoleon himself. The civilized world was subject to the Berlin and Milan decrees of the Emperor and the Orders in Council of the British. Both belligerents treated us with contempt, and we were afraid of both. Finally England goaded us to a fight, and when the whole world was gorged with fighting at the close of the Napoleonic wars, we sent Henry Clay, John Q. Adams, Albert Gallatin, James A. Bayard and Jonathan Russell to Ghent to meet British commissioners and make a peace. There was no agreement as to the issues of war, and the American commissioners were not agreed among themselves. Finally they assented that there should be peace, but not until Andrew Jackson fought the battle that made him greater than Clay and Adams together did this country hear that peace was patched up. That is what delay did for these three

overshadowing characters of our politics of that generation.

It was during Monroe's administration that the two countries agreed to a general disarmament on the Great Lakes. Had there been no such compact it is altogether probable that a great war would have come. For more than 100 years the Canadian fisheries have been a fruitful source of friction between England and the United States. Canada has the fishing ground, we have the market. It has been the aim of Canada to keep us from catching fish. It has been the aim of the United States to keep Canada from selling fish. A very pretty quarrel, a splendid illustration of that old economic hog, protection. It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to tell how many times the Canadian fisheries have been the subject of diplomatic correspondence and diplomatic negotiation between the two countries. The whole thing could be settled exactly right in five minutes if Canada would let us fish where we please, and if we would let Canada sell fish where she pleased, but that would be the death of that darling little greedy tariff beggar, yclept the "New England fishing industry."

Then there was the Northeastern boundary that might have precipitated war at any time. It had been in dispute ever since 1783, and now it was John Tyler's administration, 1841-1845. Daniel Webster was Secretary of State. Lord Ashburton was the British commissioner, and he and Webster came to an agreement and fixed the line where it is to this day. It was one of the few times we got the thrifty end of a diplomatic bargain, and Mr. Webster

was just enough to give much of the credit to a man to whom history has been neither just nor generous—John Tyler.

The next matter of serious negotiation between the two countries was the Oregon boundary. Young America was just beginning to feel his oats, and his cry was "Fifty-four Forty or Fight." "Old Bill" Allen, as he came to be known, was the author of the cry. The Democratic party of those days was a jingo and very strenuous. Its chief mission on earth was to whip England and annex Canada. Years later it was a test of Democracy to go wild over the fistic exploits of John C. Heenan, a ring hero without a single victory. We went into the negotiation and lost—disastriously lost—probably for the reason that we were too busy annexing Texas and pickling a rod for Mexico to think of fighting England.

In 1850 there was negotiated the Clayton Bulwer treaty that neither country ever exactly understood. It suspended the Monroe doctrine so far as concerned that negotiation, and made Great Britain and the United States a sort of limited copartnership. It lasted above fifty years, and was only got rid of the other day.

It was William L. Marcy, Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Pierce, who negotiated the treaty of reciprocity with Canada. Both countries found great advantage in the treaty, but because of Canada's supposed sympathy with the South in the great war of 1861-65, the treaty was not renewed after its expiration.

We had no more serious diplomatic controversy with Great Britain until the Trent affair during our great war. If Mr. Lincoln had not been endowed with enough common sense for two or three Presidents that affair would have brought about war and the Southern Confederacy would have achieved its independence. It was the blockade that destroyed the South, and England would have transferred the blockade to Northern ports and opened Southern. President Lincoln and Queen Victoria restrained Seward and Palmerston—the good genius of the American Union was in the ascendant. It was a heavy tax on the national pride, but it had to be paid.

During the war England sold all sorts of contraband of war to the North and did not disdain to do a little shipping business with the South. Thus the Alabama swept the starry flag from the high seas. Mr. Sumner wanted to charge England a billion or so for that and take Canada for payment. England started to arm, and then the good sense of Gen. Grant did for us what the good sense of Abraham Lincoln had accomplished before. The matter was referred to arbitration, and the tribunal of Geneva was created. We got $15,000,000 in damages, and it was paid in gold.

Mr. Seward bought Alaska of Russia and perhaps England now regrets that she did not take that territory at the conclusion of the Crimean war. Our country was not very much in love with Mr. Seward's trade, but it turned out a marvelously fortunate speculation. There is, or ought to be, a boundary between Alaska and the British possessions, and it is a physical fact that any two honest men ought to agree upon. The two countries are

not agreed, however, and each has appointed commissioners. Our men, so it is given out, have made up their minds to assent to nothing but the American contention. No doubt that is superlatively patriotic, but suppose the English commissioners are equally dogmatic and equally patriotic? Then suppose England should take the studs?

When Charleston was bombarded by the Federal fleet an old darky was working in the garden and a shell lit near him and plowed a big hole in the ground. Throwing down his hoe and making his escape, the old uncle exclaimed: "Dar! hell have laid a aig."

Commonwealth avenue, Boston, the abiding place of the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge's most distinguished constituents, thought it was going to get one of "them things" in the Spanish war. It might get a nest full of them if the distinguished Senator continues as strenous and as patriotic as he gives it out he is.

Let us hope England will come to our conclusion. She must do it. War is out of the question—it is absurd.

DAVID B. HILL.

Perhaps it was that desperately wicked and wonderfully fascinating child of Balzac's stupendous genius, Jacques Collet, who is made to say that one must plow through humanity like a cannon ball or glide through it like a pestilence. The metaphor applies to New York politics with all exactitude. A New York party leader should have the wisdom of Ulysses to comprehend, and the hand of Achilles to

execute, and if he have both, so much the better. The American people have chosen Presidents at thirty-one quadrennial elections. New York supported the successful candidate in twenty-five of them; twice she divided her vote—1808 and 1824—and four times she was on the losing side—1812, 1856, 1868, and 1876. However, in 1868 a man of the name of Tweed did a deal of the counting, and in 1876 there were those who claimed that Mr. Tilden, who carried the Empire State, was elected.

De Witt Clinton and Roscoe Conkling were men who propelled themselves through politics, and Grover Cleveland may be said to be of their order. Martin Van Buren and Samuel J. Tilden glided through the mazes of politics, and we may add David B. Hill as one educated in their school.

There are few higher stations in American politics than the office of governor of New York. Not to mention the Van Twillers and Stuyvesants of the Dutch period, and the Ingoldsbys, Beekmans and De Lanceys of the Colonial period, we have in that high place since the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, George Clinton, John Jay, Daniel D. Tompkins, De Witt Clinton, Martin Van Buren, William L. Marcy, William H. Seward, Silas Wright, Hamilton Fish, Horatio Seymour, John A. Dix, Samuel J. Tilden, Grover Cleveland, Levi P. Morton and Theodore Roosevelt.

David B. Hill was seven years governor of New York, and so demeaned himself in that great office that in political importance he was second only to the President of the United States.

In the Continental Congress New York had for representatives such men as George Clinton, John

Jay, Robert Livingston and Gouverneur Morris, and later she contributed these great names to the United States Senate: Rufus King, Aaron Burr, De Witt Clinton, Martin Van Buren, William L. Marcy, Silas Wright, Daniel S. Dickinson, John A. Dix, William H. Seward, Hamilton Fish, Preston King, Roscoe Conkling, Francis Kernan and William M. Evarts.

David B. Hill was a Senator from New York, 1891-97, and few statesmen in our history in a single term made so great an impression on that body. Could he have been to Cleveland what his predecessor, Silas Wright, was to Cleveland's predecessor, Martin Van Buren, Democracy would be wearing garlands this good day. As a debater Hill found no superior in the Senate; as a lawyer he was the equal of the foremost. It was Hill who furnished the Supreme Court with the law for the majority opinion in the income tax case.

It was a bleak day, January 7, 1892. The sky was leaden, the wind was surly, the ground was covered with the dampest and the coldest of snow. About 11:30 o'clock David B. Hill entered the Senate chamber through the east door. He wore striped gray trousers and silk hat, and when he removed his heavy overcoat he appeared in a regulation Prince Albert. His face, always pale, paler than Blaine's, paler than Tom Ewing's, was unusually pale that day. He was accompanied by his friend, follower, disciple and fellow townsman, Hosea H. Rockwell, of Elmira, then contestant of the seat in the House of Representatives held by Henry T. Noyes, of the Twenty-eighth district of New York.

It was said that it was the first time Hill had ever set foot inside the Senate chamber; indeed, it was stated that it was the first time he had ever entered the Capitol. The galleries were crowded, for Hill was in every man's thoughts, and now he was to wear the toga of a Senator. His desk was decorated with flowers, and his friend and fellow-Senator, Calvin S. Brice, sat next him. The House of Representatives, then overwhelmingly Democratic, was quorumless, for the Sergeant-at-arms, accompanied by above five score members was in the Senate chamber to hail the man whom they hoped and believed would be the next President of the United States. Senator Hiscock escorted his colleague to the bar, and Levi P. Morton, then Vice President, administered the oath.

And now came gratulations, and for an hour the new Senator held a levee in the rear of the seats on the Democratic side. Gorman, Brice and Barbour conferred with him. His seat was that recently vacated by Wade Hampton, and it was remarked that in close proximity were the desks of Brice, Barbour and Daniel.

When Massena, penned up in Genoa, besieged by an Austrian army and blockaded by an English fleet, was told that Bonaparte, then first consul had crossed the Alps and was making straight for the plains of Italy, the grim old soldier exclaimed, "Making straight for the Tuileries, rather!" And as Marengo was but a station on Napoleon's way to the throne, the Senate was intended to be a station on Hill's journey to the White House. New York was his; he had just triumphed in the organiza-

tion of the other branch of Congress; he had many friends in the leading Democrats of the South.

But there was a fatality in it. The "snap convention" was a blunder; the attempted humiliation of the House Committee of Elections was another. The deaths of Henry W. Grady and John S. Barbour were irreparable misfortunes. But for these, Cleveland might not have been nominated, and Hill might have been chosen.

Fortune knocks once at every door. Twice she knocked at the door of David B. Hill. Adroit as he was in management, infallible as was his insight, nature and education denied him that rarest quality, which in a soldier we call genius, and in a statesman we call instinct. Had he been endowed with that attribute, he would have realized in 1888 that the Hill eggs were in the Cleveland basket. Doubtless Hill was loyal to the national ticket; but he should have been willing to fall outside the breastworks, although that was not necessary. Not to criticise him, but for illustration, what would be the place in literature of that most delightful of historical romances, if Sir Walter had, as he did, given Gurth the victory at quarter staff, and had he, as he did not, unhorsed Ivanhoe in the lists of Ashby de la Zouch? That is the way the Democratic party looked at it, and that is what overwhelmed all the practical politicians at Chicago in June, 1892. Had Cleveland been re-elected in 1888, nothing could have prevented the succession to the Presidency of David B. Hill in 1892.

Fortune again knocked at Hill's door in 1896, and beckoned him out of the convention of that year. More than a third of the membership would have

followed him and nominated him, and who can say that he would not have polled more votes east of the Mississippi than Mr. Bryan? He was confronted with a revolution, and dealt with the frenzied delegates as Louis XVI dealt with the sanguinary sansculottes, and failed as Louis failed.

