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For Mr Russell Thayer
With affectionate regards

AKM Kellogg

January 29. 1904





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A. M. Colver

ADDRESSES:

Literary, Political, Legal and Miscellaneous.

By

A. K. McCLURE, LL. D.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION,

BY

C. W. McKEEHAN.

VOLUME I.

PHILADELPHIA:

THE TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Eighth and Chestnut Sts.

1894.

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PHILADELPHIA

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INTRODUCTION.



C. W. MCKEEHAN.

Alexander Kelly McClure was born at Centre Church, Sherman's Valley, Perry County, Pa., on the 9th of January, 1828. His parents came from sturdy Scotch-Irish stock on both sides, reared to the calling of the farmer in the mountain regions of Perry. He was flogged through the very common and semi-occasional schools of that time in the usual way. Free schools were then unknown, and

a three months' course of subscription schooling in the winter was then regarded as a very liberal contribution toward the education of the youths of the community. Teaching in the schools was confined entirely to the simple rudiments of education, and grammar was regarded as necessary only for those who were to be prepared for the professions. His education was confined to these primitive schools, with three months added during his apprenticeship. When fifteen years of age he was apprenticed to his uncle, William M. McClure, of New Bloomfield, Pa., to learn the trade of tanner and carrier. When his apprenticeship had been half fulfilled his uncle removed to the West, and he finished his apprenticeship with James Marshall in the same place. In the spring of 1846, when but little over eighteen years of age, he finished his apprenticeship and made

his first visit to Philadelphia, bearing with him a single letter of introduction from his old master to the late Joseph B. Myers, then engaged in the hide and leather house of Joseph Howell & Co.

There was universal depression in business during that year, and Mr. McClure's efforts to obtain employment at his trade were unsuccessful. He went to New York, worked his way up the North River on a barge, and traveled through the then great tanning region of the Catskill Mountains on foot for a week in search of employment without success. He returned to Catskill, worked his way to Buffalo on a line boat, and thence around the Lakes to Chicago and Iowa, that was then a territory. After spending the summer working on the prairie farms he returned home in the fall of the same year. The pursuit he had chosen seemed so discouraging that he gave up the idea of following it, and a sudden and unexpected change in the purposes of his life was effected by an application that had been made by some prominent Whigs of Juniata County to Judge Baker, editor of the *Perry Freeman* of New Bloomfield, for some one to establish a Whig paper in that county. Judge Baker had but lately founded his paper, and he encouraged Mr. McClure, during his apprenticeship, to write brief articles occasionally, and gave him a pretty free run of the exchange papers; and at his request Mr. McClure was finally induced to make the venture, although he had no knowledge of the printing business and was entirely without experience as a writer or the education necessary to qualify him as such.

He thus established the *Juniata Sentinel* of Mifflintown, and issued the first paper on the 9th of December, 1846, when he was not yet nineteen years of age. He speedily mastered the mechanical duties of his office, and before the close of the year was his own chief compositor and pressman as well as editor. His paper was thus made quite successful among the small county journals of the State, and he gradually became somewhat of a political power in his immediate section. In 1848, when not yet of age, he was a delegate in the Whig Congressional Conference of that district, and earnestly but unsuccessfully urged the nomination of Andrew G. Curtin. That was the beginning of a friendship that has steadily grown and ripened for nearly half a century. In 1850 he was appointed Deputy Marshal for Juniata County, and took the census of that year. In 1852 he sought a wider field by purchasing one-half interest in the *Chambersburg Repository*, then one of the oldest and most respected journals of the State, and he moved to that place in March of that

year. A few months after he located there he purchased the interest of his partner, enlarged and greatly improved his paper, and soon made it one of the most successful and influential of the weekly journals of the State.

In 1853, without any effort on his part, or having been named as a candidate before the meeting of the convention, he was made the Whig nominee for Auditor General, having been nominated by the late Morton McMichael of Philadelphia. He and his several colleagues on the ticket of that year were defeated, as the State was then strongly Democratic. In 1854 he took an active part in the nomination and election of Governor Pollock, who manifested his appreciation of Mr. McClure by voluntarily nominating him for the position of Superintendent of Public Printing soon after his inauguration. He held the position for eight months when he resigned to devote his undivided attention to his newspaper. The American movement had then absorbed the great bulk of the Whigs of the State, and, as Mr. McClure had no sympathy with its proscriptive features, he not only refused to join in it, but opposed its policy and its candidates, and as that was offensive to a majority of the old Whigs who were readers of his newspaper, he sold it out and resolved to retire from politics and devote himself to the practice of law, which he had studied during his early years of journalism. He at once became associated with William McLellan, one of the leading members of the Chambersburg bar, and while they remained in active practice they were among the most successful lawyers in that section of the State.

In 1856 the Erie riots, as they were called, were at the zenith of the disgraceful disturbances between the Erie and the Northeast Railroad and a considerable number of the people of Erie city. So intensely bitter did this conflict become, that it broke up social circles, divided churches, and erupted in riots. Even the women of the city, on one occasion, marched in a body to a railroad bridge and burnt it. The Legislature had forfeited the chartered rights of the railroad, taken possession of the property, and Joseph Casey was appointed superintendent of the road on behalf of the State, and sent out to take charge of it to maintain the peace. After repeated efforts to harmonize the difficulties and keep the Lake Shore trunk line open between the West and New York, he resigned his position in disgust. Governor Pollock next appointed Colonel William F. Small of Philadelphia, who made an earnest effort to operate the road in harmony with the people of Erie, but he soon despaired of

success and retired from his position. Governor Pollock next sent for Mr. McClure and earnestly urged him to accept the position, which he finally agreed to do on the condition that he should be permitted to exercise his authority in his own way, and to summon any military force necessary to protect the road under such policy as he might deem best for operating it. This was acceded to, and he went to Erie and took charge of the property. He was well acquainted with the leading men on both sides, and after spending a week or more in quiet efforts to harmonize them he changed the policy of the administration of the road, and supposed that he had so far harmonized the conflicting elements that there would be peace; but when on his way home he was stopped by a telegram informing him that fresh riots had broken out; that the mob had torn out a newspaper office, burned the presses, type and fixtures in the public street, and that the condition of things was even worse than before. He immediately returned and at once summoned to his room the two leading men of each side of the controversy. These men on either side had not spoken to the others for nearly or fully two years, and none of them knew whom they were to meet in Mr. McClure's room. There was considerable hesitation and some frowning faces when they found themselves unexpectedly face to face with each other. They were men of high character and intelligence, and Mr. McClure informed them why he had called them together; that they must confer; that this trouble must be settled, or he would line the road from end to end with military force, with orders to shoot any man or woman who attempted to destroy the track or bridges. Before that conference ended the Erie riots were settled; there never was any disturbance thereafter, and the next Legislature restored the property to its owners upon conditions satisfactory to the people of Erie.

Mr. McClure was a delegate to the first Republican National Convention, that met in Philadelphia in 1856, and earnestly urged the nomination of Judge McLean for the Presidency. He was disappointed at the nomination of Fremont, but his strong anti-slavery convictions led him to take an active part in the contest. In 1857 there was a union of the Americans and Whigs effected in Franklin County in which Mr. McClure joined, and when the convention met to nominate candidates for important offices in the county, most of which were to be filled that year, he was importuned to accept the nomination for the Legislature. It was not expected that he could be elected, as Franklin County was very close politically, and Fulton

County, with nearly 400 Democratic majority, had been added to the district; but he was urged to accept the nomination to bring the old Whigs to support the movement in the hope of saving the county and the local ticket. He peremptorily declined to accept the nomination, although he assured the committee that he would most heartily support the ticket that might be nominated. The candidate for the Legislature was the last name chosen by the convention. Mr. McClure was nominated in disregard of his declination, and the convention adjourned before he had an opportunity to be heard from. When advised of it he at once sent notice of his refusal to accept, but the convention had adjourned and he was finally prevailed upon to permit his name to go on the ticket and suffer defeat to aid his fellow candidates whose contest was confined to the single county of Franklin. He entered into the contest very earnestly, spoke in every election district of the county, and was elected by over 200 majority notwithstanding the large Democratic majority of Fulton, when every other man on the ticket was defeated. He was the only Republican elected to the Legislature that year east of the Alleghenies and south of the Susquehanna, and served with only 27 Republicans out of the 100 members of the body.

In 1858 Mr. McClure was strongly urged to accept the Republican nomination for Congress, and the nomination would have been tendered him with entire unanimity had he been willing to accept it, but he peremptorily refused. The one-term rule had been adopted by his party in the district, and he felt that no man could be of any material service whose term was limited to two years, or to four years at the most, and another grave objection was the fact that going to Washington would seriously interfere with his law practice. He was then prevailed upon to accept a renomination for the Legislature, and he was re-elected by a very largely increased majority. In both instances his colleague in the House was a Democrat. In 1859 a Senator was to be chosen in his district, that was even more strongly Democratic than his Representative district. He persistently refused to permit himself to be considered as a candidate, but no other name was presented, and when the conference met and he was unanimously nominated, he felt that he could not decline when his party believed that his declination might lose the district while his acceptance might save it. The Democrats made a most determined contest against him, and it was one of the most bitter local political struggles in the history of the State. The general interest felt in it may be appreciated when it is stated that this battle for

Senator, at an ordinary off-year election, polled more votes than were ever cast for President in the district. He was elected by over 400 majority, and won his fight by running uniformly ahead of his ticket in every district in his own county, and also leading his ticket in both Adams and Fulton.

In 1860 he took an active part in favor of the nomination of Andrew G. Curtin for Governor and against Cameron for President. There were several prominent candidates for the important position of chairman of the Republican State Committee. The appointment was in the hands of Governor Pollock, president of the convention and Curtin candidate for Governor. After considerable delay and a somewhat bitter contest, Mr. McClure was selected as a compromise. He had not been a candidate and was very reluctant to accept so arduous and responsible a task, but when appointed he felt that he could not decline it. He went with Curtin to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, and it was the united protest of Curtin and Henry S. Lane, the candidates for Governor in Pennsylvania and Indiana, supported by Mr. McClure and John De Frees, chairmen of the State Committees of those States, that prevented the nomination of Seward for President, and led to the nomination of Lincoln. On the first of June, Chairman McClure opened the Republican headquarters in Philadelphia, and labored night and day from that time until the election. It was not only a task of most exacting duties, but unlike the management of politics at the present time, every officer of the State Committee not only gave his own time without compensation, but paid his own expenses. How wisely that contest was managed when a new party had to be created out of discordant elements is well illustrated by Curtin's election by over 32,000 majority, and Lincoln's later success in the State by over 60,000.

In 1862, soon after Mr. McClure's Senatorial services had ended, a requisition was made upon Pennsylvania for some 18,000 additional troops to serve in the war. There was then no national conscription act, and volunteering had ceased. It became necessary, therefore, in order to fill the quota of the State, to make a draft under the State laws, and it was a most important and delicate duty. At the earnest solicitation of President Lincoln and Governor Curtin Mr. McClure finally assented to take charge of it. He did so without any official position or compensation whatever. He insisted, as a condition of his acceptance, that the commissioners and surgeons to be appointed for each county should represent both parties, and

should be of the highest character, to assure confidence in the absolute fairness of the military discharges which might be made by them. Governor Curtin was heartily in accord with this suggestion, and the result was that he appointed the most prominent men in every county to discharge those important duties. Mr. McClure labored day and night, with the assistance of two clerks, to have the enrollment made and the quotas of the different districts adjusted, and in sixty days he was ready to furnish a regiment a day to the Government. There were some delicate duties to be performed, especially in Schuylkill, where there was an open rebellion against the enforcement of the draft by the Molly Maguires. Secretary Stanton directed Mr. McClure to send two regiments of troops to Cass Township, in Schuylkill County, to enforce the law, but he well understood the peril of a conflict between the military and citizens, and under confidential instructions from President Lincoln he adjusted the difficulty peacefully. The delay in organizing and forwarding the regiments of conscripts to the field after Mr. McClure had gathered them into camp at Harrisburg made him impatient, and in answer to his demand for the removal of the mustering officer at Harrisburg, President Lincoln sent him a commission as Assistant Adjutant of the United States, with the rank of Major, and an order assigning him to duty at Harrisburg. This commission made him the ranking officer at that place, and from the day that he was mustered in, troops were forwarded to the field with the utmost rapidity. He held his commission only until he had finished the organization of the conscripts and closed up the accounts between the State and the General Government, when he resigned.

In 1863 he fully believed that Governor Curtin could not survive the contest for re-election because of his infirm health, and he personally received from President Lincoln an autograph letter tendering to Governor Curtin a first-class mission at the end of his term, if he were willing to accept it. This led to Governor Curtin's public declination of a renomination, and Mr. McClure heartily united with the Governor in the effort to harmonize all parties in support of General William B. Franklin for Governor, and thus make the voice of Pennsylvania unanimous in support of the war. This effort was defeated by the Democratic leaders, and before the Republican Convention met it became evident that Governor Curtin must again enter the field and become the candidate unless the State was to be surrendered. Mr. McClure went to the convention and aided in the

renomination of Governor Curtin, and his whole time was devoted to the contest from the day of Curtin's renomination until his re-election. He spoke in every section of the State, and when not on the stump his time was given almost wholly to the management of the campaign. In 1864 Chambersburg was burned by McCausland's command, and a detachment passed one hundred other residences to visit the special vengeance of the Confederates on Mr. McClure by burning his house and barn with all their contents. His law office and printing office in the town shared the same fate. In July of that year the Republican Convention again nominated him for the Legislature. The district was then composed of Perry and Franklin, and was naturally Democratic, and he was again elected by several hundred majority with a Democratic colleague. He struggled along with his people in Chambersburg in the vain effort to retrieve the fearful misfortune that had fallen upon them, but the rebuilding of the destroyed properties under the enormously inflated prices of war times and the sudden depression that followed after the war bankrupted nearly half the people of the town, including Mr. McClure, and he was powerless alike to retrieve himself or to aid the people to whom he was bound by the strongest ties of gratitude.

He spent the year of '67 in the Rocky Mountains for the benefit of the health of his son, and when he returned in the winter of '68 he located in Philadelphia, where he resumed the practice of law. For four years he took no part whatever in politics, but in '72 he was provoked to an independent battle for the Senatorship in the Fourth District by the profligate and corrupt political methods of his own party. He ran against the regularly nominated candidate in a district that was Republican by over 8000 majority, and after a brief but spirited campaign he was elected by a decided vote, but counted out on the returns. He made a contest before the Senate, where he won his seat. In 1874 he was strongly urged to accept the nomination for Mayor, but he peremptorily refused. His nomination by the Democratic Convention was prevented only by a letter from him peremptorily declining to accept, and James S. Biddle was then nominated. Mr. Biddle finally declined, and Mr. McClure was nominated in defiance of his declination, and he was compelled to accept the contest as his own. He left the Senate for three weeks, and spoke every night from three to five times. It was a contest of unexampled intensity, and called out all the reserve forces of both the best and the worst elements of Philadelphia. It was the first

assault that had been made against the ruling power of the city that had degenerated into fearful maladministration and that summoned fraud with impunity to rescue it from defeat. No contest ever called out such an array of brilliant intellects in Philadelphia as did this contest for Mayor. Side by side with Mr. McClure were such able Republicans as William Henry Rawle, Henry Armit Brown, E. Joy Morris, John W. Forney, John J. Ridgway, William Welsh, John P. Verree, Amos R. Little and many others of like distinction, and in Mr. McClure's last address in the campaign, delivered the night before the election, after having spoken in every ward of the city, he briefly summed up the political situation. He said: "Friends, let us to the battle with courage and faith. We shall win by thousands, and even if the victory shall be stolen from us the battle is well worth the fighting. It has been fought at fearful cost because of the desperation of the enemy, but great wrongs can be righted only by such sacrifices. As for me, I have been but a straw in the current, and the high honor of being the best-abused man by the worst elements of all parties was unsought and accidental. Had I been willing to share the stained honors and corrupt profits of those who now disgrace our city authority, I could have won place, fortune and ease, instead of battling in fortuneless efforts for honesty in public trust. I own no part of this world's surface but a grave. My Government and my household gods are all I can claim of worldly treasures, but there are public duties which at times are paramount to individual interests and must be accepted, and I have made this battle for the people because they summoned me to the task. In performing it to the best of my humble abilities, I have been ambitious only that it may be remembered of one so humble as myself, that under my administration order reigned, law was respected, crime was mastered, economy was enforced, integrity ruled, and the honor and prosperity of the city were the jewels of her authority." Mr. McClure was returned as defeated by 10,000 majority, and much as Philadelphia lost in municipal administration by that defeat, she gained probably much more by the establishment of a great newspaper that resulted from the disaster. On the 13th of March, 1875, Mr. McClure, in connection with Mr. Frank McLaughlin, established *The Times* daily newspaper, and from the day it was founded it was a conspicuous success, not only in influence and power but as a business enterprise. The newspaper is so well known to the world that it is needless here to speak of Mr. McClure's career as an editor. Since his acceptance of the chief

editorial direction of *The Times* he has rarely participated in public discussion. Occasionally in local battles, when the issue was one of reform, he delivered notable speeches, but with the exception of his reply to Mr. McKinley on the tariff in 1892, and several speeches on the tariff in Massachusetts and Connecticut in the same year, he has not been heard in our general political contests during the last twenty years.

Mr. McClure was one of the founders of the Republican party. Being an anti-slavery Whig, after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise he logically gravitated into the new party which was to write such thrilling records for the nation. He was a delegate to the first Republican State Convention ever held in the State, at Pittsburg, in 1855, when Passmore Williamson was nominated for Canal Commissioner, and in '56 he was a delegate to the first Republican National Convention, held in Philadelphia, that nominated Fremont and Dayton for President and Vice-President. From that time until 1868 he was a delegate in every Republican State Convention, with the single exception of 1867, when he was sojourning in the Rocky Mountains. He was one of the delegates at large to the Republican National Convention that met in Baltimore in 1864 and renominated Lincoln, and he was chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation in the Chicago Convention of 1868 that nominated Grant and Colfax. Although not personally in sympathy with Grant, he believed that his election to the Presidency would do more to harmonize the two sections of the country than the election of any politician, and his purpose was openly proclaimed to make his last political battle for Grant's election. He devoted much of his time that year to the contest, and after the election he settled down to the practice of his profession with the hope of retrieving his broken fortunes. He took no part in politics whatever until 1872, when a combination of circumstances forced him into the field as an independent candidate for State Senator. He had been tendered the nomination for Senator without a contest upon the condition that he would yield his objections to the infamous registry law that was then in force in Philadelphia, and to which he was earnestly opposed. He preemptorily declined to yield his objections, and would gladly have continued in private life, but the issue of honest politics became so sharply defined that he was finally coerced into an independent revolt that made him the candidate for Senator and gave him the office after a desperate contest, first before the people and afterward before the Senate. He was not in accord

with the political methods which dominated in his own party in either State or nation, and he was one of the first to lead in the anti-Grant revolt in Pennsylvania, and was chairman of the delegation of the Liberal Republican National Convention held at Cincinnati in 1872 that nominated Greeley and Brown for President and Vice-President. He was compelled to accept the position of chairman of the State Committee, and again gave his whole time and efforts to that brilliant but luckless contest. It was his battle for the State Senate, and for reformed legislation as a Senator, that made him the citizens' candidate for Mayor in '74 in disregard of his repeated and positive declinations. After his retirement from the Senate, and the defeat of the Liberal Republican movement, he ceased to be a partisan, and when he founded *The Times* newspaper he declared his purpose to owe no allegiance to any political organization or to any party power. Since then his position has been one of absolute independence, and during the twenty years he has been in the editorial chair he has been, as he promised, "independent in everything ; neutral in nothing."

Of Mr. McClure's literary addresses not one-third of them have been preserved. Since 1870, when he delivered his first address before Washington College, and when he was inside of a college building for the first time in his life, he has delivered commencement addresses nearly or quite every year, but only seven of them were written out by himself. None of the others have been preserved. They differ from the average commencement addresses in the fact that they are all singularly earnest, practical lessons to the young men to whom they are addressed, and each one discusses some important topic regarded as most vital at the time. All of them are quite optimistic in tone, with the single exception of his address on the "Duties of To-day," delivered at Gettysburg in 1878. The country had then passed through a fearful carnival of lawlessness and riots extending from one end of the country to the other during the year 1877, and this address points out the root of the evil that had given us such a tide of turbulence. His address before the literary societies of the Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Va., delivered in 1886, was the first of the kind ever delivered there by a Northern man who discussed our Civil War from the standpoint of the North. It was somewhat criticised at the time, but its candid truthfulness and sincerely sympathetic tone so impressed the college faculty that two years afterward they conferred upon Mr. McClure the honorary degree of LL. D.

As a Legislator Mr. McClure rarely addressed the House. He well understood the great art of biding his time and that it is of great importance to the success of a speech that it be properly timed in the progress of debate. With strong convictions upon all public questions, aggressive and combative, he never suggests an apology for the faith that is within him, but with rare powers of logic, humor, sarcasm and earnestness he has often at the close of a discussion turned back the tide of opposing opinion, and has gained a victory for his cause. The policy which he announced in his first editorial in *The Times*, that it would be "independent in all things, neutral in nothing," truthfully represents his own attitude toward all momentous questions.

His address in the Legislature in 1861 on "The threat of Rebellion" expresses the affectionate and brotherly remonstrance of the North with their brethren in the South, and without a word to give offence, it proclaimed the firm determination, that war must come, rather than concession to Southern demands.

Mr. McClure's services to the Country and State during the war of the Rebellion are a part of the well-known history of the time. After peace had been declared he was one of the first and most eloquent advocates for the restoration of the Union between North and South in spirit, as well as in name. He made several visits to the South, traveling through all the States, and both by public addresses and in letters to *The Times* he pointed out the wonderful resources of the South and was largely influential in interesting Northern capital to develop its industries.

In presenting these addresses to the public, it is believed that they will be found interesting and instructive, as embodying much valuable historic information, and as the expression of the thoughts and opinions of one who had a large share in shaping the issues and events of the times; and that they may well be studied as striking examples and illustrations of the high and difficult art of elaborate and persuasive address.

C. W. McKEEHAN.

Philadelphia, June, 1894.

LIFE :

THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL.*

GENTLEMEN OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES :

I have heard it said that of all hearers college students are the most critical ; and I believe it is true that of all classes they are the most pitilessly criticised. I have no *alma mater* to worship, and I do not come to tell you how much wiser and better is mature manhood than youth. Let us rather be mutually generous, for the greatest miracle to man is man.

It is but too common to make college commencements seasons of humiliation to students. Speakers often come to repress your inspirations, to cloud or dissipate your dreams, and to picture to you a life that has no actual type among mortals. They bring the uneasy dreams of the closet to crush the buoyant, blissful dreams of boyhood, and to erect a standard of perfection that weak humanity has never approached. They mercilessly portray youthful follies, as if there had never been boys or follies before; and declare that you must become different from all you are or have been. Fine theories of life, sustained by apparently irresistible logic, demand of you new departures, new ideas, new purposes and new actions, as you assume the new and responsible duties of the transformed existence that is set before you ; and almost impassable gulfs are pictured as opposing your advancement to the full stature of useful manhood.

You have often heard of the perfect man. He has been the theme of many eloquent orations to students, but

* Delivered before the Literary Societies of Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Penna., August 3, 1870.

unfortunately he has never lived. You have been gravely told of the many obstacles to be overcome to effect successfully the transition from student-life to perfect man-life. The obstacles have never been exaggerated ; but it is equally true that your teachers, faultless and reverend as they may seem, have never mastered them, and never will. All the forgotten and unforgotten millions of the past were allied to frailty from their birth ; so of all the great, progressive present ; and so it will be of all the countless throngs yet to follow us. All have been, are, or will be what those here to-day are—from your honored president to the feeblest freshman—but children of a varied growth.

I come not to complain of your dream-life. When you go hence to begin the battle of the world it must go with you. I know how you would blush to own the ideal achievements with which it brightens your lives, and how pedantic orators affect to despise it. But let me assure you that it is a part of every life—of childhood, of manhood, of ripened years, of withered age ; and it is life's crowning mercy to them all. The unlettered heathen bows before its altar, and the most learned are its worshipers. It is the perpetual sunshine of youth. It is the softened bow of promise that ever appears as the wild dreams of youth have vanished ; and when childhood kindly comes again to lead the tottering frame gently to the shore it is an unfailing well-spring of happiness. When the ideal ceases to be worshiped life ceases to be tolerable. We read each day the sad story of those from whom hope has fled. Their ideal life was ended—that is all. Their actual life, brought face to face with sin or disappointment—and no angel-dream of a better day—could not be borne, and they passed from among us.

I shall disturb your college dreams somewhat, but it is best that I should. It will be but a passing cloud, and you will welcome your dreams again. I would not have

you cherish the ideal any less, but remember the actual will at times confront you, and dissipate your fondest hopes. Such is the story of every life, and it must be yours. Most of you hope, sooner or later, to be enrolled in the alumni of the college. It is a sweet word to lisp, for it marks an important epoch in each individual history. You will go forth into the world with every avenue to usefulness and distinction open to you. Life will seem long and bright before you. Its prizes will glitter in your dreams. Its ideal flowers will bloom along your ideal pathway. Fame will point to the multitude of names engraven indelibly upon her scroll, and beckon you onward. Illustrious deeds, which are household words, will challenge imitation. Future executives, senators, and commoners must take the places of the present great representative men, and the world must have its line of heroes unbroken. This is the field the ideal brings before you. It is yours to explore. Go gather its laurels, and make new names immortal.

But, ere you start, pause with me for a moment. The weary traveler in the waste of the burning desert, parched by thirst, is often gladdened by beholding what seems to be a clear, blue lake of water in the distance. Its banks are studded with green verdure, in delightful contrast with the arid plain about him ; and its surface broken by refreshing life and beauty. Wild flowers, decked in Nature's most gorgeous hues, fringe its inviting shores. The scene breaks upon the despairing wanderer like some enchantment. Cool shades, fresh waters and fragrant blossoms seem to be but a little in advance of him, and within his reach. His dying courage revives. Hope springs up afresh and reanimates him. Strength takes the place of weakness ; his step is quickened, and he presses onward to grasp the priceless boon. He knows that it may be the mirage of the desert—that it may be a cruel delusion, mocking him in his misery—that it may

recede from him as he advances, until finally it takes the wings of solitude and leaves him to despair and death. It may be but the reflected beauties of some far-off, unattainable blessing ; but hope reigns in the sweet delusion, and it is joyously welcomed. It may, by the superhuman energy it inspires, carry the dreamer safely across the weird and trackless valley, or it may but lengthen a little the little span of life.

The mirage of life is ever around us all. It paints the bright prospective that crowds before you. It is the happy creation of the ideal ; the unfailing source of hopeful effort, and blissful dreams of bountiful rewards. There is no fountain of happiness it cannot make to flow to quicken you. There is no measure of success or distinction it cannot present as attainable. What you most wish it freely offers you, and presses you on to grasp it. And you will go onward, every hoping, ever striving, ever dreaming, until, in the calm evening of your dreams, hope will gently point to the better life beyond.

Think not that the ideal life is to be shunned as a delusion and a snare. Delusive it may be in its promises you cherish most ; but it will, nevertheless, be the parent of your sweetest hours. It will lead you to your noblest and best endeavors. It will arm you for the incalculable disappointments and sorrows which beset the most successful lives ; for no life escapes the common inheritance of grief. " In each some rain must fall ; " and those most envied must point to pathways strewn with blasted hopes. Were I empowered to paint your lives before you as they will be, not one of all those present could face the picture, and go hence to battle hopefully. Could I even tell you that you will win high attainments in usefulness and honor ; that your lives will be free from marked affliction and adversity, and that the world will wonder at the fullness of your cups of human happiness, the faithful picture would be none the less unwelcome. Could I reach out

into the curtained future, and present before you the wisely hidden panorama of your actual lives; dispel all your bright dreams never to be realized; banish the sunny ideal from your destiny, and send your face to the known, inexorable actual—even those of you to whom fate has been most indulgent would be stricken with despair. Infinite wisdom has given us the ideal to be ever present, as the angel of mercy; and the actual is shut out in the veiled hereafter, until the true life is reached in immortality.

Look back on those who have gone before you, and who, as the world judges, have achieved greatness; what strange lessons the inner history of human achievements teaches! We learn that "one Cæsar lives, a thousand are forgot." Again, we see fame cruelly mocking her chosen favorites, and painful wrecks marking the path of distinction. Look how wearily and laboriously names have been made memorable. Dream as you will, none are born to greatness. They may inherit crowns and titles and estates, but true greatness is not the birthright of any one. The ideal tells us pleasing stories of such destinies, but they are unknown in the stubborn actual. Those who have become great have found life well-nigh too short to achieve it.

We have all read and re-read "Gray's Elegy." Its sublimity has made us dwell upon each line to gather the fullness of its beauty. It made one name immortal; but think what long months and years of ceaseless thought were devoted to the work. To mould a single line was at times the task of restless nights and weary days. Decades were numbered between its inception and completion—seven years elapsed after its actual commencement before it was finished; and, when finished, the ideal creation of the author was not realized. He wrote much more, but what of it is remembered? The bitter school of adversity gave to the world the Goldsmith we know.

His "Deserted Village" is the dream-picture of a happiness he had never found. More than two score years of grim penury and consuming disappointment made those immortal verses. Milton's "Paradise Lost" was the patient work of half a century. We are told of him that never was a mind more richly furnished, but life was too brief for more than one masterpiece. He had sorrow enough—the poet's fruitful inspiration—and wrote much that was beautiful; but the world speaks of him only as the author of one poem. He dreamed of a "Paradise Regained"—nothing more.

But it may be answered that poetry is the child of bitter memories and cruel misfortunes. Lives may be brighter in the list of names memorable in oratory and statesmanship and heroism and literature and science. The ideal orator reads of Demosthenes—how his voice was tuneless, his speech unsteady, and his action ungraceful. He took the pebble to educate a clumsy tongue—he declaimed to the billows of the sea—practiced with actors and before mirrors—and climbed rugged hills to fit himself for a calling that nature seemed to have forbidden to him. Cicero was schooled from youth to oratory. Training in Rome and Greece, in those days, implied a measure of assiduity to which our students now are strangers. He was twenty-six before he began to speak in public, and thenceforth his labors never were relaxed. Brougham was the soul of eloquence. His career as an advocate was unrivaled in his day. You will call him heaven-gifted. Perhaps he was, but not one in a thousand could accept his labors for his fame. The orators of Greece were the great lesson of his life. When he defended Queen Caroline, he devoted months to special study, and wrote the peroration of his speech more than twenty times. Walpole was the veriest galley-slave. His ambition and jealousy denied him repose. Power was his god, and anxious, devouring effort made him great—not so great, perhaps, as successful

—and yet who can call his life successful? Pulteney, one of the most effective of British orators, developed his rhetorical powers slowly; but unwearied efforts enabled him to climb to eminence. The elder Pitt was an educated orator. He devoted himself to the severest course of training. Demosthenes was his model, and he reveled in translations from the ancients. He studied everything pertaining to oratory—indeed, his whole life was but one hard lesson to master eloquence. The young Pitt walked closely in his father's footsteps. His college life was "one long disease" from ceaseless application. We are told that his efforts knew no limits but the weakness of his frame. Many years were given to the classics, mathematics, and the logic of Aristotle, to conquer the art of eloquence. He made himself one of the first orators of England—and a confirmed invalid. Mansfield studied everything that had been written on oratory. While at Oxford he translated all of Cicero's orations into English, and re-translated them into Latin. Burke devoted every waking moment to mental labor. He studied to acquire the power of thinking at all times and in every place. He tried to solve the realization of his ideal life. The incessant struggle of thought made him weary at forty-five, and he resolved to be content with his achievements; but the misery of idleness soon made him decide to grow old in learning. Grattan was an eager listener under Chatham, and with him everything was forgotten in the one great purpose of mastering oratory. Fox owned but one ruling ambition—that of making himself a powerful debater—and he rose by slow degrees until the world acknowledged himself successful. Severe methods and labor were parts of Clay's existence. Throughout his long and eventful life, even to his latest days, his great speeches were prepared with scrupulous care. Although for a quarter of a century a recognized candidate for the presidency, with exacting public duties, his speeches

never were delivered without the most mature reflection and systematic preparation. Few ever knew how every hour of his life was given to labor. Webster was born greater than are most men, but he attained distinction slowly and laboriously. When a student, he was for a long time unequal to declamation before his class, even when he had his part well committed. At twenty-five we read that he was giving assiduous devotion to his profession, though it afforded him but a frugal livelihood. At thirty-two, he entered Congress unknown to fame, but his life had been one of restless mental industry, and he left the House with a wide-spread reputation for statesmanship. Thenceforth his life continued one of constant labor, and so it was to the end. His reply to Hayne was not prepared, but its immortal sentences were the creation of a life-time of mighty thought. Calhoun's unremitting study gave him the honors of his class, but with his health so broken that he could not crown them with the oration ; and his whole life was one of ceaseless intellectual toil. Each day he was as much the student as the statesman.

But why multiply names ? If I were to weary you with the whole list of ancient and modern orators and statesmen the same history must be given of all. Various as nature endowed them, they achieved greatness by patient, persevering effort, that ended only with their lives. Dream of greatness, but understand that it is a rugged, thorny path : but dream on, and deck the thorns with bright and fragrant roses, and journey to the end.

How brightly the ideal portrays the triumph of statesmanship. How the student's heart quickens as he reads of the giants who have swayed senates and nations, and who have left enduring monuments of greatness in their political achievements. They tower above their fellows on the pages of history, as if they had been created unlike other men. But history is forgetful of their infirmities,

and their great deeds and their virtues alone survive them. They all have dreamed, and vainly dreamed, as have the humblest of their followers. They hoped, attained, and suffered more, and there the distinction ends. I speak of Henry Clay with reverence. He was the idol of my boyhood, and his name is linked with the grateful memories of the season when we invest greatness with the perfection of human attributes. He was beloved, even idolized, by his partisans. It would seem as if he had been born to test the measure of affection that could be lavished by a free people. Others have been esteemed; have aroused a nation's gratitude; have commanded the sober approval of the country, or have been borne upward upon sweeping tides; but who, fallen and powerless, was followed to the close of his eventful life with such sincere and profound affection? He was great in all the great qualities of man, and yet he was but a child of larger stature. You will read of his victories—of his life, that seemed to be but one continued ovation—of his matchless eloquence in behalf of human liberty in every clime, and of his heroic pacification of our sectional estrangements. He was honored with every official trust save the one he most desired. His ideal achievement was to be chosen ruler of the people who loved him. It was the sweet dream of half his allotted days. It seemed ever just within his reach, and yet was ever lost. Twice in his riper life his principles triumphed in national contests; but others were made his leaders, and wore the wreaths his skill and statesmanship had woven for his party. Never was a life so full of hope; never was the ideal so rich in promise; and never were disappointments more filled with bitterness. When you have read of his brilliant career, turn to the sad sequel in Colton's compilation of his private correspondence, and the bright picture is blotted out in the painful realization of a great life with its great ideal destiny overthrown.

Another name is immortal in the nation's pride, and shared its affections. Webster was our profoundest statesman a score of years before his death. He crushed out a gigantic crime by a single appeal to the Senate. It will be as enduring as time in the annals of rhetorical victories. He, too, was commoner, senator, and premier ; but he was not what he most ardently hoped to be. His ideal destiny was plainly written in his later days, and his life went out in harrowing disappointment. He had defeated Hayne and the threatened dismemberment of the Union, and the whole world confessed the pre-eminence of his fame. He had answered Hulseman in behalf of the rights of man, and thrones trembled ; but he was not president. His dreams ended, and in a few fitful days he slept with his fathers. Calhoun was distinctively a representative man. He was sincere, profound, subtle, and was worshiped by his adherents. He had reached the chair next the throne, and he had but one step more to realize his single ambition ; but he faltered as the chasm widened ; he dreamed of ruling over fragments of a dissevered country, and, in grand and gloomy perseverance, he labored until the shadows gathered into night. Winfield Scott was the chieftain of his age. The hero of two wars, he had reached the topmost round of military glory. The impetuous victor of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane perhaps dreamed only of twin stars, but the Commander-in-Chief and the Conqueror of Mexico accepted a higher ideal destiny. The stars paled when they were won, before one bright dream that to him was colossal in its freight of mingled joy and sorrow. At last, after many days of sickening hope deferred, a subordinate swept over him like the simoon of the desert. If you would know how much a child a man may be, summon your generous forbearance and read Scott's autobiography, where he tells why he was not president. One great hope, one great infirmity, and

one great grief sum up the sequel of his great distinction.

“My life has been a failure,” were the sad words I heard uttered by Thaddeus Stevens, when he was setting his house in order for the inexorable messenger. He was the great commoner of the nation’s sorest trial, and had witnessed the triumph of his earnest and consistent efforts for the disenthralment of the oppressed. He was content when braving popular ignorance and prejudice against education and freedom ; but when he became the acknowledged leader of the House, and saw the substantial success of his cherished principles, his ideal life was not fulfilled. To himself his life appeared as does the statue fashioned to rest upon some high pinnacle. It seemed ungainly, ill-proportioned and wanting in symmetry and harmony ; but as it rises to the distance from which it was designed to be viewed, its awkward, shapeless lines disappear, and its grace and beauty win the admiring gaze of the multitude. He had his measure of infirmities, but there have been few so sincerely devoted to their convictions, and who would so willingly forego honors and applause for conscience’s sake. When posterity shall read of him, it will be as one of the grand central figures in the panorama of a nation’s redemption, and his frailties will be unrecorded—the common tribute the historian pays to the fallibility of men whose names are immortal. I thought he, of all our statesmen, had most nearly realized the hopes which inspired his noblest efforts ; but he had learned the lesson that the ideal destiny of every life points to the unattainable. How much he dreamed, and how keenly he lamented that he only dreamed, there are few prepared to tell.

Look out over the countless throng that has dreamed and is still dreaming of the presidency. The time was when only the wisest statesmen looked to the chair of Washington in their ideal achievements, but now, who

that worships at the altar of ambition can plead exemption? Not sages and heroes alone now turn their anxious hopes toward the mighty sceptre of the first people of the world. Pretenders of every grade who have climbed into position through slimy paths swell their shame by indecent struggles to rule in dishonor. Their ideal is success, and I would not say how many bow before that fickle divinity. A few of them win in their mean struggles only to find their stolen honors turn to burning ashes on their brows. The broad path to the highest trust of the Republic is thickly strewn with skeletons of riven castles, and yet the throng that presses over them to the same destiny is countless as before. This one dream has unsettled the best and bravest men, and is the parent of strange misfortune. It has made strong men weak, and estranged mighty leaders from the very devotion they most sought; and it has made the Union the prey of the tempest to gratify mad ambition. It invented the spoliation of Mexico; it destroyed the Missouri Compromise; it fashioned the Dred Scott decision; it enacted the Fugitive Slave Law; it consigned the Whig party to a dishonored tomb; it made the Democratic party forget its cunning and sacrifice its power; it made men in every section and of every shade of sentiment traitors to themselves, to truth, and to their country; it bombarded Sumter; it prolonged the bloody strife to destroy our nationality; and after the storm of battle ceased it came with horrible discord to lacerate the ghastly scars of war.