He had precedent. He was the disciple of Tilden. Tilden was the disciple of Van Buren. The Democratic convention that nominated Lewis Cass for President in 1848 was not revolutionary; but there was a bolt. Van Buren was the candidate of the bolters, and Tilden supported him, and so formidable was the revolt that Van Buren polled more votes in New York than Cass. Perhaps there is no word for which Hill had more aversion than "bolter," and no word for which he had greater respect than "regularity." He might have reverted to the career of Tilden, the bolter of 1848, and the creator of the Democratic renaissance in 1874.

Tilden was a genius, the greatest teacher of Democracy since Jefferson, and, with the possible exception of Lincoln, the greatest politician of our history. He was an accomplished statesman before he was a voter. While yet a schoolboy he was a safe counselor. His cunning attained to the dignity of wisdom, and he was the most perfect and consummate master of detail of all our party leaders. Had Tilden been at Chicago the heresy of Bryanism would have gone the way the corruption of Tweedism went.

Hill preferred to retire to Wolfert's Roost to await the lull of the storm. That is not the way to meet revolution, not the way to exocrise heresy. There was never one moment that Hill supposed that Bryan had the ghost of a chance to become President

of the United States. Maybe that accounts for his conduct in 1896. Doubtless Hill would have led the Palmer and Buckner forces had he apprehended a chance of Bryans' election. It was the mistake that Hill made in 1896, when he could have crushed it, that gave vitality to Bryanism four years later. And so we had the campaign of 1900.

We see the bludgeon and the rapier in New York politics, and as illustrative of them two incidents may be cited.

It is realted that on the night before the assembling of the Democratic State convention of 1857 Dean Richmond and Peter Cagger were in conference at their hotel in Syracuse, where the convention was held. Their conversation was much like this:

"Well, Cagger, about Secretary of State?"

"Gid Tucker; the newspaper men want him."

"Put him down then. What about comptroller?"

"Oh, Church, of course. There's nobody but him we can trust.

"Put him down then. Who for treasurer?"

"Don't know. Some of our boys talk about Vanderpoel. Van's a good fellow, knows about lager, talks Dutch, and is a favorite with the women."

"Put him down. Anybody want to be attorney-general?"

"Tremaine's got it pretty bad."

"Put him down. What about State engineer?"

"Well, on the whole," replied Cagger, "Van Richmond's our best man; but the New Yorkers are in a row over it. Sickles and Sam Butterworth are strong for Charley Graham, but Fernando and

John Kelley are against it. If we go Graham there'll be a split."

"Oh, no—no splits. Give them Richmond; they'll stand it; they must. And this prison inspectorship? Fifty want it. It is a regular nuisance. I'll tell you what, Peter, suppose we let the convention settle that?"

And it was so ordered. The next day the slate was put through in a few minutes after the convention was organized. As many hours were consumed before a candidate for prison inspector was nominated.

That is bossism with a bludgeon. It has thrived in New York since the time of Burr and Hamilton.

On the morning of Austerlitz the practiced eye of Napoleon glanced over what was to be that glorious field, and turning to Soult, the Emperor asked:

"Marshal, how long would it take you to reach the heights of Prutzen ?"

Napoleon knew that the army that held those heights at nightfall would be the victorious army.

In 1848 Thurlow Weed knew that Martin Van Buren held the key to the political situation, and well he knew that Van Buren would never open the door of the White House to Henry Clay. The Whig party loved Clay as no other American political leader was ever loved, more devotedly than the Northern Democracy loved Douglas, than the Southern Democracy loved Breckinridge, than the Republican party loved Blaine. "Henry Clay among men as Eclipse among horses!" "Place him before the crowned heads of Europe, or the diplomats at Ghent, or in the American Senate, or at the bar of the Supreme Court, or before twelve men in

a box, or on the hustings, and by ——, he's captain of every crowd he gets in." That is what they thought of "Harry of the West."

New York was the pivotal State. Polk had carried New York in 1844, simply because Van Buren revered the memory of Jackson, and was the enemy of Jackson's enemies.

And so the Whig convention of 1848 assembled at Philadelphia. Months before in paragraphs in the Albany Evening Journal, Weed had insidiously suggested the name of Taylor, then fresh from his victories in Mexico. The convention and the party wanted Clay; but Weed wanted victory. Talleyrand never played the game more skillfully than did the Albany editor. He knew men, their hopes and fears, their strength and weakness. He prevailed. Taylor was nominated. The party was enraged. Horace Greeley wrote the famous editorial, "The Philadelphia Slaughter-house"; but Weed knew what he was doing.

Having managed the Whig convention, Weed now undertook to manage the Free Soil convention. The Free Soilers, of New York, were Whigs and Democrats, and the Whigs had no use for Van Buren, while the Democrats looked on him as a martyr. Van Buren cared nothing about slavery, and probably had little objection to it; but with the assistance of Benjamin F. Butler, who had been Jackson's Attorney-General, Weed made Van Buren the Free Soil candidate for President. He polled 120,000 votes in New York, and that gave the State to Taylor and elected him.

That was the rapier in politics. David B. Hill

could take punishment, as sundry dents in Dick Croker's bludgeon evidenced. He should have used the bludgeon in 1896.

ORATORS PAST AND PRESENT.

For above 200 years the English-speaking people of both hemispheres have been ruled by eloquence, spoken and written. And one of the foremost exemplars of spoken eloquence defined it as "reason red hot." Declamation is not always eloquence, though it embellishes and adorns it. When Grattan made his maiden speech in the Commons men did not know whether to laugh at or hiss the grotesque figure he cut, but it was only a little while until genius triumphed and Grattan stood forth one of the many very great orators of his generation. Sir Robert Walpole, in derision, called the first Pitt, "that terrible Cornet of Horse"; but all in all, to Pitt must be awarded first place among the parliamentary gladiators of our race. It was an enemy who said of him that to create him nature joined Demosthenes and Cicero; that he surpassed the Greek in loftiness of thought, and equaled the Roman in wealth and expression. He was as virile in the Cabinet as he was eloquent in the Senate, the man of action as well as the man of thought, England's greatest ruler since Cromwell, and the dazzling sucesses of his administration, evidenced by victories on land and sea in ever quarter of the globe, made him the idol of the English people and the master of the English Parliment. He was the "Great Commoner," the first of parlimentary orators

—above his distinguished son, above Burke, above Fox, above Gladstone, above our own Clay, Webster or Calhoun.

It was the eloquence of Patrick Henry that roused our fathers to resistance to the demands of the British crown, and it was that same lofty and thrilling eloquence that vitalized the first ten amendments to our Federal Constitution, without which the Federal Union might have been a failure.

It was the eloquence of Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Owen Lovejoy and Jim Jane, speaking to a subject of which they were defiantly, if not densely, ignorant, that fired the Northern heart, precipitated a bloody war, and brought about a tremendous social, political and industrial revolution. Thomas F. Marshall, Sargeant S. Prentiss and Richard Menifee were wonderful orators, as were Rufus Choate, Thomas Corwin and Henry Winter Davis. They played their parts on the public stage, but their fame lives more in tradition than in history.

We hear much to the effect that the day of the orator is over. Not so. The orator is with us as of yore, but his audience is a better judge of eloquence, or rather, it is not so impressionable as it was fifty years ago, though there are groundings in the land and they have ears to be split—some of them in Congress and in national conventions. In the Fifty-second Congress were some orators little if any inferior to any our country has produced—giving to the term orator its commonly accepted definition. W. Bourke Cockran, William J. Bryan, William C. P. Breckinridge, William L. Wilson and John R. Fellows could thrill their colleagues to the mar-

row and put the House in an uproar of applause. As a declaimer Bryan was superb, not inferior to Cockran himself. He had the face, the figure, the voice, the attitude, the vocabulary, and even when his speech was only empty, visionary and voiceful declamation he swept the American Congress off its legs. For example, he delivered himself of the following extravagance when debating the measure providing for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the so-called Sherman silver law:

"At Marengo the Man of Destiny, sad and disheartened, thought the battle lost. He called to a drummer boy and ordered him to beat a retreat. The lad replied: 'Sire, I do now know how. Desaix has never taught me to retreat, but I can beat a charge. Oh, I can beat a charge that would make the dead fall in line! I beat that charge at the bridge of Lodi; I beat it at Mount Tabor; I beat it at the Pyramids. Oh, may I beat it here,' The charge was ordered, the battle won, and Marengo was added to the victories of Napoleon."

He took the House by storm, and grave statesmen were thrown into a delirium of enthusiasm, though the "burst of eloquence" would have merited nothing but derisive laughter even in a backwoods debating society. Perhaps all Bryan knows of Bonaparte he got out of that extravagant panegyric by John S. C. Abbott, or those silly novels by Miss Muhlbach. It is one of the curiosities of forensic eloquence that an orator from Kentucky appropriated the above when presenting the name of Joseph Clay Styles Blackburn for President of the United States in the Chicago convention that nominated Mr. Bryan for President because of another hysteric piece of eloquence that was a paraphrase of a passage of Burke's great speech on the regency bill.

Marengo is one of the most interesting of the Corsican demigod's battles, and the credit for the victory may be, and has been, ascribed to several different individuals, as Eckmuhl is credited to Ney. Lannes and Victor saved the day by their stubborn retreat; Kellumann gained the day by his brilliant and resistless charge; Desaix brought victory by his timely arrival on the field, then, lost. To grim old Massena is due the credit because his heroic defense of Genoa made the campaign possible. All these things may be said, and have been said; but the truth is that Marengo is just like the others—Napoleon Bonaparte's victory. Take a good checker player and let him sit down against a poor player and there will be no brilliant playing; the blunders of one player make that out of the question. It will degenerate into a cutthroat game, and the good player will win, but his adversary will afford him small opportunity to astonish the onlookers by his brilliant combinations. And there was something like that at Marengo. Old Melas, the Austrian commander, had been educated in the wars of Maria Theresa, and knew just enough of his business to disconcert his adversary by his very blunders, and so, for half a day, he was victor at Marengo. It was a case of Jupiter powerless before stupidity.

And thus the credit for the victory is ascribed to this one, that one and t'other one, but it was left to Mr. Bryan, a boy orator of the American Congress, to inform us that a drummer boy taught Napoleon Bonaparte the art of war, and as a starter, showed him how to gain the battle of the Marengo. And as though that were not startling enough, he says that Louis Charles Antoine Desaix de Vovgoux, a blue-blooded aristocrat, thrown into prison

by the revolutionary tribunal for his gentle birth, showed a gamin how to beat a drum.

Let us see what the Hon. Bryan was driving at. Why, he was attempting to teach Grover Cleveland the science of finance, the philosophy of a stump-tail dollar, the excellence of 16 to 1. Hence this hyperbole pronounced in Demosthenesean vein. Horace Greeley said it took fourteen things to make an orator—one of them lungs—and that John A. Logan had lungs. So has Bryan. He is given to going off at the half-cock. Napoleon was not "sire" until December, 1804; Marengo was pulled off June, 1800.