Do you answer that there are those whose attainments fulfill their dreams? Turn to the names least linked with disappointment in visible aspirations, and learn how the sweet ideal vanishes before the gnawing tooth of the actual. Buchanan's dream was the presidency. Long he hoped and patiently waited through various discomfitures, until at last the fruition came. The nation never

loved him, but it freely gave its trusts and its honors. He was able, experienced, personally blameless, and honest in his purposes. The world envied him the felicity of realizing, in its fullness, his dream of power; but his triumph only dated the culmination of his woes. He may or may not have ruled wisely, but his reign was one broad, angry sea of disappointment. He passed the threshold of power amidst the hosannas of those who worship the rising sun, and was greeted with the sober confidence of honest men. He returned in a few brief years with his brow more rudely furrowed, with the life of earthly hope gone out, and his garlands withered before the fierce breath of his country's displeasure. Lincoln dreamed the same dream. Unschooled in political management, he was made the choice of a party that confessed another as its leader. The inscrutable power that sets at naught the wisdom of men made the ideal seem to open its richest garnered wealth to bless him. You hear how merrily he wore the cares of State, and the lovers of the marvelous tell how the ribald jest mingled with cabinet councils. Yet he was the purest, the sincerest, and the saddest of men. He reached the executive chair only to learn that his dream of happiness pointed far beyond, through deep tribulation and the tempest and flame of battle. The strange unrest that ever springs from fruitful hope was made deeper and keener for him by the devouring care he could not escape. But in the midst of the anxious labors and sacrifices he had won, in the name of honor, he dreamed the one bright dream of a reunited people. "I would like to be the acknowledged President of the *whole* Union before I retire," was the quaint but earnest utterance he made when he was earnestly seeking to shape political action to prolong his power, that he might complete his work. He had the profoundest faith in the cause of his country, but he feared his own overthrow, with nothing but the record of war's desolation

to mark his rule, and he knew not how devotedly and justly he was loved and trusted by the people. And when his grand ideal seemed to reach fruition, peace came only to mock him with the fiendish legacies of civil strife. Still, far beyond, more dimly distant than before, it pictured its haven of contentment. He died just when his name could be recorded as most sublimely immortal; and his history is but the simple, repeated and ever-repeating story, that the ideal, fruitful as it is of fitful blessings, has not ripened harvest for mortals to gather. Pierce was president. He plucked the green laurels from the veteran Scott, and men judged that his ideal life was realized. Not so, however, for he came bereaved in his affections, to reign in sickening turmoil, and he saw discontent and strife spring up to mock him in the records he sought to write. Discarded in the name of peace, he retired and lived unfelt and unworshiped, and died without touching the nation's sorrow. Taylor was borne into the presidency by the tidal wave that avenged Mexico. He dreamed, as do other men, that power is happiness; but, like the eagle caged in bars of polished gold, he fretted his life away. Fillmore found the dazzling cup of his ambition full, but it turned to bitterness as he drank the coveted draught. He surrendered power amidst public convulsions and personal discomfiture, and faded from the affections, and well-nigh from the memories of the people. He spoke recently, and, like sorrowing Rip Van Winkle, after the throes of revolution had whirled the world a generation past him, he discussed the problems of twenty years ago. The ever-faithful idea still sweetens his isolation and shields him from himself, Johnson's ideal destiny was the theme of his tireless speech. He reached the throne through the flood-tide of a nation's tears, and in his rule he rode upon the storm. He was nothing if not tempestuous. He sowed to the wind and reaped bountifully of the whirlwind. In hopeless strife he fought

out his power, and went home amidst public rejoicing. And so the chapter might be continued through all the struggles and triumphs of men—through all the honors, crowns and titles lost and won.

Look at the group of heroes that adorns the early histories of our late war. Not one of the faces there engraven on finest lines of steel for an admiring people appears in the later group that is to be found near to the chapter on Appomattox. How stars brightened only to fade in popular distrust or reprobation! An obscure tradesman stubbornly carved his way from Donaldson, Shiloh, and Missionary Ridge—through meanest and mightiest malice—to the head of the army. Thenceforth the nation trusted not in vain. He returned from his crimson battle-fields with victory and peace, and the saved Republic, in mingled wisdom and gratitude, made its great warrior its great pacificator. Another untried officer, subordinated by the War Department as of unbalanced mind, dazzled the world with the daring and success of his matchless genius, and is now general-in-chief; and a name unknown until wreathed in unfaded laurels by his gallant troopers in the valley, is second in command. These have been successful, it may be, far beyond their early dreams; but think not that they claim exemption from the rude tempests which ever break in fiercest fury upon the towering monarchs of the forest. Alexander conquered the world—his great ideal destiny was achieved—and he thrust the empty bauble away with his own life, as his subordinates wrangled for his crown. Napoleon dreamed of empire and happiness. He humbled every flag that confronted him, to die at last on an inhospitable isle of the sea, without sceptre, home, or country. "Everything that I love; everything that belongs to me, is stricken," were the sad words with which he summed up his destiny. Demosthenes became the great orator of Greece; but the bright ideal of his early manhood was dissipated, as the people

that once honored him drove him into a strange land. In the Temple of Neptune he mixed the fatal poison that promised him rest. Cicero was hailed by Cato as the Father of his Country, and public thanksgivings in his name were voted to the gods. Soon after he was banished, an alien and a wanderer, until he bowed his head to the sword of Antony. Pitt was prime minister at twenty-four; but Austerlitz came, and the gold was dimmed, and the bowl was broken. Disraeli's grand ideal was attained when he became premier; but if you would learn how empty was the realization read the marvelous aphorisms of "Lothair." "One's life changes in a moment," is the trite history of human hopes he gives in one chapter, and he tells what success is, when he says that "the feeling of satiety, almost inseparable from large possessions, is a surer cause of misery than ungratified desires." How Walter Scott dreamed, and how the honors and riches of the world clustered around him, but at last he wrote: "The best is, the long halt will arrive at length, and close all." Campbell, in the dream of youth, gave us "The Pleasures of Hope," and how happily his exquisite lines accord with the ideal life; but he toiled through his allotted years to tell "how hopes are blighted," and that fame is a "bubble that must soon burst." How sweetly and sadly have Young and Burns and Moore and Mrs. Hemans sung; and with what bitterness of soul did the perverted genius of Byron write—

"And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be."

Cast your eyes across to uneasy Europe. Her unstable map seems about to be recast in deep lines of blood. Whose of all the countless dreams of ambition, which plunge subjects into war, are to be realized in hollow grandeur? The tottering Man of France forged his crown

in perjury and usurpation. His dream seemed to be realized when he became emperor; but the ideal pictured an enlarged and invincible France, and a perpetual Napoleonic dynasty, as his work. Fretful dreams of a strange succession have studded his throne with thorns, and he wickedly breaks the peace of the Old World. King William, impiously claiming to rule in harshest despotism, by divine right, accepts the challenge, and a million reapers are hurrying to the harvest of death. All Europe is appalled, for none can measure the limits the sword shall set for its cruel arbitrament. Russia will dream of Constantinople; Italy of Rome; France of Belgium; Prussia of a strengthened confederation; Hungary and Poland of deliverance; England of enlarged power in the councils of nations; Austria of restored prestige and position; and Spain of rest and peace. And when the shock shall be over, and empire shall be lost and gained, victor and vanquished will realize how vainly they have struggled for the impossible.

The ideal is unbounded in its kind ministrations. The child looks upon the beautiful rainbow as an actual arch of tinted substance, resting upon the hills close by. It vanishes, and the dream is gone, and the scalding tears of the little dreamer may be gathered up to fashion the next sweet delusion that fringes the tempest. Through every condition of human life; through all the strange mutations of every destiny; from the most opulent to the most humble, and from the most sacred to the most profane, the ideal is an attendant angel of mercy. It ever aims to bring our poor lives into harmony with some better being, and when our groveling ambition, or unworthy purposes, ripen into misfortune, it whispers its bright promises, and we feel "wealthiest when most undone." It tarries with us in the deep valley of humiliation we all must tread, paints the silver lining to the cloud, and tempers the rude storms which fling their

hoarse melodies around us. It brought its rich store of happiness, as the hand-maid of the firm faith that enabled Abraham to sojourn "in the land of promise as in a strange country," and that was the sure stay and comfort of the Hebrew saints, who "all died in faith, not having received the promise."

It pervades all the manifold theories of sacred things fashioned by man. Look at our subtle creeds—they are but the dreams of earnest Christian men, who mingle their frail judgments with the divine teachings. They tell us widely different stories of the creation, of the fall, of the atonement, of the resurrection, and of the unexplored eternity beyond. Each dreams blissfully of his sacred dogmas. We are taught how a fallen world must be saved by man's interpretation of election, or of free agency, or of baptism, or of an unknown trinity. Any or all of these may be deeply mingled with the errors of men, but the Christian Church has still for its impregnable foundation every fundamental principle of the Christian Religion. All teach from a common Bible, and all accept the same salvation, but each ideal points to a different path, and in our feebleness we close the gates of God's truth against those who differ from us. There is no range of prophecy or revelation it has not invited the Christian to explore, and, when explored, we find that it is but the restless, throbbing, fruitless search for the unattainable. Volumes have been written, after years of patient research, to mark the past, present and future fulfillment of prophecy, to master revelation, and to open the very seals of the fullness of time. They are but romances; the ideal struggles of the frail finite mind to comprehend the infinite. All that man can know of the Creator and His salvation is made so plain that the wayfarer cannot err therein. The ideal may turn back through all the recorded and the unrecorded past, and look out through all the boundless future, to paint the

harmony that delights our brief prison life ; but when man seeks to comprehend God and His prophecies, and His purposes, and His rewards and punishments, he rushes where angels do not tread. I have never read "Paine's Age of Reason," but I can understand how such a crime was possible. Had he entitled it the "Age of *Human* Reason," it would have been a faultless reflex of its name. He impiously assumed to reason upon equality with God ; not understanding God, he could do no more than reject the Infinite. As well bid the prattling infant measure the millions of stars above us, and define their courses and seasons, as ask the creature, born to fallibility even in earthly things, to define the purposes and attributes of Jehovah. Behold mankind as they are ; scan intelligent creation from the degraded heathen, through all the stages of human progress to the most enlightened, and *reason* how such beings are to promote the glory of an infinite Creator, and you will be lost in unbelief. How it is, the ideal may picture in varied and ever pleasing fancy, but we cannot understand ; yet it must be so, for so it is written where every line shall be fulfilled. Our little ray of reason, tottering on its narrow throne, will ever dream of the things which eye has not seen, and man cannot know, but our sense of sin and helplessness is the repeated realization of each fleeting day, and the learned and unlearned alike recognize the infinite mercy that invites them to redemption by simple faith and repentance. What is beyond, poor mortals can only learn when the actual comes with its deathless destiny. Of it, the ideal whispers fond foretastes, but when we shall see it as it is, then, and not till then, shall it reach fruition. Here the actual crosses our paths only to disturb our dreams and dissipate our hopes. At times it comes like the fitful cloud that shadows the sunlight for a season, and then passes away ; and again, it sweeps like the hurricane with its terrible thunderbolts breaking

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over our heads ; but when we shall resign this feeble frame that frugal nature lent us for an hour, the "painful birth of life unending" will bring us to the actual being, whose time shall be eternal, whose knowledge shall be perfect, and whose happiness or woe shall ever press toward fullness, and yet through all the ceaseless years of God be never full.

EVERY=DAY LIFE.*

GENTLEMEN OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES :

I have chosen a common, homely theme—Every-day Life. Many of you may hastily pronounce it uninteresting and uninteresting. It is not set forth in your list of studies. It is not a favorite field for rhetoric. Most students habitually overlook it ; too many great teachers forget or ignore it. It does not mingle with the pleasing fancies which are busy weaving future garlands for the graduate. It may unsettle some delightful castles reared in your moments of repose from weary labor ; but it is the life we each and all must live. Let us look at it soberly and cultivate it kindly, and it will reward us with many cheering smiles and charming attributes.

While our every-day life is the theme that should be most familiar to all, it is the one important part of education that is most neglected. You may here become what the world of letters calls a great scholar, and yet be to the world, and in the world, a novice. If successful, it will be an accident ; if useful, it will be grudgingly acknowledged only after you are dead, if even then. Mere scholarship, in its relations to the great purposes of human life, is like an intricate machine in unskillful hands. While it will run itself it is well ; but when it wants direction its beauty and mechanism go for naught. Our colleges and higher schools are of inestimable value, but they cannot do everything for the student. They can store the mind

* Delivered before the Literary Societies of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., June 20th, 1871.

and fit the man for the ceaseless lesson of life ; but when they have done, the work of learning has but commenced. When you shall have passed safely through your recitations and examinations, you are just fitted to enter the boundless school that is ever open around us.

The world itself is the master teacher of its countless pupils. It has no sessions or vacations. Its vast books are never closed. Its million-tongued voices are never silent. Its precepts and admonitions, its gentle suasions and vengeful mandates, throng upon us wherever we are. In its sources of instruction, aiming to make man each day better than before, it is as varied as the handiwork of God ; and yet how many of the living profit by these multiplied teachings as they swiftly pass?

You have read, and doubtless often quoted, the truism, that " the proper study of mankind is man." It is the plain, broad channel of advancement, for the study of man involves the study of everything. For him all things were created. All of the world's beauty is but a tribute to his excellence. All of its thorns and brambles are but chastening rods to make him mindful of the purpose of his being. The grandest themes of the painter and poet relate to his destiny. The pulpit is inspired by the theory of his redemption. Senators and commoners win distinction only as they promote his happiness, and that heroism is enshrined over all that has achieved his amelioration.

It is an imperative lesson to enable us to know something of ourselves. Whether we would pay court to the fickle goddess of fame, or aspire to wealth or to usefulness, or to the nearest possible perfection of human character, the one unending study is of man. The supreme problem that confronts the faithful student from day to day and from year to year ever revolves closely about himself, and yet it takes within its scope all of nature's infinite variety of ever-present and ever-changing

text-books. Look out upon the world's tumultuous school. Each one so like his fellow, and all so unlike; yet each varied understanding is bountifully furnished with endless sources of culture. Did all pursue the same beaten path the world would be monotonous, and most of its beauty and teachings would be lost. But no two have just the same aspirations or garner the same harvest from the same field of thought, while the larger number go out and come in, from the cradle to the grave, and are insensible of the riches they have cast aside. The absorbed astronomer may explore the heavens when opportunity is presented, and then pass on through the world unconscious of its offerings. The geologist may delve into the earth's recesses and rocks and forget the living in his search for the records of the past. The scholar of books performs only what some other mind bids him—all else is a sealed treasure around him. He could solve the most abstruse problem for the student, but would be confounded if asked to solve the problem the student himself presented. Many righteous men teach from the Holy Book and teach in vain. They know only what they teach, and not to whom they teach. The thoughtless, plodding son of toil rejects all things save as necessity becomes his master. Thus do the learned and unlearned jostle on, like truant children, discarding the best means of usefulness to their fellows, and dooming to pitiful thralldom the immortal element of our existence.

If I were to call upon the learned young men before me to tell of the great epochs of human history, you would answer promptly and correctly. I could tell you nothing of the world's mutations that would be novel to you. So much you have learned, or are learning, well. Do not understand me as assuming that you should have learned more, for I have already told you that life is one unending lesson; and here, when all has been done that can be done, you are only fitted to begin the great study.

Let me kindly, and, I trust, pleasantly and profitably, lead you from the stilted plane that youthful ambition builds, to look into the fountains which have given the world its varied eras. You have studied its heroes, its sages, its patriots, its poets, its scholars, and its masters. I would now have you study the sources whence they came.

The marked events of the world's history may always be traced to the every-day life of the peoples who were the chief actors therein. You would point to Cæsar or Alexander as the great hero of the ancients; but without Rome, just as she then was, what could Cæsar have been? and without Greece, trained as one vast military camp, Alexander might have been a slave instead of the conqueror of the world. Heroes are made and unmade, not by circumstances alone, but heroism must ever be the joint creation of the man and of the occasion—the people must find their true type with the particular elements of excellence which meet their supreme want. We speak thoughtlessly of great leaders, forgetful that they are created, and that their followers have had much to do with their creation. Rienzi deserved greater honors from Rome than ever did Cæsar, yet the one was master of Rome when she was mistress of the world, and the other failed and fell ignominiously, and is remembered only as the last of the Tribunes. He was not overthrown by rivals, as was Cæsar when he fell at the foot of the statue of Pompey. The boisterous fountains of ambition which made Brutus a murderer gradually coursed like subtle poison through the ranks of the people, and patrician and plebeian alike were tainted and paralyzed. Cæsar had a party, and Antony a party, but Rome had none, and the sad sequel is told in the single sentence—"Rienzi fell from the vices of the people." At last a mere handful of banditti possessed the capital of the once proud empire, and her liberties were overthrown because her people had lost all their noblest attributes.

Washington was perhaps the only man who could have won the independence of the colonies, and yet there were those in the revolutionary army no less brave, and much more brilliant. It was rare wisdom that called him to the chief command. Had Arnold commanded, he would have lived a patriot, fought desperately, and lost his cause. Between Washington and the people there was a common inspiration. They mutually led, mutually followed, mutually suffered, and mutually triumphed. The desire for liberty became part of the every-day life, part of the every-day devotion, of the colonists; and the patriot hero became the Father of his Country.

Let us for a moment transpose the two chief military leaders of the early part of the present century. Transfer Napoleon to Britain and Wellington to France. Could there have been a Marengo, or Austerlitz, or Waterloo? Had Napoleon been in the English army with all his fiery zeal, he would have been cashiered before he reached a colonel's commission; and had Wellington been under the eagles of France he would have lived and died a subaltern. But each in his own army was a great captain, and each typified the people he so successfully commanded. The people of France created Napoleon; the people of England made Arthur Wellesley Lord Wellington. "Soldiers! from these monuments forty centuries look down upon you," were the inspiring words of Napoleon to his victorious army in Egypt. "England expects every man to do his duty," was the strongest appeal that could be made to the British soldier. Napoleon would apostrophize the "sun of Austerlitz," and hurl his columns into battle like the whirlwind; while Wellington would silently, calmly and stubbornly maintain his position in presence of defeat, and wait for Blucher. The people of these two powerful nations molded their leaders, and through them molded their

own destinies Had they been differently educated and inspired they would have created other leaders, and the annals of their heroism would have been no less glorious ; but the names to which ambition so proudly points would be unwritten therein. Napoleon quickened and developed, but did not create, the every-day life of the people of France. The ripening fruit fell before the fitting harvester, and since then France has obeyed, but never loved, another name. Never was she so great as under Napoleon I. The glory of France was in the keeping of every household. Honesty, vigor and advancement inspired all classes, and their every-day life was written in blood on the battlefields of almost every nation of Europe, and commemorated in the grand column in the Place Vendôme.

But peoples, like individuals, never stand still. All exceptions to this rule are but insignificant. France gradually and imperceptibly declined under the restored Bourbon rule, and was ready for the gnawing cancer of the second empire. They worshiped the name of Napoleon, and gave hearty enthusiasm to the feeble imitations of the weak pretender who usurped the throne. They merited their ancient renown in the Crimea and followed their new emperor to Italy ; but decay was indelibly stamped upon the French nation, for her once great people were enfeebled by studied profligacy and debauchery, and their decline grew more marked with each returning year. At last the terrible avenger came. It was not so much Prussia as the every-day life of the French people. Under the first Napoleon Prussia might have defeated them in battle, but their honor and their nationality would have been preserved. Their destruction was hastened by a feeble and corrupt and corrupting court, until all France could not create a leader, because her people had lost all their qualities of greatness.

It would seem that an overruling Providence meant for all mankind to have a most impressive lesson in the late Franco-Prussian war. We read and speak of Bismarck and Napoleon as if they were its authors. They were but borne by the flood-tide to the grand consummation. Had Bismarck been a Frenchman he would have rotated from local turbulence to exile ; and had Napoleon been a Prussian, he would have been a third-rate author or a soldier unknown to fame. But while France was declining in the moral, mental and physical qualities of her citizens, the German people, under a weak but honest ruler, were advancing in all that develops and ennobles a nation. It was said that the German universities triumphed over the Austrians at Sadowa, and that in the late war the soldier of Von Moltke marched with a professor's gown in his knapsack. These are exaggerated but significant delineations of the every-day life of the German people who won at Gravelotte, at Sedan, at Metz, at Strasburg and at Paris. The every-day purity, patriotism, industry, religious zeal and universal education of the German people ripened them for German unity. The Fatherland is their first love, and Bismarck was the master architect to rebuild the lost empire. Calm, clear-sighted German statesmanship called him as the best type of the nation's want, and he saw the foundations well laid, and everything at hand for the imposing structure. He could not miscalculate the venture. The every-day life of forty millions of Germans was steadily and surely preparing them for the great work, and he gathered the fullness of their just reward. William now wears the imperial crown, and the princes are marshals of the empire, and Bismarck is prince of the realm—all wearing well-earned honors ; but the thoughtful historian will record the story of the households of the Fatherland molding the solidarity of the German peoples.

Thermopylæ was made memorable by the every-day life of the Spartan people. They were not more courageous than the other soldiers of Greece, but they were a law unto themselves in warfare. Had it been an arbitrary decree of a bloody despot that they should never retreat in battle, they would have defied it. Had it been an exceptional command of Leonidas, it might have been disobeyed without peril to reputation. But it was the law of the Spartan people, made by and for themselves—conceived by their idolatry of unfaltering bravery, and it was obeyed by the soldiery because each man was but obeying himself. They could have retired with credit, according to the generally accepted laws of war, as did their comrades; but they had erected their own strange standard of heroism. None could hope to survive the unequal conflict, but death itself was as nothing when weighed against the honor of the Spartan citizen in arms. They fought and fell, and the column that commemorated their willing sacrifice bore the faithful inscription—"Oh, stranger, go tell to the Lacedemonians that we lie here in obedience to their laws."

You will better appreciate this important lesson when we glance at the startling events which have just transpired in our own midst. Most of you were capable of intelligent convictions touching the great war of the Rebellion from its beginning to the consummation of its logical results. It is said, however, that children believe that all the mighty revolutions of war or peace happened long before they lived, and it is quite true of men as well. Few, indeed, who witnessed the colossal struggle between the North and the South can measure its marvelous achievements or its momentous consequences. Its heroes sprang from our own every-day circles, and we cannot invest them with the romance that history will weave so beautifully about them. The grave questions to be decided in the cabinet and in the field we decided our-

selves in our every-day actions. Our every-day education and progress advanced the statesmen and standards of the nation, and as a people we were almost imperceptibly and unconsciously working out to its crowing triumph—Man's noblest struggle for Man. The thoughtless and superficial blamed the politicians, and wrongfully charged them with the country's misfortunes. They were bad enough, and may have quickened the conflict; but when the passions of civil strife shall subside, and the impartial historian comes to record the most thrilling annals of civilized warfare, it will be truthfully told that two brave and powerful peoples had exhausted compromise on irreconcilable differences of national policy, and accepted the inevitable arbitrament of the sword.

A quaint, uncouth and untried man was called to the chief magistracy of the nation to grapple with issues of incalculable moment. Experienced and cultivated statesmanship was appalled at the consuming disorder that beset the government, and it had little faith in the wisdom that was to guide the old ship through the tempestuous sea of bitter sectional estrangement. But the guiding star of national safety was the single-hearted and faithful ruler who was from the people and of the people. I have heard him lament in profoundest sorrow, in the dark days of the struggle, that scarcely a score of senators and congressmen were in sincere accord with his convictions of public duty. It was their prerogative to counsel and to complain—it was his to decide and to act for thirty millions of his countrymen. They bowed to the expedients which arose with each day—he was the guardian of the noblest patrimony that future generations could inherit. He resisted the imperious demands of one-idea leaders, until, in his calm, patient reflection, he felt that the fullness of time for the great epoch of the war had been reached. He looked solely to the necessities and to the sentiments of the people. "What I do about slavery and

the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save this Union ; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe that it will help to save the Union," was one of his trite and pungent sentences addressed in reply to a sincere criticism ; and it frankly defined his whole policy on the great question that was convulsing friends and foes alike. Had he been a supreme trickster, or what the world calls a trained and subtle statesman, he might have made the wounds of the country seem less ghastly than they were, and deluded the people to be content with healing the surface, leaving the terrible gangrene deeply imbedded in the body politic to sap its vitality and finally break out afresh with resistless virulence. But he believed in self-government, and believing, he maintained it. At Gettysburg, in dedicating the resting-place of the martyrs who fell in the decisive battle of the war, he declared the high resolve which ever animated him—"that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." He advanced only as the people advanced. When they faltered under the grinding exactions and sore sacrifices of the conflict he parleyed until they were reinspired. His whole administration, touching the threatened dismemberment of the Republic, was but the varying record of the every-day current and inspiration of the great fountain of popular power. Its violence was severely criticized, but it was ever rocked upon the boisterous waves of revolution. The whole contest, from its inception until its issues were finally decided, was but one continuous revolutionary progress. It was honestly and earnestly assailed by the highest waves of partisan hostility, but he was faithful in the one supreme purpose of national unity, and a people equally faithful generously forgave in all minor issues what they could not approve. Had he been called to the presidency before the war, with nothing but the ordinary political strife to quicken the pulsations of the national

heart, he would have been but an ordinary, and perhaps an unsuccessful, executive. Unschoolled and unapt in political management, he might have been paralyzed by the abler and more adroit machinations of jealous rivalry, and the logical sequence must have been failure. But a great occasion imposed great duties upon the people and upon their chief ruler. It was for them to count the cost and to pay the appalling tribute. They felt, as their president so forcibly expressed it in his first message—"This is essentially a people's contest. On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men;" and only the man of the people could successfully lead them, through fearful tribulation, to their national deliverance.

Had Mr. Lincoln been a citizen of the South, and ardently in sympathy with its cause, he could not have administered the government of the confederacy for a twelve-month. Nor could Mr. Davis, with his confessed administrative ability, have conducted the war as the executive of the Union. Men of the types of these two rulers were not rare in both the North and South during the war, and sincerely devoted to their respective sections; but they were felt or unfelt just as their leading characteristics were in accord or in antagonism with the great purpose of their people. Had the causes of these two civil leaders not been essentially and irreconcilably at variance there would have been no dissevered States and war; and being vitally discordant, their rulers and heroes were created for widely different purposes, and of necessity from the most opposite of elements. Each was the true creation of his own people, and I believe that both filled the possible measure of the duties assigned them. One was successful, and success is the most successful of human rewards. The other failed, and must answer for the errors that failure so eagerly groups and magnifies.

The confederacy was reared upon despotism. Its boasted corner-stone was caste. Its theory of government avowed the inequality of human rights before the law. A cold, polished, able and sincere despot only could crystallize such a movement, and accept a conflict that braved the progress of enlightened civilization. He was the offspring, not the parent, of a monstrous wrong. However diversified their views may have been at the beginning, for four years the Southern people waged war for the dissolution of the Union, and proved their devotion on many bravely contested battlefields. Their president was their chosen leader, their faithful exponent, and his failure was but the accomplished failure of the every-day life—of the habits, conviction, and teachings, for more than a generation, of eight millions of our fellow citizens.

Equally marked were the opposite requirements of the Northern and Southern peoples in selecting their great captains from widely opposite characteristics of military genius. Grant and Lee were confessedly the heroes of the sanguinary struggle. In their respective positions none could have been greater—none more successful. But had Grant been a confederate and Lee a federal, both would have been good soldiers—neither a successful general. Both reached supreme command over stars which had glittered and paled, because they respectively filled the measure of their peoples' necessities. The contest was unequal in respect to numbers and resources. The South required the genius to husband, to protract, to give battle only when superior forces were neutralized by position or circumstances. The North demanded swift and crushing blows. Its hunger-cry was battle—victory! One sought its most trusted and skillful defender; the other called for its most persistent and obstinate assailant. The South found its true type of the warrior early in the strife. The North would have revolted at the Wilderness campaign had it been attempted one year earlier. In the

late fall of 1862 I heard the inquiry made of a gallant officer, who subsequently commanded the Army of the Potomac: "Why do you not advance?" The answer was: "We could move directly upon Manassas and Richmond, and capture both, but it would cost ten thousand men to do it," and cavil was silenced. Ten times ten thousand men were killed, wounded and missing in military movements well meant to economize the terrible sacrifice. Then half as many more fell in the campaign of 1864, which was wisely planned in accord with the nation's inevitable need, and executed with marvelous heroism and skill. Grant fought just one defensive battle during the war. He lost it, and lost his command. Lee conducted two offensive campaigns and both were disasters. "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," was Grant's echo from the Wilderness of the throbbing popular heart in the North. "A renewal of the engagement could not be hazarded," were the sober words with which Lee assured the South that though Gettysburg was lost the army was not sacrificed. These chieftains were the faithful creations of the every-day lives, the purposes, the hopes, and the wants of their peoples; and their achievements were but the patiently and painfully wrought consummation of years of mingled thought and action in the homes of the nation.

The same causes which have created the heroes and sages of the world's history have been the chief agencies in the rapid progress of Christian civilization. Its origin was divine, but the means employed for its diffusion are within the economy of human efforts and influences, and the every-day lives of sincere Christian people are the most impressive and successful of all its teachers. The every-day life of Christ silences the scandal of the scoffer, and it resolves the doubts of thousands whose frailties question the offices of faith. His was the one perfect life among men. He was sorely tempted, and He

knew not sin. He was reviled and persecuted, and He prayed—"Father forgive them." His teachings were pure as the fountain of inspiration whence they came, and His daily walk and actions confounded a sinful world that sought in vain for the blemish on His garment. Even those who reject Him as the Messiah pronounce Him the best of men, and confess the happy influence of His sound precepts and blameless example. At Antioch, the seat of learning and luxury and moral profligacy, His humble followers were classed as Christians. They were distinguished from the ways of mankind about them, and the Christian era was thus named. Trace it thence through the revolutions of nearly two thousand years—through the gradual triumphs of error by the gradual corruption of the people—through the terrible penalties which slowly but surely came as withering vengeance from heaven; and through seasons of moral darkness which appeared as if hope had fled from man. In all these wonderful mutations, not mere rulers or leaders are answerable for results. They were but the creatures of the ebbing and flowing tides of popular degeneracy, or of the struggles of the people for their temporal or spiritual amelioration. The State corrupted the Church; the Church subordinated the State, and the battle-axe smote the altars where the faithful worshiped. The name and ceremonies of the Church were prostituted to the flagrant abuse of external government, until national and religious decay made civilization a reproach. We point to the Reformation as the date of the new Christian era that has so rapidly advanced and ennobled the human race. But when and what was the Reformation? Luther and Calvin were but the builders of Protestantism. Its foundations had long been laid; its corner-stones had been fashioned by centuries of consistent devotion, and all its materials had been framed and seasoned for the imposing temple. The martyr of Bohemia had gone to

the stake a century before, and Wickliffe had taught still a century earlier. The line of reformers is unbroken from the date of the Son of Man until now. There were periods when their voices were hushed, and when they would have taught as to the winds had they dared to teach ; but there were every-day lives, in every State, whose purity of character and action were like the silver dew-drops of the morning when the earth is parched to desolation. And when the struggle began the world was in travail for two centuries before the Reformation was born. The "reformers before the Reformation" are not unnoticed in history ; but before them still were the ever-living currents of Christian life. Like the waters of the western desert, which hide from the weird and burning waste, but rise again where there are life and beauty, Christian excellence and Christian influence coursed onward through ages of degeneracy, until they swelled up as the flood-tide that bore Luther and Calvin to the great work. Luther ignited the latent spark that illumined the world. An unscrupulous Dominican friar made him revolt against the power from which he had accepted Holy Orders. The first step once taken, he earnestly sought the truth, and as he advanced he was followed by many who had long aided to influence, and had long felt the influence of, the Reformation. He little dreamed of the slumbering unrest that was beneath the serene surface of the power of the Church. When he boldly erected the standard of regeneration, the quickened life of the people made his journey to Worms a triumphal ovation, and he entered the city chanting the song of the disenthralled, for the Reformation had its *Marseillaise*. Nor has the lapse of time, nor the rapid strides of enlightened progress, changed the chief agency of Christian advancement. The Church has great teachers—men whose fame is world-wide, and many stars may be worn in their crowns. And we have books, and journals, and periodicals, and tracts, which

tell at every door of the way of redemption ; but above all, and successful over all, is the every-day Christian life that is silently but surely restraining evil, and telling to all around it in gentle, ceaseless whispers, that the good only are happy, hopeful and great.

I would not seek to dim the lustre that brightens the memory of the names which are interwoven with the world's great events. Not one leaf should be plucked from their laurels. They are as bright beacons along the dark ways of our journey, and they are standards which invite emulation. The higher you place your standard, the higher will be the measure of your attainment. You may fall far short of the realization of your dreams, but no honest effort in the right direction can be wholly lost. Still behind you, and far off yet behind others, will be struggling mortals to take fresh inspiration by what you, in your failure, have won. But I would remind you of the source, the currents, the tides, and the havens of the troubled waters on which you are to embark. The broad ocean of life is made up of individual lives, and each has its labor to perform in rearing the angry waves of the tempest, or in settling the calm surface of the world's repose. I watched a clear, cool bubbling spring as it rose on the summit of the rocky range, and its little streamlet hurrying off in fretful murmurs to the eastern sea. An ox would drain its overflow, yet it is the source of the Father of Waters. It dashes down the rude declivities and foams through the narrow cañons, joined in every ravine by its tributaries, until it washes the precious metals from their long hiding places, and quenches the thirst of the luxuriant mountain valleys. Around it on every side, through the chaos of bald cliffs and green ranges, come many streams of every character of temperament. Hot geysers are flung into the air, and from the pierced rocks the cold, crystal waters flow. Strange minerals give the hues of the chameleon to some, and

others encrust their fountains with monuments created by the wealth they hold in solution. Here are boiling currents, and there are tepid wells, and yonder are silver lakes ; but all, all course onward and are lost in the great river, which in turn is lost in the vast ocean. Did I say lost?—let me recall it. Not one drop of all those various springs is lost. Not one of all their varied qualities goes for naught. Though all are blended in one temperament, and all become alike in their elements, yet each has its office in molding the qualities of the river and the ocean. Nor are these little sources limited to the task of shaping the character of the great streams into which they flow. Each by itself has some good work to do. They have cooled the lips of peoples and of creatures which we know not of. They have gathered the mountain riches, in single sands during forgotten ages, to be ripe for the necessities of civilization. They have opened new fields for science, and made paths plain where the learned have stumbled. They have swept the scant fertility of the rugged hills, and made broad meadows for man to develop into beauty and plenty. Each babbling rivulet, and each particle of itself, have never been idle nor have they toiled in vain. They may have been sent to flood the plains, or to fill the mountain gorges. Thence they may have been diffused as the mists of the morning, or drunk in by the insatiate earth. But they have ever returned and ever will. They may rise and fall in some far distant clime, to revive the drooping plant or glitter on the fragrant flower ; or they may come in the scalding tear, or in the tinted rainbow, or in the gentle dews, or in the destruction of the tempest.

What I would most pointedly illustrate is the value and influence and duty of each individual every-day life. But few even of the most learned can have their names inscribed upon what we call the "scroll of fame;" but that rare attainment is not the true measure of a great life.

I speak of what all classes are prone to forget, and what the ambitious and cultivated youth, more than others, is likely to overlook. You turn to the monuments of greatness as preserved in the history of human efforts ; but you are unmindful that the sources of all memorable events, and of all distinguished benefactors, are the infinite individual beings who make up the family of mankind. I would not have you close your eyes to the fact that the world has had its Cæsars and Napoleons, its Shakespeares and Miltons, its Washingtons and Jacksons, its Clays and Calhouns, its Lincolns and Douglasses. Well-directed ambition animates to noble deeds and adorns a noble life ; but the faithful aim should be to make one pure, unselfish, earnest every-day existence. The value of such a life is incalculable. It may not be heralded to the world, or be notable in history, but it is a perpetual well-spring of blessings to its author, and to all within the range of its influence, and the end of its good offices cannot be measured. All see the pure fountain, drink of its refreshing waters, and all of bounty and beauty around it mutely but eloquently testify to the grandeur of its attributes. The brilliant meteor flashes, expires, and is forgotten. The comet comes to note the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, and passes away. But the goddess of night, and her countless family of merry stars, return with the decline of day and perform their ceaseless mission. Many are unnoticed ; millions are unknown ; but they all join in lifting the curtain of darkness, and are as priceless diamonds of beauty and endless sources of beneficence.

Look well to the single, individual life, and guard with jealous care against the ambition that would make you the prey of a selfish struggle for mere distinction among men. It is a slow, deadly poison to the integrity of youth. It dwarfs and paralyzes mature manhood. It chills all the nobler aspirations of our nature. It hastens a vexed

life to withered and untimely senility. To such the world is a vast, dreary solitude, save as it ministers to one unholy, unsatisfying purpose. Their efforts are like footprints in the shifting sands of the desert—the simoom sweeps over them and they are lost forever. All the hopes and aims of an immortal being are staked upon an attainment which, if won, is but a hollow, fleeting bauble, and its garlands turn to burning ashes when they are grasped. A crowded throng has run this thorny, cheerless course, and innumerable throngs will persist in clouding and perverting bright lives, only to tell in the end how their days were “worse than basely lost.”

Soon you will go hence, fitted for the better efforts of mankind, and strong in the vigor of youth and hope. Go back to the great school whose portals are never closed, whose admonitions are never voiceless, and whose honors are rich in lustre, and fade not when the sober evening-time shall bid you set your house in order. Learn that he is ever a stranger in the land who does not live for others, and that—

“He most lives

Who thinks the most, feels the noblest, acts the best.”

The whole family of man is mingled in a mass of mutual teachers and pupils, and each individual life should take its part in advancing and elevating the human race. Wherever you may be, or however conditioned, the field will be boundless. Every passing day should save some bruised reed, or solace some bitter sorrow, or halt some wayward step, or inspire some wise resolve. This is the lesson of the pure, the hopeful, the earnest every-day life. It is always being taught, and always teaching; always polishing some lustrous gem, to note that it leaves the world better than it was found. Its course of study is never finished its work is never done. It makes the peaceful home,

whose door is not passed without a welcome. It brightens the places of the lowly, and is felt in the temples of pride and selfishness. It is ever sowing, ever reaping, ever garnering, and only in the fullness of time can its jewels be counted. It is the sublimity of well-spent years in which "Life is Peace."

WHAT OF THE REPUBLIC? *

GENTLEMEN OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES :

What of the Republic? The trials and triumphs of our free institutions are hackneyed themes. They are the star attractions of every political conflict. They furnish a perpetual well-spring of every grade of rhetoric for the hustings, and partisan organs proclaim, with the regularity of the seasons, the annual perils of free government.

But a different occasion, with widely different opportunities and duties, has brought us together. The dissembling of the partisan would be unwelcome, but here truth may be manfully spoken of that which so profoundly concerns us all. I am called to address young men who are to rank among the scholars, the teachers, the statesmen, the scientists of their age. They will be of the class that must furnish a large proportion of the executives, legislators, ministers, and instructors of the generation now rapidly crowding us to the long halt that soon must come. Doubtless, here and there, some who have been favored with opportunities will surpass them in the race for distinction; but in our free government, where education is proffered to all, and the largest freedom and conviction invites the humblest to honorable preferment, the learned must bear a conspicuous part in directing the destiny of the nation. Every one who molds a thought or inspires a fresh resolve, even in the remotest regions of the Continent, shapes, in some measure, the sovereign power of the Republic.

* Delivered before the Literary Societies of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., June 24th, 1873.

The time and the occasion are alike propitious for a dispassionate review of our political system, and of the political duties which none can reject and be blameless. Second only to the claims of religion are the claims of country. Especially should the Christian, whether teacher or hearer, discharge political duties with fidelity. I do not mean that the harangue of the partisan should desecrate holy places, or that men should join in the brawls of pot-house politicians; but I do mean that a faithful discharge of our duty to free government is not only consistent with the most exemplary and religious life, but is a Christian as well as a civil obligation. The government that maintains liberty of conscience as one of its fundamental principles, and under which Christianity is recognized as the common law, has just claims upon the Christian citizen for the vigilant exercise of all political rights.

If it be true, as is so often confessed around us, that we have suffered a marked decline in political morality and in our political administration, let it not be assumed that the defect is in our system of government, or that the blame lies wholly with those who are faithless or incompetent. Here no citizen is voiceless, and none can claim exemption from just responsibility for evils in the body politic. Ours is, in fact as well as in theory, a government of the people; and its administration is neither better nor worse than the people themselves. It was devised by wise and patriotic men, who gave to it the highest measure of fidelity; and so perfectly and harmoniously is its framework fashioned, that the sovereign power can always exercise a salutary control over its own servants. An accidental mistake of popular judgment, or the perfidy of an executive, or the enactment of profligate or violent laws, are all held in such wholesome check by co-ordinate powers, as to enable the supreme authority of the nation to restrain or correct every conceivable evil.

Until the people as a whole are given over to debauchery the safety of our free institutions cannot be seriously endangered. True, such a result might be possible without the demoralization of a majority of the people, if good citizens surrender their rights, and their duties, and their government to those who desire to rule in profligacy and oppression. If reputable citizens refrain from active participation in our political conflicts they voluntarily surrender the safety of their persons and property, and the good order and well-being of society, to those who are least fitted for the exercise of authority. When such results are visible in any of the various branches of our political system, turn to the true source, and place the responsibility where it justly belongs. Do not blame the thief and the adventurer, for they are but plying their vocations, and they rob public rather than private treasure, because men guard the one and do not guard the other. Good men employ every proper precaution to protect their property from the lawless. When an injury is done to them individually they are swift to invoke the avenging arm of justice. They are faithful guardians of their own homes and treasures against the untitled spoiler, while they are criminally indifferent to the public wrongs done by those who, in the enactment and execution of the laws, directly affect their happiness and prosperity. Do not answer that politics has become disreputable. Such a declaration is a confession of guilt. He who utters it becomes his own accuser. If it be true that our politics, either generally or in any particular municipality or State, has become disreputable, who must answer for it? Who have made our politics disreputable? Surely not the disreputable citizens, for they are a small minority in every community and in every party. If they have attained control of political organizations, and thereby secured their election to responsible trusts, it must have been with the active or passive approval of the good

citizens who hold the actual power in their own hands. There is not a disgraceful official shaming the people of this country to-day who does not owe his place to the silent assent or positive support of those who justly claim to be respectable citizens, and who habitually plead their own wrongs to escape plain and imperative duties. If dishonest or incompetent appointments have been made, in obedience to the demands of mere partisans, a just expression of the honest sentiments of better citizens, made with the manliness that would point to retribution for such wrongs, would promptly give us a sound practical civil service, and profligacy and dishonesty would end.

Our presidents and governors are not wholly or even mainly responsible for the low standard of our officials. If good men concede primary political control to those who wield it for selfish ends, by refraining from an active discharge of their political duties, and make the appointing powers dependent for both counsel and support upon the worst political element, who is to blame when public sentiment is outraged by the selection of unworthy men to important public trusts? The fruits are but the natural, logical results of good citizens refusing to accept their political duties. There is not a blot on our body politic to-day that the better elements of the people could not remove whenever they resolved to do so—and they will so resolve in good time, as they have always done in the past. There is not a defect or deformity in our political administration that they cannot and will not correct, by the peaceful expression of their sober convictions, in the legitimate way pointed out by our free institutions.

You, who are destined to be more or less conspicuous among the leaders of men, should study well this reserved power so immediately connected with the preservation of our government. The virtue and intelligence of the people is the sure bulwark of safety for the Republic. It

has been the source of safety in all times past, in peace and in war, and it is to-day, and will ever continue to be, the omnipotent power which forbids us to doubt the complete success of free government. It may, at times, be long suffering and slow to resent wrongs which grow gradually in strength and diffuse their poison throughout the land. It may invoke just censure for its forbearance in seasons of partisan strife. It may long seem lost as a ruling element of our political system, and may appear to be faithless to its high and sacred duties. It may be unfelt in its gentler influences, which should be ever active in maintaining the purity and dignity of society and government. But if for a season the better efforts of a free people are not evident to quicken and support public virtue, it must not be assumed that the source of good influences has been destroyed, or that public virtue cannot be restored to its just supremacy. When healthful influences do not come like the dew-drops which glitter in the morning as they revive the harvest of the earth, they will most surely come in their terrible majesty, as the tempest comes to purify the atmosphere about us. The miasmas which arise from material corruption poison the air we breathe and disease all physical life within their reach. The poison of political corruption is no less subtle and destructive in its influences upon communities and nations. But when either becomes general or apparently beyond the power of ordinary means of correction, the angry sweep of the hurricane must perform the work of regeneration. In our government the mild but effectual restraints of good men should be ceaseless in their beneficent offices, but when they fail to be felt in our public affairs, and evil control has widened and strengthened itself in departments of power, the storm and the thunderbolt have to be invoked for the public safety, and our convulsive but lawful revolutions attest the omnipotence of the reserved virtue of a faithful and intelligent people.

I am not before you to garner the scars and disjointed columns of free government. The Republic that has been reared by a century of patriotic labor and sacrifice more than covers its wounds with the noblest achievements ever recorded in man's struggle for the rights of man. It is not perfect in its administration or in the exercise of its vast and responsible powers; but when was it so? when shall it be so? No human work is perfect. No government in all the past has been without its misshaped ends; and few, indeed, have survived three generations without revolution. We must have been more than mortals if our history does not present much that we would be glad to efface. We should be unlike all great peoples of the earth if we did not mark the ebb and flow of public virtue, and the consequent struggles between the good and evil elements of a society in which freedom is at times debased to license. We have had seasons of war and of peace. We have had tidal waves of passion, with their sweeping demoralization. We have enlisted the national pride in the perilous line of conquest, and vindicated it by the beneficent fruits of our civilization. We have had the tempest of aggression, and the profound calm that was the conservator of peace throughout the world. We have revolutionized the policy of the government through the bitter conflicts of opposing opinions, and it has been strengthened by its trials. We have had the fruits of national struggles transferred to the vanquished without a shade of violence; and the extreme power of impeachment has been invoked in the midst of intense political strife, and its judgment patriotically obeyed. We have had fraternal war, with its terrible bereavements and destruction. We have completed the circle of national perils, and the virtue and intelligence of the people have ever been the safety of the Republic.

At no previous period of our history have opportunity and duty so happily united to direct the people of this

country to the triumphs and to the imperfections of our government. We have reached a healthy calm in our political struggles. The nation has a trusted ruler, just chosen by an overwhelming vote. The disappointments of conviction or of ambition have passed away, and all yield cordial obedience and respect to the lawful authority of the country. The long-lingering passions of civil war have, for the last time, embittered our political strife, and must now be consigned to forgetfulness. The nation is assured of peace. The embers of discord may convulse a State until justice shall be enthroned over mad partisanship, but peace and justice are the inexorable purposes of the people, and they will be obeyed. Sectional hatred, long fanned by political necessities, is henceforth effaced from our politics, and the unity of a sincere brotherhood will be the cherished faith of every citizen. We first conquered rebellion, and now have conquered the bitterness and estrangement of its discomfiture. The Vice-President of the insurgent Confederacy is a representative in our Congress. One who was first in the field and last in the Senate in support of rebellion has just died while representing the government in a diplomatic position of the highest honor. Another who served the Confederacy in the field and in the forum has been one of the constitutional advisers of the national administration. One of the most brilliant of Confederate warriors now serves in the United States Senate, and has presided over that body. The first lieutenant of Lee was long since honored with responsible and lucrative official trust, and many of lesser note, lately our enemies, are discharging important public duties. The war and its issues are settled forever. Those who were arrayed against each other in deadly conflict are now friends. The appeal from the ballot to the sword has been made, and its arbitrament has been irrevocably ratified by the supreme power of the nation. Each has won from the other the

respect that is ever awarded to brave men, and the affection that was clouded by the passion that made both rush to achieve an easy triumph, has returned chastened and strengthened by our common sacrifices. Our battlefields will be memorable as the theatres of the conflicts of the noblest people the world had to offer to the god of carnage, and the monuments to our dead, North and South, will be pointed to by succeeding generations as the proud records of the heroism of the American people.

The overshadowing issues touching the war and its logical results are now no longer in controversy, and in vain will the unworthy invoke patriotism to give them unmerited distinction. No supreme danger can now confront the citizen who desires to correct errors or abuses of our political system. He who despairs of free institutions because evils have been tolerated would have despaired of every administration the country has ever had, and of every government the world has ever known. If corruption pervades our institutions to an alarming extent, let it not be forgotten that it is the natural order of history repeating itself. It is but the experience of every nation, and our own experience returning to us, to call into vigorous action the regenerating power of a patriotic people. We have a supreme tribunal that is most jealous of its high prerogatives, and that will wield its authority mercilessly when the opportune season arrives. We have just emerged from the most impassioned and convulsive strife of modern history. It called out the highest type of patriotism, and life and treasure were freely given with the holiest devotion to the cause of self-government. With it came those of mean ambition, and of venal purposes, and they could gain power while the unselfish were devoted to the country's cause. They could not be dethroned because there were grave issues which dare not be sacrificed. Such evils must be borne at times in all governments, rather than destroy the

temple to punish the enemies of public virtue. To whatever extent these evils exist, they are not the legitimate creation of our free institutions. They are not the creation of mal-administration, nor of any party. They are the monstrous barnacles spawned by unnatural war, which clogged the gallant ship of State in her extremity, and had to be borne into port with her. And now that the battle is ended, and the issue settled, do not distrust the reserved power of our free institutions. It will heal the scars of war and efface the stains of corruption, and present the great Republic to the world surpassing in grandeur, might and excellence, the sublimest conceptions ever cherished of human government.

As you come to assume the responsibilities which must be accepted by the educated citizen, you will be profoundly impressed with the multiplied dangers which threaten the government. They will appear not only to be innumerable and likely to defy correction, but they will seem to be of modern creation. It is common to hear intelligent political leaders declaim against the moral and intellectual degeneracy of the times, and especially against the decline in public morality and statesmanship. They would make it appear that the people and the government in past times were models of purity and excellence, while we are unworthy sons of noble sires. Our rulers are pronounced imbecile or wholly devoted to selfish ends. Our law-makers are declared to be reeking with corruption or blinded by ambition, and greed and faithlessness are held up to the world as the chief characteristics of our officials. From this painful picture we turn to the history of those who ruled in the earlier and what we call the better days of the Republic, and the contrast sinks us deep in the slough of despair. I am not prepared to say that much of the complaint against the political degeneracy of the times, and the standard of our officials, is not just; but in the face of all that can be

charged against the present, I regard it as the very best age this nation has ever known. The despairing accusations made against our public servants are not the peculiar creation of the times in which we live, and the allegation of widespread demoralization in the body politic was no more novel in any of the generations of the past than it is now. We say nothing of our rulers that was not said of those whose memory we so sacredly worship. License is one of the chief penalties, indeed the sole defect, of liberty, and it has ever asserted its prerogatives with tireless industry. It was as irreverent with Washington as it is with Grant. It racked Jefferson and Jackson, and it pained and scarred Lincoln and Chase and their compatriots. It criticised the campaigns and the heroes of the revolutionary times as we criticise the living heroes of our day. It belittled the statesmen of every epoch in our national progress just as we belittle those who are now the guardians of our free institutions. Perhaps we have more provocation than they had; but if so, they were less charitable, for the tide of ungenerous criticism and distrust has known no cessation. I believe we have had seasons when our political system was more free from blemish than it is now, and that we have had periods when both government and people maintained a higher standard of excellence than we can boast of; but it is equally true that we have, in the past, sounded a depth in the decline of our political administration that the present age can never reach.

You must soon appear in the active struggles for the perpetuity of free government, and some of the sealed chapters of the past are most worthy of your careful study. I would not efface one good inspiration that you have gathered from the lives and deeds of our fathers, whose courage and patriotism have survived their infirmities. Whatever we have from them that is purifying or elevating is but the truth of history; and when unborn generations

shall have succeeded us, no age in all the long century of freedom in the New World will furnish to them higher standards of heroism and statesmanship than the defamed and unappreciated times in which we live. And when the future statesmen shall turn to history for the most unselfish and enlightened devotion to the Republic, they will pause over the records we have written, and esteem them the brightest in all the annals of man's best efforts for his race. We can judge of the true standard of our government and people only by a faithful comparison with the true standard of the men and events which have passed away. You find widespread distrust of the success of our political system. It is the favorite theme of every disappointed ambition, and the vanquished of every important struggle are tempted, in the bitterness of defeat, to despair of the government. Would you know whence comes this chronic or spasmodic political despair? If so, you must turn back over the graves of ages, for it is as old as free government. Glance at the better days of which we all have read, and to which modern campaign eloquence is so much indebted. Do not stop with the approved histories of the fathers of the Republic. They tell only of the transcendent wisdom and matchless perfections of those who gave us liberty and ordained government of the people. Go to the inner temple of truth. Seek that which was then hidden from the nation, but which in these days of newspapers and free schools, and steam and lightning, is an open record so that he who runs may read. Gather up the few public journals of a century ago, and the rare personal letters and sacred diaries of the good and wise men whose examples are so earnestly longed for in the degenerate present, and your despair will be softened and your indignation at current events will be tempered, as you learn that our history is steadily repeating itself, and that with all our many faults, we grow better as we progress.

Do you point to the unfaltering courage and countless sacrifices of those who gave us freedom, so deeply crimsoned with their blood? I join you in naming them with reverence, but I must point to their sons, for whom we have not yet ceased to mourn, who equaled them in every manly and patriotic attribute. When wealth and luxury were about us to tempt our people to indifference and ease, the world has no records of heroism which dim the lustre of the achievements we have witnessed in the preservation of the liberty our fathers bequeathed to us. Have corruption and perfidy stained the triumphs of which we boast? So did corruption and perfidy stain the revolutionary "times that tried men's souls." Do we question the laurels with which our successful captains have been crowned by a grateful country? So did our forefathers question the just distinction of him who was first in war and first in peace, and he had not a lieutenant who escaped distrust, nor a council of war that was free from unworthy jealousies and strife. Do politicians and even statesmen teach the early destruction of our free institutions? It is the old, old story; "the babbling echo mocks itself." It distracted the cabinets of Washington and the elder Adams. It was the tireless assailant of Jefferson and Madison. It made the Jackson administration tempestuous. It gave us foreign war under Polk. It was a teeming fountain of discord under Taylor, Pierce and Buchanan. It gave us deadly fraternal conflict under Lincoln. Its dying throes convulsed the nation under Johnson. The promise of peace, soberly accepted from Grant, was the crown of an unbroken column of triumphs over the distrust of every age that was attacking free government. Do we complain of violent and profligate legislation? Hamilton, the favorite statesman of Washington, was the author of laws, enacted in time of peace, which could not have been enforced in our day even under the necessities and passions of war. And when the

judgment of the nation repealed them he sought to overthrow the popular verdict, because he believed that the government was overthrown. Almost before order began after the political chaos of the Revolution, the intensest struggles were made, and the most violent enactments urged, for mere partisan control. Jefferson, the chief apostle of government of the people, did not always cherish supreme faith in his own work. He trembled at the tendencies to monarchy, and feared because of "the dupery of which our countrymen have shown themselves susceptible." He rescued the infant Republic from the centralization that was the lingering dregs of despotism, and unconsciously sowed the seeds which ripened into States' rights and nullification under Jackson, and into rebellion under Lincoln. But for the desperate conflict of opposing convictions as to the corner-stone of the new structure, Jefferson would have been more wise and conservative. He was faithful to popular government in the broadest acceptation of the theory. He summed it up in his memorable utterance to his neighbors when he returned from France. He said:—"The will of the majority, the natural law of every society, is the only sure guardian of the rights of man. Perhaps even this may sometimes err, but its errors are honest, solitary and short-lived." Politically speaking, with the patriots and statesmen of the "better days" of the Republic, their confidence in, or distrust of, the government, depended much upon whether Hamilton or Jefferson ruled. Dream of them as we may, they were but men, with the same ambition, the same love of power, the same infirmities, which we regard as the peculiar besetting sins of our times. If you would refresh your store of distrust of all political greatness, study Jefferson through Burr and Hamilton, or Washington and Hamilton through Jefferson, or Jackson through Clay and the second Adams, or Clay and Adams through Jackson and Randolph, and you will think better of the enlightened and liberal age in which you live.

No error is so common among free people as the tendency to depreciate the present and all its agencies and achievements. We all turn with boundless pride to the Senate of Clay, Webster and Calhoun. In the period of their great conflicts it was the ablest legislative tribunal the world has ever furnished. Rome and Greece in the zenith of their greatness never gathered such a galaxy of statesmen. But not until they had passed away did the nation learn to judge them justly. Like the towering oaks when the tempest sweeps over the forest, the storm of faction was fiercest among their crowns, and their struggles of mere ambition, and their infirmities, which have been kindly forgotten, often made the thoughtless or the unfaithful despair of our free institutions. Not one of them escaped detraction or popular reprobation. Not one was exempt from the grave accusation of shaping the destruction of our nationality, and yet not one meditated deliberate wrong to the country on which all reflected so much honor. Calhoun despaired of the Union, because of the irrepressible antagonism of sectional interests, but he cherished the sincerest faith in free institutions. But when the dispassionate historian of the future is brought to the task of recording the most memorable triumphs of our political system he will pass over the great Senate of the last generation, and picture in their just proportions the grander achievements of the heroes and statesmen who have been created in our own time. If we could draw aside the veil that conceals the future from us, and see how our children will judge the trials and triumphs of the last decade, we would be shamed at our distrust of ourselves and of the instruments we have employed to discharge the noblest duties. Our agents came up from among us. We knew them before they were great, and remembered well their common inheritance of human defects. They are not greater than were men who had lived before them, but the nation has had none in all the

past who could have written their names higher on the scroll of fame. We knew Lincoln as the uncouth Western campaigner and advocate ; as a man of jest, untutored in the graces, and unschooled in statesmanship. We knew him in the heat and strife of the political contests which made him our president, and our passions and prejudices survived his achievements. If his friends, we were brought face to face with his imperfections, and perhaps complained that he was unequal to impossibilities. If his enemies, we antagonized his policy and magnified his errors. We saw him wrestle with the greed of the place-man, with the ambitious warrior and with the disappointed statesman. We received his great Act of Emancipation as a part of the mere political policy of his rule, and judged it by the light of prejudiced partisan convictions.

But how will those of the future judge him ? When the hatreds which attached to his public acts have passed into forgetfulness ; when his infirmities shall have been buried in oblivion, and when all his master monuments shall stand out in bold relief, made stainless by the generous offices of time, his name will be linked with devotion wherever liberty has a worshiper. And it will be measurably so of those who were his faithful co-laborers. It will be forgotten that they were at times weak, discordant, irresolute men when they had to confront problems the solution of which had no precedents in the world's history. It will not be conspicuous in the future records of those great events that the most learned and experienced member of his cabinet would have accepted peace by any supportable compromise, and that one of the most trusted of his constitutional advisers would have assented to peaceable dismemberment to escape internecine war. Few will ever know that our eminent Minister of War was one of those who was least hopeful of the preservation of the unity of the States when armed secession made its first trial of strength with the administration.

It will not be recorded how the surrender of Sumter was gravely discussed to postpone the presence of actual hostilities, and how the mid-summer madness of rebellion made weakness and discord give way to might and harmony, by the first gun that sent its unprovoked messenger of death against the flag and defenders of the Union. It will not be remembered that faction ran riot in the highest places, and that the struggle for the throne embittered cabinet councils and estranged eminent statesmen, even when the artillery of the enemy thundered within sound of the Capitol. It will not be declared how great captains toyed with armies and decimated them upon the deadly altar of ambition, and how blighted hopes of preferment made jangled strife and fruitless campaigns. Nor will the insidious treason that wounded the cause of free government in the home of its friends blot the future pages of our history in the just proportions in which the living felt and knew it. It will be told that in the hour of greatest peril the administration was criticised, and the Constitution and laws expounded with supreme ability and boldness, while the meaner struggles of the cowardly and faithless will be effaced with the passions of the times that created them. And it is best that these defects of greatness should slumber with mortality. Not only the heroes and rulers, but the philanthropists as well, of all nations and ages have had no exemption from the frailties which are colossal when in actual view. That we have been no better than we have seen ourselves, does not prove that we are a degenerate people. On the contrary, it teaches how much of good and great achievement may be hoped for with all the imperfections we see about us. In our unexampled struggle, when faction, and corruption and faithlessness had done their worst, a regenerated nationality, saved to perfect justice, liberty and law, was the rich fruits of the patriotic efforts of the people and their trusted but fallible leaders. There is the ineffaceable

record we have written for history, and it will be pointed to as the sublimest tribute the world has given to the theory of self-government. The many grievous errors and bitter jealousies of the conflict which weakened and endangered the cause; the venality that grew in hideous strength while higher and holier cares gave it safety; the incompetency that grasped place on the tidal waves of devotion to country, and the wide-spread political evils which still linger as sorrowful legacies among us, will in the fullness of time be healed and forgotten, and only the grand consummation will be memorable. This generous judgment of the virtue and intelligence of the people, that corrects the varying efforts and successes of political prostitution; that pardons the defects of those who are faithful in purpose, and without which the greatest deeds would go down to posterity scarred and deformed, is the glass through which all must read of the noblest triumphs of men.

Our Republic stands alone in the whole records of civil government. In its theory, in its complete organization, and in its administration, it is wholly exceptional. We talk thoughtlessly of the overthrow of the old Republics, and the weak or disappointed turn to history for the evidence of our destruction. It is true that Republics which have been mighty among the powers of the earth have crumbled into hopeless decay, and that the shifting sands of time have left desolate places where once were omnipotence and grandeur. Rome made her almost boundless conquests under the banner of the republic, and a sister republic was her rival in greatness and splendor. They are traced obscurely on the pages of history as governments of the people. Rome became mistress of the world. Her triumphal arches of costliest art recorded her many victories. Her temples of surpassing elegance, her colossal and exquisite statues of her chieftains, her imposing columns dedicated to her invincible

soldiery, and her apparently rapid progress toward a beneficent civilization, give the story of the devotion and heroism of her citizens. But Rome never was a free representative government. What is called her republic was but a series of surging plebeian and patrician revolutions, of tribunes, consuls and dictators with seasons of marvelous prowess under the desperate lead of as marvelous ambition. The tranquillity, the safety, and the inspiration of a government of liberty and law are not to be found in all the thousand years of Roman greatness. The lust of empire was the ruling passion in the ancient republics. Hannibal reflected the supreme sentiment of Carthage when he bowed at the altar and swore eternal hostility to Rome; and Cato, the censor, as faithfully spoke for Rome when he declared to an approving Senate—“*Carthago delenda!*” Such was the mission of what history hands down to us as the great free governments of the ancients. Despotism was the forerunner of corruption, and the proudest eras they knew were but hastening them to inevitable destruction.—The imperial purple soon followed in Rome, as a debauched people were prepared to accept in form what they had long accepted with the mockery of freedom. Rulers and subjects, noble and ignoble, church and state, made common cause to precipitate her decay. At last the columns of the barbarian clouded her valleys. The rude hosts of Atilla, the “Scourge of God,” swarmed upon her, and their battle-axes smote the demoralized warriors of the tottering empire. The Goth and the Vandal jostled each other from the degraded sceptre they had conquered, and Rome was left widowed in her ruins. And Carthage!—she too had reared a great government by spoliation, and called it a Republic. It was the creation of ambition and conquest. Her great chieftain swept over the Pyrenees and the Alps with his victorious legions, and he even made the gates of the Eternal city tremble

before the impetuous advance of the Carthagenians. But Carthage never was free until the cormorant and the bittern possessed it, and the God of nations had "stretched out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness." Conquerer and conquered are blotted from the list of the nations of the earth. We read of the Grecian Republic; but it was a libel upon free government. Her so-called free institutions consisted of a loose, discordant confederation of independent States, where despotism ruled in the name of liberty. Sparta has made romance pale before the achievements of her sons, but her triumphs were not of peace, nor were they for free government. Athens abolished royalty more than a thousand years before the Christian era, and made Athenian history most thrilling and instructive, but her citizens were strangers to freedom. The most sanguinary wars with sister States, domestic convulsions almost without cessation, and the grinding oppression of caste, were the chief offerings of the government to its subjects. Solon restored her laws to some measure of justice, only to be cast aside for the usurper. Greece yet has a name among the nations of the world, but her sceptre for which the mightiest once warred to enslave her people under the banner of the Republic, has long since been unfelt in shaping the destiny of mankind. Thus did Rome and Carthage and Greece fade from the zenith of distinction and power, before constitutional government of the people had been born among men. To-day there is not an established sister Republic that equals our single Commonwealth in population. Spain, France and Mexico have in turn worshiped emperors, kings, dictators and popular presidents. Yesterday they were reckoned Republics. What they have been made to-day, or what they will be made to-morrow, is uncertain and unimportant. They are not now, and never have been, Republics save in name, and never can be free governments until their people are

transformed into law-creating and law-abiding communities. With them monarchy is a refuge from the license they miscall liberty, and despotism is peace. Switzerland is called a Republic. She points to her acknowledged independence four hundred years ago, but not until the middle of the present century did the Republic of the Alps find tranquillity in a constitutional government that inaugurated the liberty of law. Away on a rugged mountain-top in Italy, is the only Republic that has maintained popular government among the States of Europe. For more than fourteen hundred years a handful of isolated people, the followers of a Dalmatian hermit priest, have given the world an example of unsullied freedom. Through all the mutations, and revolutions, and relinings of the maps of Europe, the little territory of San Marino has been sacredly respected. Her less than ten thousand people have prospered without interruption; and civil commotions and foreign disputes or conflicts have been unknown among them. She has had no wealth to tempt the spoiler; no commerce or teeming valleys to invite conquest; no wars to breed dictators; no surplus revenues to corrupt her officials; and in patient and frugal industry her citizens have enjoyed the national felicity of having no history. They have had no trials and no triumphs, and have made civilization better only by the banner of peace they have worshiped through all the convulsions and bloody strife of many centuries.—The world has had but one Republic that has illustrated constitutional freedom in all its beneficence, power and grandeur, and that is our own priceless inheritance. As a government, our Republic has alone been capable of, and faithful to, representative free institutions, with equal rights, equal justice, and equal laws for every condition of our fellows. All the nations of the past furnish no history that can logically repeat itself in our advancement or decline.—Created through the severest

trials and sacrifices ; maintained through foreign and civil war with unexampled devotion ; faithful to law as the offspring and safety of liberty ; progressive in all that ennobles our peaceful industry, and cherishing enlightened and liberal Christian civilization as the trust and pride of our citizens, for our government of the people, none but itself can be its parallel.

In what are called free governments of antiquity, we search in vain for constitutional freedom, or that liberty that subordinates passion and license to law. The refuge from the constant perils of an unrestrained Democracy was always found in despotism, and when absolutism became intolerable, the tide of passion would surge back to Democracy. The people, in mass councils, would rule consuls, presidents and generals, but it was fruitful only of chaos and revolution. The victorious chieftain and the illustrious philosopher would be honored with thanksgivings to the gods for their achievements, and their banishment or death would next be demanded by the same supreme tribunal. Grand temples and columns and triumphal arches would be erected to commemorate the victories of the dominant power, and the returning waves of revolution would decree the actors and their monuments to destruction. Ambitious demagogues prostituted such mockeries of government to the basest purposes. The Olympic games of Greece became the mere instruments of unscrupulous leaders to lure people, in the name of freedom, to oppression and degradation, and the wealth of Rome was lavishly employed to corrupt the source of popular power, and spread demoralization throughout the Republic. The debauched citizens and soldiers were inflamed by cunning and corrupt devices, against the purest and most eminent of the sincere defenders of liberty ; and the vengeance of the infuriated mob, usurping the supreme power of the State, would doom to exile or to death,

honest Romans who struggled for Roman freedom. Cato, the younger, Tribune of the people, and faithful to his country, took his own life to escape the reprobation of a polluted sovereignty. Cicero was consul of the people, made so by his triumph over Cæsar. But the same people who worshiped him and to whose honor and prosperity he was devoted, banished him in disgrace, confiscated his wealth, and devastated his home. Again he was recalled through a triumphal ovation, and again prescribed by the triumvirs and murdered by the soldiers of Antony. The Grecian Republic banished "Aristides the just," and Demosthenes, the first orator of the world, who withstood the temptations of Macedonian wealth, was fined, exiled and his death decreed. He saved his country the shame of his murder by suicide. Miltiades won the plaudits of Greece for his victories, only to die in prison of wounds received in fighting her battles. Themistocles, orator, statesman and chieftain, was banished and died in exile. Pericles, once master of Athens, and who gave the world the highest attainments in Grecian arts, was deposed from military and civil authority by the people he had honored. Socrates, immortal teacher of Grecian philosophy, soldier and senator, and one of the most shining examples of public virtue, was ostracised and condemned and drank the fatal hemlock. The Republic of Carthage gave the ancients their greatest general, and as chief magistrate, he was as wise in statesmanship as he was skillful in war; but in a strange land Hannibal closed his eyes to his country's woes by taking his own life. Nor need we confine our research to Pagan antiquity alone, for such stains upon what is called popular government. During the present century France has enthroned and banished the Bourbons, and worshiped and execrated the Bonapartes; and Spain and Mexico, and scores of States of lesser note, have welcomed and spurned the same rulers, and created and overthrew the same dynasties.

For the matchless progress of enlightened rule during the last century, the world is indebted to England and America. Parent and child, though separated by violence and estranged in their sympathies even to the latest days, have been co-workers in the great cause of perfecting and strengthening liberal government. Each has been too prone to hope and labor for the decline or subordination of the other, but they both have thereby "builted wiser than they knew." Their ceaseless rivalry for the approving judgment of civilization and for the development of the noblest attributes of a generous and enduring authority, have made them vastly better and wiser than either would have been without the other. We have inherited her supreme sanctity for law, and thus bounded our liberties by conservative restraints upon popular passions, until the sober judgment of the people can correct them. She has, however unwillingly, yielded to the inspiration of our enlarged freedom and advanced with hesitating steps toward the amelioration of her less favored classes. She maintains the form and splendor of royalty, but no monarch, no ministry, no House of Lords, can now defy the Commoners of the English people. The breath of disapproval coming from the popular branch of the government, dissolves a cabinet or compels an appeal to the country. A justly beloved queen, unvexed by the cares of State, is the symbol of the majesty of English law, and there monarchy practicably ends. We have reared a nobler structure, more delicate in its frame-work, more exquisite in its harmony, and more imposing in its progress. Its beneficence would be its weakness with any other people than our own. Solon summed up the history of many peoples, when, in answer to the question whether he had given the Athenians the best of laws, he said: "The best they were capable of receiving!" Even England, with her marked distinctions of rank and widely divided and unsympathetic classes, could not entrust her

administration to popular control, without inviting convulsive discord and probable disintegration. Here we confide the enactment and execution of our laws to the immediate representatives of the people; but executives, and judicial tribunals, and conservative legislative branches, are firmly established, to receive the occasional surges of popular error, as the rock-ribbed shore makes harmless the waves of the tempest. We have no antagonism of rank or caste; no patent of nobility save that of merit, and the Republic has no distinction that may not be won by the humblest of her citizens. Our illustrious patriots, statesmen and chieftains are cherished as household gods. They have not in turn been applauded and condemned, unless they have betrayed public trust. They are the creation of our people under our exceptional system, that educates all and advances those who are most eminent and faithful; and they are, from generation to generation, the enduring monuments of the Republic. We need no triumphal arches, or towering columns, or magnificent temples, to record our achievements. Every patriotic memory bears in perpetual freshness the inscriptions of our noblest deeds, and every devoted heart quickens its pulsations at the contemplation of the power and safety of government of the people. In every trial, in peace and in war, we have created our warriors, our pacificators and our great teachers of the country's sublime duties and necessities. It is not always our most polished scholars or our ripest statesmen who have the true inspiration of the loyal leader. Ten years ago one of the most illustrious scholars and orators of our age was called to dedicate the memorable battlefield of Gettysburg, as the resting place of our martyred dead. In studied grandeur he told the story of the heroism of the soldiers of the Republic, and in chaste and eloquent passages he pleaded the cause of the imperiled and bleeding Union. The renowned orator has passed away, and his oration is forgotten.

There was present on that occasion the chosen ruler and leader of the people. He was untutored in eloquence, and a stranger to the art of playing upon the hopes or grief of the nation. He was the sincere, the unfaltering guardian of the unity of the States, and his utterance, brief and unstudied, inspired and strengthened every patriotic impulse, and made a great people renew their great work with the holiest devotion. As he turned from the dead to the living, he gave the text of liberty for all time, when he declared: "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Neither birth, nor circumstance, nor power, can command the devotion of our people. Our revolutions in enlightened sentiment have been the creation of all the varied agencies of our free government, and the judgments of the nation have passed into history as marvels of justice. We have wreathed our military and civil heroes with the greenest laurels. In the strife of ambition, some have felt keenly what they deemed the ingratitude of the Republic; but in their disappointment, they could not understand that the highest homage of a free people is not measured by place or titled honors. Clay was none the less beloved, and Webster none the less revered, because their chief ambition was not realized. Scott was not less the "Great Captain of the Age," because he was smitten in his efforts to attain the highest civil distinction. But a few months ago two men of humblest opportunities and opposite characteristics, were before us as rival candidates for our first office. One had been a great teacher,

who, through patient years of honest and earnest effort, had made his impress upon the civilization of every clime. He was the defender of the oppressed, and the unswerving advocate of equal rights for all mankind. Gradually his labors ripened, but the fruits were to be gathered through the flame of battle, and he was unskilled in the sword. Another had to come with his brave reapers into the valley of death. He was unknown to fame, and the nation trusted others who wore its stars. But he transformed despair into hope, and defeat into victory. He rose through tribulation and malice, by his invincible courage and matchless command, until the fruition of his rival's teachings had been realized in their own, and their country's grandest achievement. In the race for civil trust, partisan detraction swept mercilessly over both, and two men who had written the proudest records of their age, in their respective spheres of public duty, were assailed as incompetent and unworthy. Both taught peace. One dared more for hastened reconciliation, forgiveness and brotherhood. The other triumphed, and vindicated his rival and himself by calling the insurgent to share the honors of the Republic. Soon after the strife was ended, they met at the gates of the "City of the Silent," and the victor, as chief of the nation, paid the nation's sincere homage to its untitled, but most beloved and lamented citizen. Had the victor been the vanquished, the lustre of his crown would have been undimmed in the judgment of our people or of history. Our rulers are but our agents, chosen in obedience to the convictions which govern the policy of the selection, and mere political success is no enduring constituent of greatness. The public servant, and the private citizen, will alike be honored or condemned, as they are faithful or unfaithful to their responsible duties.

When we search for the agencies of the great epochs in our national progress, we look not to the accidents of

place. Unlike all other governments, ours is guided supremely by intelligent and educated public convictions, and those who are clothed with authority are but the exponents of the popular will. Herein is the source of safety and advancement of our free institutions. On every hand, in the ranks of people, are the tireless teachers of our destiny. Away in the forefront of every struggle are to be found the masters who brave passion and prejudice and interest in the perfection of our nationality. Our free press reaching into almost every hamlet of the land; our colleges now reared in every section; our schools with open doors to all; our churches teaching every faith, with the protection of the law; our citizens endowed with the sacred right of freedom of speech and action; our railroads spanning the continent, climbing our mountains, and stretching into our valleys; our telegraphs making every community the centre of the world's daily records—these are the agencies which are omnipotent in the expression of our national purposes and duties. Thus directed and maintained, our free government has braved foreign and domestic war, and been purified and strengthened in the crucible of conflict. It has grown from a few feeble States east of the Ohio wilderness, to a vast continent of commonwealths, and forty millions of population. It has made freedom as universal as its authority within its vast possessions. The laws of inequality and caste are blotted from its statutes. It reaches the golden slopes of the Pacific with its beneficence, and makes beauty and plenty in the valleys of the mountains on the sunset side of the Father of Waters. From the cool lakes of the north, to the sunny gulfs of the south, and from the eastern seas to the waters that wash the lands of the Pagan, a homogeneous people obey one constitution, and are devoted to one country. Nor have its agencies and influences been limited to our own boundaries. The whole accessible

world has felt its power, and paid tribute to its excellence. Europe has been convulsed from centre to circumference by the resistless throbbings of oppressed peoples for the liberty they cannot know and could not maintain. The proud Briton has imitated his wayward but resolute child, and now rules his own throne. France has sung the *Marseillaise*, her anthem of freedom, and waded through blood in ill-directed struggles for her disenthralment. The scattered tribes of the Fatherland now worship at the altar of German unity, with a liberalized Empire. The sad song of the serf is no longer heard from the children of the Czar. Italy, dismembered and tempest-tossed through centuries, again ordains her laws in the Eternal City, under a monarch of her choice. The throne of Ferdinand and Isabella has now no kingly ruler, and the inspiration of freedom has unsettled the title of despotism to the Spanish sceptre. The trained lightning flashes the lessons of our civilization to the home of the Pyramids; the land of the Heathen has our teachers in its desolate places, and the God of Day sets not upon the boundless triumphs of our government of the people.

AMERICAN POLITICS.