Robert G. Cousins, of Iowa, is an orator and a brilliant declaimer. On at least three ocassinos he astonished and delighted his fellows by his fervid and dramatic eloquence. He seldom spoke, though the foremost orator in either House of Congress, but when he did his periods were as virile as they were rhetorical. Macaulay recites Burke's opinion that by slow degrees Charles James Fox come to be the most brilliant parlimentary debater the world ever saw, and then ventures the opinion that Fox attained his excellence at the expense of his audience, that during one session he spoke at every sitting of the Commons but one, and regretted that he did not speak that night. Of course, a man who speaks every day is bound to make some dull speeches. In his famous canvass of Mississippi even Sergeant S. Prentiss occasionally made a stupid speech. It was by continued practice that John Quincy Adams became the first debater in the American Congress. Stephen A. Douglas was con-

stantly on his legs, and they said that Allen G. Thurman was positively garrulous. Blaine carried a chip on his shoulder when a Senator and Ben Hill was ever ready to knock it off. Edmunds and Beck spoke daily.

L. Q. C. Lamar was an exception. Master of the most exquisite style of any man who sat in the United States Senate the last half of the last century, not even excepting Roscoe Conkling, and scarce second to Jefferson Davis himself as a dialectician, Lamar was a poet and a dreamer as well as a jurist, a soldier, and a statesman. He did not live among men. He kept company with the airy creatures of his exuberant imagination. He rarely spoke, but, to borrow a figure, when he did speak it was as Jupiter would have spoken had Jupiter talked English. Nobody ever believed that Lamar ever did his best. It was impossible to fix a limit to that splendid and exquisite diction.

Cousins dreams too much. His ideal ever eludes him. He would do better than well, and thus confounds his skill.

> Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
> To guard a title that was rich before,
> To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet,
> To smooth the ice, or add another hue
> Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
> To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
> Is wastful and ridiculous excess.

Had Cousins sought a place on Cannon's committee and lifted some of the burden off old Joe's shoulders. Had he spoken every day and taken and given blows with Champ Clark and Dave De

Armond and got some wounds it would have been far better for him. It is a mighty poor veteran who has no scars to show. Your parliament man must go where David directed that Uriah be placed —in the fore-front of battle, where valiant men are found. Mr. Cousins' speeches may be less delightful, but Mr. Cousins himself will be a greater factor in public life when he gets down to real work.

Cousins won his spurs in a peanut debate—that time the American Congress, composed of stump-speakers, undertook to discipline Thomas F. Bayard for making a stump speech. Mr. Bayard had made a remark to the effect that there was a marvelous deal of humbug in the dogma of a protective tariff. Here is what Cousins had to say to that:

"He knew that if you should blot out the list of names identified with the doctrine of protection in our history you would leave it a literary desert as insignificant and barren of achievement as Disraeli's grandfather's chapter of events that never took place."

That is very good, and only needs a little bit of truth to be excellent.

In that same speech Mr. Cousins delivered the following apostrophe in praise of the system that men like George McDuffie and Frank Hurd, Robert J. Walker and David A. Wells declared to be the invention of certain pirates of the medieval ages who infested and harried the Mediterranean Sea:

"Why, Mr. Speaker, by the stimulus and safeguard of protection, the genius of America developed a continent. It has achieved the impossible. It went into the ground and found the iron and brought it out to the light and usefulness. It formed it into wheels and turned it into shafts. It set the spindles going and the axles whirling.

It took the wool and cotton from the Middle, the Southern and Western States, that had been feeding English looms, and sent them spinning through our own. It touched the deft and cunning hand of toil and made invention dream of better things. * * * With a band of iron in either hand, it started at the Orient, and with its sublime and determined face toward the West, it took its continental march. It would not stop. When it could not find a place to stand, it spanned with iron. It laughed and toiled and hurried on, until at last it found the Occident. Then it became a moiling, tireless spider and wove the desert into a web of commerce. It stopped at every station and took the produce of the farm and left the produce of the factory. It looked into the childhood face of citizenship, and, studying its tendency of faculty or genius, opened a thousand doors of various and different enterprises, and said: "Denizen of the free republic, take your choice.'"

Imagine that said by a youthful giant, with a grand head and a grand bust, as black as Daniel Webster or Thomas Corwin, and with a voice that inspirited, now terrible and now dulcet, and in an attitude that fixed every eye in that vast audience, and you have the scene and you almost forgive the fallacy of his preachment.

Compare it with this glorious passage—John Addington Symond's eloquent tribute to the romantic drama of England:

"What a future lay before this country lass—the bride-elect of Shakespeare's genius! For her there was preparing empire over the whole world of man—over the height and breadth and depth of heaven and earth and hell; over facts of nature and fables of romance; over histories of nations and of households; over heroes of past and present times and airy beings of poets' brains. Her's were Greene's meadows, watered bv an English stream. Her's Heywood's moss-grown manor houses. Peele's goddess-haunted lawns were hers, and her's the palace-bordered ,paved ways of Verona. Her's was the darkness of the grave, the charnel house of Webster. She walked the

air-built loggie of Lylly's dreams and paced the clouds of Jonson's masques. She donned the ponderous sock and trod the measures of Volpone. She mouthed the mighty line of Marlowe. Chapman's massy periods and Marston's pointed sentences were her's by heart. She went abroad, through primrose paths with Fletcher and learned Shirley's lambent wit. She wandered amid dark, dry places of the outcast soul with Ford, 'Hamlet' was her's. Antony and 'Cleopatra' was her's. And her's, too, was the 'Tempest.' Then, after many years, her children mated with famed poets in far distant lands. 'Faust' and 'Wallenstein,' 'Lucretica Borgia,' and 'Marian Delormi' are her's."

That is eloquence in the class of Macaulay's "Warren Hastings" and "New Zealander," or Thackeray's "Marlborough."

The House was considering a resolution relating to the martyr dead of the battleship Maine. Imagine a handsome man, young and engaging, commanding in presence and endowed with a voice that can roar like a lion or coo like a dove. The House was still as the finished periods fell from the lips of the youthful orator.

"No foe had ever challenged them. The world can never know how brave they were. They never knew defeat; they never shall. While at their posts of duty, sleep lulled them into the abyss; then death unlocked their slumbering eyes but for an instnat to behold its dreadful carnival, most of them just when life was full of hope and all its tides at their highest, grandest flow; just when the early sunbeams were falling on the steeps of fame and flooding all life's landscapes far out into the dreamy distant horizon; just at that age when all the nymphs were making diadems and garlands, waving laurel wreaths before the eyes of young and eager nature; just then when death seemed most unnatural.

"Hovering about the dark waters of that mysterious harbor of Havana, the black-winged vulture watches for the belated dead, while over it and over all there is the eagle's piercing eye sternly watching for the trutn."

Here Cousins ceased. The House did not applaud; it was too much thrilled for demonstration. A moment paused he, and then with an effect either Booth would have envied and neither Kemble could have surpassed, he slowly and impressively repeated:

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The day of the orator is not yet passed.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

About the middle of the eighteenth century the William Pitt, who later became Earl of Chatham, was the Minister of King George II and the real ruler of Great Britain. His administration was one of the most successful and most glorious the realm has ever known. On land and sea British arms were everywhere victorious—in Europe, in Asia, in America, wherever the issue of battle was joined; and thus it is that the fame of Chatham rivals that of Cromwell, or Marlborough before him or that of Nelson or Wellington after him, in English annals. At that time the thirteen colonies of North America, extending from New Hampshire to Georgia, were a part of the British Empire, and every one of them as loyal to King George as Kent, or Yorkshire, or Somerset, or Northumberland. It was the genius of Pitt operating on the army and navy of England that wrested Canada from France and made an English possession of it, and American

soldiers and sailors helped in the enterpries. They were gallant to a degree in the capture of Lewisburg and the reduction of Cape Breton.

After the accession of George III a new administration was formed. Grenville, Bute, North, Townsend, Elden, Wedderburn and others who agreed with them took in hand the affairs of the British empire. They proposed to tax the thirteen colonies, to impose on them a part of the expense of defending them. It was perfectly legal, and if it were not so unpatriotic, I would say of it, what I think of it, that it was perfectly just, for the war was on our account as well as on account of the rest of the realm. But it was a foolish thing to do, however legal, and the result was our independence, of which we are all glad and proud. When peace was made England wanted to fling in Canada for good count and pull out of the western hemisphere; but Washington refused. He knew that France wanted Canada for the help she gave us in the Revolution, and he preferred the English flag up there to the French.

Since the creation of the Federal Union, England has been an almost constant factor in American politics. Hamilton was the friend of England, and Jefferson was the friend of France. We were in actual war with France during the administration of the elder Adams, and it was then that old Tom Truxtun performed feats on the quarterdeck of the Constellation frigate against two French men-of-war which a Decatur, a Preble, a Perry, a Porter, a Farragut, or a Dewey might envy. In 1812 we engaged in war with England, and it was in urging

us to that encounter that Clay, Webster and Calhoun laid the foundations of their immense parliamentary reputations. Jackson's victory was the more glorious because it was a victory over the English. For long years and years England was cordially hated by our people. Every Fourth of July oration was a philippic and a threat against England. Every American orator loved to twist the British lion's tail; there was not a day for nearly half a century that a war with England would not have been immensely popular. We sent John C. Heenan to lick Tom Sayers, and though he made a rather poor work of it, we sincerely believed that he accomplished it, and bragged about that prize fight more than we did of the glorious day of Buena Vista. How we did glory in Paul Morphy, whom the English chess champion, Staunton, ran away from.

We were on the verge of war with England several times. It was "Old Bill" Allen, then a Democratic Senator from Ohio, who gave the defiant cry "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" when we had the dispute about the line between our country and the British possessions at the Northwest. We stopped short of 54:40, and did not fight. There was a big row over the Maine boundary, which Webster managed to compose without a war. There were innumerable disputes about the fisheries, and when an American commodore took Mason and Sidell off a British merchantman there would have been a war, as certain as fate, but for the good sense of Abraham Lincoln and the good offices of the prince consort. There is a deal of chimney-corner history regarding the presence of a Russian naval squadron in New York harbor during the war

between the States, and thousands of men of average intelligence think it unpatriotic to question the asssertion that by that stroke Russia intimidated England and prevented her from interfering in our family fight. Bosh! The British fleet at Halifax alone could have sunk the entire Russian navy an hour after it got in gunshot of it. There are two things that prevented England from interfering—one, a majority of the English people sympathized with the North, on account of slavery, and those of them who sympathized with the South believed that the South would not need any help. I do believe that if Lord Palmerston had supposed the North would prevail he would have picked a quarrel with the Lincoln administration that would have made war inevitable."

Some ten years after our war the Democrats got to be somewhat Anglo-maniac, and the Republicans did the tail-twisting, though both put Irish planks in their platforms. The tariff was the cause of it. Thousands of truthful and patriotic Republicans were ready to swear that they had seen with their own eyes the millions of "British gold" sent over here to buy elections for the Democratic party and free trade for England. England is a great trader, the greatest the world ever saw; but it was absurd to suppose that she ever bought, or attempted to buy, an American election.

When the tariff issue gave place to 16 to 1 the parties again changed places. Bryan and Champ Clark twisted the British lion's tail as vigorously as Ingalls or Foraker had ever cut the caper in the name of protection. According to that fine old fellow,

Richard P. Bland, who could no more harbor an insincerity than he could invent perpetual motion—according to "Silver Dick" the only thing in the universe that was meaner than Wall Street was Lombard Street. The "Crime of '73" was laid on England, and millions of men believed it, and when Bryan was beaten in 1896 those same millions were assured that they and their posterity had been sold into slavery for "British gold."