GENTLEMEN OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES :

Let us forget the partisan for a season, and remember that we have a country. Mere partisans and mere partisan issues perish with the necessities or fortuitous circumstances which vitalize them ; but our great political system has withstood the shocks and mutations of a century, and is to-day the theme most worthy of the forum. Here, before the young men who are to go out as teachers of their fellows, the discussion of American Politics, with intelligent candor, eminently befits the occasion.

Those of you whom I am specially called to address have not witnessed the rise and fall of political organizations, and you have come up toward manhood, through a period of almost unexampled partisan passion. The impressions and the prejudices of youth through which political sentiments are thus acquired are only too often witnessed in dwarfing the grasp and deforming the convictions and actions of maturer years. We are prone to yield more or less to the political prejudices of youth, and in many instances to follow them with the devotion of the child, whose love clings to the parent even in degradation and death. My first political impressions were formed when the Whigs idolized the name of Clay. I often insensibly turn to that period and mourn the perished age of greatness and its worshipers. Had that organization survived its own unfaithfulness, I should probably still be its partisan apologist, for it was my first-born political

* Delivered before the Literary Societies of the University of Lewisburg, Penna., on June 23, 1874.

affection, and its heroes, and its aims, and its struggles come back to me with ever grateful memories. It died none too soon, and yet lived none too long. Its aristocratic pride of leadership, its stolid conservatism, and its boasted respectability made it unequal to the duties of revolutionary times, and it escaped mingled pity and contempt, by going to its grave when its useful days were numbered. With no less sincere, doubtless with more profound convictions, I have since taken an humble part in political conflicts, but the romance of partisan devotion ended with the organization that created it, and subsequent political attachment has been the offspring of a sober judgment and unbiased convictions of public duty. While man is man, his idols will cling to him, and none are so dear to us as those which in the ardor of youth we have invested with the attributes of perfection. I understand well, therefore, that in presenting to my young hearers on this occasion, American Politics as distinguished from the degenerate partisan duties and achievements of the present day, I shall encounter much of prejudice that is the growth of first political love.

Since the organization of our government, we have had but two great political parties. Scores of party organizations have been created and aspired to national control, but the future historian will tell of but two parties, whose achievements are written on the annals of our country's progress. And both exist to-day. Republicanism and Democracy are the only political organizations which are not a secondary growth, or mere expedients. Both were called into being to advance aggressive ideas, and they have rivaled each other in the grandeur of their monuments. The Democracy of the last half century was the Republicanism conceived and led with such masterly ability and success by Jefferson, and the Republicanism of the last two decades, was the sturdy growth of years, that was quickened by the gradual and ultimately

extreme perversion of the doctrine of Jefferson by his professed followers. The Federal party was but the dying embers of monarchy which survived the Revolution. True, Washington, the Adamses, and Hamilton, and very many of the most commanding intellects of that day adhered to it; but it distrusted popular government, and struggled for centralization, and for powers which could be stronger than the people. The issue of the reserved rights of the States and of the people was successful under the lead of Jefferson in Eighteen Hundred, and Federalism was thereafter but a feeble opposition, and lost its cunning in maintaining its opposition, even to its fatal hostility to the second war with England. Thenceforth it was but a lingering suicide, and ultimately died in obloquy.

For sixty years, with rare and ineffectual interruptions, the Democratic party molded the policy and guided the destiny of the country. The non-partisan administration of the second Adams, the brief, unfeared reign of Harrison, and the short administration of Taylor, that left no completed records of achievement, were the only departures from Democratic rule, and they were not able at any time to unsettle or reverse any great principle of Democratic faith. Indeed, they were not the creations of fixed popular convictions. Adams and Taylor were minority presidents, and Harrison was the child of the tempest of 1840. Tyler and Fillmore were in accord with Democratic Congresses, chosen during their terms, and both favored their Democratic successors. In sixty years, therefore, there was but one party of power, and the history of the nation's sublime progress during that period is the history of that political organization. It gave us the Father of Waters, from its sources in the great mountains to the Gulf. It gave us Florida and Texas, and the golden slopes of the Pacific. It made war and peace. It enforced the respect of every civilized nation of the world

by its foreign policy, and it surrendered its power only in the throes of a political revolution, which was but the forerunner of the most gigantic rebellion of modern times. As it fell by its own hand, through dissensions fed by the lust of power, it pointed to an enlarged population of twenty-five millions, and to a nationality that compassed the continent, as the triumphs of its rule.

But the organization that made many of the most brilliant pages of our history by its illustrious statesmanship, could plead no exemption from the frailties which ever attend protracted power. It was often and at times sorely admonished. Adverse Senates, hostile popular branches of the national legislature, an occasional presidential disaster, and sweeping revolution in States, would come to command a halt in the march of profligacy or in the subordination of vital interests to partisan necessities. It had no political party to dispute its right to administer the government. True, it had Federalism, and Anti-Masonry, and Whiggery and Americanism, and innumerable other forms of opposition, but they were oppositions—nothing more. They were but the agencies employed by the people to conserve the ruling power of the nation, to restrain its excesses, to heal its sores of corruption, and to revise its cardinal doctrines when necessary. Anti-Masonry and Americanism were aggressive, but parties born of one idea could not hold out in the race, and never gathered more than local triumphs. The Whig party was for nearly a quarter of a century the great conservative power of the country, and as such was an immeasurable blessing. Had it won with Clay, it would have achieved grander results, but its national victories were accidents, and its administrations its most dangerous foes. As a conservative opposition, it grappled heroically with Jackson, and destroyed Van Buren, but as a party of power it has written its history in the single word—failure. None of these organizations, nor any number combined, could

overthrow the Democratic party and change the policy of the country, until it revolted against itself and dealt the fatal blow at its own existence. From the reserved rights of the people as promulgated by Jefferson, it had magnified States Rights until our national government was declared to be the mere plaything of every erratic Commonwealth. It was the last refuge of slavery, against which the civilization of the whole world was gradually becoming arrayed, and States had to be made supreme in their powers, or slavery had to die. Slavery was unequal to the conflict with the enlightened advancement of the age, and it had to entrench itself in the sacred shelter of the States, and exact a nation's obedience, or fall with the reprobation of mankind. It commanded the Whig party of 1852 to bow at its altar, and it bowed never to rise again. It commanded the Democratic party to bow at the same altar, and was obeyed. A sweeping victory over the Whig suicide was but a logical result, and no less logical was the utter overthrow of Democracy in 1860. The divinity that gave the party success in 1852, and again in 1856, over a broken and discordant opposition, rent it in desperate, hopeless factions, and its mission ended when the national departure of 1860 was proclaimed. All its policy, and teachings, and purposes of the past, were then of the past. Its aims, and its laws, and its doctrines were set aside forever; and in forgetfulness of the omnipotence of its own best weapons in former conflicts, it attempted the rôle of opposition in the midst of a war that involved the very existence of the government it had made most mighty among the nations of the earth. And this attempt was made when opposition was powerless to conserve the ruling authority. The future student of our history will search in vain for the evidences of effective opposition during the late civil war. Men opposed, and admonished, and at times appealed to the people; but they were unheard, unfelt, and had no part

in shaping the destiny of the country. New occasions, new duties, new laws, and new rules of interpretation and of action, had been accepted, and every assault rebounded upon its author as an assault upon the national life. And now war has come and gone ; reconstruction has run its bitter course ; fundamental changes have engraven ineffaceably the results of the conflict in the policy of the government, and Democracy is but a shattered opposition, and voiceless in every element of national direction.

It required a quarter of a century to make Federalism understand that the political departure of 1800 under Jefferson was an irreversible judgment of the nation. It was the first great political epoch after independence, and settled the experiments of hesitating, distrusting Federalism, by an inflexible rule of administrative policy, based upon unfaltering confidence in the people. Of all parties, interwoven with the history of our country, Federalism was the only one that could have been guilty of the folly of appealing to the people to reverse Jefferson, by a solemn declaration against their own capacity for self-government. From 1800 until 1860, we had no political departure. There were political fluctuations in both State and national contests, but the policy of Jefferson was never overthrown. It was assailed at times, alike by construction and by open enemies, with great ability and earnestness ; but until it was made an instrument of self-destruction by odious perversion, it was invulnerable. In 1860 it became a supreme necessity to dethrone the then accepted doctrine of States rights, into which the policy of Jefferson had degenerated, or confess that we had no national authority. A new and positive departure, fraught with the issues of life or death to popular government, could be no longer delayed ; and it came with the election of Lincoln. Such a departure once taken, such issues once settled, can never be reversed. Had there been no war, the new epoch of 1860

would have been less marked in our political history, but its lessons could never be obliterated. But with it war came, and hewed out, in its fullest stature, the enduring monument of its meaning. It was shaped in the flame of battle, and its covenants were sealed with blood.

This great departure created its party, as did the revolution of Jefferson. The issues which succeeded in 1800 created the Democracy, and the departure that culminated in 1860 created Republicanism. It is idle to say that parties conceived such great issues. They were born in the intelligent convictions of the people, and they created their agencies to battle for them, and to administer them when the battle was won. The birth of the Republican party gave the Democracy the only positive antagonist it ever had to meet. It was not merely an opposition. It was the creation of fixed ideas; of settled aggressive purposes, and it summoned the Christian civilization of the world as its armor. It absorbed and intensified all forms of hostility to Democracy, and had large accessions from the ranks of its enemy. It discarded expedients, unfurled its flag, and made its assaults in solid column in the open field. Democracy, in its days of authority, was the inspiration of popular government; Republicanism was the inspiration of freedom, and freedom was then the hunger-cry of the nation. Its prophets had gone long before, braving contempt and scorn for abstract right. The aggression of the despised Abolitionist was met with the insolent resentment of power, until the sacred landmarks of our fathers had to be displaced to prove the omnipotence of bondage in the boasted Republic of the world. Until then, Democracy had been, for sixty years, the established political church, and all others were but dissenters; but then came a determined struggle for the very altar of free government, and it was made by a new party that looked beyond opposition, that proclaimed its

purpose to revise the whole policy of the government, and even to obliterate its highest judicial judgments.

This was the mission of Republicanism. It did not declare war, but if war followed, it was ready to accept it; and when war came, it at once cast all the laws and precedents of peace behind it, and gave all the supreme laws of war to the conflict. Look at the records it has written! It defied all the teachings of history in crushing the rebellion. It settled by the sword, and sealed by fundamental amendment, all the issues for which the insurgents fought. It struck the shackles from four millions of slaves, and clothed the bondman with the habiliments of citizenship. It lavished countless treasure to maintain the terrible struggle and preserved the credit of the Republic. Its warriors came up from the ranks of the unknown to the highest achievements of the century; and its galaxy of statesmen will be among the most memorable of which our future history will boast. Reconstruction had to be fashioned in the tide of passion that ever survives fraternal war, and when the conquered Confederate interposed, suffrage was flung upon the emancipated slave to weigh down the balance and give absolute political control to the party of power. And it rivaled Democracy in its diplomacy. It held conspiring nations in check, until intervention would have been but burning ashes to the lips of the South. It revolutionized our whole financial system, and gave the country, in the throes of revolution, the best currency we have ever known. In all things declared by its leaders to be within the scope of its mission, it was successful; and its purposes were carried inflexibly to their great consummation.

Such is the record of its grander achievements. How wise or how unwise it was in its policy, I do not now discuss—but it will be told to all who come after us, that it created a school of civil leaders, whose success is exceptional in our annals of greatness. We contrast them with

the school of Clay and Webster, and Calhoun and Benton ; but we forget that the giants of the last generation became great because the different duties were adapted to their different aims and attributes. The new men who were charged with the direction of the political departure of 1860 would have been dwarfed by their convictions in the days of Webster and Calhoun, for there would have been no response to their efforts from either people or power ; but judged by their enduring triumphs, as history judges all mankind, they filled the highest measure of statesmanship. Of all the contemporaries of the old school of statesmen, Crittenden alone was an actor in the new order of things, and he withered in the study of its strange lessons.

I have shown that our country in a century of continued growth in all the elements of greatness has created but two political parties, and but two political epochs are to be found in the history we have written in behalf of free government. One of these parties guided the Republic from infancy to manhood, and held its sway as the chosen guardian of our sacred institutions for more than half the whole period of our national existence. Its mission was fulfilled only when a sweeping political revolution became an inexorable necessity, and then, like the statesmen of the old school, it was unequal to the acceptance of inevitable destiny. The other party has ruled less than half a generation ; but it reigned in the tempest, and its work was speedily done. In a single decade, its mission and all its noblest purposes were fulfilled. The one watered the tender plant of self-government with genial showers and gentle dews, until it grew into a giant's stature ; the other came with the storm and the thunderbolt to purify the atmosphere that had become charged with deadly poison to freedom, and it swept mercilessly in its work. Old landmarks of liberty were uprooted, and sturdy oaks of shelter were riven by the lightning-stroke, as the tide

of revolution went on. When war came, it was master. It brought with it its passions, its resentments, its intolerance, its scarcely refined attributes of barbarism. It made party autocratic in its policy—hence history tells of no concessions to, or triumphs of, the opposition. To remonstrate was to invite the distrust of power; to oppose was to provoke its anathemas; to resist was to feel the vengeful arm of authority. Such a mission, with such necessary agencies, could not be long in fulfilling its purpose, for it crowded the measured results of years into days, and what could not yield before its progress, was broken. And when its great work was done, it left ghastly scars and deep wounds to be healed, and dismantled altars to be restored. In all governments, and especially in free governments, arrogance and degeneracy are the logical fruits of war; and in civil war, the highest tide of remorseless power is ever invoked. And when the necessity or excuse for arbitrary authority has ended, who is to stay the hand that has been mailed in omnipotence? We may search history in vain for the rule that voluntarily limited its own power to command, and in our varied history we may scan all the political records we have made, and find no political party that ever corrected its own vital errors, or reversed its own fundamental mistakes. How, then, are the lingering evils of civil war to be corrected? How and by whom are they to be healed?

Here we tread upon the present, with its manifold interests, is cherished prejudices, and its widespread ambition. But it is of the present that we all should speak; it is of the present that you should learn, for you must have a large share in the destiny of the noblest political system the world has ever witnessed. I have drawn upon the lessons of the past, to guide us in the future; and if we would hope to be honest with a country for which such immeasurable sacrifice has been made, we must look the present manfully in the face. It is to be assumed that

we cannot consider our gravest civil duties without falling into the sloughs and brambles of parties and partisans? In the noontide of the nineteenth century, and in the midst of the most progressive era the world has ever known, are men to be the mere playthings of some phase of partisanship that has degenerated into insatiate cupidity, or selfish advancement? Rather let the citizen speak as candor and intelligence dictate, and let him speak here in the seat of learning, and at the altar, and at his home, as well as at the hustings and through the ballot-box. Let the partisan money-changers, no matter of what political profession, be silenced in the temple of free government, that the words of truth and soberness may be uttered and heard. If truth offends, then there is need of offence, and if the partisan complains, he confesses the weakness of his cause.

You hear almost daily the complaints of intelligent and upright citizens of the unexampled degeneracy of the times, and thousands now utter their despair of the Republic. Be not misled into this crowning wrong against the noblest people and the best government ever blessed by heaven. You point to the sweep of corruption that folds power in its loathsome embrace; to a degenerate type of rulers, often incompetent and generally insensible to the honest claims of public duties; to a feeble Cabinet and a discordant and apparently aimless Congress; to the high carnival of polluted partisanship that often mocks the community; to the growing epidemic of defalcations; to the reign of desolation in the South, and to the absence of manly political virtues throughout the land, and you ask: "Can all these evils be remedied?" I answer that they can, and will be corrected, and that the effort to correct them will not be without example in our own history. Civil war has made a larger measure of political wrongs possible now than we have ever suffered before. It has intensified

political prejudices and enlarged political necessities, and thus opened the way for the venal and unscrupulous to climb into place. It has made even good men choose to tolerate official crime rather than destroy it at the cost of destroying party; and, thus invited, what bad man would not seize upon partisan machinery and fling the stain of his promotion upon the country? And do not forget that we have had seasons of degeneracy before. There is no complaint now that has not been heard under every political rule of the past; and there is not an utterance of despair of our free institutions that is not the echo of every time, from Washington to Grant. Let it be borne in mind that we are not now the feeble nation of 1800, nor the tradition-guided people of 1860. We were whirled along a full half-century in the line of advancement during one brief decade. Our progress was revolutionary. In schools, in newspapers, in railroads, in telegraphs; in all things pertaining to intellectual and material development, the rebellion gave us a new order of things. If we are colossal in our public crimes, so are we colossal in the elements which can be engaged to crush them. We are as grand in good deeds as we are great in bad deeds. Never was charity more munificent, or religion more zealously supported, or education more accessible than now and private virtue and personal integrity are as mighty to-day when called to the conflict, as ever before.

We are inclined, in times like the present, to undervalue the better qualities of the people, and to overlook the vast reserve of virtue and its innumerable agencies for asserting its omnipotence. And we magnify the evils visible or felt in our day, and forget how they are but repeating themselves. Do we complain of the violence and the arbitrary recklessness of power? Turn to the dying throes of Federalism, in a period of profound peace. The partisan measures of that day, conceived and

perfected to perpetuate partisan rule, would breed revolution now. Even in the agony of civil war, when personal liberty had to be subordinated to public safety, no such exquisite engine of oppression as the alien and sedition law was invented. It led to its logical result—it hastened the overthrow of the organization that enacted it. And the violence of partisan authority that preceded the great political departure of 1860 was but history, as ever, repeating itself. When the Kansas bill was forced through the popular branch of Congress, by a parliamentary juggler, and when the Senate and Executive, and even the Supreme Court, became the mere obedient agents of a power that every attribute of civilization condemned, the party that had ruled too long was convulsing the nation with its death struggle. In all the past, arrogance of power has been but the symptom of inevitable dissolution, and the present can be no exception to the rule. When you prove that our rulers have degenerated into a personal domination, you but prove that its end is at hand; and the more arrogant it is in disregard of the general welfare, the more speedy and complete will be its destruction. The intelligent convictions and provoked manhood of our people will dethrone the usurpers of authority, whether in parties or in individuals, from their dishonored trusts; and like the pendulum, the more extreme the movement in the direction of wrong, the more extreme will be the returning sweep of mingled retribution and regeneration.

Let us above all things appreciate the grateful truth, that there is not a wrong in the body politic that has not its antidote in the intelligence and patriotism of the people of the present age. They may be slow to anger, and forbear long, but no party can be exempt from merited reprobation, however grand its achievements in the past. If any of our statesmen assume that the people of this day are incapable of resenting official wrongs,

because they have not revolted at every real or imaginary encroachment upon their rights, such statesmen have not yet learned to know those over whom they happen to exercise authority. When, in the history of civilized government, have all the supreme attributes of greatness been developed in such grandeur as by the people of this so-called degenerate period? The generation that inaugurated the political departure of 1860 still survives. The same people make and unmake our rulers and our laws. The men whose heroism wove the richest garlands for human prowess; whose sacrifices, North and South, were unexampled in the conflicts of men; whose singleness of patriotic purpose gave life and treasure without calculation; and whose greatness in triumph and in submission is new in the annals of human achievement, are still the men of our day, and the men who will not waste by degeneracy what they won in bereavement and blood. The Blue and the Gray have common cause to perfect in peace what war could not destroy. Both have reared the proudest monuments to the greatness of the whole American people; over the graves of both the same inscription might be written, for both died in obedience to their sincerely accepted laws. However misguided, the Confederate records bear no small part in the story of the mighty people created by four-score years of free government. And as you declaim against the corruptions of our time, turn to the galaxy of purest men who led the nation in its political departure that still controls the government. They did not worship the prejudices of the times. They came up through the scorn of their fellows, and labored in defeat and obloquy for the triumph of justice. An epoch that called a Lincoln, a Chase, a Sumner, a Greeley, a Seward, a Fessenden, a Stevens, a Giddings and a Trumbull to the fore-front of our statesmanship, upon whose skirts not a stain of venality is to be found, will be pointed to hereafter as the period

when the people reflected their noblest qualities in crowning their chieftains. If, when exhaustive duties have been performed, and fearful dangers have been averted, the hand is slackened and the arm falls at ease by the side, is it to be assumed that the heroes of yesterday are willing to be the creatures of to-day? If demoralization should come with its stealthy tread, and the place-hunter and the fool should crawl into the temple here and there, without effective remonstrance from better men, is it to be declared that we are a generation of corrupt politicians and submissive slaves? The storm does not gather its strength in an hour; it may require days to attract the capricious clouds and make them hurl the tempest and the thunderbolt upon the distempered earth; but when the storm is needed it comes, and when political purification is a supreme necessity, the virtue and patriotism of our people will be fully equal to the task. To argue otherwise, is to argue that the very men who have given to free government the noblest deeds of history have themselves degenerated, and are living libels upon their own triumphs. Rome fell because her men decayed, but not until her heroes had all long passed away can her decline be dated. For more than two centuries before her fall, her history tells of no great captain, or statesman, or poet, or painter, or sculptor, or historian, or philosopher. Death was stamped upon her effigies of manhood, and she could but die, for she had no men for whom Roman greatness could live. But we thoughtlessly discuss the decay of achievement, and the decay of greatness, with our heroes as our listeners, and with our grandest columns recording the victories of our own generation.

Do you still doubt the regenerating powers of the people of our free government? If so, look calmly around you in your own community, and in every section of the country, and you will see the virtue of the best days of

the Republic ready to repeat itself. At no period in all the political changes of the past has there been so many thoroughly independent men among the most gifted and trusted in the land. You may look even beyond our own nation, to the civilization of the world, and after you shall have studied its statesmanship, you must turn to award to our own leaders the highest measure of that patriotic and manly independence that yields no obedience to the demands of unscrupulous partisanship. Nor do our statesmen stand alone in their noble work. This is the age of an independent press. Under old party organizations, the press was wholly partisan or neutral, and intelligent citizens accepted the teachings of party organs. To-day there is not a leader of public opinion among all our public journals that is not boldly and inflexibly independent. Political organs have had their day, and are no longer a power in directing the convictions of the people. True, there are mendicants in newspapers as well as in other vocations; but intelligence is so generally diffused, that when a dependent official speaks through a subsidized press, he becomes the acknowledged apologist of power. Neutrality in politics is now one of the rarest qualities of journalism. Our political system is understood as one of the questions that calls for the honest consideration of every citizen, and in the pulpit, in the religious press, in the centres of learning, and throughout our whole literature, the fearless discussion of our political policy, and of the prominent acts of our public men, is a confessed public duty. Of the great journals of our country, there is not one that would not indignantly resent the imputation of subserviency to partisan interests; and it is a fact worthy of note, that our leading newspapers became widely circulated and potential only as they were unshackled from party control. And the independent leaders and journalists are daily increasing their following among the people, as is evidenced in the

general disintegration of political elements to be witnessed on every side. We are rapidly approaching another epoch in our political progress—a new departure that will be memorable for the disenthralment of the nation from the harsh exactions and rude deformities of partisan rule. It will not be the mere overthrow of any particular party faith, for both the great parties of to-day will be felt in their teachings and results, for generations to come; but it will be the advance of a mighty nation to a higher standard of intelligence and political action than it has ever before known. The struggle of the present is not so much to found new parties, as to escape from the thralldom of old parties; and how the battle fares, is visible to the most casual observer. If any one fact is more obvious than another in our politics, it is that the centre of political gravitation is lost in all existing partisan organizations. Liberals, hard-money-men, inflationists, grangers, reformers, crusaders, liquor leagues, workingmen, Cuba and San Domingo annexationists, one-term men, third-term men, and almost an indefinite list of lesser chaotic political diversions, tell the story of the inevitable dissolution of partisan power. Wise statesmanship and devoted patriotism in the administration of the government could not arrest this destiny, but corruption and arrogance and incompetency may greatly hasten it. And when it comes, it will come to stay. Parties will continue to exist, for without organization no great achievements can be attained; but no party, either of the present or of the future, can ever again command success by mere party discipline. The party lash, as known in other days, and as still attempted by those who have more ambition than discretion, will not terrorize men in future political actions. What power could combine and make obedient to partisan dictation the independent press and the independent men who have grappled with despotic party control? They have not assailed one form of political

usurpation to create another that may be equally intolerant of honest public purposes. They have made a noble struggle for the conscientious discharge of the most sacred duties of citizenship, independent of the arbitrary dictation of selfish and often incompetent leaders, and such a victory won in this progressive age will make future partisan enthrallment impossible. It will aim a death-blow at the sanctity of political traditions and precedents, for intelligent independence will discharge new duties as new occasions present them. It may make and dissolve political organizations with each national contest. It will protract no party to advance personal ends, after its mission is fulfilled. It will forbid the rule of incompetency, and the adventurous place-man will have no vocation of promise. It will demand statesmanship for the duties of statesmen, and integrity and fidelity will be among the expected qualities of those who govern. Do not understand me as assuming that a political millennium is at hand, or that it ever can come in this or any other government. Bad men will attain power to a greater or less extent under any political control, and errors of policy will continue while man is fallible; but I look to the future of American politics as fraught with the most beneficent progress, and with the grandest triumphs of free government.

THE DUTIES OF TO-DAY.*

GENTLEMEN OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES :

This is one of the occasions when the truth, for the truth's sake, can be most fitly presented. Rhetoric here plays its part, and it is one of no mean importance. The honors of which the student dreams, and for which he so fervently struggles before unemotional judges and sympathizing friends, are battled for, and won or lost ; but I am called to maintain the time-honored custom of giving counsel to the teachers of the future, who are soon, at the latest, to fill the places of those who are the leaders of to-day. With all the wide diffusion of general intelligence among the people of our land from our multiplied schools and colleges and popular publications, the duties and responsibilities of the educated men, the scholars of the country, are greater now than ever before in the history of the Republic. And you, whom I now address ; you, who look to far distant days of sober manhood and its grave exactions, will soon pause in the fitful, fleeting visions of youth, to wonder how they have mocked and fled, and left you chief actors in society and government.

And to what duties are you to be called ? Not merely to those to which the present has been schooled ; for every new generation brings new occasions, and new occasions bring new necessities. The generation that has preceded you on the theatre of human action has made the history of man illustrious in heroism and in the achievements of science and statesmanship. In our

* An address delivered before the Literary Societies of Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa., June 26, 1878.

own green land, patriotism has written its brightest and most imperishable annals, and free government has taught civilization its priceless value by the unsparing sacrifice of the noblest people of the earth for its preservation. Those who have seen and felt the passions and the sorrows of fraternal war ; who have cherished the long, lingering memories of bereavement, and noted the fadeless stains upon the very altar of authority, may tell you that your lots have been cast in pleasant seasons, and that no great struggles are to confront you. It is a delusion ; a grievous error, and to impress this truth upon you, with all the earnestness of heartfelt sincerity, is the office I have accepted.

Let me go directly to the lesson I would teach. Those who have gone before you have rescued free government from armed rebellion, and we are reminded that free institutions are the secured patrimony for our children and our children's children. We are pointed to our battle-fields of world-wide fame for skill and gallantry ; to the wisdom and patriotism which ruled in civil authority through the distractions of bloody sectional conflict ; to the furled insurgent flag and a restored brotherhood ; to the supremacy of the laws of the Union in every clime, and we are told that the Republic has triumphed over all its foes, and that its peace, progress and perpetuity are no longer problems to vex our people or employ our statesmanship. It is not so. The danger to free government and to the beneficent civilization that alone could have created it was never so great and never so immediate as now. I do not except even the dark day when the flag of rebellion first flaunted its threatened desolation from Seminary Hill, and the sullen retreat of the Federal armies through the streets of Gettysburg, and the shouts of the insurgent victors told that a Reynolds had fallen and that the first struggle of the decisive battle of the war had been lost. There were brave and skillful captains

and corps of veteran soldiers hastening to the conflict to retrieve the disaster, and behind them were twenty millions of unfaltering and unconquerable people and a country teeming with wealth and plenty. It was but the darkness that precedes the light, and there was abiding faith not only along the rude battlements of Cemetery Hill, and throughout the ranks of the hurriedly marching columns, but in the homes and in the hearts of the people as well, that no defeat, even to the annihilation of an army, could compass the dismemberment of this Union. Do you ask what peril can be greater? What can so gravely threaten the liberties of a nation that is at peace with all the world and its authority confessed by all at home? What can have entered the temple of free government but fifteen years after its rededication to its holiest purposes on the memorable field of Gettysburg, and dimmed the lustre of its patriotism and palsied the grandeur of its achievement? It is no longer the flame of battle that gathered its fearful harvest of death hard by us that calls us to guard our homes and our government. It is not the tempest that proclaims its coming by the distant thunders and warns all to be in readiness for its shock, but it is the subtle moral miasma that courses unnoticed through the political system and that withers patriotism and blunts public sensibility, until demoralization reigns in Church and State. The generation with which you whom I specially address will act, and for which the men of your class, in a greater or less degree, must act, will, I verily believe, be called upon to solve the problem of the perpetuity of this Republic and the supremacy of the Christian civilization that gave freedom its birth in the New World a century ago. The arch enemy is before you, behind you, on every side of you; it crowds about the sanctuary, deforms the cabinet, poisons the home and makes the very atmosphere we breathe sickening with its pollution. Let me strip it of

its mask and introduce it to you by the name that all must recognize. Gentlemen : scholars, statesmen, leaders of the future, I present to you—*The growing contempt for Public Morality, for Law and for Religion !*

These are the foes with which you must accept battle, and ere your generation shall have written its brief records, there will be no Christian civilization, and no Republic on this continent, which are not living lies, or there will be a return to the sanctity of public and private morality that must shame the mousing placeman from official trust, and recall society, its homes, its altars, and all its channels of effort from the liberty of license to the liberty of law. Do you ask where this terrible foe is to be found?—where its intrenchments, where its lines of battle? I answer—where are they not? Look out over the broad land, enter the highest temples of authority, mingle with the most conspicuous statesmen, drink of the fountains from which come our laws, and thence turn to the social structure that is the first author of all that is good or evil in any people, and the great enemy will confront you wheresoever you wander. It is not wholly illogical that it should be so. There are seasons of greatness and seasons of decline in the history of every nation, and in none can the transitions be so swift and so sharply contrasted as in a government like ours. It has no example in all the achievements of men. It is the only great Republic that the world has ever known. There have been free democracies where the ebbs and flows of popular passion ruled, until anarchy was overthrown by despotism, and there have been republics in name without any of the essential attributes of the individual sovereignty of the people ; but here, for the first time in the varied experiments of civil government, has a nation peopled a continent extending over distant sections, with diversified interests, maintained the absolute sovereignty of the private citizen, and made liberty and law the

foundation of social order and national safety. The generation that is rapidly passing away from you witnessed the noblest efforts ever made by man for man. Free government taught the world that all the accepted possibilities of human achievement in the past had to pale before the devotion, the heroism, the sacrifice of a thoroughly independent people, the direct authors of their own rulers and laws. But in peoples, as in all the domain of nature, perfection is but the date of decay, and the very inspirations which made ours the grandest people to whom the world had ever given homage left behind them the seeds of demoralization and death.

“War is savagery,” wisely said one of the greatest of our yet living warriors, and civil war is savagery intensified. It calls into exhaustive play the noblest and the basest passions of mankind, and the worst survives long after the best has performed its offices. When rebellion had been overthrown and the unity of the Republic was declared by the decree of the sword, the fierce passions of the conflict remained, and they have been the potent weapon of the demagogue and the pretender with which to smite opposition and enable them to usurp the honors of the country. Reconstruction came in the howl of the tempest, and the most momentous acts of a mighty nation, defining the policy of free government in the restoration of dismantled Commonwealths and of eight millions of self-alienated people, were molded through the intensest antagonisms of the legislative, executive, and judicial departments of authority. Who were in error and who blameless, it does not become me now to inquire. It is enough to know that passion reigned where sober statesmanship and patriotism should have been enthroned, and that the corruptionist profited and mean ambition won its stained and speedily-withering chaplets, as hatred and cowardice fought the battles of the war over and over again, lest peace and justice should

come to command stern accountability from all who had climbed into public trust. Thus did demoralization creep into every highway that led to honor and power, and impassioned fidelity to country sealed the lips and paralyzed the efforts of the best citizens, until enforced tolerance of wrong bred indifference, and indifference ended in the active or passive assent to degeneracy. Could the better men of the country have drawn aside the curtain that separated them from the future a decade ago, and gazed upon the widespread and growing contempt for public morality that is presented to-day, they would have recoiled from it with horror, and passion, party, friendship, everything would have been disregarded to arrest the demoralization that was then insensibly winning the mastery. When the hero of the bludgeon struck Charles Sumner down in the Senate, the boasted chivalry of the South was true to itself despite its sympathy with the cause of the brutal offender, and united its denunciations of the act with the justly inflamed reprobation of the North. A few years ago a graver crime was committed in the American Senate, when Charles Sumner was smitten by partisan hatred for daring to be just, and degraded in his great office because he was one of the few who illustrated the ablest statesmanship by the purest public and private morality. Ten years earlier none would have dared to attempt his degradation; but demoralization was schooling its mediocrities to bring all places, however high or sacred, within the scope of their ambition, and Sumner fell with scarcely a ripple of protest from a sullenly submissive nation. Had the bully come again in 1870 as he did in 1856, and felled the honored Massachusetts Senator, there would have been the sudden outburst of public condemnation and swift retribution; but when the stealthy growth of contempt for public morality had unmailed the spotless statesman and left him in almost defenceless solitude in

his own political household, his humiliation was an easy task, and the nation apparently assented to its own shame. I have no criticism for him who happened, by Senatorial rank, to succeed to the mantle of Sumner. It was not Cameron's battle to promote Cameron, and it would have been made all the same if any other had been the heir apparent to Sumner's unsullied honors which blistered meaner men. It was the battle of a demoralized authority to degrade one who, greater and nobler than those about him, was a standing menace to the degenerate leaders of the day. It was but history repeating itself, save that at no previous period had there been the demoralization of war to make the popular approval or tolerance of political debauchery possible. It was the same contempt for fidelity in public trust in the opposing political organization a score of years ago, that made Douglas a factionist, made Trumbull and hundreds of others of national fame the rebellious founders of a new party, and nerved the murderous arm that sent Broderick to an untimely grave.

Who can turn to our national capital to-day without feeling the blush of shame upon his cheeks? There is visible the terrible harvest of the sowing of the people in their contempt for public morality, and the reapers come from every political faith to gather in fullness as they have strewn in bounty. Two great parties confront each other, and for what do they struggle in ceaseless effort? We know that the Republicans have a party, and that the Democrats have a party, but where is the party of the Republic? Who is there great enough and bold enough of either side to declare his party wrong, even when party wrongs are piled mountain high about him, and so plain to all that the wayfarer cannot mistake them? Who dares to demand the truth for the truth's sake, even when the most vital principles of government are assailed? Who dares to maintain the right, because it is the right, if it

shall reproach the record of his own political associates? One school of statesmen will demand the exposure and punishment of the patent frauds of their opponents in Oregon, and the other school will plead that nobody was actually defrauded, and that there must be immunity to men in high political and social position because they only attempted a public crime and were defeated in the effort. Yet there stands the record of a consuming fraud, deliberately planned and forced through various stages of execution, almost in the light of noonday, until its consummation became utterly hopeless; and yet who of the leaders of the party in whose interest this wrong was conceived, has ventured to speak of it as a Benton, a Calhoun or a Wright would have spoken a generation ago? And those who should shield the Oregon crime are foremost in demanding the pitiless exposure and punishment of the Louisiana frauds; while those who declaim against the political turpitude of the far Northwest with one accord furnish excuses for the ineffaceable stain flung upon the nation by the ruling criminals of the South. There is the record of Louisiana, a solemn return of the vote of a sovereign commonwealth, and there is scarcely a line, or a figure, or a certificate, or a signature that has escaped the finger of crime. And who of those whose party has profited, or apparently profited, by this unblushing fraud, has dared to speak of it in the councils of the nation, as Abraham Lincoln, or Charles Sumner, or Henry Wilson, or Horace Greeley would have spoken, in the name of his political faith, down to the last moment of his life?

And do you realize what these crimes contemplated, and what they possibly accomplished? It was not a mere eruption of debauchery in some district or State, where fretted ambition summoned venality to win doubtful honors. It was no mere barter for a Senatorial commission or for a Gubernatorial chair. For such offences,

which, in the better days of the Republic, would have hurled the criminal usurper from his place into lasting infamy, we have learned to be tolerant ; but the contempt for public morality that has assented or submitted to fraud in appropriating lesser places has finally reached its full fruition in a desperate contest between opposing criminals for the title to the highest civil trust of the world. It was the title to the Presidency of the United States that has been the stake, for the possession of which multiplied and interwoven crimes of bewildering versatility and desperation have been perpetrated, under the direct sanction of national leaders of both parties, and without one brave voice rising from either household to declare the whole truth to the nation. The grave Senate, where honor and patriotism should yet have refuge, passed upon these crimes ; the House, the organ of the people, whose highest and holiest gift was cast in the seething caldron of debauchery, passed upon them, and the judges of the court of last resort, the tribunal to which the people should be able to cling as the one rock of safety against every form of wrong, passed upon them ; and, save two ineffectual exceptions in the House, each party protected its own crime and rejected the crime of its adversary. Judge this strange record by the precedents given us by our forefathers, and the contrast must fill every patriotic heart with sorrow. In 1800 the little nation of but a few millions was first startled by the attempt of ambition to grasp its crown. An able and unscrupulous man saw the glittering prize almost within his reach, and he employed the technical forms of authority to aid him in the effort to pervert the verdict of the country. He did not summon fraud, for that would then have doomed him to immediate and irretrievable infamy ; but he saw that the law was lame, and he demanded his own elevation to another's place through the law's infirmities. If you would learn how the popular regard for public morality

asserted itself in that day, read the history of the wanderings of a stranger to the people who had once loved him, as he waded through the hissing scorn of civilization from the Vice-Presidency to the long unmarked and ever-unlamented grave where molders the dust of Aaron Burr. A quarter of a century later, the brilliant and heroic Clay poured bitterness into the cup of Jackson, and the poisoned chalice was pressed to his own lips, until defeat after defeat sent a weary, hopeless heart to its final rest. There was no violence to law in the preference for Adams over Jackson; all was done within the strictest letter of the Constitution; but the spirit of free government was assailed in the lawful choice of a Chief Magistrate against the popular will, and the sound morality that ruled in the public sentiment of that age made the slogan of "bargain and sale" the sure precursor of repeated retributive condemnation. Recall to-day the reverence for public morality that avenged the inordinate ambition of 1800 and 1824, and what would be the measure of retribution for the crimes in high places which now reproach free government? Of all our great political leaders, who would stand the ordeal unscathed? Of those who were chosen from the many to contest the chief honor of the Republic, would either escape the seal of public vengeance? And if such retribution shall not come, with all its desolation in the highest councils of the great political organizations, then have we entered the starless midnight of gloom, and the history of our free institutions and of our boasted Christian civilization is a completed record, save the painful picture of the convulsive throes in which they must be effaced from the land and people which have made them aliens.

The growing contempt for public morality is prolific in its legitimate and terrible curses upon mankind, and its most pestilent offspring is the widespread contempt for law. Do not assume that I shall turn to the riotous

eruptions which unsettled social order and destroyed millions of property in various localities during last year, as the chief illustration of the growing disregard of law. They were but the inevitable floods which were born of countless streams of lawlessness, pouring out from almost every class and condition of society. They came as the thunderbolt from the black cloud that had been formed by the gathered poisons of the atmosphere. They had their creation in the subtle currents of moral miasma which come from the law-makers, from the law administrators, from the marts of trade and from the social circles; and they have been fostered and strengthened by the passive submission of Christian people and by the silence of Christian teachers.

It is easy to declaim against the violence of the starving and the fury of the hapless man who is overtaken by despair in enforced idleness; but let us not throw upon him more than his just share of responsibility for the unrest that now afflicts us. The insecurity of to-day has a vastly broader and deeper source, and until sanctity for law shall be taught, alike by precept and example, in the high and in the sacred places, violence will be the growing remedy for real or imaginary wrongs. If contempt for law were confined to mere breaches of the peace, and the occasional destruction of property, it would be no cause for serious concern. A few more policemen with periodical military parades and the conviction of some of the lawless leaders in the courts, would remove the evil, and restore the country to order and safety. But when the violence of the victims of want is but the illustration of a contempt for law that has all places for its temples and all seasons for its own, it is idle to dream of well-ordered society, or public and private security, or faithful government. Indeed, it is but the beginning of the end of public order, and of the supremacy of any form of wise authority. If you will dispassionately analyze the breadth

and depth of this appalling enemy of every beneficent attribute of our civilization, you cannot be blind to its threatened omnipotence or indifferent to its unspeakable disasters. If it was but exceptional in its sores on our political and social systems, the vigor of a healthy public sentiment, quickened by visible dangers, voiced in our legislative halls, and enforced by administrative power, could be trusted to correct it ; but when the fountains and streams are polluted, only the angry hurricane and flood which tear up sources and courses, can grapple with it, and then the issue may be only destruction and not restored purity and tranquillity.

Turn to the fountain of national authority at Washington, and note the contempt for law that pervades legislative and administrative circles. The terrible crucible in which the vitality of free government was tested to enable it to survive opposing frauds in the choice of a ruler, seems to have effaced almost the last semblance of sanctity for law or justice, not only in present partisan conflicts, but also in the exhaustive strategy of what we must call our statesmanship, in maneuvering for future political battles. When it became apparent that under our laws sovereign States could be made the playthings of tricksters and the solemn verdicts of their people tossed from post to pillar between contending parties, by perjury, forgery, venality, and violence, who that revered law and government would have been content until the integrity of a free people had been emphasized by the most complete statutory safeguards against the possible villainy of succeeding contests? And yet a year and a half of lawless partisan efforts, ever multiplying in partisan devices to serve only partisan ends, have been the offering to a humiliated and distracted people from their one sanctuary where the majesty of justice and the majesty of law should be unchallenged. A feeble voice has occasionally been heard proposing a remedy for the wrongs which all confess

in the abstract and which all dispute in application to their own political households ; but while unfaltering party lines could be commanded to shield or expose crime as party interests dictated, there has been no party willing to protect our free institutions by making future electoral crimes impossible. And if we could pause with the accusation of mere neglect to perform this imperious duty, the cloud would not be entirely without its silver lining ; but when the truth commands me to warn you that trusted leaders of the great opposing political organizations are struggling for advantage of position to profit by the lawless solution of the Presidential contest of 1880, you must appreciate how contempt for law is scourging even government itself from its own sanctuary. This is a grave, a startling arraignment of those who are charged with the safety of our free institutions ; but no intelligent and dispassionate citizen can study the records made by the present Congress, in both branches and by both parties, without fully and fearfully realizing that it is just. And is it not logical ? Can the thistles which have wafted their seeds by every breeze and from every element of society bring back to us a harvest of figs ? The growing contempt for law that is running its course throughout the land has welcomed its countless tributaries as they formed its rivers, its lakes, and, finally, its boisterous ocean of lawlessness. They have come in scarcely audible murmurs from the homes of the country ; they have been swollen to frequent angry floods from social circles ; they have bubbled in boasted filthiness from the conclaves of pot-house politicians ; they have wandered in sluggish murkiness from faithless preachers and wayward flocks ; they have roared as raging rivers from the public thefts, the private defalcations, the betrayed trusts, the purchased offices, the business dishonesty which make up the chequered history of each day, and they have whispered in the hidden courses which creep among the rank weeds of

demoralization, the tolerance, the assent of the people, the sovereigns of the Republic, to the pollution of their priceless inheritance. These have met at the national capital as the rivers meet the sea, and we can there behold the diffused and varied contempt for law reflected back upon ourselves in the lawlessness that seizes the very jewels of freedom. The electoral crimes and the rallying of great parties to their support, which have made our free government a reproach throughout the civilized world, were the bold test of popular submission to the deliberate overthrow of liberty and law. Steadily and stealthily the contempt for law has spread through partisan madness and the tolerance of our better citizenship, until it has invaded the most sacred authority of the Republic. The test has been made, the people have passively assented, and crime is now the accepted reserve force of the leaders of both parties for future struggles over Presidential titles and public spoils. If any party had declared such a purpose it would to-day be impotent as the tempest that sweeps over your eternal hills, but the evil comes as the voiceless trickling streams and the silent dews and the winter frosts and the summer suns, which wear away the seamless rocks of your mountains. It was not the corruption of rulers that bereft imperial Rome of her power and left her widowed in the ruins of her grandeur. It was by the vices of the people that the last of the Roman Tribunes fell ; and it is by the popular contempt for law to-day in the most enlightened government of the world, that our free institutions, the noblest offering of Christian civilization to the galaxy of nations, is more gravely imperiled than when armed rebellion besieged the capital and summoned a million men to sacrifice.

Ours is not only a government of law, but it is the offspring of the Christian civilization that has inspired the noblest efforts of mankind. There has never, in any age,

been religion without law, and there has never been a law-loving people without religion. While ours has been the most tolerant of all nationalities in freedom of faith, and has justly maintained the inviolability of conscience, it is none the less a Christian government ; and not only civil liberty, but our revered Christian civilization, have been on trial for a century in the Republic of the New World.

It was the profound moral convictions and the pervading sanctity of Christian precept and example among the people, which have ever been called into action to retrieve political demoralization in the past ; and they have come in terrible omnipotence when degeneracy has mocked their teachings and dared them to battle. It was upon the broad foundation of Christian civilization that this great structure of free government has been reared ; it was by its purity and devotion to right that the revolution was won ; and it was by its stubborn faith in the eternal years of justice, that the nation was re-dedicated, by unmeasured bereavement, to regenerated freedom. It is the one bulwark of safety for the Republic. It has its altars in the homes of the land, and from thence it can successfully grapple with every form of demoralization. With its vitality maintained by the people, there can be no social sores to blunt the sensibilities of virtue ; there can be no departure from integrity in the everyday transactions of life without stern reproof ; there can be no venality in public places without speedy and relentless retribution ; there can be no contempt for public morality or for law in the leaders of men, without the avenging blow of public reprobation, and the crimes which now flaunt their shocking deformities and festering scars before the nation, from the high places solemnly devoted to honest authority, would hide from the withering scorn of an honest and sovereign citizenship. Such has been its mission for two thousand years. It has touched no land

without making men better than it found them. It has struggled through the conflicts of countless foes, and at times has seemed to be effaced from the world ; but like the pure mountain stream that is lost in the sands of the inhospitable plain, it reappeared in renewed purity and freshness. It has battled with ignorance, with superstition, with intolerance, but the darkest ages through which it has passed were never without its golden lines of promise or its hopeful disciples. From the sunset side of the waters of the Pacific, it has steadily coursed its way through barbarism and cultured unbelief, receding or advancing as the battle-axe of the Infidel or Pagan was victor or vanquished, and as the splendor of the scoffer flourished or decayed ; and now it points back from its grandest temple in the New World, to every enlightened civilization as its worshipers.

It has completed the circle of the globe in its beneficent progress, liberalizing and purifying as it escaped the deeply-rooted prejudices of formulated darkness, until the seed of the Mayflower was strewn on the virgin soil of our country, and nurtured by the blood of matchless heroism and denial, to ripen the most perfect Christian civilization ever reared by man or blessed by Heaven. It has thus followed the god of day from the eastern to the western seas, dotting its paths with churches and colleges and schools, diffusing civil and religious liberty broadcast as it hastened the star of Empire westward, until it has borne back to the cradle of the human race, whence it started, its richest chaplets proclaiming the peace and good will it has given to mankind. Here in this great Republic was its holiest altar ; here its broadest liberality ; here its noblest freedom ; here its sublimest achievements in the elevation and advancement of citizenship ; and here must be its future reign of surpassing grandeur, or its overthrow in the tempest of horrors. As well pluck the sun from its blue-arched dome above us and hope for the

light of day, as to efface our Christian civilization and hope for the perpetuity of free government. They are twin-born rulers of our land ; they have been ever united in shaping the illustrious records we have written, and if death shall lay its hand upon either, they will not be divided.

This is the field, this the battle the future scholars, statesmen, teachers and leaders must accept, and upon you to whom this painful picture and this earnest appeal are presented, must come the shock of the conflict. I beg that you will not misunderstand it ; that you will not underrate the power of the foe, nor hesitate to mail your breasts and brighten your spears for the onset. And I beg, also, that you will not skirmish with its outposts, while its main forces shall be unresisted in the work of destruction. From the nation's capital and from other centres of power, you will see its blotted flag hung out to challenge attack upon its leaders ; but they are only the bloom of the thistle that has been planted and watered and ripened by the degeneracy of a Christian people. The enemy is around and about you everywhere. It is in the home, in the social circle, in the political conclave, in the sacred desk, in every channel of human effort. The real authors of the crimes which have honeycombed our civilization with pollution, are not those who shiver in our criminal docks, or who are heralded from day to day as defaulters or forgers of electoral returns, or who crowd the pot-house to part the raiment of the people. They are your neighbors ; those you meet in the daily walks of life ; who sit at your firesides, kneel at your altars, and teach in your sanctuaries ; and these are the sources of the public opinion that makes or mars the integrity of a free people. When Beechers can blaspheme in the church with impunity, is it wonderful that Ingersolls can blaspheme against the church, and command the attention of the multitude ? And when the Christian

attributes of our civilization can be jeered as a weakness in statesmanship and as a quality of unfitness for public trust, is it strange that those who would wear political honors bow to the directing spirit of the times? They note the startling truth that the church fails in vital offices of its religion ; that society is indifferent to public and private virtue, and that purity in enacting and administering our laws is one of the lost arts of our Christian civilization ; and they give back to society and to religion the cup of bitterness that has been poisoned by the distempered morality of the age.

Do not assume that this black cloud that hangs over our civilization must gather in darkness until the hope of regeneration is lost in despair. Better, far better, that the misguided heroism that made Pickett's charge on yonder narrow plain immortal, should have rent the patriot lines and made Gettysburg the tomb of the Republic, than that with such a crimsoned baptism, degeneracy should sap the vitals of free government and make it fall in self-inflicted dishonor. There is all the virtue in the hearts and aspirations of the people and all the reverence for religion in the Church, that there has been in the better days of our history ; but they slumber while crime sows its tares and demoralization harvests its abundance ; and the destiny of a civilization and a government which have illustrated the noblest possibilities of man in the enjoyment of enlightened liberty, trembles in the balance. These new perils impose new duties of the gravest character upon you who are soon to take the places of the actors of to-day in Church and State ; and the duties must be performed with a measure of fidelity that has been obliterated from the present, if these golden treasures are to be wrested from the slimy embrace of the spoiler. Christianity must be recalled to the active guardianship of its civilization. It must progress as the world progresses in wisdom and guide the car of advancement

in the ways of purity and order. It must forget intolerance ; it must learn that bigotry is not piety ; that creeds and dogmas are not inspiration, and that our civilization presents too many formidable foes of Christianity for Christianity to war upon itself. With the Infidel invading the fountains of learning and the honors of authority in every Christian nation, the Church is admonished to discard its relics of the barbarous age that gave superstition and sectarian hatred to deform religion. Society must be invoked to its own preservation. The homes of the Republic must be the source of national regeneration, for they are the thrones of the sovereigns of our free institutions. Thence let the pure atmosphere of devotion to public morality, to law and to religion, go out to the high places of the State and the demagogue, the pretender, and the inventor of cunning crime under color of authority, will flee from its stifling reproaches. Let the masters of our Christian civilization call, in their warranted imperious tones, their servants from the paths of crime and shame, to account for their stewardship, and all will be well. To this grand consummation the duties of to-day command you, that "government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

TAKE THE SUNNY SIDE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION :

This is an occasion when the exhibition of scholarship or research or rhetoric is expected, but I will spare you that infliction. The routine duties of Commencement week, which cannot be escaped, furnish as much of regulation dryness as should be patiently accepted in the longest days of the year, and I will diverge from the beaten ways, and endeavor to entertain, if not instruct, by a disjointed ramble over the ever pleasant paths which bring us back to the sunny side of ourselves.

Of all animated creation that is capable of enjoyment, man is the only being that does not always take the sunny side of life, and man is the one, of all, that should shun the shadows most. He is endowed with intelligence and reason, which should make him best promote his own proper enjoyments; but the instinct of the lower creations gives them a philosophy that man's reason often denies to himself; and man has less happiness, with greater opportunities for its possession, than any of the other countless forms and grades of life. The hooting owl and the mousing bat and the savage beast shun the sunlight and make darkness hideous with their weird and discordant language; but there is not a sweet bird of song, a beautiful flower, a fragrant shrub, a fruitful tree or plant of earth, or warbler of the air, or sportive inhabitant of brook or sea, or other thing that responds to the kindness of man, that does not take the sunny side of life.

* Delivered before the Alumni Association of Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa., June 22, 1881.

Most of all the many woes of men are created by themselves, and a vast preponderance of them are provoked by shunning the sunny side and perversely wading through the shadows and sloughs and brambles which could and should be avoided. The sturdy oak of the forest reaches out to the sun its stoutest branches and greenest verdure, and its sober lichen and scars point to the chilly north. The creeping vine that clings to the trunk and branches throws all its varied beauty to the sunny side. All of nature's grandeur, from the shrinking daisy to autumn's gorgeous panorama of gilded grove and mountain, are but pictures of the sunny side of life, and the dancing dimples of our babbling streams are the pretty playthings of wrestling light and shadow. Every rising sun is greeted with gratitude by all that makes the world brighter and better, but man; and he, the lord of all, to whom all created things are made subject, often passes the song of thanks from heaven's choristers in listlessness or clouded forgetfulness, and the flowers which gratefully perfume the air whence he draws his life, and which scatter a profusion of beauty along his pathway, awaken no praise from him to whom all the beatitude of earth pays tribute. It is not wholly poetic license that has given us that painful reflex of ourselves in the oft quoted but little heeded lines which tells us of nature, that "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

SUNNY SIDE OF THE PRESENT.

Take the sunny side of the present. We are all prone to belittle the greatness and cloud the grandeur of the times in which we live. We throw nothing but sunshine on the achievements of the past. We are forgetful that the infirmities of the heroes of past ages, which were visible to their people, have perished with them, and only their virtues and triumphs survive. The standard

by which men and events of the present are judged is wholly different from the standards of the past. This age of universal schools, and churches, and newspapers, and railways, and telegraphs, brings greatness face to face with its judges, while the past worshiped its heroes at enchanting distance and seldom came in personal contact with its idols. I regard the generation in which I have lived as the grandest of the world's history. It has created greater heroes and statesmen, given a mightier impetus to enlightened progress, done more for the elevation and happiness of mankind, than any generation of all the many which have gone before. Turn to the sunny side of the present people of the world, and where, in all the progress of our forefathers, or of Europe, have they been surpassed or even equaled? Alexander conquered the world, died in a debauch, and his achievements perished; Hannibal's Carthaginians shook the gates of Rome in the zenith of her power, but Carthage is effaced from the earth; Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, vanquished Pompey, mastered Rome and ripened for the dagger of Brutus; Napoleon's eagles swept from Spain to the Pyramids and to Moscow, and the end was a fretted death in captivity. He brought France glory, luxury and decay. Washington won liberty for the Colonies, and knew not what "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" was when he had gained it. It required a Jefferson to teach him that freedom was not a tempered form of kingly rule. In the generous sunlight we throw back upon the past, we declare Washington our exemplar as soldier, statesman, patriot; but if he lived to-day, and attempted to govern as he governed nearly a century ago, he would be execrated as an imperious despot. Do not shudder at the venture of criticising the immaculate Washington. I am simply throwing the same sunlight upon him that we throw upon the greatness of the present, and I find a stern patriot, a stern statesman,

a stern chieftain ; a man who never laughed and seldom smiled ; one who believed in religion, in severe devotion to duty, disbelieved in the equality of men, and deformed republican power with awkward shreds of royalty. Washington filled the great want of the oppressed Colonies a century ago, but we have greater warriors, abler statesmen, and as true patriots to-day, as the Revolution produced.

I crossed the Father of Waters a generation ago, and there was not a State west or north of Missouri. Now a great empire of States and peopled Territories extends to the golden States of the Pacific and north to the British possessions. The iron horse sings his rude song over thousands of miles of western lines where the buffalo and the savage reigned in undisputed possession within the memory of the present. Universal education, the greatest boon from man to man, is the creation of those who are yet among the living. The newspaper, the school, the railway, as blessings common to all, are among the achievements of our own generation. The greatest war of human history has its visible scars yet among us on every side, and Grecian and Roman story does not equal the actual heroism of the blue and the gray in our late civil conflict. The armies of Washington, Jackson and Scott, our idolized heroes of the past, never exceeded a full division in the armies of Grant, and their battles would have been recorded as affairs of outposts in Virginia or the Southwest. A Phil Sheridan or a Stonewall Jackson would have defeated Washington on equal terms, as a morning's diversion, and Scott bowed, broken-hearted, to the younger and greater warriors of to-day. We lisp the names of Clay, Webster and Calhoun with a reverence that is denied to the statesmen of our time ; but compare the achievements of statesmanship during the present generation with the achievements of the generation of Clay, Webster and Calhoun, and with all

the sunlight we kindly throw upon the past, the triumphs of its greatness pale before the triumphs of the last two decades. Where are the monuments of Clay, Webster and Calhoun's master statesmanship? They have perished, while the monuments of Lincoln as Emancipator, of Stevens as Commoner, of Chase as Minister of Finance, of Stanton as War Minister, of Grant as Chieftain in war and Reconstructor in peace, will endure until the Republic shall be no more. There are many sincere men who are ready to answer that Lincoln was a rude jester, that Stevens was a red-handed revolutionist, that Chase was an ambitious dreamer, that Stanton was a cruel despot, and that Grant aimed at imperialism, but when the passions which grapple with the infirmities of the present shall have run their course, and the generations of the future shall view the sunny side of the greatness of the past, as we view it now, these accusations will have perished. It was my fortune to come in personal contact with most of the great actors in the field and cabinet during the late war, and I wish now that I could look upon them as past generations looked upon their idols. They were only men, with all of men's infirmities, as were the men of the Revolution and all the great heroes and statesmen of every land and time; but the newspaper, the railway, the school, the telegraph, have brought hero and worshiper face to face, and greatness is dwarfed by the nearness that exposes its blemishes to common inspection. You have read of the multitude that scoffed at the rude statue, chiseled to gain symmetry and beauty by distance, and how the scoffers cheered when the statue rose to its pinnacle. We saw our heroes and statesmen of to-day face to face, read of their daily achievements and failures, had their infirmities pictured before us as party or faction struggled in the conflicts of ambition, and we are slow to understand that our generation is single from all others of the world's history, in the

grandeur of human achievement. If the triumphs, in both war and peace, of our own people of to-day had been attained half a century ago, we would now have a galaxy of national idols such as no other nation of the earth could boast of, made up of just such men as we belittle by the contact and criticism of the present. Our statesmanship of the first decade of the war was the broadest, the ablest and the noblest of a century of independence, and the impartial historian, who is yet to do his work, will so record it. Our heroism in long fraternal strife, stands alone in the annals of human courage and sacrifice, and the commander of our armies is recognized throughout the world as the great Captain of the age. When our illustrious men of the present generation shall sleep with the illustrious men of the past, and those who come after us shall see only the sunny side of greatness, ours will stand in history as the generation that was noblest in its men and in its attainments. And our great free people have stamped their impress upon every civilization of the world with greater emphasis during the present generation than ever before. England has liberalized her government until it is a monarchy only in name and royalty. The wail of the bondman has been silenced in Spain and Brazil, and the sad song of the serf is no longer heard in Russia. The scattered people of the Fatherland have regained German unity ; Italy, long tossed by every wind and wave, has gathered its long dissevered provinces and a powerful nation again receives its laws from the Eternal City ; France has become a Republic in fact as well as in name, and the distant peoples of the East have broken the crust of their darkness and are gradually receiving the sunlight of our advanced civilization. We have consecrated a continent to unsullied freedom, and the matchless progress of the people of our generation has advanced and elevated every nation of the earth with a rapidity that has no parallel in all the ages of the past.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF COUNTRY.

Take the sunny side of your country. Its government and its rulers are so close to you, that you see their imperfections, magnify their shadows, and bewail the decline of statesmanship, and public and private virtue. All nations have their ebbs and flows, and we have had them in abundance. We have many ghastly scars upon the temple of freedom ; and mean ambition, and inordinate greed, have, at times, usurped the sacred altars of the Republic ; but what nation that is felt in the race of enlightened progress, has escaped such trials and humiliations ? We inconsiderately declaim against the degeneracy of the times, and turn to past generations, whose imperfections have faded from history, to prove how rapidly we are rushing to destruction. The complaint of the present is measurably true, but it has scarcely the semblance of justice in the comparison. We take the sunny side of the past and the shadows of the present. We forget that the whole vices of the world are now grouped in the daily newspaper, to be read at the breakfast-table, and that all the once hidden struggles of ambition among the mighty are pictured as they occur. Every infirmity of our rulers is carried to the home of the humblest citizen by the lightning's flash. We have grown greatly in public as well as private vices, but we have grown as vastly in population, wealth, and temptation ; and the many public wrongs which were measurably or wholly hidden in the past, now have no hiding-place. The lightning news service, the lightning press, the lightning correspondent, the lightning railway trains, diffusing intelligence everywhere, compel us to face, in their nakedness, all the deformities of social, political, and religious life, and we mourn our own degeneracy, forgetful of the equal growth of the agencies which restrain vice and promote virtue. There are seasons in our free government when many good citizens despair of

the Republic ; but they discard the sunny side and group together the shadows of the present and of the past. They remember how the great Republics of the ancients perished by the debauchery of the people, but they are unmindful that the fallen Republics were not Republics at all. Rome, Greece and Carthage never had Republics. They had free Democracies, ruled by the mob, that would deify a hero to-day and crucify him to-morrow ; but the liberty of law, that is the jewel of our Republic, was unknown to them. Ours is the only great free government of the earth that conserves popular passions by the majesty of law, and it has checks and balances and sources of safety which, in all the many severe trials of popular government, have been fully equal to the preservation of our liberties. We have had many crucial tests of the fitness of our people to exercise their supreme sovereignty, under the limitations of law, and in what trial were the people found wanting? Even the fearful strain of a gigantic civil war did not more severely test the power of our government for self-preservation, than did the struggle of the infant and feeble Republic between Jefferson and the elder Adams. It was not merely a contest of disputing ambition ; it was a life and death struggle between despotic Federalism and liberal and progressive Democracy, and it convulsed the government and made even Washington and Hamilton doubtful of the destiny of our free institutions. Again, despair filled many honest hearts when the unyielding power of Jackson asserted its supremacy in the government. It was contemptuously proclaimed as the mastery of the corn-cob pipe and the stone jug in the White House, but no one of the honored statesmen of his day died more revered than Jackson, and all of them combined, made no such indelible impress upon the policy of the Republic. Remember how many thousands of our best citizens despaired of the overthrow of slavery. They saw that slavery and free government could not endure

together, and for ten years before emancipation, the whole power of the government seemed to strengthen the cause of the slave-holder ; but in the very hour of deepest gloom freedom came to all. It was not accident ; it was the earnest struggle of the sovereign power asserting its omnipotence in the fullness of time. Many despaired of the Republic when civil war came with its impenetrable darkness, and some of the stoutest and most patriotic hearts quailed before the bereavement and sacrifice of the conflict ; but Appomatox sheathed the sword, furled the insurgent flag, and restored the dissevered States to a common nationality. Then came the sore trial of reconstruction, with the Executive and Congress estranged in passion and legislation enacted in the tempest of sectional hatred ; but the intelligence and patriotism of the people, ever obedient to even bad laws as the anchor of national safety, gradually effaced the errors of hate and made party necessity yield to integrity in local government in the reconstructed States. In the midst of the most impassioned conflicts between Executive and Congress, between opposing partisan leaders, and between re-inflamed sections, the President was impeached. He escaped conviction by a single vote, but the decision was the lawful judgment of a government of liberty and law, and the voices of discord were stilled. Another and severer test of the power of a law-loving people is yet fresh in the minds of all. A disputed Presidential election convulsed the country. It involved vast power and party spoils, and the white heat of a national struggle was intensified by the dispute. Fraud became a factor on both sides, in the desperation of partisan leaders ; but when the country seemed to be on the very point of revolution, the arbitrament of law was invoked, and although its judgment reversed the popular judgment, all bowed to the omnipotence of the law that is the corner-stone of our freedom. With such triumphs vindicating our free government,

why should we despair for the future? The honest citizens have long mourned over the apparently omnipotent supremacy of political machines; but look out now at the sunny side of your country, and where are those machines that but yesterday were boastful and defiant? The people are patient, slow to call into action their reserve powers; but when they do summon their majesty, the machines are scattered like the wilted leaves of autumn. Look at the very centres of machine power, and where are the machines and where the bosses? Overthrown in New York; defeated in Brooklyn; hurled from power in Philadelphia; sent to the rear in Pittsburgh; defeated in St. Louis; rejected in Cincinnati, and now tottering in their dominion of States like Pennsylvania and New York. Who should waste a tear over the power of political machines? There is a sunny side to all the gloom political machines have cast upon us, and that is made by the grandeur with which the people toss their bosses out of power whenever public patience is overstrained. Ours is the sunniest land of the earth, and our government, with all its blemishes, is the sunniest side of man's government of man.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF HOME.

Take the sunny side of home. The home is the sunniest side of every great people. Without devotion to home there can be no devotion to country. The home is the cradle of patriotism; it is the fountain of happiness not only to individuals, but to nations as well, and it is the one spot of earth that should be guarded from needless shadows. Enough must come to each, even when most faithfully guarded by all the multiplied offices of love; but few there are who make their homes what they could or should be. It is only a few years since I visited a strange people away in the fastness of the Rocky Mountains. They were then separated from civilization by a

thousand miles of trackless plains and passes where the savage ruled. Towering cliffs walled them in from the outside world, but the lovely valley of Salt Lake bloomed with beauty and plenty. They cherished a religion that desecrated the sanctity of the home; but while hearts corroded or sobbed within, the humblest home was garlanded with the richest of nature's offerings. The little adobe cottage was ever decked with green vines and fragrant flowers. Neglect or dilapidation were forbidden by the religion founded on lust and greed, and even when the harem banished all the sweet attributes of home, it was crowned with every attraction the country afforded. Green shades, rich in blossoms in spring-time and mellow with fruits in autumn, made every Mormon home appear as an oasis in the desert. I wished, indeed, that our boasted Christian civilization could learn from the deluded men and hapless women of Mormondom the lesson of beautifying home. Our religion makes the home one of its grandest altars; but how sadly do we deform what is to many, and should be to all, the loveliest spot of earth. Home and beauty should be inseparably linked together in the life of the humblest man and woman. It needs no wealth of gold or delicacy of art to make home inviting and lovely. The God of nature is architect for the poor, and horny hands can plant the tree and shrub in the hour of grateful rest; and the child, schooled to the refining love of the beautiful, can train the simple flower to deck the little window in elegance that Solomon, in all his glory, could not create. The lilies toil not, neither do they spin; but they humble the pride of the arrogant and pretending, by making matchless beauty the common heritage of all. Look around you in our great Commonwealth, and you will be amazed to learn how large a proportion of our homes are painful monuments of neglect. Many of these with rich farms around them, are less inviting than the barn where the ox is fattened or the crib where the

harvest is stored. The horse, the cow, and the pig must be thoughtfully sheltered, for they repay care with gold ; but the wife and the child are only beasts of burden ; and the cool shades of summer, the sunshine of winter, the sweet odor of the pretty flower, the health-giving relish of the luscious fruits, and the refinement that makes woman nobler and man better, are rejected by the ignorance, indolence, or greed which efface the line between man and brute. Such a home wages perpetual warfare against every inspiration that would elevate men, women, and children above the animals around them, and all the charms of the family circle are dissipated by the groveling plodder who weighs the joys of life in the scales of gain. Look at the repulsive home ; what a blot upon humanity ; what a mockery of God ! There are worn and frowning mothers ; there are smileless children ; there are hopeless slaves ; all taking the shortest and thorniest path to what they most dread, the grave ; and when they go hence they are lamented in their homes mainly or only as they diminish the commercial value of the household. The home that is the shrine of the heart, may be the lowliest of the lowly, but it is beautiful in all its attributes, and it tempers the weariness of honest toil by its countless blessings, which all the wealth of an Astor or a Vanderbilt could not buy. Would you know how to distinguish it from the many which bear the semblance but have not the substance ? Watch the pattering feet of children as they roam about in search of happiness ; see where they pause to pour out their artless tribute in merry laugh and honest gratitude. They point to the sunny home as the needle points to the pole, and where they are unknown as welcome guests, there is no home. The home that has been made the sunny side of life, never loses its beneficent influence over those it has sheltered in childhood, however they may be jostled by the rude vicissitudes of life. One of the most memorable reminiscences

of California is told of the first great queen of song who appeared in San Francisco, among the restless men gathered there thirty years ago. They had learned not to value life; they had become a law unto themselves that defied all the teachings of their youth; but when "Home, Sweet Home" was sung, tears scalded the bronzed faces, and sobs welled up from hearts which had left sentiment behind them for adventure. Take the sunny side of home. It will be a well-spring of joy from the cradle to the tomb.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF TOIL.

Take the sunny side of toil. It is made the inheritance of all, by a law that is universal and inexorable, and that fearfully avenges its violation. It is the command of God, and, like all His mandates, is wise and merciful. Do not grieve because others seem more favored than yourself, for such appearances are often terribly deceptive. With all the varied cares and duties and strange inequalities of life, we are largely, if not wholly, molded by our own efforts, and sunshine or shadows will predominate as we may decide for ourselves. How often the child of toil envies the lot of his fellow, born to fortune and luxury; but it is a cruel mistake. The severest toil of life is to labor at nothing and for nothing. It is the one type of toil that has no compensation, and it is the most tiresome and exhausting of employments. Of all ordinary lives that of the idler is the saddest. It is ordained that labor and content shall go hand in hand, and in all the experience of recorded civilizations, there has been no departure from toil without decay and sorrow. There may be great grief mingled with exacting or unrequited labor, but peace and content are utter strangers to the indolent. It is not only the law of individuals, but it is also the law of nations. When nations have reached the zenith of grandeur in their achievements, luxury and its inevitable

idleness have dated their decline and fall. People advance only as they make industry their chief attribute. Vice and industry are implacable foes and can have no fellowship, and when luxury begets indolence, indolence begets vice, and vice begets death. And what is true of nations is equally true of communities, families and individuals; of political, religious and social circles. No community was ever prosperous where "wealth accumulates and men decay;" no church ever advanced in vital piety, when indolence prevailed among its worshipers; no social circle ever improved in morals, intelligence or happiness when labor was rejected as wanting in respectability, and no individual idler ever made himself useful or gladdened a home with the wealth of content. It often seems hard to toil through all the changing seasons without rest, and the laborer is many times made heavy-hearted with the failure of his hopes; but all the grief of cruel want and slavish toil in our civilization that fills so large a page in the history of mankind, is more than supplemented by the grief of those who are envied in their supposed luxury and repose. The grief of wasted vigor and health, of sated appetite, is the one grief that claims all seasons as its own. Even the galley-slave enjoys the luxury of rest, and his coarse diet is made grateful by the hunger that labor quickens; while the banquet of luxury palls upon the taste, and sleep and rest flee from the miserable idler. It was a king, in the midst of all the plenty of wealth and power, who cried: "O sleep! O gentle sleep! Nature's soft muse, how have I frightened thee?" Our great railway and bonanza kings of to-day would value at millions the sweet rest enjoyed by the laborer of your mountains, and what would they not give for the relish of the hod-carrier at his frugal meal? And all the rich promises of life are to the sons and daughters of toil. The shop and the field are the cradles of men, while the hot-beds of idleness and luxury give only mockeries of men and women to dawdle

through aimless and useless lives and to leave behind them more helpless children than themselves. Turn to the men of distinction in field or forum, in science, literature or art, and only the toilers of the world are there. Fortune or family may now and then grasp the honors which belong to the more deserving, but they turn to ashes when thus gained, and end in humiliation if not disgrace. Whatever be your lot, know that it has a sunny side, unless you are shrouded in the gloom of idleness. For every other cloud there is a silver lining, and toil is the one fountain from which wells up the countless streams of happiness.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF FAITH.

Take the sunny side of faith. The doubting, distrusting, unbelieving are among the most unfortunate and pitiable of all classes of people. Have faith in yourself, in your fellows, in your home, in your religion, in everything that has capabilities for good. Deceit is a prevalent vice, and it will often grieve you, but it is vastly better to mourn over disappointment than to allow general distrust to make you generally miserable with yourself and all about you. We thoughtlessly call ours an age of unbelief, but it is not more so than the ages of the past. Some lament that the infidel and the scoffer are bolder, and have greater following than in what we call the better days of our fathers, but it is not so. Paine, Franklin and Jefferson were men of like religious views. They were honored as patriots, and two of them made their names immortal among the founders of free government, and one of them doomed his name and memory to execration for making his boasted unbelief a fountain of blasphemy. There is, to-day, less open unbelief than there was a century ago, and what we have is brought into prominence by the freedom of disputation and the universal publicity which obtain in our times. We have some who

profit by blasphemy and ostentatious unbelief, but I incline to accept the conclusion that he who mocks the existence of a Supreme Creator, lies to himself. The poet has thus expressed it :

There is no unbelief ;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

I believe that faith is growing as intelligence grows, and there is more of the sunny side of faith among the higher civilizations to-day than at any period of the past. We have learned that bigotry is not faith, and the world has had a terrible wrestle with the fearful shackles of bigotry that perverted ignorance and superstition have riveted upon religious belief. There is less faith in creeds to-day, but there is more intelligent faith in the religion that has been so sadly deformed by the inventions of the gloomy makers of creeds. And what are creeds? They are the creations of fallible minds, and most of them born in the deepest shadows of ignorance, superstition and intolerance. Some of them are not even believed by their own professors ; not even taught from their own pulpits, and they are simply stumbling-blocks in the way of faith. The faith that is full of sunshine, and makes men happier and better, is not the faith that revels in the tombs and tattered shrouds of the dark ages. It is the faith that believes, and obeys, and enjoys, because it is rational to believe, obey and enjoy. It is a melancholy satisfaction to see that most of the teachers who have devoted their lives to interpret the prophecies and to explain the seals and keys and beasts and plagues of Revelation have ended in insanity, and since they had to dethrone reason in the foolish effort to comprehend the incomprehensible and to attain the unattainable, it is unfortunate that insanity had not been the beginning instead of the ending

of their work. The severest strains put upon faith come from those who cannot be made to understand that the finite mind is incapable of mastering the infinite, and they grope in darkness and mock the supreme wisdom of God by interpreting His unfulfilled purposes, and hedging error about with bigotry and intolerance until faith is enfeebled and shrouded in gloom. When prophecy and Revelation shall be fulfilled, even the wayfaring man will understand them, and until then, let sunny faith, in all that is good, gladden our lives. To argue that there is a Supreme Ruler over all, and that man is immortal, would be to argue, in the brightness of the unclouded noonday sun, that there is sunshine. There is no race of mankind, however low in the scale of barbarism, that does not worship its God, and immortality is taught instinctively to those who are strangers to prophecy and revelation. There is only the flimsiest partition between the mortal and the immortal existence, and it seems as if the whispers of immortal tongues reach us when we turn to contemplate the unknown hereafter. There is heaven in many attributes of earth ; in its varied beauty and countless anthems of praise ; and the howling passions and horrible vagaries of crime which grate upon our ears are but the appalling echoes of hopeless despair. To challenge faith in God and in man's immortality, is to challenge our own multiplied senses, and the inherent and indefinable convictions which have been inborn with every people of the earth. Faith in the Supreme Ruler means faith in all the better and nobler efforts and attainments of man, and they who take its sunny side find most rational and enduring enjoyment, and do most to promote the happiness of those around them.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF RELIGION.

Take the sunny side of religion. The time was when to publicly accept the religion of our civilization, was to

accept public reproach and often to invite martyrdom. There was then no sunny side to religion, save the hope of the better life beyond ; but in this enlightened age, our religion is the common law of our State, and follows the flag of our nation to the remotest region of the world. It is so highly respected that men defile it by hypocrisy to dignify their positions in society. There is everything, therefore, to make religion the sunshine of life, but how many there are who cloud religion with repulsive deformities. There are some who mistake dyspepsia for religion, and how horribly they rack themselves under the delusion that they are, in some way or other, doing God's service. They see sin in every smile, in every enjoyment, in every ray of sunshine that peeps into the home or the social or business circle. The sunny, dimple-faced child is taught by them to look upon religion as one of the mournful things of earth, and to wonder why a merciful God made the worship of Himself such a ghastly work. If such people could worry their way into heaven and take their religion with them, they would silence the song of the redeemed and the pearly gates would have to be guarded with flaming swords to keep the children of the angelic throng from playing truant. Religion should be the sunshine of home, of society, of business, of everything, and it should attract all to its cheerful consistency, fidelity and integrity. The sunny side of religion is the religion of charity, of simplicity, of purity, of humanity. It forbids the bigotry and ignorance which make the creeds of men estrange those who should be brethren in the great work of redeeming the world from sin and its inevitable sorrow. Behold, how bigotry clouds the sunshine of religion, even in this age of general intelligence. It is but a little way for all, to the cold river that divides us from the eternal life, and yet how few there are who can travel it in amity and love. Scores of churches, worshipping the same God, claiming the atonement of the same

Redeemer, teaching from the same inspired Scriptures, but differing in man's fallible methods of obedience, are journeying the same short highway, divided only by creeds they have fashioned to separate them, and they cannot pass along without casting mire and stones at each other. A little beyond is the shore where all dividing lines and bigotry and superstition must perish, but many weary themselves as they jog along, by ruling out of the golden gates all who do not accept their dogmas and teach and pray and praise as they direct. Alas, how many are forgetful of the teaching of their common Bible making charity one of the jewels of religion. When we consider that of the twelve hundred millions of people in the world, less than four hundred millions are Christians, and that less than one-third of the Christian people are Protestants, is there not a wide field for religious charity and an impressive appeal for its most generous exercise? Of the one-third of the human race classed as Christians, not one-half of them are in formal church fellowship, and a smaller proportion of Protestants are church members than of the followers of the Catholic and Greek Christian faith. Are all who happen not to go our way down to the murky stream, to be jostled beyond the pale of salvation by our religion? So teaches the dyspeptic religionist, and the bigoted religionist and the superstitious religionist and the canting hypocritical religionist, but the religionist who judges not lest he be judged, worships according to his faith and respects the freedom of conscience in others that he claims for himself. When shall all who revere religion teach a severely critical world as the great Apostle taught the followers of Christ two thousand years ago: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three: and the greatest of these is charity."