The Spanish war came and we heard a deal about the relative thickness of blood and water, and there is no doubt that England was on our side, not for love of us, but because it was profoundest policy. The rest of Europe was against us, and there is not room for much doubt that the "powers" of the continent would have choked us off Spain if they had believed that Engalnd would only be neutral; but England, with perhaps unnecessary ostentation, put the Channel fleet in motion. It was merely a stroke of policy on the part of Mr. John Bull, and he is expert at that game.

After the treaty of Paris there is no doubt that England encouraged us to "expand," and she was more interested in that question than in any we ever undertook. We speak her language; we have adopted her policy. What is the inevitable consequence? Why, virtual alliance, even if she has to "fling in Canada" when the pear is ripe. The only trouble is, will Canada suffer herself to be "flung in?" She now has the protection of the British navy without cost. As a part of the American Union she would be taxed for a navy. In short, England has no friends except her colonies, though

she and France are getting on a basis of good understanding, and her alliance with Japan is a bargain of mutual advantage. Germany would lick her to-morrow if she thought she was man enough to do it, which she isn't.

But when the war in South Africa came, 75 per cent of our people were for the Boers, and how we did howl with fiendish glee over their early victories! How we did flock to the theatre in this town of Washington to sit entranced under the spell of Webster Davis' spasmodic and hysteric eloquence, and laid it on the patriotic impulses of Web's great heart that he got stage fright on that immense occasion. De Wet was magnified into a Forrest; Botha was Stonewall Jackson; the Transvaal was Greece and Poland and Ireland, and England was everything that was despotic, and more, too. But England was grimly resolved, and history teaches that when England is in that humor, and united at home, a settlement in her favor is only a question of time, and so it was now. Of course, we throw it up to her that she has had allies in her big wars; that Marlborough was aided by Eugene, and without Eugene the armies of France would have prevailed. But what would Eugene have done without Marlborough? We are not left in doubt. What did Eugene do without Marlborough? And the same problem is presented in Chatham's first ministry. It is quite likely that England would have won the "Seven Years' War" without Frederick the Great; but it is absolutely certain that Frederick would have lost his crown and his realm without England. Again, it was England who beat

Napoleon, and but for her the Corsican demigod would have mastered the world. By orders in council she made all the oceans and all the seas British lakes, and no flag but hers sailed the deep. What Lucan said of Cardigan applies to England, much as one may hate her.

Diplomatic England and America are fine friends. We sent Reverdy Johnson over there when Andy Johnson was President, and he introduced the canvas-back duck to the English palate. Since Cedric was a Saxon that has been a good way to get the good will of an Englishman. James Russell Lowell, who was a copperhead in our war with Mexico of the most venomous kind, delighted after-dinner England with his speeches. Thomas F. Bayard cooked diamond-back terrapin for them, and thus assailed the most vulnerable part of an Englishman—his belly. John Hay and Joseph H. Choate gave them more and more after-dinner oratory, and we are the very best of friends—diplomatic England and diplomatic America.

And yet the people of England do not like the people of America, and the people of America do not like the people of England. And yet again the two peoples are virtually allies, and must continue so. Together they can lick the world, and their interests are so much in common that one of them cannot allow the other to be injured. That is why England encouraged us to keep the Philippines.

But we do not love England and England does not love us.

JOHN DONAN.

When I heard of the death of this eccentric man I recalled riding horseback side by side with him one day for miles and miles without either of us uttering a word, and that night at the tavern I sat up till the small hours of the next morning listening to as engaging and enchanting discourse from his lips as I ever heard from any one. When he died I wrote of him like this:

My acquaintance with this singular man is as old as my memory. When I was a little boy he was a great favorite of my father, a frequent guest at our house, and in those days he was looked upon as a young man of the most brilliant promise. When the war with Mexico was declared he volunteered, and returned from that adventure Captain of his company. He was the first Sheriff of Hart county under the then new constitution, elected in 1851, and I believe he was re-elected in 1853. Later he was repeatedly a member of the Kentucky Legislature, where he became the friend and associate of John G. Carlisle. In 1860 he was a candidate for elector on the Breckinridge Presidential ticket.

He was a peculiar man, and I attribute it to his mental habits. He had a powerful and inquisitive mind, and when he read something that appealed to his curiosity he reflected upon it profoundly, and thus he fell into habits of introspection, that became a passion, and he spent a life in speculation within himself that was intended for Hart County and the State of Kentucky. Many a man with half his talents attained distinction in the old Commonwealth. He whiled away precious hours in reverie,

a habit of mind so shrewdly discussed by Victor Hugo in "Les Miserables," and a habit that nearly engulfed, so to speak, the sub-hero, Marius.

The mental process of introspection is indispensable to the powerful thinker, but it must not be carried so far as to become a passion. Conference with one's fellow-man is as necessary as thought upon theories and principles. I am sure that if John Donan had dwelt in a city and had been a member of a club of talented and disputatious men the world would have heard a deal of him.

While he was Sheriff, an office that he administered with fidelity, energy and business capacity, he studied law, and, I suppose was admitted to the bar abou 1855. He immediately obtained an extensive practice and was very successful. He had the legal mind and his personal integrity was above suspicion. In those days it was the habit of young gentlemen to dress elegantly, and Donan was conspicuous for his fine apparel. It was the day of broadcloth, doeskin, plaid silk, silk velvet, white duck, gold chain, Panama hats and the boots that Marshall made. Donan was a handsome man, elegant in physique and not ungraceful, despite a careless and indolent carriage. Across the street, fifty years ago, he was one of the most distinguished looking men in Kentucky, and all the urchins in my class at Mr. Ford's school envied him.

Despite the fact that he would meet scores of acquaintances in the country road or on the streets of Munfordville without notice of them, or returning their salutations, he was the most popular man

in Hart county. They knew it was not hauteur, nor anything akin to it. There was not a more democratic man in all Kentucky in his nature than John Donan. Sometimes he would relax, and be eager for association with anyone he happened to fall in with. Then he was delightful. A fine conversationalist, he employed elegant language, and the tones of his voice were soft as velvet. He had an exquisite senset of humor—this man who would go a month without a smile—and when in the vein he would set the company in a roar.

When a young man he was a strong chess player, and I have known him and my father to play the game all day and talk half the night. It is not possible that he ever asked a man to vote for him, and yet he was simply invincible before the people of Hart county in the '50s. Had he been what was known as "electioneer" he would have secured the Democratic nomination for Congress in the old Third district in 1859, and had he, and not Sale, been the candidate, he would have been elected.

Something over thirty years ago there was a lawsuit in Hart County involving about 4,000 acres of fine barrens land in the Hardyville section. The late William Thompson, a former law partner of Donan, was a party in interest, and I may here remark that Thompson narrowly escaped being a very great man—the mental material was there, but it was not put together exactly right. I have often reflected that if this argument, on the stump, or at the bar, had been commensurate with the exordium, he would have surpassed all contemporaneous orators of all Kentucky. The lawsuit I mention

was transferred to Warren County on change of venue, and Captain Donan went down to Bowling Green in the spring of 1874 to argue the case for his clients. I happened to be in the courtroom at the time and was delighted at the effect his speech had on Judge Bolling and the bar. His elegant person, his graceful manner, his delightful English, the simplicity and yet polish of his sentences, and the velvet softness of his voice were magical. It was a case that he had studied for years, and here was the fruit of that introspection Donan had practiced on himself so long. There were lawyers here from Nashville and Clarksville, and I spent most of the next week telling them and other lawyers what I knew about John Donan. On that occasion he showed what he might have been had he thirsted for distinction, had he not had lofty contempt for the public applause a Cleon commanded.

At the hamlet of Center, then in North Barren County, now Metcalfe, there lived when Donan was a young man, David Philpott, landlord of the Good Samaritan tavern, one of the most singular characters I ever met. One of his philosophies was, and I am not sure but that it is sound, that it is easier to succeed than to fail, that it is easier to be a good farmer than a poor one, that it is easier to raise a good crop than a bad one, that it is easier to have a fat horse than a lean one, that it is easier to make good whiskey than mean, and so on. One of his eccentricities was that a man who cannot eat with relish bacon, snap beans and corn bread ought to die. One of his whimsicalities was that in his opinion a man who was called "Bill" was not fit to associate with good people.

Donan used to ride all the way from Munfordville to Center and remain there several days listening to the conversation of David Philpott. They would sit together for hours and hours, Philpott doing all the talking and Donan as silent as the Sphinx. but a patient and attentive listener. There was material in Philpott for a dozen of Dickens' best characters, and it is a calamity to letters that Donan did not have a genius like the immortal author of Mr. Micawber and Mrs. Gamp.

When I first got license to practice law, some forty years ago, I, in company with the whole Edmonton bar, went to Lafayette, as it was called, though Center was its name, to practice in the Justice's court of Stephen R. Edwards, the prince of magistrates and the chief justice of Chicken Bristle. There was but one case in the court—Craddock vs. Gentry. The defendant was as fine a specimen of a vagabond nailed to the soil as ever was ordered. The plaintiff was a rather vigilant creditor. The defendant had raised a crop of tobacco, about 400 pounds, and housed it in the hen coop. He had forgotten that he owed Craddock $25. The day the tobacco became subject to execution Craddock had an order of attachment levied on it.

Craddock's lawyer was a Green county man, the Hon. "Clubby" Russell (because of a club foot), and since then the leader and the idol of the proletariat in their fight with the octopus, represented by certain repudiated county bonds. Russell was then a limited lawyer—that is, Tyler Alexander, our Circuit Judge, licensed certain gentlemen to practice

in inferior courts—County, Quarterly and Justices'. We would now call them near lawyers. There was no law for it, but these were not lawyers to hurt. Yet the last time I saw Dave Towles he told me that "Clubby" had got to be a right down good lawyer, and I was glad to hear it, for I always liked "Clubby."

Now, we lawyers from Edmonton, five in number, did not take kindly to the idea of a limited lawyer from Green County coming over into Metcalfe and monopolizing all the practice of Chief Justice Edwards' court, and so we volunteered for Esau Gentry, though every one of us knew that at that very moment he was the most abject scamp between Green River and Cumberland. We denied that Esau was indebted to the plaintiff, denied the tobacco was subject to execution, denied it was Esau's property and demurred to the affidavit on which the writ of attachment was issued. We did some other things and spoke very long, very loud, very eloquently, and that is what ruined us.

We had the case gained a dozen times, but we were too vain to bottle our eloquence and insisted on gaining it a dozen other times. When we had been wrangling about three hours up rode John Donan, who was hungry to hear some of the philosophies and whimsicalities of his friend, Philpott. The final order had not yet been made and Craddock in person appealed to Chief Justice Edwards to suspend till he could consult the Captain. It is due "Clubby" to say here that he pleaded manfully for his client, and he and Lawyer Whitlock liked to have had a fight.

Donan came into the case and we began it all over again. The affidavit for the writ of attachment was a fearfully written thing, a pleading drafted by "Clubby," and I will never forget the remark Donan made about it—"I confess, Your Honor, that had I drawn this instrument I should have changed some of its terms. However, as the pleadings in this court may be oral, I think we can get along," and he did.

He beat us all to pieces and went across the street to talk with Philpott, or, rather, to hear Philpott talk. That was our opportunity. We moved for a new trial and got it before Craddock and Russell could get Donan back to the courtroom. We demanded a jury and set four or five of the natives on the counter, and the Chief Justice empaneled them to try the issue joined.

Way after dark the jury brought in a verdict for Craddock, the attachment was sustained, the plaintiff got the tobacco, and all of us had all the fun—and all of something else—that we could tote. I never better enjoyed a day in my life.

I shall try to relate an anecdote of John Donan that is as singular as the man himself. The war of 1861-65 found him a prosperous man and left him a poor man. He was indebted to a leading citizen of Hart County, Jordan Owens, a successful farmer, in a considerable sum evidenced by note of hand. It became necessary to resort to law and equity to subject to the debt a contingent remainder Donan had in some real property.

Donan saw Owens and asked him to ascertain what Captain Martin, a leader of that bar, would

charge to bring the suit and prosecute the case to final issue, and when Owens told him the amount of the fee, Donan said, "Very well. I'll bring both actions myself, one at law and the other in chancery and you credit your claim to the amount of my fee. I'll acknowledge service of all necessary process and enter my appearance whenever necessary so as to curtail costs." - And he did it; got the money and paid it over to his client.

He was a very religious man, though, without piety. Educated at St. Joseph's College he was inclined to be a Catholic. His mother was a Gilipsie, and possibly of kin to the mother of James G. Blaine, and to the wife of Gen. Sherman. Be that as may be, Donan read widely on the subject and arrived at the conclusion, after much reflection, that the Baptists were right. One Sunday morning, a cold day, he was riding horseback to visit his mother at Three Springs. He met a Baptist preacher in a lane and persuaded him to dismount and go into the adjoining field and baptized him in a pond; but he never went to church.

Capt. Donan lived within himself, and I am not sure that his life was unprofitable—failure—as most men would say it was.

A BROKEN COLUMN.

Logan Carlisle was the most promising young man I ever met. He was one of the ablest men with whom I have ever enjoyed an intimate acquaintance. He was the most candid man I ever saw. He inherited his intellect, and his mind was

cast in the same mold his father's was. William Wirt said of Chief Justice Marshall that if a flower of fancy sprang up in his path the great jurist would crush it. So with the Carlisles, father and son. Thought, not poetry; strength, not beauty; logic, not rhetoric, ever characterized them. Logan Carlisle went to the meat of every question. No sophistry could blind him. No oratory could dazzle him. His mind was cast in the mold of strength and simplicity. He cared nothing for mere ornament. One who knew both father and son all their lives said: "Logan may not have as much capacity as his father; but he has more than his father had at his age."

He was a laborious man. Had there been a lazy bone in his body he might yet have been among the living. He was a conscientious man and never shirked a duty. All the statistics of the Census Office had no terrors for him. He reveled in them and was never so content as when wading through voluminous tables and columns of figures. He spent hours, that other young men of his age and condition devoted to frivolity, in following the dry, tortuous, abstruse, profound reasoning of the law. He could make statistics speak the truth and he would not have falsified a single unit to gain the greatest forensic victory. No man was freer from sham. Some complained of his bluntness. The man who always speaks the truth must sometimes be blunt. He had plenty of heart; no only was he a sympathetic man—that tribe is as the sands of the seashore and the leaves of the forest—but he was actively benevolent, a tribe not so rare as the phoenix, indeed, but not numerous.

When Mr. Carlisle entered the Cabinet of Mr. Cleveland he selected Logan to manage the purely routine matters of administration. He controlled appointments to subordinate positions; he had charge of the building; he made contracts for supplies and so on. The Apostle Paul could not come down from heaven and take on himself the office held by young Carlisle and discharge its duties without making enemies. Human nature is human nature. Disappointment does not reason, and that is an end of it. Though frail of body and plagued with that vexatious malady, dyspepsia, Logan Carlisle did an immense deal of work that four years. Daily he was annoyed and besieged by place-hunters, of both sexes and all conditions. It is praise enough to say of him, and for him, that when he went out of office there was not a single individual, friend or enemy, who said, or dreamed of saying: "He lied to me." He never made a promise that he did not keep, and save Grover Cleveland, there was no man connected with that Administration, who, in discharge of his official functions, could say "no" as positively as Logan Carlisle, and none, without exception, to whom it gave more pain to say "no."

He was able to dispatch the immense amount of business he did because he systematized his labors. He was a born administrator. He never had occasion to perform the same task twice. When once finished it was thoroughly done and there was nothing slipshod about it. When his successor was appointed the routine work of every bureau and division of that immense concern was more nearly up to the date, to the hour, than it had been for many years. A thorough disciplinarian, he knew

how to get work out of men. He had force of character and commanded and received the respect of all and the affection of most of his subordinates. He was a man of decision, and no other should have control of men. He was a just man, fanatically so, and his clear mind gave force to his decisions. Almost every day he was called on to arbitrate matters between employes and between employes and outsiders. On the question of collections that has vexed all the departments from the beginning he decided that employes must pay debts founded on just and valuable consideration; but he washed his hands of gambling debts and usurious interest. He gave it out that landlords, grocers, tailors, washerwomen and coal dealers must be paid if employes expected to retain a good standing in the department.

His sense of humor is shown in the following, over which the department laughed a month: It has long been the rule in all the departments that two or more members of the same family shall not hold clerical positions in the same department in the civil service. One morning young Carlisle was at his desk busy with some matters when a bustling, fine-looking, matronly woman entered and requested speech with him. Upon his assent she demanded his reasons for his dismissal of her daughter from a subordinate clerkship. He sent for Mr. Hiltz, his assistant, who brought the record. Logan read it and answered: "Madam, your daughter was dismissed because yourself and she both hold clerkships in the department, and we discharged her because her salary was smaller than yours. The lady was up in arms in a moment and cried out:

"How about you and your father, Mr. Carlisle?" "That," he replied, "is a matter that has given me much concern, and I have devoted much careful and painful thought to it, and have finally reached the determination that the old man will have to go."

After his return from Washington and Lee, young Carlisle entered his father's law office. From the beginning he was his father's right arm. A glutton for work, he relieved his father of attention to mere matters of detail. When Logan was yet a boy the elder Carlisle one day put a brief in his hand, with the remark: "If the principle of this case has been adjudicated, it must have been settled this way," and then he proceeded to explain. What was required of the son was to search the Supreme Court library and find the law sustaining the father's position. For this work he was invaluable. He had an extraordinary memory, and on one occasion wrote down from memory a speech delivered by his father, making several columns of minion. In Kansas he formed a strange friendship. He and Jerry Simpson became cronies. He had a warm place in his heart for the Populist statesman, and always spoke well of him.

He died at thirty-eight. The ways of Providence are past finding out. He was the hope, the idol of his parents; he was the pride, the expectancy of his friends. The bench had no place so high that it would have been presumption in him to aspire to. He might have rivaled the foremost pleader at the bar, and in our highest legislative forum he would have been conspicuous for his talents and admired for his character. But splendid as was his mind, it was the heart of Logan Carlisle that made men love him.

CABEL CUSHING.

Some time ago a party of young men of average culture in a community of more than average intelligence were discussing public affairs, and something was said about Caleb Cushing. It was surprising to find so little knowledge of so distinguished a character among these "bright young fellows." One said he was one of the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States; another contended that he was a member of the Confederate States Cabniet, and another yet said that he was one of the counsel of Andy Johnson in the impeachment proceeding. It only shows what an imperfect knowledge of American history the average American has.

Caleb Cushing was a very distinguished man, and his public career covered a period of forty years. He was jurist, statesman, soldier, scholar, diplomat, and publicist. It was said of him that he was the adviser of every Federal administration from Tyler to Hayes. His political versatility was as dexterous as his scholarship was varied, and the advice he gave Grant was as sincere as that he gave Polk. He served Lincoln as faithfully as he had Pierce. Originally a Whig and a supporter of John Quincy Adams against the assults of Henry A. Wise, he left the Whig party in company with Wise and supported President Tyler when assaulted by Henry Clay. That was the man's start in national politics.

Born in Massachusetts in 1800, Caleb Cushing entered Harvard College at the age of thirteen and was graduated at seventeen, a wonderful instance of precocity. He immediately began the study of

law, and entered the Harvard Law School, subsequently finishing his studies in the office of a leading practitioner at Newburyport, his native place. While preparing for the bar he was a tutor at Harvard, where he also engaged in literary work; but fine as was his mind, vast as was his learning, and ceaseless as was his industry, Cushing was not much of a writer, unless, it was on legal subjects. He did not have the gift of narration. He did not have the style, and I make no doubt that a brief in a lawsuit written by Judge Black, or Senator Toombs, was a far more readable instrument than a brief by Cushing, though it is certain that Cushing's paper contaied all the law and a sufficiency of the philosophy of the case for all practical purpose. He was a platform orator also, but fell far below Edward Everett or Rufus Choate in that respect.

In 1821 he was admitted to the bar, and was already an accomplished French, Italian, and Spanish scholar. The following year he became an editorial writer on a prominent newspaper, and was also a constant contributor to numerous New England periodicals of that day, notably the North American Review. In 1826 he was a State senator, and it was in that same year that he was admitted a conselor of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, and in his first case before that court Daniel Webster was his antagonist. In the autumn he was defeated for Congress by John Varnum, of the same political party. When twenty-nine years of age, he visited Europe and spent much time in Spain. He was fascinated with the country and wrote a book on it, but I apprehend one would learn more of the Spanish character from Le Sage than

he will from Cushing. He was not the man to tell us of the land of chivalry, of romance, of poetry. There is nothing in his book comparable to the simple passage in Robertson describing to us that delicious valley Charles V selected as a place where to die. I have forgotten the name of it. There is much history, legend, and quoted poetry in Cushing's book, but it does not give you the longing to see Spain and travel over it that some other books on Spain do and that were written by obscure men.

In November, 1834, Caleb Cushing was elected a member of the Twenty-fourth Congress, and was thrice re-elected. He was a Whig and a partisan of Webster, and was not unheralded. He was one of the first lawyers of that period, an orator of great capacity and power, the first scholar of his time, and a prolific writer on numerous subjects. He took no back seat in Congress and discussed all the leading questions, notably the "right of petition," as it was called, in which he sided with John Quincy Adams, who went so far as to present a petition from some of his constituents praying for a dissolution of the Union because negro slavery existed at the South.

When Gen. Harrison died, Webster remained in Tyler's Cabniet and Cushing joined the Tyler party. Henry Clay was violently opposed to the administration, though Tyler had been nominated for Vice President because he was a Clay man. There was a great battle in Congress. The Whig party was hopelessly disrupted, and though it elected Taylor in 1848, it had in its system the seed of death, planted when Henry Clay made his terrific assaults

on John Tyler. When Cushing left Congress, Tyler appointed him Secretary of the Treasury, but Clay would not permit the Senate to comfirm him.