I welcome everything that attacks the bigotry of religionists as taking the sunny side of religion. Bigotry was pardonable in the darkness and superstition through

which the Christian religion had to wade many centuries ago, but it is not pardonable now. Do not be startled when I say that religion is amenable to the laws of common sense, and the dark shadows of bigotry must be dispelled from our churches if churches would not make intelligence stumble at their thresholds. And I welcome the revision of the Bible as a long-needed ray of sunshine in religion. Imperfect and disappointing as the revised Testament is, it is the toddling step of the child that will speedily become a man, and as the hesitating, trivial revision of the New Testament shall be accepted, a foothold will be obtained for brave religionists to do what they would gladly perform if they dared, that is, make the Bible free from the blemishes which were necessary to an age of darkness, but which are dead letters now, save to the critical student. I simply voice the conscientious religious sentiment of the intelligence of our time when I say that the Bible must be amenable to the enlightened common sense of the world ; not the Bible of God, but the Bible of man. As the sacred word is written, so it must be until time shall be no more ; but men have first invented their dogmas and then translated or interpreted the Bible to sustain them by appeals to bigotry, ignorance and superstition, and that has become an offence to the advanced conviction of our day. The different versions of the Bible accepted by disputing Christian religions were finished in the same age. The Douay Bible was completed in 1610, and the King James Bible in 1611. Both are translated from precisely the same text ; both embrace exactly the same books ; but the creed each draws from the sacred word makes the other heresy. I submit that the intelligence of this evening of the nineteenth century forbids that religion shall tolerate such contradictory interpretation of the same text, to make Christian peoples consign each other to what the revised Bible has tempered to condemnation. The sunny side of religion is the side

of Christian charity and Christian unity, and just as its hearthstone and healthy rays become more and more diffused throughout religion, the more will the creeds and dogmas of men be discarded, and the more will the religion of Christ enlarge its worshipers. Who ever loved religion more because the doctrines of election, perseverance, particular form of baptism, fasts, penance, etc., were tangled up with the thunders of the law, and Sunday and worship made horrible as Sunday clothes? Christ did not thus teach; He had no dogmas, no creeds; but He condemned the creeds and dogmas of men in His day, as they are now condemned by those who understand that religion is rational, simple, beautiful. Take the sunny side of religion; it will make all men better here, and make it well with them hereafter.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF DEATH.

Take the sunny side of death. Sooner or later it must come to all, and at the latest it is only a few swiftly passing days distant. Kings and potentates have no refuge from the summons of the dreaded messenger. Death is the great leveler of man, and dust to dust the heritage of all. Why, then, should we shrink from its contemplation? Why banish it from our thoughts with a shudder? It is not rational to permit death to shadow our lives: nor is it rational to turn in terror from what must as surely come as to-morrow's sun. Those who are suddenly chilled day after day by the thought of death either shadow their lives by misdeeds, or reject the philosophy that should make every well-ordered life wait serenely for its end. The rational apprehension of the upright man is, not that he may fall too soon in the race, but that he may linger too long and outlive everything but hope. The green old age is one of the most beautiful lessons taught around us. When the brief circle is completed and the weary toiler becomes a child again, with heart fresh to

quicken the halting limbs, life is sunny until the lengthened shadows settle into night ; but when helplessness and despair come with age, or when reason totters in the crumbling temple, the work is done and the grave is the only promise of rest. It is true that most men cling to life even after useful life is ended, but why? They clutch a few weary days against the endless and what should be the better existence at whose threshold they are trembling, and when the brittle chord is not unloosed until the cup of pain is filled, the end is no more welcome. It is not so with the sunny life. With much to live for ; with all the generous offices of affection, and with the repose that faithfully performed duty to God and man ever assures, the end is peace, and sunshine dispels the shadow even from the tomb. Such lives may be noted everywhere, and they are the excellent of the earth. They take the sunny side of country, of home, of toil, of faith, of religion, of death, and when their days are numbered they are lamented as they were beloved. Like ripe fruit, they drop into their mother's lap, and the sunshine of life is not clouded in the hour of their departure. The song of Bryant, when he, basking in all the sunny dreams of youth, thus eloquently taught the sunny side of death :

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent Halls of death,
Thou go, not like the quarry-slave, at night,
Scourged to thy dungeon ; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The Lesson of Our Civil War.*

GENTLEMEN OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES :

Do not shudder at the theme I have chosen. I do not come to criticise the past, or to speak to those of the past. There are deep wounds not yet wholly healed ; there are fierce passions which, though enfeebled, have not perished ; there are bereavements whose shadows linger in countless homes ; and there are sorrows which are tempered by time, but not effaced. I come to speak to a new generation, to which we, who witnessed our great civil conflict, must soon give place. I do so because I address young men, most of whom were not born when Appomattox became historic, and young men who, by reason of their better opportunities and attainments, are to be teachers and leaders when the memorable names of the war shall be known only in the exceptionally grand and thrilling history whose annals they have made illustrious.

There is no history or tradition of man that does not tell of civil war. Even the chosen people of God, led by His own appointed lawgiver—fed, guided, and rescued by miracle—were made wanderers in the wilderness by secession and fraternal dispute ; and, when in possession of the promised land, the tribes of Judah and Israel plunged into bloody conflict. Thus, through all the strange mutations of ancient and modern national structures, every civilization has carved out its destiny with the battle-axe and sword, and chiefly by internecine war. It was the natural employment of the barbarian. As a better civilization dawned, wars often multiplied until they blotted

* An Address delivered before the Literary Societies of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia, June 16, 1886.

out the grandest monuments they had erected ; and the history of every great nation of to-day has for its foundation the arbitrament of sanguinary battle. Our own Republic was deeply crimsoned with the blood of its founders, and it was through the deadly struggle of mother and son of proud Britain that the noblest government of earth was created.

But the civil wars of other countries and civilizations bear no analogy to the two great internecine conflicts which the American people have made memorable. The wars of the ancients were wars of ambition, of conquest, of robbery. All that is immortal in Roman or Grecian or Carthaginian history, where we read of popular rule—all the wonderful temples, triumphal arches, and other monuments of antiquity, and even the later achievements commemorated by the imposing columns of modern art, as a rule, proclaim how history has repeated itself in all ages, by wars of ambition. Every great nationality of the past was rocked in the tempest of civil conflict ; every civilization of the present has bloody pages of fraternal strife, and there is no more thrilling record of sanguinary internal struggle than that of England, the accepted fountain of the best civilization the world has known. The right of might is the sole title to every monarch's sceptre in the Old World, and that tells the whole story.

But history is among your collegiate studies ; and, with the strange conflicts and mutations of living, languishing, and perished nationalities, you are familiar. Let us deal with what is least taught in the colleges, and what is most needed to be learned by students—our country and ourselves.

You are told by many inconsiderate political writers and orators, that our late civil war was the creation of extremists in both sections : of Northern abolitionists and Southern fire-eaters ; that they inflamed the people

beyond the bounds of reason ; that they precipitated North and South into causeless war. It is not so. They aided and hastened the conflict, just as the driftwood of the resistless current adds to its momentum. They were only the white-caps of the often angry surface-waves which betokened the restless unfathomable deep. They were seen and heard by all, while the profound unrest that flung them up to play fantastic parts was unnoted and unappreciated.

It is a reproach to American intelligence and heroism to assume that mere sectional agitators could lead the most peace-loving, the most cultivated, and the most prosperous people of the earth into the bloodiest war of modern history. No : there were rational causes arising from sincerest conviction, which became too great for adjustment by statesmanship, and war came because of irreconcilable dispute on problems which defied solution by the methods of peace. It is easy to present many plausible theories by which the conflict between the North and the South could have been averted ; but those who thus theorize do not understand the best attributes of American citizenship. There were statesmen and soldiers who welcomed war, but they were rare exceptions. There was not a great soldier, of either North or South, who did not draw his sword with painful reluctance : there was not a great statesman, in either section, who did not profoundly deplore the resort to arms. I saw tears jewel the eyes of Winfield Scott, the morning after the surrender of Fort Sumter, as he stood in the President's room and looked across the Potomac to his mother commonwealth. "I fear Virginia—I fear Virginia," was the sad and tremulous exclamation of the hero of two wars, and the great Captain of the Age. I then, for the first time, understood how deep and implacable were the opposing convictions of allegiance, when State and Nation gave opposing commands.

Let me say to the young men before me, who must learn of the great civil struggle of their fathers from the pages of history, that, to be just to their country and their countrymen, they must intelligently and dispassionately search beneath the partisan and sectional rubbish of the day, for the rational causes and the logical results of the most heroic conflict of either ancient or modern times.

Will it startle you to be told that the germ of discord, that ripened into civil war after two generations had nourished it, was planted by the two most illustrious men of our history? They were George Washington and Thomas Jefferson: men who made the grandest records of unsullied patriotism, of loftiest heroism, of wisest statesmanship. They differed widely, radically, as to the true theory of popular government. Washington believed in a strong centralized government, Jefferson believed in the supreme power of the people; and the conflicts between the elder Adams and Jefferson surpassed even the intense partisan asperities of the present time.

Had either Washington or Jefferson defined the basis and powers of our government, there never could have been an issue between State and Nation, with color of law; but they created the issue, in all the integrity of their sincere devotion to the Republic, and neither was able to solve the problem. Could they have foreseen the fierce sectional struggle over Missouri in 1820, that brought the country to the very verge of dissolution, or the "nullification" disturbance of 1831, or the Kansas-Nebraska tempest, that raged from 1854 to 1860, or the fearful climax that was reached in 1861, they would have left no such issue to convulse the people to whom they had given free government. They not only could not forecast the future magnitude of the question, but they could not control the discordant and almost chaotic elements of the country in the formation of a permanent

government. The Confederation of 1781, the firstborn governmental structure of the Union, was fruitful chiefly in demoralization and the lack of government. Although impoverished by war, and without currency or credit, extravagance and a growing disrespect for authority prevailed throughout the land. A government that would govern became a supreme necessity ; and it is wonderful that, with the honest antagonisms of the ablest and best men of the day, and the power of the demagogues—who were potential then as now—so beneficent a structure of constitutional government was finally attained in 1789.

Had the Constitution been any less a succession of compromises, it would have been rejected ; and it was by the supreme necessity of compromise, even to the extent of ambiguous definition of what later proved to be most vital questions, that an acceptable fundamental law was framed. Opposing partisans, failing to obtain the plain command of the Constitution in harmony with their views, at once claimed by construction what they had failed to obtain in indisputable terms. From the day of the adoption of the Constitution and the organization of the government, the sovereignty of the State as against the Nation, and the sovereignty of the Nation as against the State, were both taught with equal ability and earnestness, and the high warrant of the fundamental law was claimed with equal positiveness by the disputing statesmen.

Vital as the issue was regarded by the leading founders of the Republic, it grew into paramount importance as the interests of sections became more and more involved. Slavery was accepted as warranted by the common law of the country, as there were slaves in all of the thirteen colonies, excepting Massachusetts, at the adoption of the Constitution, and Puritan Massachusetts profited largely by the slave traffic.

Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Henry did not approve of slavery ; but they accepted the compromises

of the Constitution, believing that it would gradually perish without convulsion to property-interests. Jefferson's great lesson to the Republic on the subject was given in the Ordinance of 1787, that excluded slaves from the whole Northwestern Territory; but there were not only great property-interests, but strong convictions, in some of the Southern States, to sustain slavery: and it is not surprising that the framework of a new government, aiming to harmonize widely-conflicting views, trusted to the future the adjustment of antagonisms which it was hoped would perish, in the fullness of time, without disturbing the peace of the nation.

We can now see wherein Washington and Jefferson erred: but who of their day, or of ours, could have been as wise as they, in surmounting the countless obstacles to the creation of a constitutional Republic?

You are often told that slavery was the issue that plunged the North and the South into fraternal conflict. Slavery was not the source of the war. Its interests happened to be most intimately interwoven with the fundamental dispute that estranged the two sections; but the slavery-issue never could have assumed disturbing proportions, had the founders of the Republic clearly decided the supreme question of the scope of our nationality. It was the broader and deeper issue of the constitutional power of State and Nation that defied peaceable adjustment. For three-quarters of a century, the question had been asked: Are we a Nation or a Confederation at will? and it had been answered with equal ability, integrity, and patriotism, and in nearly equal numbers, affirming each.

The growth and power of slavery, that were not anticipated by those who framed our structure of government, were the creation of the steady and positive enlargement of the theory of State sovereignty and the long-passive assent of those who disputed and feared it. Jefferson boldly

taught the sovereignty of the State ; Calhoun enlarged upon Jefferson ; and the leaders of 1861 enlarged upon Calhoun, until the refusal to recognize the individual rights of States, as paramount to the National authority in every State of the Union, precipitated civil war. Slavery had much to do with broadening and intensifying the issue, but there was not a disputed demand of slavery that was not anchored in the unsettled sovereignty of the State.

Jefferson, the great leader for popular government, for the dethronement of centralization, and for the sovereignty of the State, had consecrated the great Northwest to freedom ; and he was logical in all his theories, when we consider the great battle he had to fight. He dreaded centralization, and wisely dreaded it. He saw the dregs of monarchy in the demand for a strong government, and he had no weapon with which to oppose it successfully but the sovereignty of the State. He did not battle for slavery, for he was not its friend : he did not battle for slavery extension, for he did not dream of that. He rescued popular government from what he regarded as its most dangerous foes, and the States now glittering as jewels in the crown of the Republic, created in the then unknown land ceded to the Union under Jefferson's master statesmanship, tell how exceptionally grand were his achievements.

And what more beautiful or attractive theory could be presented to a free people, than the sovereignty of the State ? It was the bulwark of safety against the despotism of centralized power, and it quickened every instinct and impulse of a free people. Who could forecast the fearful peril with which it was fraught ? It required no special perspicacity to appreciate the danger of disruption, if Hamilton had triumphed over Jefferson and made centralization a positive feature of the new Republic ; but the sovereignty of the State appealed to freedom : it appealed

to the pride of community : it appealed to the self-appreciation of individual manhood : and it appealed to the love and sanctity of home ; but it rejected every attribute of nationality.

Centralized governmental authority had visible peril : it invited despotic elements to effort : it appealed to the human infirmity that grasps power ; and its logical tendency is to the stealthy abridgment of popular rights. But the sovereignty of the State, in a government of free people, was beautiful and fragrant as the rose with its hidden thorns. Of the two great highways open to the feeble and hesitating government, both gave promise of future safety, both were beset with danger ; and concession and compromise handed down to succeeding generations the grave problems the fathers could not solve. You naturally ask : " Was there no middle-ground on which the new nation could have been founded ? " No : there was no middle-ground then ; there is none now ; there can be none in the future.

The prerogatives of nationality must be clear and unmistakable, or the nation must be the plaything of every popular caprice or passion. There is but one source of safety in our nationality founded in the liberty of law : that is, the reserved sovereignty of the people over the power of their government. They make and unmake constitutions and government, and in their unquestioned sovereignty—asserted, as it ever can be, in all the channels of authority—is the sole safety of the Republic against the despotic abuse of national prerogatives.

In the very corner-stone of the new Republic, shattered by antagonistic construction from the day the government was organized, and in the growing and adverse interests which attached to disputed policies, we have the true source of our civil conflict. For nearly the period of a generation, the opposing theories of the power of State and Nation were discussed as abstract propositions, rather than as

vital principles applicable to practical statesmanship. Slavery was sheltered under the sovereignty of the State, and there were none of consequence to assail its constitutional right ; but, in 1820, the admission of Missouri precipitated a direct issue between disputing constructionists. Vast property-interests were enlisted with the South ; and, in the South—as in the North, and as in all peoples—interest colors and intensifies conviction. Jefferson, Madison, and Marshall were yet living ; but the South had passed from the policy of gradual emancipation, that was expected by the founders of the government, to the policy of slavery-extension. It had then become a great property-power and a great political power : and, with the sovereignty of the State taught by the ablest and best statesmen of the South, and by many of the ablest and best of the North—with both the sovereignty of the State and the divine authority for slavery taught in every home, in every school, in every pulpit, of the Southern States, and with sincerest political and religious conviction and individual and general property-interest to crystallize Southern sentiment, you can understand how the Missouri contest brought the loosely-anchored nation to the very verge of destruction.

And how was it saved? Then, as in the framing of the Constitution, the vital point of dispute was evaded : concession and compromise again transmitted to posterity the problem that the statesmen of 1820 could not solve. It created a pacificator in Henry Clay ; but it left our government with doubtful and disputed prerogatives, to vex the coming generation. Missouri was admitted, with slavery : all the territory north of it was solemnly dedicated to freedom : and the disputants retired from the drawn battle to fortify their camps for future struggles. That conflict made slavery-aggression the logical offspring of the sovereignty of the State. The lines were clearly defined : the obviously opposing interests of the

free industry of the North and the menial industry of the South were arrayed in hostility that, however smothered for a third of a century, was implacable.

The threat of nullification in South Carolina, in 1831, was another and a bolder assertion of the sovereignty of the State ; and it, like the Missouri dispute, was settled by a compromise tariff, without touching the vital point in controversy. Again did our statesmen transmit to posterity the problem they could not solve.

In 1850, the disputing hosts were marshaled to convulse the nation over the admission of California and the organization of the other Mexican Territories. After tempestuous strife, compromise measures were enacted admitting California with a free Constitution, organizing the Territories without interdicting slavery, and revising the law for the rendition of slaves. Political revolution followed, in North and South. Toombs and McDonald locked horns on the compromise in a battle for the gubernatorial chair of Georgia ; and Jefferson Davis and Henry S. Foote resigned their seats in the Senate to contest the Governorship of Mississippi on the same issue ; while the banner of Free Soil was unfurled with formidable numbers in its following in the North. Georgia and Mississippi elected Toombs and Foote ; but Massachusetts and Ohio, in the confusion of parties, called Charles Sumner and Salmon P. Chase, then unknown in the circles of partisan politics, to a new destiny as great national leaders, and Henry Wilson was sent to fill the seat of Daniel Webster in the Senate. Then, as in 1820, and again in 1831, our statesmen transmitted to their successors the problem they could not solve.

Growth of population, growth of industry—free and slave—growth of commercial interest in the opposing theories of constitutional power, the friction of perpetual watching, and the wounds of repeated conflicts intensified alike conviction and effort on both sides ; and the repeal

of the Missouri compromise in the Kansas-Nebraska bill of 1854 was logical, because that restriction was a frowning menace to the whole theory of the sovereignty of the State, as then taught in its advanced features.

The sovereignty of the State made slaves property ; the Territories were the common property of all ; and equal rights for Northern and Southern property of every kind were demanded and obtained. Then came the logical demand, from the new standpoint of the sovereignty of the State, for the right of transit in free States ; and finally came the Dredd Scott decision, that crowned the South with victory. It had sectionalized freedom and nationalized slavery. It was then that Abraham Lincoln, in the most carefully considered and prepared political address of his life, delivered before the Springfield convention that nominated him for United States Senator, against Douglas, in 1858, voiced the considerate sentiment of all sections, when he said : " I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved : I do not expect the house to fall ; but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South." This was before Mr. Seward's bitterly-criticised proclamation of the irrepressible conflict, and it was the sober truth.

The general political disruption that followed created a new party, with a single creed ; and a change of half the number of votes in a single ward of Philadelphia would have given the new party the victory in its first battle, and made Fremont President instead of Buchanan. In 1860, Mr. Lincoln was chosen President : it was the

first lawfully-expressed mandate of the sovereign power of the Nation, that the sovereignty of the State was not supreme ; and then, for the first time since Washington, and Hamilton, and Jefferson, and Madison met the issue and passed it by, three-quarters of a century before, the grave problem had to be solved.

In vain did sincere men plead for compromise : the sturdy conviction and intensified purpose of the most intelligent and earnest people of the world made it impossible. We point to unwise acts on both sides, and thoughtlessly charge them with precipitating war ; but, over and above all the follies of sectional disturbance, were the wisest and bravest men of both sections, who saw and accepted the inevitable, while ceaselessly but hopelessly striving to avert it.

The sovereignty of the State then summoned its last prerogative : to sever the Union, and end the pretence of nationality. Peaceable dismemberment or civil war : such was the only choice presented, and civil war was inevitable. Do you inquire why it was inevitable ? Let me answer in a single sentence : I am sure that peaceable disunion would have brought anarchy to the North ; I believe that, sooner or later, and soon at the latest, it would have brought anarchy to the whole continent.

There are two memorable political deliverances to which the student of to-day can turn, in beginning the study of the causes which led to what must ever seem a most unnatural conflict. Jefferson boldly gave the keynote for the construction of the Constitution in favor of the sovereignty of the State, in the Kentucky resolutions of 1798. He framed them, and Madison framed like resolutions passed by the Virginia Legislature the same year. In the first of Jefferson's resolutions, he declares that the States "are not united on the principle of unlimited submission to their general government," that "they constituted a general government for special purposes,

delegated to that government certain definite powers, reserving, each State to itself, the residuary mass of right to their own self-government, . . . that this government, created by this compact, was not made the exclusive or final judge of the powers delegated to itself, . . . but that, as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress." One year later, the Kentucky Legislature simply amplified Jefferson's resolutions of 1798, by another resolution declaring "that the several States which formed the instrument, being sovereign and independent, have the unquestionable right to judge of the infraction; that a nullification, by those sovereignties, of all unauthorized acts done under color of that instrument, is the rightful remedy."

Such was the theory of our nationality proclaimed by Jefferson, whose policy ruled the Republic for sixty years. The States were not only declared sovereign, but independent, and they were to be the sole judges of any wrong, and of the remedy, in a conflict between State and Nation. All that followed, touching the dispute, was entirely logical under Jefferson's construction of our feeble fundamental law. From the Missouri conflict of 1820 to the South Carolina eruption of 1831, thence to the California struggle of 1850, thence to the Kansas-Nebraska controversy of 1854-60, thence to the Dredd Scott decision, and thence to supreme national mastery of war, it was steady and consistent progress.

The other memorable deliverance came from the Chicago Lincoln convention of 1860, when a body of able and intensely earnest men came to reverse and direct our national destiny, as Jefferson came to reverse and direct it in 1800. It declared "that the new dogma that the Constitution, of its own force, carries slavery into any or all of the Territories of the United States is a dangerous

political heresy, at variance with the explicit provisions of that instrument itself, with contemporaneous exposition, and with legislative and judicial precedent: is revolutionary in its tendency, and subversive of the peace and harmony of the country."

These two deliverances, coming from equally honest and earnest conviction, are the landmarks of the sixty years of political history which made the issue of the powers of State and Nation so momentous and fraught with such vast property and political interests, that there was no middle-ground, no basis of compromise, no solution but peaceful dismemberment or fraternal war. Had it been possible to evade the issue then, as it was evaded in the formation of the Constitution, or in the Missouri, the South Carolina, the California, and the Kansas-Nebraska controversies, disruption could and would have been delayed, but not averted; but the issue had finally confronted the country in an attitude that demanded prompt and final solution, and the question whether State or Nation was sovereign mocked every arbitrament but the sword.

Thus came our civil war. It is erroneously accepted by the multitude as a war caused by slavery, and waged solely for the maintenance or destruction of slavery. Slavery became so important a factor in precipitating the appeal to arms, and the effect of the conflict upon slavery was so distinctly visible to all, that even pretended historians have assumed that slavery was the one great issue that summoned a million reapers to the harvest of death. The young men before me, who must be among the teachers of the future, should better understand the struggle that established a new epoch in the history of the Republic. Let us briefly look at the fountain, and trace its streams as they coursed through the Lincoln administration. The fourth resolution of the declaration of principles on which Lincoln was elected declared:

“That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of powers on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends.” There were men in that convention who did not honestly believe in that emphatic declaration, but they were inconsiderable in number and power; and no man in Virginia more sincerely believed in it, in the broadest interpretation, than did Abraham Lincoln. He had never, by word or deed, questioned the right of States to establish, maintain, or abolish slavery; and, in his first inaugural address, he pointedly declared, by quoting from a previous public address: “I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with slavery in the States where it exists. I believe that I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so.”

There were leading men in the North who either welcomed civil war or accepted it with complacency, because they expected from it the bloody overthrow of slavery; but I speak what Lincoln's public and private utterances, and what his public and private acts, uniformly declared, when I say that there was not a day, from the date of his inauguration till the first of January, 1863, when the final proclamation of emancipation was issued, that the war could not have been ended by the restoration of the National Union and its authority, without destroying slavery in a single State. The very circumstances under which the secession of Southern Senators and Representatives occurred proved that it was not slavery they were defending by revolutionary action. The President, the Senate, and the Supreme Court were each a bulwark of safety to the South against any infraction of the sovereignty of the State in the regulation of its own domestic institutions, and the political power of the Senate was given to the

Lincoln administration only by the resignation of Southern Senators. Slavery in the States was safe beyond question ; but the higher issue of the absolute sovereignty and independence of the State, as then interpreted, was assailed with resolute, aggressive purpose, and it had no hope but in revolution.

When war came, and great battles had been fought, the pressure upon Lincoln for an avowed emancipation policy daily grew in strength and intensity, and Lincoln severed strong personal and political ties by patient and exhaustive effort to end the war by the restoration of the Union without forcing the final decision of the slavery issue. He knew that slavery was not the cause of the war ; he knew that, with slavery gradually and peaceably abolished and the sovereignty of the State still paramount to the sovereignty of the Nation, new South Carolina nullification of revenue-laws, or new Connecticut conventions to interpose in favor of foreign enemies, or new Pennsylvania whiskey-rebellions would peril our national existence. He concisely stated his position, in his letter to Horace Greeley, on the 22d of August, 1862, when he said : " If there be those who would not save the Union unless at the same time they could destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or to destroy slavery."

At last, it became a supreme necessity to obey public sentiment in the North, and to disarm the threatening sentiment of foreign nations that hated free government North or South, by an avowed emancipation policy ; but, when it was avowed, it was done with every opportunity for the absolute safety of slavery in the States. The preliminary proclamation of emancipation was issued on the 22d of September, 1862, and it fixed the following 1st of January, more than three months in the future, for the final proclamation, with the assurance that it should not apply to any " not then in rebellion ;" and it proffered

compensation for slaves to all who, at the expiration of the more than three months of time given, were found under the authority of the Union, and accepted immediate or gradual emancipation. And, when the final proclamation was issued—on the 1st of January, 1863—it excepted parts of Virginia and Louisiana, and all of the States of Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee, from its mandate.

That step once taken by the government, after nearly two years of war for the maintenance of the Union, could be receded from only when the sword commanded it; but there was not a day, from the date of the final proclamation of emancipation until the 3d of February, 1865, when Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell, the Confederate commissioners, met Lincoln at Fortress Monroe, that Lincoln would not have gladly accepted peace under a restored Union, with compensated emancipation. I well remember hearing him discuss it, late in the autumn of 1864, when the question of military success on great battlefields was no longer problematical; and, could the people of the South have heard him as I did, and trusted him as all trusted who knew him, I believe that there would have been early peace with compensated emancipation, and reconstruction without the desolating tread of the thief and adventurer. I saw his plan, written out by his own hand, based on the payment of four hundred millions to the owners of slaves. I shall never forget the sorrow with which he contemplated the probability of future battles and sacrifice of life, and the earnestness with which he sought peace when mere ambition would have pressed for the laurels of the conqueror. He said: "Four hundred millions! It seems a large sum to add to our already heavy debt; but one hundred days of war will cost as much. If we are to be reunited, the loss North and South is really the loss of the Nation; and, when the sacrifice of life and the added sorrow to the

homes of both sections are considered, there is no argument against compensated emancipation. It would not only give us peace, but it would temper the sad sectional estrangement, and enable the South to resume her industries and contribute her share to the payment of our national debt." I give the exact substance of his remarks, and nearly his exact words.

When he met the Confederate commissioners, on the 3d of February, 1865, he was precluded from proposals for peace by the limitation upon their action from the Confederate President, making the recognition of the Confederacy a condition precedent to negotiation. Compensated emancipation was possible even then, for it had one unfaltering potent friend in Abraham Lincoln. How wise he was when he suggested it, in the fall of 1864, is proved by the expenditure of nearly twice four hundred millions in war with its countless cost of life and sorrow added, before peace was finally attained.

Thus did Lincoln, the oracle of the North during the war, seek to protect slavery in the States until an emancipation policy became a military, political, and diplomatic necessity; and, from the date of the emancipation policy until the 3d of February, 1865, he was the open, earnest supporter of compensated emancipation. He waged war not against slavery, but for the supreme sovereignty of the Republic.

I have thus presented the supreme issue that led to our civil war; but you will ask why peaceable adjustment was not possible with a people so grand in statesmanship, and bound together by the most patriotic ties. In answer, let me ask you to glance at the distinctive character of our people, from the Congress of 1776 to the Congress of 1886, and from the battlefield of Bunker Hill to that of Yorktown, and from Bull Run to Appomatox, and you will see that every effort and achievement was of heroic type. The fathers who fled from their vexed homes beyond the

sea, for freedom of conviction, gave equally sturdy conviction to their children, and Puritan and Cavalier were alike resolute in their purpose. The same people were in North and South : inheritors of the same heroic manhood : sharers of the same traditions, of the same freedom, of the same religion : worshipers of the same God, at the same altars : warriors under the same flag, from Valley Forge and Lundy's Lane to New Orleans and the halls of the Montezumas : and yet how strangely and sadly they misunderstood each other ! Neither credited the other with the profound sincerity that pervaded the great body of the people of both sections ; and, stranger still, with the most heroic record of any nationality, neither believed the other heroic to the extent of sacrifice, in the sectional issue that divided them. Both were forgetful that, for nearly two generations, the education, the worship, the prayers, of these two sections, had been in direct antagonism on the issues of national sovereignty and slavery. They were forgetful of the heroic religious conviction that had dismembered great churches on the issues which finally precipitated war. The North believed the South to be bombastic without courage, and the South believed the North to be shriveled into money-getting and cowardice. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, a Legislative caucus of the dominant party in my own State, held when Sumter was fired upon, in which I declared that, if war came, the South would be heroic as the North in battle ; and the response was a flood of hisses from a majority of my associates. How sadly that prophecy was fulfilled, the countless graves of our battlefields fearfully attest. Each entered the war, believing that the other would speedily weary of it, and end the strife ; but both learned too late what the unbroken history of a century should have taught.

A Confederate government, established with all the attributes of an independent nationality but the recognition

of the government from which it seceded, and promptly acknowledged as a belligerent power by England and France—where was the middle-ground for compromise? The battle thus begun could end, short of the mastery of the sword, only by the absolute surrender of the parent government or of the Confederacy ; and where, in all the history of American effort, was there a precedent for such a solution of the dispute? No : there was, then, no peace possible but by war ; and on the hills of Gettysburg the decisive struggle came. For three days the issue of battle trembled in the balance, and, when decided against the repulsed but undaunted legions of Lee, the contest of Cæsar and Pompey on the plains of Pharsalia was not more decisive of the destiny of Rome than was Gettysburg of the destiny of the Confederacy.

A less sincere and heroic people than Americans would have there ended the conflict ; but the Southerners, like the Spartan warriors of old, still fought and fell ; repeating, in the name of the South, the inscription on the graves of the heroes of Leonidas : “ Oh, stranger, go tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here in obedience to their laws.” Even with Gettysburg lost, and Vicksburg, on the same natal day of the Republic, sending the Father of Waters again “ unvexed to the sea,” other great and bloody battles were fought ; but Gettysburg and Vicksburg unalterably determined the destiny that made Appomatox historic.

Thus came, thus ended, civil war ; and the matchless grandeur of American citizenship was as sublime in peace as in the flame of battle. Who saw the emblems of victor or vanquished, at Appomatox? A swordless chieftain met the chieftain whose warriors had fought against overwhelming numbers until it was no longer heroic to die in fragmentary and hopeless struggle. They met for peace. The defeated insurgent was welcomed to the bountiful supplies of the flag that was his enemy an hour before,

speeded to his home, and he bore with him the hearty fellowship of his late deadly foes and the guaranteed protection of the Nation. By the order of President Lincoln, issued through General Weitzel, in Richmond, when Lincoln was present, the State authorities of Virginia were given safe conduct to resume their functions at Richmond, and restore the Commonwealth to the Union ; and, in obedience to the same instructions from President Lincoln, personally given to General Sherman at City Point, in presence of General Grant, the first Sherman-Johnston military treaty, furling every Confederate flag, retiring every Confederate soldier from the field throughout the entire South, and restoring civil authority in every State, was framed and executed.

But, dark as had been the days of war, a darker day dawned upon the South, just as Sherman and Johnston met to give the country universal peace. Abraham Lincoln was murdered, and, in the bewildering frenzy, the Sherman-Johnston peace was swept away, and passion and resentment were given mastery. But peace came to the warriors of the blue and the gray ; while disturbers who are sometimes invincible in peace, and usually invisible in war, for a full decade desolated the South and denied tranquillity to all. The soldiers of both sections, who had made American heroism the most lustrous of history, obeyed the command for peace ; and, from warrior to citizen—from the hoarse music of shotted guns to all the various channels of commerce, industry and trade—a million and a half of heroes settled down to dignify a common citizenship. In no land but ours would such peace have been possible ; and ours is the only country in the world where the soldiers of civil war have been the bulwark of safety for law and order in every community. When Johnston and Buckner stood with Sherman and Sheridan at the grave of Grant, as pall-bearers, they

reflected the grander heroism of peace that only the soldiery of America could portray.

It would be sad, indeed, if the lesson of our civil war ended with the story of sacrifice, sorrow and desolation, even with the silver lining of the heroism of our people in battle and in peace; but the lesson does not thus end. The present is full of promise: the future of our great people is the brightest of all the peoples of the earth; and, but for the hitherto unexampled progress of my own generation, I would wish to lag even superfluous on the stage of action, to witness and be an unnoted part of the grander advancement that must weave the chaplets for the great actors of your generation. How we have progressed, you may understand when I tell you that I was an interested student of our country's growth when its population was only one-fourth of our present sixty millions; that I can recall the birth of eleven of our thirty-eight States; that I well remember when there was not a steamship on the seas; when there was not a railway locomotive operated in the world; when the lightning messenger was undreamed of; when to have predicted the ocean-cable would have been regarded as the phantom of a hopeless lunatic; when the Golden Gate of the Pacific was an idle waste, under semi-barbaric rule; when the great Northwest, with its now-brilliant stars in the galaxy of States, was known only as the home of the savage; when the coming Empire State in the Southwest was tossed in revolution by adventurers; and when schools and newspapers were luxuries enjoyed only by the affluent. Look around you, and tell me what must be the achievement of your age, with your vastly greater sources of enlightened progress! With such lessons yet fresh in the memories of the fast-fading actors, what must be the story of the young student now before me, who shall come back to this fountain of learning to portray the advancement of the next generation?

Will he deplore our civil war? I think not. He will deplore its bereavements, as the angel of every better nature sorrows for the sorrowing; but will he not point to the war as dating the new era of enlightened advancement in all the greater attributes of national power and grandeur? Of what will he speak? Those of us who have felt the wounds of the conflict will then rest in the dreamless home of the dead, and the living will be inspired by the new duties and the new opportunities before them. The scars left by the harsh invader in Lexington, and the charred walls and broken columns of once lovely homes left by the harsh invader in Chambersburg, will be as twice-told tales to the earnest men who must then see about them a nation greater in population than the entire Russian Empire of to-day; greater than England and France combined; greater than any civilized nation of the earth. He will speak of the new past as we speak of the conflicts of 1776 and 1812, with England, and of 1847, with Mexico; and he will point to the monuments of the living present as the lesson of the occasion. He will tell of the new departure that made a homogeneous people, in industry, in trade, in education, in thrift, and in progress, from Northern lakes to Southern gulf, and from the Eastern to the Western sea; and he will point, with all the pride of home and section, to the tide of immigration and wealth from the North and from Europe, diverted from the highways toward the setting sun to the more inviting fields, forests, and mines of the South. He will be armed to challenge the North in the race for productive riches; he will portray the wealth of character and fortune that has been created by the desolation of war; and he will date the most beneficent growth of the American people from the conflict whose wounds are yet sensitive, even when viewing their own great work. When war began, a locomotive could not be artistically tired south of Mason and Dixon's line; to-day, nearly

fifteen thousand miles of Southern railway could be changed in gauge almost between two settings of the sun, and ten thousand miles of it were constructed since the war.

The land for the homes of our future growth is not in the West, nor in the East, nor in the North ; it is in the South, where there are more unimproved and improvable acres than the present total improved land in all the States of the Union, except Illinois. There is now no barrier to industry in any section of the Union, and the two hundred and fifty million acres of land open to the husbandman, embracing the valuable forests of the nation, with fruitful soil, mines of boundless wealth, genial climate, and abundant water-power, will surely enrich the story of national progress to be told here to the next generation. Then, as now, there will be monuments of the past as fingerboards on the highway of industrial and national greatness. As we turn back to Washington and Jefferson, and to Jackson and Clay, as exemplars of American character and achievement, so will the people who come after us turn to the two foremost exemplars of opposing greatness in our civil war. One name will leap up from the love of every Northern heart—one name will be lisped in tenderest affection by every son and daughter of the South ; they are indissolubly linked with the greatness that is above envy and hate. They met in mighty conflict for the mightiest issues, and yet gave the world no utterance or token of resentment ; they taught to friend and foe, above the fiercest passion of civil strife, the lesson of duty and of sacrifice for duty. The dust of one rests in these college halls, in the tomb of Robert E. Lee ; the dust of the other rests in his own loved and loving Prairie State, in the tomb of Abraham Lincoln. They taught, by word and deed, in the greatest actions of our greatest conflict : “ With malice toward none, with charity for all.” That ends the office of eulogy.

But the lesson of our civil war is not fully presented by the consideration of its primary causes, its heroic history, and the sublime progress it has achieved for free institutions and the best civilization of the world. The attributes of our nationality are now so clearly defined that none dispute them, and inconsiderate men point to assured perpetuity because of the inherent strength of our government. You, who will fight the battles for our free institutions during the next generation, must not be deceived by the presumed safety of popular government. The pendulum that is swung in violence will be violent in its return, and sweep beyond its justly-defined limits. For a generation before the war, the equilibrium was disturbed by the violent swing to the supreme sovereignty of the State, and the return to a supreme nationality was given additional impetus by the violent throes of revolution.