He then went to China as the commissioner of the United States and Envoy and Plenipotentiary. There he negotiated a commercial treaty, learned the language, and studied the people. He remained there but six months, and got back to the United States in time for the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war, both of which he approved.

Cushing was now a Democrat and decidedly "a Northern man of Southern principles." When the war against Mexico was declared the military quota of Massachusetts was fixed at one regiment, but it was not a popular war in that community. Enlistments were slow, very slow. The copperheadism of Hosea Bigelow's poetry met with far more public approval than Caleb Cushing's patriotism The General Court of Massachusetts refused to appropriate $20,000 to equip the regiment after it was raised, but Cushing advanced the money out of his private means and sent the regiment to Mexico, where it arrived too late to fight. Cushing followed the command and was appointed its colonel, and was quite serviceable in holding courts of military inquiry, due to his prodigious and instantaneous knowledge of all sorts of law. Later he was promoted to brigadier general. He gave evidence of the possession of considerable military talents, and had opportunity afforded there is no doubt that he would have proved himself a stout soldier. It was a war without an American defeat or serious discomfiture. Scott's march to Mexico City was the plan of Robert E. Lee's consummate military genius, Scott's Chief

of Staff, and the numerous furious actions of the opposing armies showed what a warlike people the Americans are and gave promise of the desperate courage that was soon to be displayed in the wider theater of 1861-65. The Mexican war was a training school for the commanders and their subordinates who led in the greater struggle. Lee and Grant, Johnston and McClellan, Bragg and Buell, Jackson and Hooker, and hundreds of others got their baptism of fire on Scott's march to the City of Mexico.

In 1847 the Massachusetts Democracy nominated Gen. Cushing for governor, and he accepted the honor in a letter written from Vera Cruz, but he was defeated by his Whig competitor, though he reduced the majority by 9,000 votes. On his return from Mexico, Newburyport gave him a salute of 100 guns, and he addressed his fellow-citizens in a speech on the war and the treaty of peace. But New England was opposed to both the war and the peace, and when Cushing was again nominated for governor he was overwhelmingly defeated.

And now Cushing was in private life, and he and Ben Butler the leaders of the party in Massachusetts. Butler had but one cause of discontent—the party was not quite small enough. There were a few too many of them for the Federal positions at the disposal of the bosses. In those days, the Massachusetts Democracy was what the Republican party has been at the South for forty years—an appetite, though not so insatiate as the concerns at the South have proved to be. In 1852, Cushing became a member, by appointment, of the supreme bench of Massa-

chusetts. Old Chief Justice Shaw, perhaps America's greatest judge, after Marshall, said of him: "When we got him we did not know what to do with him, but when he left us we did not know how to do without him." Never was there a more suggestive mind. With the possible exception of James A. Garfield, no doubt, Caleb Cushing was possessed of more acquired knowledge than any other American. It is related that on one occasion he and Rufus Choate were on opposing sides in an important and celebrated case at nici prius. A large audience was present, professional and lay, eager for the expected battle between the two giants. To the disappointment of every one, a motion for continuance was made by one side and not objected to by the other, and the case went over. When questioned for agreeing to the postponement, Cushing excused himself by saying that he feared the irresistible eloquence of Choate before a jury, and Choate said that he feared the influence the boundless knowledge of the law possessed by Cushing would have with the court.

In 1852 the Democrats swept the country and destroyed the Whig party. The South was in the saddle. Franklin Pierce was elected President, carrying all but four States, and two of those at the South. The compromise of 1850 was to be the policy of the victorious party, and Caleb Cushing was invited to a seat in the Cabinet. It was the only Cabinet of our history the personnel of which was unchanged during the entire term of four years. William L. Marcy was Secretary of State, and it would have been better if he had been President. James Guthrie was Secretary of the Treasury.

another man who ought to have been President. Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, and it is by everybody agreed that the duties of that position were never discharged with greater ability or more fidelity than the four years 1853-57. Robert McClelland was Secretary of the Interior, James C. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy; James Campbell, Postmaster General. Cushing was Attorney-General, and, perhaps, it is not too much to say that no more capable man ever discharged the duties of that department. In the Cabinet were three Southern men and four Northern.

Mr. Cushing's opinions as Attorney-General rank with the ablest that ever eminated from that great law office. As a constitutional lawyer he had few peers, as an international lawyer it is doubtful if he had an equal at the American bar.

When he left the Cabinet he returned to the practice of his profession, and was one of the greatest lawyers of the country, ranking with Choate, O'Conor, Evarts, Benjamin and the other magnates of the profession. He also dabbled in politics, and was a Democrat of the straightest sect. During Buchanan's administration he joined the Southern wing of the party in its war against Stephen A. Douglas, and supported Buchanan's Kansas policy. He was horrified by John Brown's raid, and the following year was chosen to preside over the memorable Charleston convention. He and Ben Butler dominated the Massachusetts delegation, and if those two men had possessed the power, Jefferson Davis would have succeeded James

Buchanan as President of the United States March 4, 1861.

When Lincoln was elected and the South seceded and the war came on to be fought, Cushing offered his services to Gov. Andrew, but he was treated with scant courtesy by that official, though why Cushing should be rejected and Butler accepted is not quite clear. He could not have been a greater failure in the field than his fellow-doughface proved to be. Rejected as a soldier, Cushing became a volunteer statesman on the staff of Lincoln. It is claimed for him that it was his sage counsel that Lincoln accepted in the Trent affair, and, if so, he rendered the cause of the Union immense service, for if Mason and Slidell had not been surrendered war with England would have followed, the blockade of Southern ports broken, and the independence of the Confederacy assured.

When the war was terminated, Cushing continued to be the adviser of the Republican party. He was the real author of the Geneva conference, the father of international arbitration and thus he again saved his country from what was bound to have been, from every consideration, a disastrous war. Had the advice of Sumner been taken war would have been inevitable. Fortunately Gen. Grant positively hated Sumner. At Geneva, Cushing was the leading arbiter of the United States, and there he showed that he was a match for the ablest lawyers of the world. He achieved a triumph, and Gen. Grant nominated him for chief justice of the Supreme Court.

The Republican party could not stand that. He

had voted for Breckinridge in 1860. He had advocated the Lecompton constitution. He had agreed with the Dred Scott decision. He had enforced the fugitive slave law—which Northern States had nullified—and was distinctively a Northern man of Southern principles. The Senate refused to confirm the nomination, and the immediate excuse for it was a letter Parson Brownlow read in the Senate—a letter Cushing had written Jefferson Davis after secession had taken place in the South . And it was a most friendly letter. No doubt at the time he wrote it Cushing approved secession and hoped for the success of the South in that movement.

Cushing was an extraordinary man, one of the most industrious our country has known. I have neglected to cite many of his actions that would be of interest. He died a few days before he reached the age of seventy-nine, and death found him vigorous, and, perhaps, the busiest man in Massachusetts.

There is no Life of Mr. Cushing, and a life of him, worthy the subject, would be a history of forty years of the American republic.

A CHAPTER ON PATRIOTISM.

It was July 4, and when as I walked abroad in the morning, a man, a foreign-born citizen, a Hessian, who was forced to vote the Know-Nothing ticket fifty-seven times in one day in that town by the "Plug Uglies" of Baltimore, nearly sixty years ago, accosted me and demanded to know why I did

not display the "Stars and Stripes," and he challenged my patriotism. He had a little old flag out at his window that cost about 5 cents the dozen. What I answered would not read very well in print in a religious newspaper, though I claim to be an indifferent patriotic as Hamlet was indifferent honest.

Now I hold, and will maintain against all comers, that no man can be a "patriot" except for the land of his birth, where he first saw the light, where he first drew from the breast of his mother the milk that sustained his infant vitality. Hamilton, the foreigner, was an adventurer. Had his lines been cast in England he would have been a partisan of George III, and perhaps the one man of all political letters who would have been able to drive "Junius" out of the pamphlet controversy.

Perhaps I will return to that phase of the subject before I quit, though I am now indignant, and there is no telling what I am going to say. The man who boasts his patriotism is he that was the Pharisee, whom Christ rebuked. He prayed long and loud on the street corners. He was sanctimonious. He reeked in his iniquity and in his sin. He was an ingrowing scoundrel from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He wore the badge; he would have exposed to the breeze the flag. If a female he would have flaunted chastity; if a merchant he would have proclaimed honesty; if a soldier he would have vaunted courage. Everywhere and everything he would have been a fraud.

Patriotism is a sentiment, child of the heart and not of the mind. It is never clothed in the harlot

garb of the brazen and brilliant tulip, but wears the modest and fragrant decoration of the retiring and chaste violet. It is the charity of St. Paul:

"It suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up
"Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh not evil;
"Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;
"Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

And that, too, is patriotism. The two words are twin. They mean the same thing and are the same thing.

Alfred the Great was a patriot. So was William the Silent. John Hampden was a patriot; so was George Washington. Jefferson Davis was a patriot; so was Abraham Lincoln. Robert E. Lee was a patriot; so was Ulysses S. Grant.

Patriotism is a matter of birth, and in our country we never had but a single traitor, and his name was Benedict Arnold. He was as brave as Caesar and after our war for independence was successful he fought a duel in England, with Lord Crawford of the Scotch peerage, who, doubtless, was a direct lineal descendant of that Crawford who commanded the Scotch Guards of the household troops of Louis XI. When they came on the field of honor Arnold fired and missed. Then Crawford threw down his pistol and with scorn in his eye and vitriol on his tongue, said, "I leave you to the hangman."

That same Crawford paid a big forged check with the remark, "My name shall not go to protest." There is patriotism for you, which is personal honor.

I read of a military commander in one of the States of the Middle West. He was a fool and a scamp and it would have taken a platoon of yoked oxen to drag him into a place of danger. But O, how he did reek with the dross of patriotism!

Well, this fellow marched his company of corn-stalk militia out on the grounds at drill July 4. He ordered that every man there present of the thousands of spectators should salute the flag. There were some reprobate patriots who told him to go to grass. They believed in the flag all right, but they scorned it when a Sir Andrew Aguecheek like he ordered them to take off their hats and they were right. If that flag means what I interpret it, it is this: I can keep my hat on in its presence. Why, even in Spain, in that elder day when "divine right" maintained in every country in Christendom, the Spanish grandee stood covered in the presence of his king, the master at whose order he would have marched to the cannon's mouth.

If I am supposed to show the flag and flaunt it, or bow to it when somebody else shows it and flaunts it, what is it but Gessler's cap? The only difference is that one was a cap and the other is a rag.

In this connection I may say that Ben Butler was the chief owner of that concern in Massachusetts that furnishes the United States with its flags. He was the author of the law that flies the flag from the tens of thousands of public buildings in the United States. That was not patriotism; it was thrift. There's millions in it.

The flag should be sacred, representative of patriotic sentiment, immaculate justice and exact

equality only. Make it that, and I'll salute it; I"ll kneel to it.

And Johnson licked Jeffries. I'm glad of it. In the realm of brutality I want a negro for king, and I hope that Johnson will "knock the block off' any other white man who lowers himself to enter upon combat with him. Practically it was a fake fight, for Jeff knew he was all in; but he got tens of thousands of dollars out of it, and if it were possible to associate Alfred Tennyson with a ruffian I might quote:

"And the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels."

I am glad that the nigger won on another account. It shows that the race prejudice is just as intense at the North as it is at the South, and the increasing exodus of negroes from the South to the North will soon make the question acute, and then it will be settled.

The way to compose it is to enter into treaty with Great Britain under the terms of which that empire shall take over Liberia and hold it a crown colony. Then hire all the educated negroes we have, from Booker Washington down, to emigrate to Liberia and become British subjects, and there work out their salvation, elevate themselves to the skies, God willing.

Failing that, death will settle the thing. Inferiority cannot stand with superiority. There are few more negroes in this country in 1911 than there were in 1900. The negro will go to Liberia or go as went the unslavable Indian.

WORDS.

They have established another hall of fame in New York, but it is for words, and not for men, as witness the following press dispatch:

"A contest to decide the twenty-five most beautiful words in the English language, conducted by the West Fifty-seventh street Branch of the Y. M. C. A., this week was won by John Shea, a lawyer, of 416 Broadway. The prize was a flexible leather standard student's dictionary. Twenty-one of the twenty-five words submitted by Mr. Shea were accepted.

"The words accepted are melody, splendor, adoration, eloquence, virtue, innocence, modesty, faith, joy, honor, radiance, nobility, sympathy, heaven, love, divine, hope, harmony, happiness, purity and liberty. Three of the words rejected were grace, justice and truth."

The rules pertaining to the rivalry are not given, and one is left to conjecture whether the words should be considered only for excellence in matters of cadence, rhythm, euphony; and from such standpoint those selected are doubtless as good as any, but if sentiment, emotion and susceptibility are employed in the equation, how can one prefer eloquence over justice, melody over truth, radiance over duty?

Justice embraces all the virtues, lacking none. Without it the universe would be chaos. It is the basic principle of all moral excellence, of all moral existence, and here I have opportunity to incorporate my favorite prose quotation from an eminent clergyman of the Anglican Church, that I am glad I memorized it the first time

I ever read it, more than forty years ago, and I hope every youth who reads this letter will do likewise. I quote from memory, a deplorable habit I long ago dropped into.

"Truth is its handmaid; Freedom is its child; Peace is its companion; Safety walks in its steps; Victory follows in its train—it is the brightest emanation of the Gospel, it is the greatest attribute of God. It is that center around which human passions and interests turn, and justice, sitting on high, sees genius and power and wealth and birth revolve around her throne, and marks out their orbits and teaches their paths, and rules with a strong hand and warns with a loud voice, and carries order and discipline into a world, which but for her would be a wild waste of passions."

With justice enthroned, no State should perish. It was not the snows of Russia, nor the coalitions of Northern Europe, not the English navy, that overcame Napoleon the Great. It was his disregard and contempt of justice. He was a liar and a robber, and hence, God smote him. Fortune forsook him. Even victory in her chariot fought against him.

But if this battle of the words is based on mere rhythm, the thing becomes trivial, peurile and of very small moment. Our language has thousands of words just as euphonious as those chosen. It is a matter of dainty taste, a thing of squeamish opinion. When it comes to rhythmic beauty, the Indian names of the geographical nomenclature of the State of Mississippi will beat the entire English dictionary out of sight.

THE RACE QUESTION.

Shakespeare wrote as no other writer of profane letters has writ, and among his tens of thousands of gems of wisdom we find this:

"For there was never yet a philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently."

And I believe you will find it in Shakespeare that we can bear the ills of our neighbor with more serenity than we will ever tote our own.

The World's Sunday School Convention lately convened in this town, and the local committee very properly excluded the colored contingent from the parade, whereat and whereupon there was the devil to pay and not enough hot pitch handy. The colored hierarchy delivered itself of an indignant harangue that very thinly veiled the ambition of every educated negro—his aspiration to full social equality. And the foreign contingent fell in, applauded, "washed their hands in invisible water with imperceptible soap," and thanked God they were better than their neighbors.

What does an Englishman know of the race question as it exists with us? As a Pharisee he smites his breast and exclaims, "We have no race prejudice!" Certainly they have not; there is no raw material over there out of which to fashion such a thing; but you put as many negroes per thousand inhabitants in Great Britain as there are in the United States and they will forge you a race prejudice that will make ours blush.

Put one of these gentry down in the black belt of the Cotton South, keep him there a twelve-month, a citizen of any one of the Gulf States, and Ben Tillman will rebuke him for the intensity and uncharity of his race prejudice. Haven't we seen it in Yankees who have pitched their tents down there?

If it were only ill manners—for I am not very

strong on manners—if it were not a suggestion of the immoral, I would ask these Sunday school kickers to read the English classic, "Tom Jones," by Henry Fielding, in which this admonition is found: He will discuss a subject with no less intellectual force who first informs himself as to the merits of the question. And that is true, as anyone with a very little of the quality of ratiocination must soon discover.

These visitors from abroad are densely and defiantly ignorant of the race question in the United States, and it is an impertinence for them to tell us what to do about a problem that involves caste, that is stronger than armies and navies and all the philosophies of the transcendental schools and all the foolishness of such sentimental blatherskites as Wendell Phillips and his set. Let us not forget that New England was a slave trader. Their pirates brought the savages here, sold them to us down South, where we Christianized them. But why go into that, the most infamous chapter in all history, Southern Reconstruction, and I have read about Caligula and Nero, Tamerlane and the Turkish empire of the heroic Sultans, too.

But what made me mad and what is responsible for this rather choleric paper is what two Yankee preachers had to say about it. One Hartshorn of Boston, and one Stroiber of Brooklyn, voted themselves clear of race prejudice, and the paper says they "emphasized the difference between the treatment the negro receives in the North and in the South."

Well, let me put a plain tale that will show you

how little more than an oyster these two know about it. I grant you they are perfectly honest, perfectly sincere, and from their standpoint God-fearing, if not God-loving men. The latter I doubt, for we cannot love what we do not understand.

But what is the treatment of the negro at the North? Do you find negro barbers in Boston? No. Why? Because of a race prejudice that would have the negro a statesman down South, but not an artisan up North. Down South when a brutal negro commits the unspeakable crime, we, in orderly way, take him out and lynch him. It is the only way to preserve civilization. If there were a better way we would practice it. How is it in Springfield, Ohio, or Springfield, Illinois? Why, they not only lynch the offending negro, but they kill scores of innocent men, women and children of the race and burn their roofs over their heads. Kansas, where old John Brown murdered and robbed, set the fashion of burning negroes at the stake.

It was an immeasurable calamity that the South did not heed the admonitions of Washington and Jefferson, Clay and the Breckinridges, and gradually emancipate the slaves, exporting them as they were freed. New England refused to go into the Union unless it was provided in the Constitution that until 1808 they were not to be disturbed in the thrifty work of turning molasses into rum, which they swapped on the coast of Guinea for black slaves, that they exchanged for tobacco on the coast of Virginia. They carried the tobacco to Liverpool, and there exchanged it for goods, wares and merchandise that they took to Cuba and swapped for molasses, out of which to make more rum, with

which to buy more slaves. And thus the elect of God prospered and made "gayneful pyllage." Peter Faneuil was one of 'em.

It was discovered that slavery was not profitable at the North. That was after 1808, and only then it was first revealed that slavery was wicked at the South. But for the meddling Yankees—long-haired men, who should have been born women, and short-haired women, who should not have been born at all—slavery would have died a natural death at the South. Nearly all the F. F. V.'s were emancipationists. The very cream of Kentucky statesmanship of all parties were emancipationists. North Carolina was pretty nearly an emancipation State the middle of the last century, and Tennessee was a little behind her. The South had numerous emancipation societies, and the very year the New England Anti-Slavery Society was formed, representatives from eighty-five Southern emancipation societies met in Baltimore to devise ways and means to free the negro.

But when rude, impertinent, unmannerly, insolent, meddling New England set herself up as the only exemplar on earth of political God and morality, every Southern anti-slavery society, except old Cash Clay and a few other fanatics in Kentucky, dissolved and turned rank pro-slavery. That made the war. Nobody but a fool or a fanatic denies that slavery was recognized as property in the Constitution. The South stood pat on the Constitution. The North nullified it, and being the stronger, her nullification went.

The South said, "Very, well, if you won't stand

by the articles of co-partnership, let the firm be dissolved." Under the Constitution as interpreted by the Supreme Court, a Southern man had as much right to take into a Territory his negro slave and there hold him as the Northern man had to take his horse. But the North repudiated its own Constitution, and that made the war.

Abraham Lincoln was no more what Henry Watterson idealizes him than he was what Donn Piatt paints him. He was a Southern poor white, and had no philanthropy to throw to the negro. But he had all the contempt in the world for the sentimental nonsense of Emerson, Sumner, Phillips and that set, who would have sent to the slaughter all the whites of the South, of all ages, and both sexes, had that been the only way to free a nigger.

In his debate with Douglas Mr. Lincoln expressed his contempt for the negro, and all he sought was to emancipate the whites of the South from the ruin that slavery threatened to bring upon them, and as all now clearly see it would have resulted in. Lincoln had more than the wisdom of Franklin, and he was the most practical statesman of an epoch out of which American civilization, as by a miracle, emerged without destruction. Had he lived there would have been no fourteenth and no fifteenth amendments. There would have been none of that cruel and infamous reconstruction at the South, for every drop of his blood was Southern and every pulsation of his heart Southern. The man he admired most in all the world was the Vice President of the Southern Confederacy.

This world is full of folks who have much to learn. Lincoln did not wage war to free the slave negro, but for the Southern white. He saw that by the close of the nineteenth century Mississippi would have 20 negroes to one white. He saw that every poor white would leave that State, that would be turned into plantations on which dwelt a dozen whites and a dozen hundred blacks. That was what Lincoln fought the war for, and his victory was a blessing to the South, though hideously disguised after his death.

I believe the race question will be composed by the inexorable hand of death. In a race between superior and inferior, and that is the derby Charles Sumner entered the nigger in, the inferior will be left at the post, or distanced in the stretch. Look at the Indian. The negro will disappear as he did.

THE RETURN OF THE FLAGS.

From the battle of Edgehill to the enlistment of Jacobite Highlanders in the regular army of Great Britain was a period of five score years and ten, and covers the English revolution from beginning to ending, for Culloden was the Appamattox of a Lost Cause, as Edgehill was its Bull Run. From the bombardment of Fort Sumter to the appointment of Fitzhugh Lee and Joseph Wheeler to commands in the United States army was less than two score years. Rebellion is a great history maker; unsuccessful treason is a great romance maker, just as successful treason is generally a public benefactor. Not the least shrewd idea of some of the British

essayists is that had not Cromwell come in the middle of the seventeenth century England would have had her Danton, her Murat and her Robespierre, by the middle of the eighteenth, and she somewhat narrowly escaped the vortex that engulfed France at the close of the eighteenth century, notwithstanding her successful rebellion of 1642 against Charles, and her successful treason of 1688 against James. The rebellions called the wars of the roses were mere quarrels among the nobles, but the rebellion of 1642 and the revolution of 1688 were struggles between prerogative and liberty. All of them were civil wars and rich in valor, devotion, poetry and romance.