All nations are led to grandeur or to decay by the resistless mutations which come from both war and peace, and ours cannot be an exception to the rule. The lesson of our civil war is incomplete without noting and guarding against the chief peril that comes with newly-defined national sovereignty. It is the safe team that runs away because the reins are loosened, and safety is assumed without vigilance ; and the decline and fall of many great nationalities were solely by unseen and unappreciated dangers which insensibly sapped the vitals of just administration.

There was danger in the sovereignty of the State that dismantled the sovereignty of the Nation, and there is danger in the sovereignty of the Nation that has dismantled the sovereignty of the State. There is weakness in the very strength of our nationality, and it is clearly taught by the logical results of the war. The peril to free government to-day is centralization ; and its deformed image has been often visible, since the war, as the

legitimate offspring of debauched political authority. It has called to earnest protest and fearless battle many of the ablest and best men of the North who were in sincere accord with the establishment of national supremacy. It disrupted the great party of power in 1872; and it was the undaunted friends of Lincoln who halted at the threshold of despotic political power, and revolutionized the national administration. They saw centralization in government, in finance, in business, in every channel where its power could reach with profit; and the industry of the North is convulsive to-day chiefly in protest against the common peril to industrial thrift and national safety that has been born of centralization.

Remember that, in both North and South, during the war, there was one supreme law—"salus populi suprema lex;" and those who administered government were of necessity the judges of the "safety of the people." There were forms of popular government alike in the parent nationality and in the Confederacy; but both military and political necessity were often above the law; and what party can thus rule, and not learn to grasp and maintain despotic power? It would be more than human if a season of such authority, fraught with all the disturbing elements of civil conflict and resulting in the triumph of enlarged national prerogatives, did not leave, widespread and deeply planted, the love of the law of command. Ours is a government of law, and its safety is in the liberal and faithful administration of its laws for the benefit of its people; and, while its supreme national attributes are established, the sovereignty of the State is as sacred to-day, and as essential to the enjoyment of free government, as it was when Jefferson triumphed as its standard-bearer in 1800. The State is not sovereign against the unity of the Republic; but it is sovereign in all else to assure the happiness and prosperity of its

citizens, except wherein all are alike restrained by the fundamental law.

And there is one supreme sovereignty over all—over State and Nation ; the absolute sovereignty of the American people. They reversed Federal centralization in 1800, under Jefferson, because it was construed to justify despotic oppression under color of law ; and, with reversed political power, was reversed the judgment of the highest court. They reversed the sovereignty of the State in 1860, when it boldly asserted itself above national unity ; and, with it, again reversed the solemn judgment of the first judicial tribunal of the Republic.

With them and for them you will be called to battle against the dregs of the despotism of war, that will ever be plausibly excused or justified, as centralization comes with gifts to open the citadel of freedom. Against it, let your hatred be implacable ; let your effort be tireless ; let your patriotism be unabated. It is the great peril to free government. It will not come with banners, declaring its purpose ; but it will come with deceitful promise ; it will affect to reject the crown, as Cæsar did ; but remember that Rome was never free after the Rubicon had been crossed. Trust the people ; educate the people ; teach them that eternal vigilance is ever the price of liberty ; warn them against every approach to despotic authority in a government whose supreme sovereignty is only in the people, and whose Nation, State, County, and Home are “ distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.”

Young men of Washington and Lee, I have performed my task, and have striven to speak with greater candor than is common on occasions such as this. I have remembered that you will be leaders and teachers, in the vigor of your lives, when the sovereign power of this fair land will rest in one hundred millions of people ; and surely such great duties and such grand opportunities demand the counsels of truth and soberness. If I have

led you to new thoughts and new appreciation of duty and country, however you may criticise my premises or conclusions, I shall feel that something has been done, in an humble way, to preserve and advance the grandest government and the noblest people of the earth.

POLITICAL ADDRESSES.

POLITICAL ADDRESSES.

Mr. McClure's political addresses cover a period of more than forty years. As early as 1848, although not yet old enough to vote, he had published and edited a Whig paper for two years, and he was heard on the hustings in support of Johnson for Governor and Taylor for President. In 1852 he became one of the prominent campaigners for Scott in the interior of the State, and in 1853 he was nominated as the Whig candidate for Auditor General, before he was old enough to be eligible to the office, and delivered an address before the Whig State Convention, at Huntingdon, that was the accepted keynote of the campaign. In 1854 he was on the stump for Pollock for Governor, and in 1856 he spoke in most of the counties of the State for Fremont. In 1857 he was nominated for the Legislature, after he had given a peremptory declination. The district had 400 adverse political majority, and was regarded as hopeless. The party refused to accept his declination, and he then inaugurated a most aggressive campaign, speaking in every school-house of his district, resulting in his election by over 200 majority. In 1858 he was renominated, repeated his canvass by districts and was re-elected by a largely increased majority. In 1859 he was forced most reluctantly to accept the nomination for Senator in a district that was even stronger in its adverse majority than the

Representative district, but he again was heard by nearly the whole people, and was triumphantly elected. Again, in 1864, he was nominated for the House and again won his election by his powers as a campaigner. In all the later campaigns of his party he was one of the boldest and most successful party champions. In the Curtin-Lincoln battle of 1860, he was Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and his speeches were the party texts of the contest. Again, in 1863, when Curtin was re-elected, and again, in 1864, when Lincoln was re-elected, he devoted almost his whole time to the stump and was often called outside the State. In 1866, and again in 1868, he was among the most prominent speakers of his party, not only in Pennsylvania but in many other States.

After the contest of 1868 he retired from active participation in politics, and located in Philadelphia, to devote himself to the law and retrieve his fortune that was sacrificed by the destruction of Chambersburg in 1864. With the exception of his memorable speech, given at the Catto meeting in 1869, he delivered no addresses bearing upon politics until he entered the field as an independent candidate for State Senator in 1872. That contest called out his most brilliant and versatile powers. He spoke two or three times every night and crystallized his followers into a victorious phalanx by his addresses. In the summer and fall of the same year he delivered speeches in support of Greeley for President, North and South, and was one of the few chosen national leaders of the Liberal cause to address the great Cooper Institute mass-meeting that opened the Greeley campaign. Of his many speeches

in that memorable but disastrous contest, only two were reported in full and thus preserved—one delivered in the Cooper Institute, of New York, and one delivered at Goldsboro, North Carolina. In the Senate during 1872-3-4, he delivered elaborate speeches on election reform in support of the Centennial appropriation, and in perfecting the measures necessary to carry into effect the new Constitution that he had tirelessly advocated.

In 1874 he was nominated as the Citizens' candidate for Mayor and indorsed by the Democratic Convention, after he had published a positive declination, and that contest stands as entirely exceptional in the forensic political conflicts of Philadelphia. It called out the largest number of able campaigners ever heard in a local battle. Such masters of eloquent argument as William Henry Rawle, Henry Armit Brown, E. Joy Morris, John W. Forney, George W. Biddle and others took the stump to advocate his election, and such noted Republicans as Horace Binney, Alexander Henry, William Welsh, Amos R. Little and others heartily supported him. He left the Senate for three weeks and spoke from three to five times every night, and always to houses crowded to suffocation, and his speeches were as varied as they were impressive. The result of the contest was defeat, but the impress of that campaign is imperishable.

Of Mr. McClure's hundreds of important political speeches, delivered during a period of more than a generation, we have chosen from the few which have been preserved, four addresses which will be accepted as most typical of the methods and force of the speaker. He seldom prepared political addresses, and two of them which

we give were preserved in the Legislative reports, and the two others were fortunately reported stenographically. These four speeches cover a period of over thirty years, beginning with his remarkable presentation of the issue of civil war, early in 1861, before Sumter had been fired upon, and ending with his equally remarkable arraignment of the McKinley tariff, in 1892.

The Senate speech of January 11, 1861, on the threat of civil war, was regarded by his fellow party leaders as bold beyond the lines of expediency, as it predicted the bloody destruction of slavery if fraternal war should be precipitated ; but one year thereafter the party made that speech the text of Republican aim, and pointed to it with pride as coming from the then Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and the admitted leader of the Senate.

The second speech was delivered in the House after the close of the war, and it is the fitting sequel of the first. Both of these speeches are heroic arraignments of the Democratic party and policy of that day. The last two speeches we give are as heroic arraignments of the Republican party and policy. They present the earnest convictions and the ever-aggressive methods of his public utterances, and deal with the leading issues of the time and reflect the swift mutations in partisan supporters and antagonists in our free government. His North Carolina speech is the bold protest of a Republican against what he regarded as the prostitution of Republican power in the South, and his review of the McKinley tariff is the earnest protest of a life-long protectionist against what he regards as the prostitution of that principle to the interests of centrali-

zation and monopoly. These four political deliverances are given as the best reflex of the party faith, methods and efforts of one who has made an enduring record in the annals of our best political disputants, and they need no apology or explanation.



THE THREAT OF CIVIL WAR.*

MR. SPEAKER :—I do not hesitate to say that if wrong has been done by our State, either by any act of commission or of omission, there is not a Senator here who will not meet the question of the existence of wrong frankly and manfully. We are told that personal liberty laws must be repealed ; but no Senator pretends to say that we have such laws, at least in the general acceptance of the term. We have had no legislation on the subject of the rendition of slaves since the passage of the present fugitive slave law, except to liberalize our statutes to facilitate the return of such property. In 1852 we met the full measure of the demand of the Southern States by the repeal of the sixth section of the Act of 1847, and thus gave up our jails for the detention of fugitives ; and since then we have not disturbed or added to our statutes. We have no personal liberty laws of any kind. The passage of such a bill has twice been attempted since I have been a legislator and as often failed by Republican votes. And yet Virginia, for whom the Senator from Berks (Mr. Clymer) made his appeal on this question, has a personal liberty law for the protection of free blacks, which would be pronounced treason on the Democratic side if advocated here to-day. Slave-holding Virginia guarantees to any one “conceiving himself unlawfully detained as a slave,” the right to a trial by a “jury free from exception, without the formality of pleading,” and if unlawfully deprived of his liberty, is entitled to costs and damages. But in Pennsylvania a discomfited party

* Delivered in the Pennsylvania Senate, January 17, 1861.

hopes to rally on the war cry of repeal, and without attempting to show a wrong statute, the word repeal is rung in our ears with a degree of earnestness worthy of a better cause. Thus an impassioned prayer comes from the Senator from Berks to save Virginia from the vortex of revolution by repealing our statutes ; and the honest response of Virginia is that the mother of Presidents surpasses the Keystone State in her jealous care of the liberty of her people without regard to color.

We have, in vain, during the whole of this debate, struggled to get our Democratic Senators to show us wherein Pennsylvania has erred. We have ever been answered with extravagant eulogies upon the Union, as beautiful as unmeaning ; and when in the midst of their flights of oratory, they have been called to the question, they have staggered into silence. I submit that this is neither the time nor the place for Fourth of July orations nor to fight our political campaigns. We have just fought a national contest, as the Senator from York and myself can well testify ;* and certain well-defined principles have triumphed by the solemn verdict of the people. Foremost of these is the vital doctrine that freedom must be the rule of this Government, and slavery the exception. On this issue there was no misunderstanding before the election. The record was made up skillfully and faithfully by the Senator from York, and the people have responded. There was no appeal before the election for the establishment of slavery in Pennsylvania. If I had gone to Democratic Berks and charged the Senator from that county with favoring such a doctrine, he would have denounced me as falsifying himself and his party. Nor did the Senator from York advocate such a measure. He was in an official position in the struggle, and it was his duty to enunciate the principles to which his party

* Senator Welsh was Chairman of the Democratic State Committee and Senator McClure was Chairman of the Republican State Committee.

adhered. He went far enough against freedom to cost his candidates many votes ; but he was not so mad as to ask for the re-introduction of slavery into Pennsylvania. Until to-day no one has thought of such an enactment, of such a frightful step backwards. But now we are asked virtually to reverse the solemn verdict of the people, and in the face of their judgment declare that they knew not what they did. This cannot be done. The issues which have been decided were as distinctly marked as the sun at noon-day ; the decision of the nation has passed into history, and neither threats nor rebellion can reverse it. True, a minority of the whole people have made this verdict ; but our organic law constitutes them a majority, and to that rule we have ever bowed without complaint. The Senator from York insists that the majority of the American people have declared against the principles which have triumphed with Mr. Lincoln. I beg to inquire of him what that majority declared for ?

MR. WELSH. I will answer the gentleman when he finishes his remarks.

MR. MCCLURE. I will put any two Democratic Senators in a room and allow them a week to determine what principles the majority of the people declared for and they will fail to agree. They can agree that they sought to thwart the will of the people—that they labored to defeat an election and throw the Chief Magistracy of this great Union into the hands of reckless political tricksters, but when they are asked to declare their articles of faith there can be no agreement between them. And now, when revolution is running riot in the extreme Southern States, and a national existence trembles in the balance, we are here trifling with the momentous issue, and proposing to arrest it by self-abasement, by heaping unmerited censure upon ourselves and our State. If we would meet this crisis successfully, we must meet it like men, not like menials ; as the guardians of a mighty Commonwealth

that is equal to the duty of preserving this fabric of free government and not as Samsons shorn in their household. We have to arrest a treasonable war upon ourselves, and it is not to be done by false admissions that the treason is just. Such words are potent for evil only in such a contest ; and unless revolution is to be openly and manfully justified, let us grapple with it bravely and crush it by fraternal kindness and forbearance if possible, but by the last dread arbiter if necessary.

We are now reaping the bitter fruits of this habitual misrepresentation of ourselves. The gentlemen who have acted with the Senators from York and Berks have ever taught the South that Pennsylvania is a faithless State ; that they and their party friends only are faithful, and the South has unfortunately believed them and disbelieved those who act with me. And in the madness of revolution, the utterances of the Senator from York and his coadjutors are given as its justification. If revolution is to be pardoned on such grounds, we ought to have revolution around this capitol now. The Senator from York should not have less valor than his South Carolina brethren. He is the natural commander of the Democratic forces as Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and he should now be proclaiming not only the right but the duty of insurrection to overthrow the incoming State administration. It must be confessed that his party has been sadly defeated for several years. In 1858 we commenced the work of turning them out of the high places of power ; and solemnly as they protested and pathetically as they appealed to us, they were utterly disregarded in 1859, and 1860 witnessed their total overthrow from all participation in power both State and National. His party friends are denied a voice in the administrations ; they are refused a share of official favors ; it has been done against their will and it must be confessed against their interests, and why not practice

what is preached by implication to-day? Why does not the Senator from York marshal his forces in rebellious array, draw his sword and swear by all that is gory that Mr. Curtin shall not be inaugurated except upon satisfactory terms with the vanquished? This and this alone, is the complaint of the cotton States. They have been overcome; they have been discomfited in a struggle for the supremacy of their peculiar interests as against the interests of a requited, an elevated and progressive industry, and rebellion rears its hideous deformity before us, and our Democratic Senators on this floor have been struggling all this day for sufficient nerve to bid it welcome.

The resolutions of the Senator from York would, if adopted, but strengthen the arm of rebellion. They are thoroughly, violently, partisan. They propose to answer the booming of cannon by asserting extreme political dogmas; to restore tranquility by an apology for treason. For one I would not procure peace at such a price, even if it were possible. I shall never cast a vote to re-establish slavery in Pennsylvania, nor to blot out the highest writ of right, while reason maintains her sway. I will most cheerfully do all that a faithful, fraternal spirit demands. I yield to the exercise of a liberal comity between the States; but when we choose to make our soil and our people free as they came from the God of nature, those who desolate the one and reverse the other, must not fling their dark shadow over us.

MR. WELSH. I would ask the Senator from Franklin whether the fugitive slave law allows the writ of *habeas corpus* to the fugitive slave?

MR. McCLURE. It does not, and therein is its crowning wrong.

MR. WELSH. Then is the Senator in favor of the fugitive slave law, or opposed to it?

MR. McCLURE. I am not in favor of the fugitive slave law. Its needlessly stringent provisions, aimed at the

defeat of justice and discriminating against personal liberty, make it grate harshly upon the moral sense of our people, and it thus defeats itself. While it is the law, I bow to it; yea more, I yield that respectful deference to it that all the laws of the country justly claim at my hands; but when called upon to express my approval of the provisions of any law that strikes at the honest convictions of the people, I would be false to myself and to the majesty of the Government, if I did not disown every feature of inhumanity. The writ of *habeas corpus* cannot be denied to freemen or bondmen without aiming a fatal blow at the very genius of our institutions. It is the great safeguard of personal liberty; the last resort of the oppressed, and it cannot be stricken down save to rear a merciless despotism on its ruins. I will not insist that Pennsylvania must exercise this highest writ of right to obstruct the rendition of slaves; but it shall never be blotted from our statute book with my consent until that right is conceded to bond and free of every color where service is claimed. Nor can I consent to abandon it so long as the question of State officers taking official cognizance of the fugitive slave law is an open one. If our judges, justices and police must render up slaves under a federal enactment, by virtue of duties imposed upon them by the Legislature, the writ of *habeas corpus* must be part of the *lex loci* that clothes them with the power to consign a human being to perpetual bondage.

I would, indeed, that the South understood this question better. If such men as the Senators from York and from Berks would be candid with the South, and truly represent our people to them, we would have little difficulty. If they would honestly say to our Southern brethren that the law for the rendition of slaves is so violent in its aims that men of all parties, yes of all parties, shun its faithful execution, we should soon have a just and efficient law that would meet the approbation of our people and render

full justice to the owners of slaves. But they are habitually proclaiming to the world that they and their party friends alone are faithful to the laws, and that all who think and vote as I do are faithless. Those who know the Senators from York and Berks need not to be told that they are no more ready to execute the fugitive slave law than the most anti-slavery men in the State. It affords me no pleasure to declare here that those gentlemen would not act in the rendition of slaves as their speeches to-day might lead us to expect. I am sure that they have never caught a slave, and I hazard little in saying that they never will. I do not speak advisedly ; but I venture to assert that in the county of York, although bordering on the Southern line, there has not been a man found yet to accept the office of commissioner under the fugitive slave law.

MR. WELSH. There has been no cause for the appointment of such an officer, as no fugitive slave has been arrested in that locality since the enactment of the fugitive slave law. If such a thing shall happen, I believe there are hundreds of the citizens of the county of York who would be willing to assist their Southern brethren in the strict enforcement of the law.

MR. MCCLURE. I make no extravagant pretensions touching the execution of the fugitive slave law ; but I state a pregnant truth when I say that in the counties of Franklin and York, both border counties, through which slaves often escape, no citizen has been found willing to take official cognizance of that law.

MR. WELSH. I repeat that I believe there are hundreds in the county of York who would take such official recognition ; but no cause has ever arisen under the act of 1850 for the appointment of any commissioner.

MR. MCCLURE. No slaves have been rendered up from York, doubtless because there were no officers to execute the law. It would be a tardy proceeding to wait for a

fugitive slave to invade the county of York and then proceed to commission officers, appoint marshals, etc., to arrest him. The North star shines too brightly for such fidelity to the law to carry negroes back to slavery. Yet the Senator from York says this law must be maintained, and so I say myself; but who of us are ready to perform the task? We all say that the supremacy of the law, of all laws, is our doctrine, but each takes special care that the practical demonstration of our theory shall devolve upon others. This is not a faithful, honest execution of a law; and we should be frank enough to admit the wrong and propose the proper remedy. We should all say what is a truth patent as sunlight, that the fugitive slave law cannot be executed as a just law of the kind should be. It is not sustained by the moral power of the people, and like all such statutes becomes nugatory. Our people do not positively nullify it; but slaves pass through our State every few weeks and they are not delivered up to their owners. No man raises his hand for their arrest, unless it be some social outcast in search of exorbitant rewards. It is the duty of officers, answer the Senators who preach fidelity but practice nullification; and when they look among their own constituents, they find no officers for the task. Why not tell the truth and say that the law cannot be executed—that you and I and all of us avoid it because we know the provisions of the statute to be revolting and unjust? Why not ask as with one voice for a reasonable modification of it, such as would secure a trial by jury in the county, if you please, where service is claimed and then we could give an honest and united assurance that the law would be faithfully administered.

The success of the Republican party asserts no new or novel principle of government. That party has not an aim that would abridge any right of a sister State. It must, in consistency with its avowed doctrines, sustain

the rights of every section of the Union ; and it will not hesitate to redress wrong wherever it is in power. Unconstitutional or even unfriendly statutes are not to be the fruits of its success. On the contrary, it will prove by a faithful, liberal and patriotic policy to the South how grossly it has been defamed by our Democratic friends. Here in Pennsylvania it has now to deal with legislation that has been sanctioned by the Democratic party for years before the Republican party had existence. The act of 1847 was passed in both branches without a dissenting vote, and so was the revised penal code, which emanated from distinguished members of that party. But the fact that Democracy is the parent of a wrong is nothing remarkable ; indeed it is rather natural that it should be so, but that is no excuse for perpetuating it. We have the now somewhat notorious ninety-fifth and ninety-sixth sections of the penal code impeached before this body ; but as yet without a single fault specified. Wherein are they unfriendly ? It has not been shown us with all the eloquence that has been expended on them to-day. They have provisions which may with safety be stricken from our statutes. The common law of the civilized world would replace them in every essential particular ; and I care little for the objectional clauses. But we have referred them to the Judiciary Committee of this body with instructions to report by bill or otherwise ; and we shall soon have them before us in an authentic shape, with their history, their aims and their imperfections lucidly explained. This step was taken promptly by the Senate avowedly for the purpose of testing our own fidelity to our brethren, and to remedy any unfriendly acts of either omission or commission ; and we mean to pursue it faithfully. When the question of our statutes comes before us, we shall show the world that we mean to be just and fraternal to the South ; in the same generous spirit we ask them to be so with us.

But let us not shun the real issue before us. We must fairly appreciate the disease before we can apply the remedy. If the South predicated its action upon personal liberty laws of the Northern States, we might repeal them and therein an ample remedy would be afforded ; but it is not pretended that such is the case. There is a deeper and a graver cause for our sectional difficulties. We might even reverse our statutes and make them the mere instruments of bondage, and still the great cancer would exist untouched ; still rebellion would thunder against us. The great struggle is to demoralize the Government ; to pervert its whole theory ; to make its heaven-born rule but the exception in its future aims. In short, it must become a slave-holding Republic and yield universal dominion to its new calling, or it is to be destroyed. This is the true issue, and we must look it in the face. Politicians may temporize and trifle with it ; may seek to reconstruct discomfited parties by covertly aiding treason ; but as sworn Legislators entrusted with the fair fame and power of the Commonwealth, we should be true to our sacred duties even at the cost of party interests. This Union of States must be preserved. Pennsylvania can do it ; she will do it. She has the moral power to restrain the border States and strengthen the hearts of their true and patriotic sons ; she has the physical power and the heroic will to maintain the integrity of the Government in every section and under all circumstances. But it is not to be done by humiliation and self-abasement ; by demoralizing ourselves at home and disgracing ourselves abroad. And it is not to be done by coercion in its present ordinary acceptance ; by plunging ourselves into deadly conflict with our misguided brethren to conquer submission to the laws. It is to be done by an honest and faithful adherence to truth, to the correct principles of government, to the Constitution. The national verdict of November last, which is made the pretext for rebellion,

is not to be set aside, nor is an appeal to be taken from it to a maddened section. It is to conquer unfounded prejudices by its fraternal and beneficent fruits, and not recklessly crimson its history with fratricidal blood. It wants the Constitution maintained in all its parts; its sacred landmarks preserved; its high mission in behalf of enlightened and Christian progress fulfilled.

If this cannot be done our Government is a failure; it is not worth preserving. If the principles demanded by the people in a peaceful and constitutional manner cannot be administered without civil war, the sooner the issue is tested the better. If we must stifle our convictions, reverse our political faith and recede from the measures we have deemed wise and beneficial for the whole country because treason and rebellion demand it, then Washington won imperishable glory in vain; then the founders of the Republic were unequal to their duties. I am for meeting the crisis firmly but forbearingly; I cannot temporize with rebellion, nor concede to secession. Notwithstanding the earnest assurances given by the Northern States generally, and especially by those bordering on the line, who have all the power practically for good or for evil, our National ensign is torn from our custom houses; our forts are garrisoned under rebellious flags, and broadsides are fired upon unoffending vessels for the single crime of devotion to a common country. Secession wants no concession; it spurns those who generously and patriotically proffer it, and despises those who forget their free birth to bow to it. It is laboring in violent throes to establish a new and startling fundamental law; and the clamor about unfriendly legislation is but a straw in the great current that is dashing onward to engulf us in a despotism from which the monarchs of the old world turn with undisguised abhorrence. It is the last desperate struggle of slavery, not for existence, not for Constitutional rights, but for supremacy. The real

issue is—Shall its dominion be universal? It must invade the sovereignty of every State; it must blight every Territory of the West, and as we expand, its slave marts must follow or revolution will not be arrested. We must give to the citizens of other States extraordinary privileges which we deny to our own people, and which if exercised by them expose them to the severest penalties. We must open the millions of acres of virgin soil in the Territories wherever there is a rose to blossom, or a green forest to invite the husbandman; and instead of schools, and churches, and free hearts and happy homes, and all the bountiful fruits of an honorable and requited industry, we must have the desolation that has followed the black man wherever his fatal tread has reached. And we must do it in the name of our revered Constitution. That sacred instrument could not be criticised and so amended as to be a living libel upon itself; but it has been attacked by violent construction, and to-day it is insisted that its highest aim is to shield and extend the most fearful and fatal despotism of the age. This, and this only, we have denied to slavery. We have done it in no illiberal or aggressive spirit; with no purpose to abridge a single right or establish any wrong; but we have done it because our honored and progressive industry demands it, and because to do otherwise would make us false to the Constitution, false to an enlightened patriotism and false to posterity. This is the measure of our offence, and for this we have revolution. Shall we recede before treasonable menaces? I for one must answer that I cannot; I will not! I will do all that a generous comity can ask of me, but I cannot reverse the God who stamped freedom upon every soil and upon every thing, and declare that this boasted Republic, the beacon light of Freedom to the World, shall blacken every acre of its inheritance.

These are the doctrines upon which the Government was founded by our slave-holding fathers; and the

Republican party proposes nothing more. It would recall the Nation to its Constitution and enforce it; not abridge or enlarge it; and this can impair no right and work no injustice. The Territories are open to the North and to the South upon equal terms. All can go there free as the air they breathe; but organic law alone can give one man the right of property in another. And when the natural laws are thus abrogated by the fair expression of the people in framing their Constitutions, I concede that the right of admission is not to be denied because they choose to establish slavery for themselves. If it be urged that this policy would work out the gradual but certain extinction of slavery, I answer that if its existence depends upon its forcible extension, there can be no argument for its perpetuity. It can suffer no violence from the Government unless it lays violent hands upon itself. Every effort to restrain and extend it must be by constitutional and peaceful means; and if it can thus be expanded, or thus, without injustice, destroyed, whatever may be our interests or our prejudices the paramount duty of obedience to our Government and all its laws makes the path of every patriot so plain that none can err. If I were an Abolitionist, aiming at the extinction of slavery without regard to the rights and interests of owners, I would hail rebellion in every Southern State as the surest and speediest means of its utter overthrow. I would rejoice at the broadside fired into the "Star of the West" as the harbinger of universal, of fearful, emancipation. Slavery cannot survive a fraternal war. When the serfdom of Russia is fading away before the enlightened progress of the age; when Italy, long dismembered by despotism, is about to arise in the might of a consolidated and liberal kingdom; when Rome trembled before the upheaving of free ideas, and Hungary makes thrones totter by half-smothered aspirations for freedom; when France and England revolt at the experiment of a Slave

Confederacy, and the great North, with nearly twenty millions to bless the founders of our free institutions, surpassing the world in all that is successful in conflict and ennobling in peace; in the face of these concurrent teachings of the nations of the earth, the history of a Slave Confederacy would be but the bloody deliverance of four millions of bondmen. This gory chapter will not be written by the swords of the North. I would indeed that if it must be so, no more barbarous hands than theirs might perform the task; but brutal frenzy is invited to the work of desolation by the madness of rebellion, and let but the protecting power of the National Government be broken by the seceding States taking the fatal plunge, and neither age, sex nor condition can be certain to escape the direst retribution the world has ever witnessed.

Slavery has now the highest formal sanction that civilized authority can give. Its rights are confessedly not inherent; they are but compromises; and it is insanity to spurn the protecting arm thus proffered in the hope of making its claims upon government positive and enduring. It cannot be done. Shut out from sympathy on every side; condemned by the deliberate judgment of the Christian world, the pitiable spectacle would be presented of a government and its people without liberty or safety, and with the elements of destruction to both threatening with every returning sun. A handful of misguided men made Virginia tremble for the safety of every home within her borders. Not because Virginia has not brave sons who would meet legions of foes in open warfare if necessary; but because John Brown appealed to the bondman; taught him that life, liberty and pursuit of happiness were his prerogatives, and armed him to avenge himself upon his oppressors. Thus the will of a single man convulsed Virginia from centre to circumference, and even when the gibbet had done its utmost to vindicate the violated laws, her people found

no repose lest other John Browns should renew the unequal struggle. Every patriot rejoices that the mad effort to induce servile insurrection failed. My own county, thoroughly Republican, would have furnished a thousand men to protect the homes of our Virginia brethren against the brutal fury of insurgent slaves ; and it bore a conspicuous part in the severely just atonement that was made for the crimes of a portion of the revolutionists. Thus we have foreshadowed the destiny of a Slave Confederacy.

It is easy to speak for Pennsylvania in this crisis. Her history is unstained by a single act of deliberate injustice to any sister State ; and to-day her people are alike true to the South and true to the Government. They will not impair the rights of the one ; they will not permit the dissolution of the other. They are now and will be for all time, faithful, forbearing and generous ; but they will not yield to menace ; they will not concede to treason ; they can assent to no adjustment that recognizes the right of any State to convulse the nation at will by disavowing allegiance to the parent Government. Tranquility on such terms would be the calm of death ; it would be a confession that we are without a government and at the mercy of every fanaticism that can reach the dignity of revolution. We accept, as the true policy of the Republic, the teachings of Southern fathers, and the South should understand it and give peace to itself and to the country. If it has suffered by faithless men, it must not be forgetful that the North has been paralyzed by the deliberate, deadly policy of the slave interest. It has stricken down our industry, beggared our homes and given us national bankruptcy. We labored not for injustice to others, but for justice to ourselves, in redressing these wrongs by the election of a Republican President, and the true measure of that national triumph is to be realized. This duty we owe to the whole nation. And

when the peaceful and faithful aims of our policy shall have passed into history, those who come after us will be amazed that a dispassionate verdict of our people in behalf of the dignity and prosperity of labor, and in vindication of the Constitution, should have given us rebellion. But so it is, and we must meet it. We shall do so by a faithful adherence to right ; by a liberal forbearance to wrong ; by generous concession to honest brethren ; and if for this we must avert a dismembered Union at the cost of fraternal conflict, let the South be responsible to posterity and to God.

DEMOCRACY AND SLAVERY.*

Mr. Speaker, I am constrained to differ from some of the gentlemen of my own side of the house who have spoken on this subject. I think that injustice has been done our Democratic friends, and I rise mainly for the purpose of vindicating them. Surprise has been expressed by several members in the course of this debate, that negative votes should be cast on the pending proposition to ratify the constitutional abolition of slavery. Some of the more ardent have censured in advance those who shall record their votes against the disenthralment of the nation. They do not merit it. It is due to their consistency—due to the history of the Democratic organizations; due to its earnest hostility to the cause of freedom from the commencement of the war until now, that every member who represents it on this floor should vote against any proposition striking at the vitality of human slavery.

It might not be amiss to remind them that in the earlier days of the Republic, one who was somewhat eminent as a statesman and for whose teachings they profess the profoundest reverence, tells the country that viewing slavery and its probable struggles in the future for supremacy, he trembled when he remembered that God is just. He knew it well. He was a slave-master and foresaw the grasping, relentless efforts it would make to debauch our nationality and the ultimate, violent conflict, in obedience to the laws of eternal justice, to eradicate it from our escutcheon. From Jefferson, the great Democratic leader of other days, came the ordinance of 1787,

* Delivered in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, February 3, 1865.

restricting slavery within prescribed limits, or rather inhibiting it in the fair regions of the West. The first act of the Government restricting this evil, about which there was then no diversity of opinion, came from the Sage of Monticello, who is claimed to-day, and ever has been, as the leading light of that party.

But Jefferson was only mortal, and the fathers of the Republic have been called away from us. Slavery has gradually become more and more exacting. The teachings of the founders of the Government who, in a mistaken view of expediency, compromised with wrong to allow slavery to glide into a peaceful death, have long since been forgotten in the race for political power; and little by little, step by step, day by day and year by year, it has grown in power, and how it has wielded it, let the history of the Democratic party tell.

It did not in one year, or in one decade, develop its revolting aim and the appalling issue it was hastening. It came not as the task-master, to demand obedience. It came armed with the blandishments, the honors, the spoils of power, and it knew well whence to bear its court. It turned to the Democratic party, fastened upon it with its fatal friendship, and tempted and commanded it until it has blackened our history with a terrible catalogue of national woes, and has at last crimsoned our fair land deep with our richest blood.

It came first to arrest the constitutional right of petition. A free people, jealous of their rights, had petitioned the lawmakers to preserve the integrity of the free spirit of our Government, and it was a thrust at slavery. It had just then entered on its great struggle to nationalize itself at the cost of our nationality, and it would not withstand the searching scrutiny of faithful men. It was about to war upon the very foundation stone of the Republic—upon the great principles of freedom declared by our fathers, and it could triumph only by sealing the lips of its opponents.

It came to subvert the very genius of our institutions, and it came, not in hostile array; not with banners unfurled, declaring its deadly mission, but it came into the counsels of the Democracy with the syren song of peace, and bade them give tranquility to the nation by denying the right of petition. It did not appeal in vain. It did not mistake its ally, its friend, its willing, obedient slave. It had honors for the ambitious, spoils for the venal, flattery for the weak, and it was crowned master in the deliberations of that organization. In obedience to the teaching of slavery, which, through the Democratic leaders, stained our history with the denial of the right of petition, the remnant of that organization will to-day cast their votes against its abolition. In this are they not consistent?

Successful in one staggering blow at the dearest rights of a free people, slavery was not long content. Crime cannot maintain itself save by persistent efforts and successive triumphs. It had stricken down the right of petition, but it was still assailed by all the moral power of a great and free people, with their free press, free schools and educated and requited labor. It, therefore, came with new duties for its faithful ally. Free speech must be abridged; free newspapers must be circumscribed. It could not stand the searching light of truth; the fatal thrusts which the free discussion of a Christian people must aim at its power and permanency. It demanded that the mails be subject to its inspection—that they be rifled of all that taught the principle of freedom, and it was done. Journals, documents, books not worshipping at the shrine of slavery, were taken from the mails by authority of law, and committed to the flames, lest some poor slave might learn that the God of the oppressed ever lived to hear the supplications of the lowly and vindicate justice in His own good time. To the Democracy it appealed, and won its blotted triumph by which, in

one-half of the territory of the Republic, freedom of speech was made a stranger and freedom a fugitive.

But it was still not content ; it was still not supreme. It must cope with an enlightened sentiment, with industrial progress, with the prosperity of educated labor contrasted with the withering desolation that followed its fatal tread, and unless it could invoke the sacred shield of the Constitution to protect and extend it, its triumph would be fruitless. It had convulsed the nation in its parting with free territory north of 36 degrees 30 minutes, when Missouri was admitted, and it must regain it or it could not arrest the predominance of the North. It wanted the virgin Territories, not to make them bloom, but to arrest the tide of free industry and thus devote them to desolation. It struggled with its, at times, faltering Democratic allies in every possible way to compass its nationality ; but it was a fearful task. The Democratic party was willing, but there were times, despite the cries of peace, that the outraged sentiment of the people hurled them from power and vindicated the cause of humanity and freedom. But it was tireless in its energies, exhaustless in its resources and it was not discouraged by defeat, nor did it despair at the occasional feeble perfidy of its main source of power. When its voice rang out along the Democratic lines with its dazzling promises of power, that organization would rally for another struggle, and follow its master with a devotion worthy of the noblest of causes.

It could not live unless nationalized. It must be supreme. It must have the preponderance of power. It must have the Executive, and the Senate must be the unswerving citadel of its power. It must have new States to keep up the equilibrium, and it made war upon a sister Republic solely to bring fresh fields wherein it could glut its insatiate appetite. It demanded Texas, and Democracy delivered the prize. It demanded that the

new offering should be fruitful of States as its interest and supremacy in the Senate might demand, and Democracy denominated in the bond that it should be divided and subdivided until it should equal the great Middle States in the first legislative tribunal of the nation.

But it was still not supreme. The task assigned the Democratic party was not performed. It must have war, and Democracy fulfilled its demand. And once at war, it must have indemnity, and its bidding was obeyed. New territory sufficient to make half a score of States was wrested from Mexico. Still it was not content. It could not compete with the energy and progress of freedom in the territories, and its triumph threatened to turn to ashes in its hands. It appealed to the Democracy. The law of the civilized world must be reversed. Slavery must be made the rule ; freedom the exception. Slavery must be declared supreme in the Territories, or it must perish in the struggle. It turned to the West, soon to be peopled and potential in the Republic, and it must grasp them in its fatal embrace or surrender the conflict. It must abrogate the common law of every Christian government and confront the law of Him who created all things free. From His hand came no man another's slave. The Territories of the far West, blooming and fragrant as they came from the Creator, were by Him dedicated to freedom, and by the accepted law of Nations so regarded for centuries. But slavery demanded that by the arbitrary organic law of man, its right should be recognized to make a withered waste wherever it should choose to tread, and it was done. To resist it was fanaticism, treason, disunion ; to sustain and extend it was declared the only path to concord and national unity. Its marshaled forces, under the flag of Democracy, did their work well. It appealed to the fears of the timid, to the cupidity of the corrupt, and it struck the deadliest blow to the very vitals of the Republic.

It demanded empire unlimited save by the boundaries of the continent, and the sanction of positive law for its existence wherever the flag of the free floated over its own dominions. But tireless as were the efforts of the Democracy, slavery lost in the race for possession of the rich slopes of the Pacific. All was done that could be done; but an overruling power that ever disposes, however man proposes, made the triumph of slavery in the Mexican acquisition a crowning disappointment. California was held at the door of Congress with her Representatives and Senators for months to give slavery and Democracy some pretext to reject them; but the power of freedom on the Pacific became stronger with each day, and at last they bowed down and confessed their discomfiture.