In the closing days of the session of the American Congress, soon after the completion of the nineteenth century, each House without ado, without remark, without address, without a ripple, without demur, without division, unanimously passed the joint resolution restoring to the former Confederate States certain battle flags captured on the field by the Federal armies during the great war of 1861-65. It was a magnanimous and and a patriotic thing to do, and in comparison it makes churlish the chivalry of the Black Prince in becoming cup bearer to his royal captive, and it was all the better because in each House the measure was put upon its passage upon motion of a man who had worn the blue. There can be but one possible suggestion of regret, and that is that the initiative in this action did not emanate from that Senator who was governor of Ohio some thirty years ago. It would have been more appropriate, more high-minded, if possible, and so far from it being a matter of stultification,

there was too much nobility of soul in the transaction for that.

The William Pitt, who became Earl of Chatham, was a British statesman in 1745, when Charles Edward made that romantic and heoric campaign for the crown and the realm of his royal ancestors. That prince prosecuted the war with valor and with chivalry, and its disastrous culmination has commanded for him the sympathy of every generation since.

Loyalty to and zeal in the cause of the Stuart were the sentiment through the Highlands, and Flora Macdonald is a heroine wherever the history or the romance of Scotland has penetrated. Who would not glory in an ancestress like this noble girl, or like the Jane Lane, who saved Charles II nearly 100 years earlier.

It is somewhat curious that the victor of Culloden is another name for butcher, and the vanquished of the field is possibly the most interesting of all the Stuarts, always excepting the beauteous Mary, Puritan as well as Cavalier—the descendants of John Knox and John Balfour, if they had any; the posterity of Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards —have read with the sympathy of tears Sir Walter's admirable story of that campaign, and Fergus MacIvor Vich Ian Vohr, whether such a man ever lived or not, is as real as Brutus or Hampden, Bayard or Sidney. There is no division of sympathy as to Culloden; the vanquished got all of it, and ever will, and yet there is little doubt that Cumberland was as good a man as Charles Edward, his cause a better cause, and his victory an inestimable and

perennial boon to the British realm, for doubtless it saved another revolution, perhaps another civil war.

After Culloden, the Highlanders were treated with much rigor. They were disarmed and that was the greatest affront that could have been put upon them. One clan was forbidden to have its name—MacGreggor—and here was its defiance:

> If they rob of of name, and pursue us with beagles,
> Give their robes to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles.

Pitt entered upon that ministry, the most glorious in English history since Marlborough's victories, about seven years after Culloden. He was wise enough to know that there would be no real peace, no adequate security in England so long as Highland Scotland was disloyal and thirsting for revenge, and so he recruited several regiments from the clans of these rebels and sent them to fight England's battles in every quarter of the globe during the Seven Years' War. They and their successors of those historic regiments have added epics of glory to English annals by their deeds of daring in both hemispheres and on both sides of the equator.

Nowhere else in the world has rebellion so flourished as in Scotland. A great Scotchman wrote: "In any general classification of constitutions, the constitution of Scotland must be reckoned as one of the worst, perhaps the worst, in Christian Europe. Yet the Scotch are not ill-governed. And the reason is simply that they will not bear to be ill governed." The same may be said of our Southern States in the time of reconstruction, the government which the Southern people found a way to throw off.

Before the time of Mary, rebellion and treason had at some time abided in every Scottish castle, and Mary was dethroned and imprisoned by her brother, the great regent—the strongest and wisest ruler Scotland ever had. If Murray had been legitimate and the Protestant he was, Elizabeth might not have been Queen Regnant but Queen Consort. In the civil wars Mary was defeated, and ultimately lost her head; but posterity has done her more than justice, and she will always live in poetry and in romance the loveliest woman and the most unfortunate queen since that wife of Herod the Great, who was called Mariamme the Asmonean.

Montrose is another hero of history, of romance and of poetry; and he, too, was loyal to the house of Stuart. Call him loyalist or traitor, as you will. His career was glorious, though it brought him to the block, and he gained more victories in the field than Wallace. If Charles I had made him commander-in-chief and kept him in England there is every reason to imagine that Cromwell's head would have paid the price of his rebellion. Judas the Maccabee was no greater hero than his Scotch noble, and little more fortunate a soldier. Yet he died a traitor's death, but every Scot for generations has loved and honored his memory, and scorned and despised his executioners.

And that other Graeme—Claverhouse! Where is the Scot, at home or abroad, highland or lowland, whether his ancestor was a gloomy Cameronian, or a blithe Cavalier—where is the Scot, though his grandsire's grandsire preached in conventicle, or plunged into battle beside Dalzell, whose heart does

not respond to "Up with the Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee?"

To the lords of Convention, 'twas Claverhouse spoke;
"Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke.
Then let each Cavalier who loves honor and me
Cry 'Up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.'

* * * * * * *

"There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth,
Be there lords in the Lowlands, there are chiefs in the North,
And brave dunnie-wassels, three thousand times three,
Will cry, 'Up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.'

* * * * * * *

"Then ho, for the hills, for the caves, and the rocks;
Ere I own an usurper, I'll crouch with the fox.
But tremble, false Whigs, in your traitorous glee;
Ye hae nae heard the last of my bonnets and me!"

More fortunate than his kinsman Montrose, who died on the scaffold for Charles I, Dundee died for James II on the field of battle, at the close of a hard-fought day with the shout of victory ringing in his ears, and Sir Walter Scott in "Old Mortality" makes him say that is the death of all others he preferred. And Sir Walter makes the last minstrel say this of that glorious field on which Claverhouse fell:

Low as that tide has ebbed with me,
It still reflects to memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee.
Why, when the volleying muskets played
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was I not beside him laid!—
Enough—he died the death of fame;
Enough—he died with conqueroring Graeme!

It is the duty of mankind to thank the Stuarts

for their misrule that made rebellions for Walter Scott to ennoble and embalm in his immortal verse and his matchless prose.

Sir Walter was a Tory, and a Scotch Tory at that. It is not strange then that, wizard that he was, he threw a glamour of poetry and romance around the Cavaliers of whom he wrote. Though a prisoner, and acquainted with grief, Mary is nowhere else so lovely as in "The Abbott." Sir Henry Lee, in "Woodstock," is the incarnation of the old English gentleman. The Baron of Bradwardine, in Waverley, is a perpetual delight, and so it is throughout the chapter; but when a Whig takes up the subject we find this same partiality to the Stuart cause—possibly because it is the lost cause. Take Defo'e "Cavalier," that Chatham, when he was the first orator and first statesman of Europe, thought was authentic history, written by a partisan of Charles. Defoe was a Whig, author of the "True-blooded Englishman," and a pillar of the reign of William III; but when he came to write a romance he was compelled, or he saw fit, to write on the other side. Perhaps it only shows that romance goes with the lost cause. And may we not speculate that when the American "Waverley" comes, if he does come, and turns out to be a Yankee, as he probably will, his heroes will be Ashley, Stuart, Morgan, Forrest and their troopers?

France is almost as prolific of rebellion as Scotland. Moncontour, a Catholic victory, ranks with Ivry, a Huguenot victory. Colligny and Guise are equally illustrious names. The Constable Bourbon led the enemies of his country at Pavia, but

never treason had more provocation, and he is a hero of romance. It was in civil wars that du Guesclin and Dunois gathered those laurels that will not fade till chivalry ceases to be a theme for letters.

In the war known as the Fronde, Conde and Turenne were on opposing sides, and that is a lovely story of Turenne sleeping in his tent and confident of security because he supposed Conde was a hundred miles away. His army was assailed after midnight, and when Turenne awakened and discovered the nature of the attack he remarked to his staff, "Conde is here," and so he was. There is no doubt that Conde was a rebel, and little doubt that he was a traitor, but not long after he and Turenne were marshals of France in the court, and at the head of the armies of Louis XIV, and it would be hard to tell whom of the two reaped for his master and for France the more military glory.

But that part of France known in the history of the revolution as La Vendee was the scene of the most desperate, the most relentless, the most heroic civil war of modern times. There must have been something good after all in those Bourbon princes to command such devotion and such valor. But the Vendeans were fighting for faith as well as for king. And such a fight! They were descended from those spinning maids of Bretagne who took from their miserable earnings the ransom Chandos fixed as the price of Bertrand du Guesclin's liberty, and what worthy successors in arms of the mighty constable are expressed in the names of Bonchamps, Cathelineau, Larochejaquelein, de Lascure, D'Ibee and Charette. Each of these was brave enough and talented enough to have attained the rank of marshal of France in the armies of Napoleon; but before the

return from Egypt all of them had fallen like Bayard and were in Elysium with du Guesclin and Dunois, soon to be joined by Desaix and Lannes. Though the population was but 800,000, these chieftains and their undisciplined levies held at bay for years the armies of the republic, and a hundred times defeated the legions that had advanced the tri-color across the Rhine, hurled Prussia back from the Ardennese, and pursued the beaten forces of Austria to the Black Forest. In the history of warfare, from Leonidas and his Spartans at Thermopylae to Nogi and his Japs at Port Arthur, no people bore themselves braver or faithfuler than the Bretagne and Vendean peasantry in their battles for the religion and their king. Balzac, Victor Hugo, Dumas and George Sand all undertook to paint these princes and peasants, and narrate their deeds, and the themes were worthy even their mighty genius and splendid diction.

In England, in Scotland and in France the glories of their civil wars are now become national. No distinction is made between loyalist and rebel. Hampden, the patriot, and Montrose, the traitor, are one, the common pride and the common heritage of every succeeding generation. Only the other day a descendant of that Duke of Berwick, an Englishman born, nephew of Marlborough, who at the head of a French army, beat an English army at Almanza—only the other day his descendant laid claim to the English dukedom of his ancestor, who would have been hanged for a traitor if caught on English soil in the reigns of his half sisters, Mary and Ann. If one will carefully read the life of Berwick he will conclude that that admirable hero was more like Robert E. Lee as a soldier than any other great

captain of modern times. He did not lead French armies and grasp the baton of the marshal of France because he wanted to, but because he had to. And Lee was not a Confederate because he wanted to be one, but because he had to be one. Both were slaves to duty. Berwick's royal father, James II, commanded the French troops at the battle of the Boyne, but he showed what a splendid Englishman he was at La Hogue, where he cheered the English fleet that beat the French fleet his cousin Louis sent out to restore him to his throne. He forgot that he was a dethroned King, forgot his hopes. He only saw the English flag victorious and gave aloose to his patriotism. And that very day the Admiral of the British fleet was a Jacobite, and would have been glad of a licking could he have found a way to take it with honor.

Fifty years have come and gone since Appomattox. The flags are returned, and this generation have forgotten the bitterness and remember only the glories of 1861-1865. How will it be in 1961? Lincoln and Davis, Grant and Lee, Sherman and Johnston—Federal and Confederate, patriot and rebel—Yankee Doodle and Dixie—will all be one; all a common heritage of devotion and valor.

There will be no more division among our people touching the patriotic impulses of both armies than there is at this time in England touching the merits of the issues between York and Lancaster in the war of the roses. All that this generation cares to know about it is that York was the white rose and Lancaster the red. All future Americans will care to know will be that Grant wore the blue and Lee the gray.

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