But, disastrous as was the defeat, it was not dismayed. It still had a willing and powerful party at the head of the Government, and it struggled confidently, defiantly, for supremacy. It wrung the Missouri Compromise from an unwilling people years before, and triumphed thereby; but it now stood in the way of the march of slavery to universal dominion. It was a sacred monument of the solemnly-plighted faith of our fathers. For a quarter of a century it had stood unassailed by any one; but it confronted slavery, and it must be ruthlessly destroyed. Democracy was summoned to the task, and the cruel work was done. Again was the tranquility of the nation wantonly, wickedly broken by the Democracy in obedience to slavery, and when its convulsions threatened the very safety of our institutions, the spoiler came again with the seducing cry of peace by submission to its wrongs. What followed is but too well remembered by all. The revolting scenes which made up the early history of Kansas and the Lecompton infamy, which was made the test of devotion to a Democratic administration, are but fitting sequels to the crime that had its inception on the violation of the Missouri compact.

Still it was not content. The right of petition had been restored; the right to rifle the mails had been revoked, and enlightened progress was on every hand besetting this monster foe of liberty and law. In this extremity it turned to the judicial tribunal of last resort—a court where once sat a Marshall and a Story, and in the name of Democracy demanded that its life should be declared to issue from the Constitution itself, and that by virtue of the sacred instrument it could spread its polluting power wherever it was not expressly interdicted by municipal law. It had but to command and it was obeyed. The Territories were surrendered mercilessly, and in defiance of the accepted law of the civilized world, to its desolating tread. The States were pronounced its obedient servants in the maintenance of its interests, and the black man was judicially defined as a being without rights which any white man was bound to respect. This was its chief, its fatal, triumph. The year that witnessed its mastery over a free people and their institutions, dated its decline and fall; and now the rejected black man pleads in a court where, but a few years ago, he was denied even the legal status of manhood necessary to maintain the prerogatives of a suitor.

At last this demon of discord and relentless foe of our liberties had exhausted the uses of the Democratic party as a party of administrative power. It had so prostituted and demoralized that organization that it was impotent to save slavery from the doom of subordination, and to it subordination was death. It, therefore, spurned its faithful instrument of wrong and rent it in twain at Charleston. It did not mean to sunder the Union. It was not prepared for the war with which it has shadowed the land in mourning. It saw its power parting from it and it must be supreme or die. It resolved upon a final, exhausting effort to prostrate the North at its feet and secure perpetual and unquestioned power by new and

wholesale organic concessions to its vitality. It, therefore, thrust out the major portion of the Northern Democracy, and reckoning by the history of the past, it confidently expected to see friend and foe paralyzed into submission rather than brave its vengeance. But the age of submission was past. The free North was aroused and resolved that the right of the majority to rule in conformity with the laws should be tested. Vainly did its rejected ally, the Democracy, plead for it in 1860, but the fiat of the people declared that slavery must henceforth yield its own boasted supremacy to the majesty of the laws. It was no unmeaning victory. It was not achieved to be basely bartered away by compromise in which right should surrender to wrong.

Slavery was appalled at the retributions it had invited, but it did not despair. It saw the sceptre of power depart, but it hoped to seduce or intimidate the great North from its settled purpose to vindicate the laws and the force of the Government. It saw an educated, honored and requited industry give rich fruits in prosperity and progress in the Northern States, while its own fair homes were marked by decay. It saw a vast preponderance of population gathering about it whose honest aims of life made them its implacable foes. It saw every element of greatness with which a beneficent God had blessed a free people. It saw school-houses at every cross-road, scattering wide-spread education, its deadliest antagonist. It saw the spires of our churches pointing to heaven in every community, each steadily instilling the great eternal truths which pronounce slavery accursed of man and God. It saw rising here from day to day elements which in time must crush it as the foe of civilization, of humanity and peace. It saw its own power wasting from day to day beneath the inexorable progress of intelligence, and it buckled on its armor for its final struggle. If dethroned, it resolved that there should be woe to the victors as well as vanquished in its last conflict.

Again it turned to its distracted ally in the North. It had spurned the Northern Democracy from its councils and left it without a resting-place; but when it gathered up its strength to make a nation bow at its deadly shrine or accept its fearful alternative, it again turned to the shattered elements of the Democracy and said, "There shall be war or submission, and Democracy shall be the ally of slavery." I understand well, Mr. Speaker, the fearful import of this declaration. I mean it in its broadest sense. When slavery resolved upon war as its last resort should the North maintain its integrity, it turned to the Democracy and was assured of sympathy and triumph in grappling with the very life of the Republic. How far it has been successful, let the chequered history of this bloody drama tell. It made war, confident in the belief, predicated upon positive assurance, that the Democracy would paralyze the North in the attempt to exercise its might; that there would be a powerful party that would sustain it with matchless fidelity even unto death, and the bond is about to be fulfilled to-day. And why should it not? Aught else would be but hollow hypocrisy and shameless cowardice.

Slavery reckoned but too truly on the power of Democracy in this fearful conflict. When the guns of treason were thundering against Sumter, every member of that party on this floor responded to the call of slavery by voting against the organization of any force to defend the State or the unity of the Republic. And in the Senate, when our deliberations on the bill to arm a force for defence were interrupted by the lightning messengers proclaiming the progress of the bombardment of the feeble but heroic command of Anderson, every Democratic member sent back to triumphant treason the cheering assurance that no men nor means should be employed to preserve the life of the Government by their votes. Such is the blistering truth of history as made in these legislative halls.

And as here, it was elsewhere. The faithless were for a time overwhelmed by the outburst of patriotism of the people ; but as soon as they felt safe in so doing, they assailed the loyal cause with every petty pretext, just as they have quibbled to resist the inexorable logic of events to-day. Then, when the national heart throbbed with devotion to our imperiled institutions, the gentleman from Northumberland (Mr. Purdy) did not declare in the columns of his paper that the Southern Confederacy was an established fact, as he afterward did. He bowed to the resistless current of patriotism for the time, but he waited and watched for the period when he could, by stealth, by cowardly inuendo, by specious assaults upon the administration of the Government, strike most effectually at the very vitals of the Republic. And, sir, with what matchless fidelity has this cruel task been performed. The gentleman who last addressed the House in opposition to the resolutions has, from the time this war commenced, persistently condemned every measure proposed for the vindication of our national life. When slavery unfurled its banner to the breeze, proclaiming wanton, relentless war alike upon our people and their institutions, he answered its demands by denying the right of coercion ; by refusing to the nation its inherent right to live.

There has hardly been an argument emanating from the leaders of treason in Richmond that has not, in spirit or in terms, been re-echoed by the gentleman from Northumberland. His own constituents, I believe, declared in public meeting that the Southern Confederacy was established.

MR. PURDY. Will the gentleman allow me to ask him a question ?

MR. McCLURE. Certainly.

MR. PURDY. I would like to know where the meeting was held.

MR. MCCLURE. I cannot say, but the resolutions were published in his own journal. I cannot be mistaken, sir. The gentleman may quibble as to the exact phraseology of the resolutions, but I do know that resolutions were published by him, if not endorsed, certainly without disapproval, declaring that the Confederacy was an established fact; that its government was successful; that resistance to its power was useless, and, therefore, we should submit to the triumph of treason. I do not mean that this was the exact language of the resolutions, but I will thank the gentleman, if he has them in his possession, to present them now and show wherein that I am mistaken.

MR. PURDY. I rise to explain. I suppose the gentleman from Franklin (Mr. McClure) refers to a meeting called away up in Maine, the proceedings of which were published in my journal as an evidence of what was being done up there.

MR. MCCLURE. I may be mistaken as to where those resolutions originated, but not as to their sentiments. They declared for disunion—for the success of our country's foes. Were they endorsed or were they condemned by the gentleman when he published them?

MR. PURDY. The resolutions were copied from the *World* or *Herald* into my paper, together with an editorial from the journal from which they were taken.

MR. MCCLURE. I wish to inquire distinctly from the gentleman whether he condemned the sentiments of the resolutions when he published them?

MR. PURDY. I would say, Mr. Speaker, that, I think, the whole tone of my paper condemned the resolutions.

MR. MCCLURE. I wish the gentleman to answer frankly whether, when he published in his own columns resolutions declaring that treason had already triumphed over the Government, he did so with or without their condemnation.

MR. PURDY. I will say, in the first place, that these resolutions did not declare that treason should triumph.

MR. McCLURE. I hope that I shall get the gentleman to answer my question.

MR. PURDY. I have answered it.

THE SPEAKER. The gentleman from Franklin will proceed. This dialogue is out of order.

MR. McCLURE. Sir, I am not mistaken in the charge I have preferred. A series of resolutions which I supposed to have emanated from his constituents (I accept his correction on this point), confessing that the Confederacy of treason was established and the Union substantially dismembered, was published in his own journal and in others of like faith, and with positive or silent approval, thus in everything short of an actual espousal of the enemy's cause, strengthening the foes of the Government in their murderous war upon our heroic brothers in the field. By every means which promised success they sought to impair the sanctity of the laws; to traduce, misrepresent and weaken the Government, and render it feeble as possible in its terrible conflict with slavery and treason. They sought to defeat the execution of its own statutes deemed essential to the safety of the nation. And how could this be better done than by proclaiming through the columns of a newspaper that the rebel government was established, and therefore resistance to treason was but remorseless murder? No man who read those resolutions misunderstood them. No loyal man read them without being chilled in his confidence in the great struggle; no traitor ever read them without rejoicing that he had faithful, tireless allies in the free North. Such publications and speeches of like tone were the brightest rays of hope to treason until the nation spoke million-tongued in behalf of its own life in 1864 and bade the cruel insurgents of the South rely upon themselves. There was not a skulking conscript in the gentleman's

own county, or elsewhere, who did not applaud the resolutions and thank him for their publication.

MR. PURDY. Will the gentleman allow me to interrupt him to make an explanation? In regard to the resolutions, I will simply say that they were published as the proceedings of a meeting in the State of Maine, which was called about the time of the breaking out of the rebellion, when it was deemed by the gentleman from Franklin (Mr. McClure), and by his party, that there was not any such as seceded States. The meeting was called to form a movement at that time for a compromise of the difficulties. The resolutions stated that the rebellion was a fixed fact, and called on the President and authorities of the United States to enter into some measures for the prevention of this bloody and ruinous war. If the gentleman will persist in perverting this meeting and in perverting my action with reference to it, he is at liberty to do so after this statement. I will only further say, that at the outbreak of this war I addressed war meetings, for the purpose of raising volunteers, in my county, and published resolutions adopted at these meetings, in my own journal.

MR. MCCLURE. The gentleman still avoids the material point. He may have addressed war meetings, but it was when he could do nothing less, in obedience to the aroused sentiment of the people about him in favor of the suppression of the rebellion. But soon after the outbreak of the war he published, and approvingly because not disapproved, resolutions pointing with unmistakable distinctness to the established success of the rebel Confederacy and then demanded peace. Soul-stirring indeed must have been his war speeches, when at the very threshold of the struggle he prayed, as slavery and treason would have bade him pray, for compromise, concession and ultimate destruction of all government. The tone of the resolutions, as well as the tone that pervaded every issue of his journal, by implication, if not in expressed terms,

denied both the right and the power of the Republic to maintain its authority by the arbitrament of the sword.

MR. PURDY. Not at all.

MR. MCCLURE. I do not err on this vital issue. However disguised by professions of loyalty, the teachings of the gentleman from Northumberland (Mr. Purdy) and his political associates were aimed to paralyze the power of the Government and to strengthen the hands of its deadly enemies. We were told the war was fruitless; that it could not be successful; and faithful men were staggered by the earnest, tireless, mighty current of poison that flowed from the Democratic leaders to make the people their own and their country's foes. I except, as I have always done, the masses of all parties from the terrible imputation of disloyalty to the Government. They have shown it in every stage of this conflict. They have defied their political leaders in the darkest hour of the nation's cause, and rushed to its rescue; but they left behind them the quibbling, craven traitors who were too base to defend their nationality and too cowardly to assail it manfully.

Need I inquire to whom we are indebted for the turbulence that has blotted our history in the various stages of this struggle for national existence? Whence came disorder, contempt of law and riots in our own free North? Who taught the deluded victims of Democratic leaders to inaugurate anarchy in the chief city of the Union? Who taught them that conscription was but remorseless tyranny, and prepared them, by persistent, malignant hostility to the Government, for the appalling scenes which were witnessed there in 1863? And when they had but obeyed the inevitable conviction of Democratic teaching, and ran riot in arson, murder and anarchy for days, who greeted them as "friends" and begged for peace, not to vindicate the violated laws or to save an imperiled Government, but to save themselves from the swift retribution they saw

in the bitter cup they had prepared for others. The leaders had not the manhood to declare in favor of slavery and treason, but, like the gentleman from Northumberland (Mr. Purdy), they poured a steady current of treason, the more deadly because it went forth in the thin guise of devotion to the Union. Well did they obey the behests of slavery, and they gave rich fruits wherewith to gladden despairing traitors.

And who in our own State have taught lawlessness to defeat the strengthening of our armies and protract the war for fresh sacrifices of blood and treasure? Whence has come disorder here? Not from Allegheny, or Chester, or Lancaster, or Philadelphia; but from the sections where Democracy could boast of its greatest supremacy. Whence came this treason? It was not inherent with the people. They are as loyal now as they were in 1861. Who, then, by tireless arts and persuasion, made them strangers to their own best inheritance and foes to government and law? I saw brave men, clad in their country's blue, marched from the border when the cannon of Early thundered at the Potomac—not to make the victory of Sheridan more decisive, but to enforce the laws and preserve order in our own then threatened Commonwealth. While treason flaunted its bloody banner on the very border of our State, Democracy, its faithful ally, was attempting revolution in the strongholds of its leaders, to cheer the hearts and strengthen the arms of those who came to thrust the torch of the barbarian, and ply the trade of the freebooter in our happy homes, and make our golden fields desolate. These are but the currents which flow from the deadly fountain of treason, where rises its pestiferous head to course its way to every hamlet in the land and leave its fatal impress upon mankind! Who gave this fountain of treason life and power to threaten a nation's noblest struggle with disaster? Behold the men who at every stage of the war have resisted every measure

essential to success. They declared treason too mighty for the Government to suppress. They appealed to the sordid to arrest staggering taxes and debt by demanding peace, when well they knew that peace involved dismemberment and death. They pleaded their unholy cause to the fears of the cowardly, and implored them to avoid the perils of the field by resisting conscription and impair the power of the Government by lawlessness. They aroused the prejudices of the humble by pointing to the degradation of negro equality, and even men plumed as popular leaders seemed to fear that they were so poorly endowed that the benighted African might outstrip them in the race of ambition. They appealed to every prejudice of the feeble, the venal, the faithless, to array them against the free institutions whose beneficence gave them every social, civil and religious right, but the people, although at times faltering as the dark shadows of disaster enveloped the nation, were still faithful to their Government. Like the disturbed and oscillating needle, that ever settles to the pole, they would rise from the cloud of perfidy that beset them and give their hearts and sacrifices to preserve the Republic of our fathers.

One hope for Democracy and slavery appeared as they turned to the court of last resort of Pennsylvania, and, in the name of Democracy, demanded that the only means by which our armies could be filled and enabled to triumph, should be set aside as an infraction of the sovereignty of the State and therefore void. They hoped that the people would be glad to grasp this pretext to turn upon themselves, their country, their children, and their God. It was the task of despair, but it was performed, and the right of this Government to defend its life when treason was fastened upon it in deadly strife as with hooks of triple steel, was gravely denied by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Then did treason, the twin-born of slavery, triumph in our midst and compassed the judiciary, the

last refuge of the people, in its slimy embrace. But it aroused the people to a mighty struggle. Impelled by the despotism of treason, which mocked them in their perils, to the moral heroism which ever strengthens right in its midnight of gloom, they reversed their court by the decision of the ballot-box, from which there is no appeal, and I thank a just God that the Court, the State, the Nation lived, and lived loyally.

This record of unmingled wrong and treachery is the history of the party whose representatives to-day will cast their votes against the ratification of the proposed amendment to the Constitution. It is their work; they were so bidden by slavery and they obeyed. Am I not right, sir, in saying that they are consistent? So far from being surprised that they so vote, I should think it strange indeed did they not maintain the shade of virtue that consistency and fidelity may give them. Slavery conceived in crime, and faithful to its creation for more than three-quarters of a century, is about to finish its task, and when it turns for the last time to behold its friends in the exercise of power, it would be cruel, most cruel indeed, for them to spurn it and leave it to die unmourned and dishonored. They owe it to the power which they worshiped when it was mighty. They followed its black plume of desolation until it made bondage national and freedom sectional; until it subverted the genius of the government and its fundamental law; until it plunged us into causeless war and brought bereavement to every circle; and now, when He who rules over all, in the fulness of His time, has declared that "vengeance is mine, I will repay," and when His last relentless stroke is about to fall upon it, it is fitting in this hour, in this death struggle, that they should be faithful to the institution that in other days made them great.

GRANT RULE IN THE SOUTH.*

I congratulate you, citizens of North Carolina, and I congratulate the country, that here, in this first battle for our national regeneration, we are to meet all the combined power and appliances of the party of disorder and oppression. I congratulate you and the cause of free and honest government, that here all the desperation and corruption of the administration managers confront us. I welcome to the field the trembling ministers of State, who leave their portfolios to excuse and defend their prostitution of power, to defeat the fair expression of your people at the ballot-box. I rejoice that, after paying to his partisans in your State nearly a quarter of a million of dollars for the past year, through the Federal marshal, the Secretary of the Treasury followed the corruption fund himself, to plead for a new lease of power for the men in your midst who, having bankrupted the State, are welcomed to the vaults of the National Treasury. It is well that the naked, vengeful arm of power is raised in your faces, and that the resources of the General Government are employed in all their multiplied forms, to make North Carolina forgetful of her holiest duties to herself. I am thankful, since the bonds of arbitrary power are of the arguments to be used for administration success, that bonds abound among you, and are flaunted before your citizens to coerce them into sustaining a national policy, that aims the deadliest blows at the very genius of our free institutions. As these are the weapons

* Delivered at Greensboro, North Carolina, July 22, 1872.

of the enemy, and as they are to be met manfully and overthrown triumphantly if we would preserve government of the people, let us complain not that here, in this initial struggle of the great battle of 1872, usurpation and lawlessness will have no reserves for future conflicts.

It will be a sore trial for the old North State, but it is better that it should be so. A few will falter here and there, as they are beset by the persuasions of the venal, or intimidated by the threats of authority, but for every one that falters or falls there will be others, quickened by patriotism and self-preservation, to fill up the ranks and inspire the masses of your people to the noblest heroism. If failure is possible, we might do worse than fail now, if thereby the nation shall be taught how the popular will is to be subverted in the South to save the administration from the retribution it has so boldly challenged. I am mindful that in your last appeal to the supreme sovereignty of the people, for modifications of your fundamental law, a decision in favor of a convention was ostentatiously forbidden by the law officer of the National administration. I remember, too, that your people did forbear to seek for constitutional restraints upon the channels of power which had destroyed your State credit and impoverished you, rather than provoke the resentment of the political demagogues who mold the policy of the Government. It was wise then, for you were powerless, and your submission was heralded to the country as a victory for the party that is now, for the first time, fairly brought to trial face to face with your citizens.

Let us understand and appreciate this contest. Its importance is not limited solely to its result, as would be the case in any ordinary preliminary political struggle. Upon the one side defeat is annihilation. When the party in power falls, repudiated by the people because their authority has been prostituted and abused, it falls without hope. It is ever vigilant, active and desperate.

It leaves none of its means unemployed ; its supporters are tireless in their work, and when they are defeated they must surrender the field. Upon the other side, the vanquished may be the victors in November, because palpable corruption, oppression, desperation and fraud have overdone their allotted work. If the people of North Carolina shall, in the face of the exhausting efforts of bad men in authority, defeat the Grant ticket in August, by multiplied thousands will your verdict be given for liberty, amnesty and law in November. But if, by the relentless exercise of arbitrary power, or by fraud, or by flagrant debauchery, or by all of them, a victory shall be gained by the administration, it will but arouse the nation to its hitherto unknown perils, and make the political subjugation of a sister State the altar upon which usurpation shall immolate itself. That the hope of the administration in this contest, rests mainly, if not wholly, upon coercing, defrauding and corrupting your people, is notorious and even undenied. If allowed to vote as they would wish, no one questions that the citizens of North Carolina would elect Judge Merriman their Governor by not less than 20,000 majority. This is confessed by the enemy. With the National and State executives in their hands ; with State and National officials swarming in your midst like the locusts of Egypt, devouring your substance and bringing dishonor upon your Commonwealth ; with presses directed by the dependents of patronage ; with laws so framed as to give license to fraud, and with public money to tempt the cupidity of the impoverished and oppressed, behold the desperation of their leaders. To meet them the people come single-handed. They control no patronage ; have no means to seduce the citizen from his duty to himself and to his State ; have no authority whereby to intimidate the weak, and no plunder to rally the camp-followers to their cause. They appeal to the intelligence, to the virtue, and to the

patriotism of the people ; and yet the champions of revolutionary power tremble for their safety, and meet us each day with renewed efforts to subvert the popular will.

I am here to speak in Carolina as I have spoken, and shall speak, in the States of the North. I have no language for one section of the Union that is not for every section. I have no ambiguous platform to interpret in accord with conflicting convictions in different localities. I have no candidates whose opinions are, in any sense, concealed, restrained, or of double meaning. I am here to speak for the disenthralment of North Carolina ; for the restoration of her people to self-government ; for equal rights, privileges and laws for every class of her citizens ; for amnesty to those who are still monuments of the vengeance of war ; for honesty, economy and statesmanship in her local government, and for peace, prosperity and safety to all. I am here to speak for the Union of these States, and for the brotherhood of all their people. I am here to speak for the election of Horace Greeley to the Chief Magistracy of our re-united and redeemed Republic. I am here to plead for free government, the hunger-cry of the nation, North and South, East and West. I am here to demand the supremacy of the laws, and of all the laws, in every section of the country, and to demand obedience to them alike by rulers and citizens. I am here to proclaim that we are at peace with each other, that the scars of war shall be healed, that its passions must yield to fraternal efforts for the common welfare, and that the laws of war shall pass away. I am here to re-echo the solemn verdict of the Republican popular branch of Congress, that revolutionary legislation no longer blots our statute books, and to assure those who have felt the iron heel of misrule, that henceforth every citizen of the Union, in every section, of every condition, race and faith, is free to discharge every duty

of patriotism, and will be sustained in his efforts for self-government by the overwhelming sentiment of the Northern people. I am here to protest against military rule, not only in the South, but in Pennsylvania, where the gleam of the bayonet has been tried to make our elections a mockery and a fraud. And I am here to declare and defend the individual manhood of every citizen against political ostracism, military usurpation, and all the abuses of depraved authority.

The issues which divided the North and the South belong to the past. They have written their history in the deeply crimsoned pages of our common heroism. The sword became the arbiter between us, and its inexorable decrees have been executed. The logical results of the war are written ineffaceably in our amended Constitution. The bondman is now the political peer of his master, and the political equality of the learned and the lowly will endure while the Republic of the New World lives to bless mankind. The dead of the conflict mingle their dust together, as they sleep in the peace that is never broken, and every household in the land has been stricken by the Angel of Sorrow. To the South came defeat and desolation, to the North came triumph and wealth. Had we been aliens to each other, the harvest of hate would have been lessened; but being brothers, quickened by the same blood, proud of the same ancestry and achievements, devoted to the same form of government, and sharing the independence baptized by the sacrifice of our fathers, our estrangement drank the cup of bitterness to its dregs. That the South struggled to escape the harsh lessons of the sword, when overborne in the field, was natural, and that the North yielded not until the fountains of discord were forever sealed, was a duty to the living and to the dead. How wisely it was done those who come after us will better judge than we can. However intensified by the profound passions of

civil war, the mass of the Northern people were honest and just in their purposes, and they sought public safety—not vengeance. They dreaded a possible renewal of the old conflict, and they defeated the Democracy four years ago, because they deemed the final acceptance of even defective reconstruction as infinitely preferable to perpetual struggle and consequent disorder. To the national verdict of 1868 the South bowed manfully. It left no material issue unsettled, and the South justly claimed that sincere submission should restore its people to government and peace. Their fields were waste, their wealth consumed, their resources destroyed, their system of industry violently uprooted, and they asked only for self-government to enable them to restore their energies and contribute to the wealth of the nation. This has been denied them. Their States had become the prey of adventurers, exceptional in civilized history for incompetency and misrule. Wherever their hands have fallen, public credit has withered, hopeless debt has been created, and oppression and plunder have prevailed.

It was confidently hoped by good men of both sections that the election of General Grant would restore the country to good government and peace. He was not beloved by the nation. He repelled the enthusiasm that the people award to favorite heroes or statesmen; but he was the great captain of the war, and his distinguished services were most gratefully appreciated. He had not only been a gallant and successful commander, but he had been magnanimous beyond the approval of his countrymen when the flag of rebellion was furled. Had he obeyed the dictates of passion, he would have won louder plaudits for a time; but he was just as he was brave, and he turned back the surges of hate from the field of his triumph. The North soon rejoiced that he had been generous at Appomatox, and his subsequent official report vouching for the fidelity of the Southern people,

made North and South confide in his patriotism and justice. And when called upon to accept the candidacy for the Presidency, one simple, unaffected utterance touched the chord of the popular heart from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. "Let us have Peace!" were the magic words which made up the Republican battle-cry in that hard-fought contest. All issues were subordinated to the one great question of advancing to the full measure of peaceful and fraternal government. On the one side, there was the threat of revolution, or, at least, of violent disturbance of the policy of reconstruction; and on the other side there was the promise of concord and obedience to the laws. It was the last struggle before the tribunal of last resort for a modification or reversal of reconstruction, and to the decision all parties yielded and claimed the fruition of peace.

The one solemn promise of peace was the crown of the new ruler that the people had decked with greenest laurels. It involved every want of the nation. It involved not only honest, representative Federal Government, but honest, representative Government in all the States as well. It demanded amnesty, political equality, and the free exercise of all the prerogatives of citizenship in every section. It gave assurance of economy and fidelity in all the channels of political power, and not only victors, but many of the vanquished, rejoiced that the cruel mission of war was ended. But soon the shadows of disappointment began to cloud the hopes of the people. The victorious General was unschooled and unskilled in statesmanship, and he failed to distinguish between the duties of the hero and the civil ruler. But still deeper clouds thickened over the high hopes of patriotic men as caricatures of statesmen, without ability and unknown to fame, save as the authors of lavish gifts to the President, were called to the high places due only

to the first intellects of the country. Such a voluntary offering to the Mortons, the Camerons, the Chandlers, the Conklings, the Butlers and the Holdens, was promptly and joyfully accepted. With incompetency ruling in every department, and the pride and obstinacy which are its natural offspring enthroned everywhere, the statesmen and the unselfish of the land could make only fruitless efforts to save the administration. None but camp followers and demagogues could make themselves welcome advisers, for he who was intelligent and truthful gave offense. The field was soon surrendered by those who hoped for good government, and the reign of demagogues was supreme. They knew well that they could not perpetuate their rule by the honest expression of the popular will. They knew that every honest administration, North and South, was a standing menace and an uncompromising foe to their policy and authority. They then resolved upon systematic violence, debauchery and fraud to re-elect Grant, and renew their lease of power for another term. Instead of appealing to the intelligence and patriotism of the country, as an honest and enlightened administration would have done, they had to invent a policy that would save them from popular reprobation by denying the nation a free election. They found ready and willing instruments for their purpose in the South. It swarmed with carpet-baggers, who filled all the official places, and created as many more for their associates as their ingenuity could invent. They were joined by a few of your own people in their schemes of speculation and destruction, but by none who could justly claim self-respect or public confidence. Had Grant been intelligent and honest, he would have exhausted his official authority to restore the South to order and prosperity ; but whether he is to be excused for incompetency, or charged with deliberate complicity in the unexampled wrongs of your State rulers, the fact stands out in

painful, undisputed prominence, that his power has been openly and uniformly wielded for the protection and perpetuation of the oppressors of the Southern States. Men as characterless as they were tireless in their fiendish work, hesitated not at perjury to furnish excuse for the revolutionary policy of the administration leaders, and laws more violent than were enacted in the darkest days of the war, were framed, passed and approved to resist the restoration of your States to the control of your own people. The public thief, protected by the mailed arm of arbitrary authority, would provoke breaches of the peace through his creatures, more ignorant and less cowardly than himself, knowing well that he could invoke martial law to save him from the just consequences of his crimes. A double purpose was thus served. An excuse was afforded for the most insolent defiance of the popular will, and reports of the disorder, made up by the wrongdoers themselves, were flashed to the uttermost ends of the country, to inflame the North against your State.

For a time the policy of deliberate lawlessness and oppression was most successful North and South ; but the people at the North are intelligent, and party prejudices were unequal to the task of rejecting the truth. Notwithstanding the efforts of the creatures of power, and of power itself, to conceal the truth from the country, the muttering thunders of Northern sentiment demanded the policy of peace for the South. But every Republican journal or politician whose utterance was in behalf of justice was threatened with party disfavor, and new and more violent means were demanded to neutralize the honest expressions in the North, and make the re-election of Grant safe by disfranchising the people. Three grand schemes were matured by the combined villainy and craft of the administration managers. They were designed to control the election, pay all expenses, and afford large margins to the leaders. The telegraphs were to be

possessed by the Government, by the waste and plunder of millions, and thus provide means for the campaign, and control every channel of immediate communication with the press and between the people. The approval of the Executive and proper Cabinet officers was readily obtained, and the party lash was to do the rest. St. Domingo had disgracefully failed, and its disappointed speculators were eager for the spoils and the power of the telegraph swindle. But it failed, and, like St. Domingo, failed in dishonor. The unscrupulous leaders were astounded at the independence of Northern Republican sentiment, and they had to confess themselves overthrown. But one failure made them and their cause only the more desperate, and the country was soon startled with the proposition to place nominally in the hands of the President, but really in the hands of Holden and Scott, and Bullock, and their companions in crime, the power to suspend all civil authority in the South at pleasure, and substitute the bayonet for the ballot at your elections. Had this scheme prevailed, not one of the States south of the Virginias and Kentucky would have been allowed a free expression of the people in the coming elections, and the electoral votes of your States would have been captured at the point of the sword. But, in utter consternation, the leaders heard the tempest of Northern protest, and the popular branch of Congress, on repeated trials, rejected the revolutionary leaders and their scheme by Republican votes. Then came the Grant National Convention, and an interchange of hopes and fears impressed all with the probability of defeat. The only straightforward, honest plank of the platform is that demanding military instead of lawful elections in the South. Armed with the party deliverance in favor of the overthrow of all civil authority whenever necessary, the leaders hastened back to the capital, and in defiance of all parliamentary law, plunged the Enforcement Act

into the Civil Appropriation bill. An obedient Senate did its work ; but the Republicans of the House were about to return to their constituents for approval, and they hurled back their protest into the very teeth of power, and taught the Executive and his managers that the people in every section shall do their own voting this year.

We have had a bloody war to overthrow the old doctrine of States rights. It had been enlarged until our common nationality was held to be the mere mockery of a government, and powerless to maintain its unity or authority. But in making countless sacrifices to dethrone one political heresy, we cannot accept the equally dangerous and more despotic heresy of personal rule, or centralization. In maintaining the paramount authority of the General Government, the sovereignty of the States, in all things consistent with the general welfare, must be sacredly maintained. It is so clearly taught in our fundamental law, given us by the authors of the Constitution ; and the harmony of our local and general authorities, under wise and patriotic rulers, is a sublime tribute to the excellence of free government. The family is the fountain of social order and of law. Its government is sacred, but within the prescribed rules of public morality and safety. So is the community to the county, the county to the State, and the State to the Union. All are sovereign in their appropriate duties, and all are subordinate to the sacred rights reserved to each. They are "distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea," and he who would prostitute the sovereignty of the State to personal rule, for any purpose, is either wanting in intelligence or wanting in patriotism. Let us not fail to appreciate the chief issue in this contest. The people are to decide whether usurpation at pleasure, by an obstinate personal authority, shall be the destiny of this country for four years more, or whether they shall

choose their rulers and maintain self-government—the corner-stone of free institutions. It is a most vital question in every section of the country, for if the nation shall affirm the theory of centralized power, free government is at an end. If elections can be controlled by revolutionary laws in part of the country, why not in the whole Union? And if elections are to be the mere registers of power, why hold elections at all? But vital as the issue is in the North, it involves everything to the South. It not only affects the general welfare of your people as communities and States, but it involves to you immediately, what it does to us remotely—individual property, individual honor, and individual safety. And no class, condition, or race can hope to escape the inexorable logic of the question. The owners of the fruitful fields may endure despotism, but the poor and the lowly must in the fullness of time, reap in tears what they have sown in mistaken trust.

I have no appeal to make to the prejudices of race. There is no intelligent argument to be offered in this struggle that does not appeal equally to rich and poor—to the princely landowner in his palace and the laborer in his humble cot, and the white man and the black man. But while all are interested in the same general results, all are not to be alike affected by the baleful consequences of bad government. The laborer ever drinks the bitterest dregs of misrule. Seed time and harvest will come to the proprietors whether there is good or bad government, and they can live in comparative comfort; but when the energies and progress of a State are prostrated by unjust laws, industry is the first to feel the avenging stroke, and the laborer seeks in vain the privilege to toil that he may earn his bread. And he who would array race against race is the malignant foe of the liberated and enfranchised slave. The interests of all classes are identical—capital and labor must prosper or decline together here as

elsewhere ; and a conflict of races can have but one result sooner or later. Independent of the disparity in numerical power, those who are most fitted to govern will surely govern in the end ; and those who govern badly, and appeal to prejudices of race to sustain them, must soon fall, and sacrifice for years the influence they should exercise in molding the policy of the State.

The attempt to lead the Republican party, by the appliances of power, to accept debauchery and despotism as its elements of success, created the Cincinnati Convention. It was the solemn protest of independent men of the party against the decrees which aimed to shackle thought, silence speech, and prohibit action not in accord with the dictation of selfish rule. It was the outspoken demand of the nation in behalf of self-government and public order, and the nation has obliterated party lines in the surely approaching approval of that great work. Its declaration of principles, honestly and frankly expressed, made millions of men of all sections, conditions and race, devoted to one true faith and to one noble purpose. Two National Conventions, in each of which every State was represented, being free from the contamination of corrupt power, reflected the convictions of the people and the supreme wants of the country. And but one man could in all respects fitly lead this sublime and invincible army of Reform and Peace. There are few, North or South, whom he has not at some time antagonized, and with the earnestness of his honest nature. But who has ever questioned the integrity, the intelligence, the patriotism of Horace Greeley ? He has, in turn, pleaded the cause of both races before me, when they were helpless, and when it required the highest measure of courage to brave the prejudices and passions of the times. When the now enfranchised black man was enslaved in the South and disfranchised in the North, and when to speak for him was to invite public derision and contempt, he steadily

and earnestly advocated the freedom and political equality of all men. When Grant was casting his first and only presidential vote for Buchanan, for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and for the approval of the Dred-Scott decision, which declared that the black man had no rights the white man was bound to respect, Horace Greeley had devoted all the vigor of his ripened manhood to give freedom and citizenship to the powerless and despised race. In his own State he made canvass after canvass, against overwhelming numbers, to make suffrage free to all, and in abiding faith he fought the battle to the end, and gave it victory. But in the rich wreaths he had gathered for himself by his ceaseless efforts for the lowly and oppressed, there was no hate or resentment to dim the lustre of his achievements. Just when the black man had been secured in his freedom, the white men before me were, by that triumph, made strangers to their country. Then, when the resentments of war were omnipotent with rulers and people, above the black tempest of passion was one silver lining to the cloud. One voice had spoken amidst the anathemas of hate. It was the demand of Horace Greeley for universal amnesty and suffrage. It cost him many valued friends for a season, and made him ineligible to the high honors his party had decided to confer upon him; but he complained not as he labored patiently, earnestly, and hopefully, until the whole nation confessed his wisdom and bowed to his philanthropy. Thus have the oppressed of every race and clime ever found in him a friend. It has been miscalled humanity. It is his enlightened statesmanship and unfaltering courage in support of the right which have thus crowned our free institutions with their noblest triumphs. In times of sorest trial to the nation and to any portion of its people, he has met every question with dignity, ability and tolerance; and when called to the Chief Magistracy—as he soon shall be—he will himself,

in the discharge of the duties of the highest trust conferred upon man, perfect the amnesty he advocated in apparently hopeless effort when the conflict of arms had ceased. Then every citizen of the Republic will understand that at last there shall be honest government and peace.

Citizens of North Carolina, behold your State! It is a swift and terrible witness of the truth of what I have taught. The recital of the despotism and corruption I have given you is but the history of your Commonwealth. It was the cradle of liberty. In one of your southern counties the first formal declaration of independence ever made on this continent was given to the people. Your history is replete with illustrious names in the annals of the forum and of the field, and with the noblest achievements in war and peace. You were noted for the ability and purity of your representative men and of your local government. The honor and credit of your State were cherished as household gods. The evil days of sectional war came upon you, and you ridged the plains and hillsides of the South with the nameless graves of your sons. War ended, and the silver wings of peace were welcomed by the remnant of your warriors and by your people. But peace came not. All the desolation and bereavement of the strife paled before the unspeakable blight and degradation that remained in store for you. One of your own sons, who had in turn been traitor to every cause, climbed into your Gubernatorial chair by violence and fraud, and with him came a Legislature and other State officers conspicuous only for incapacity and villainy. The highway robber takes only what may be restored, but the Holden government robbed North Carolina of her honor and her credit—the proud patrimony of her people. Had they merely plundered the treasury of all they could extort from a prostrated and impoverished people they might have been charitably forgotten; but with excessive

taxes imposed, they have added millions upon millions to your indebtedness, without even the pretense of rendering an equivalent. They have multiplied officers in every county to oppress your citizens and devour their little substance. They have created disorder for the double purpose of intimidating your people and plundering the National Treasury. They have employed perjury to impose vexations and humiliating bonds upon many of your best men, to silence the popular resentment they so boldly provoked. True, a Legislature fresh from the people hurled the chief of these unexampled wrongs from his place, with the seal of infamy upon his head, but his scarred and blotted monuments will stand in your midst as generation after generation execrates his name. When you made an earnest effort to throw the safeguard of an amended Constitution around your people, you were forbidden to exercise the sovereignty accorded to the people of the States: but now the sword is no longer drawn over you, thanks to a Republican Congress, and your peaceable and complete regeneration is in your own hands. Many thousands of dollars have been practically stolen from the National Treasury to aid the enemies of order in this contest, but all the resources of desperate authority will be powerless to defeat you if you are faithful and vigilant. Millions of your brethren will watch and wait anxiously for your verdict in behalf of liberty and law, and other millions will wait with trembling for some gleam of hope for the perpetuation of despotism and anarchy. Encompassed as you are by such a cloud of witnesses, and with all that is sacred to the citizen, and all that promises honor and prosperity to your people at stake, let each man resolve that North Carolina shall be redeemed to honesty, free government and peace.

THE McKINLEY TARIFF ARRAIGNED.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—In response to the invitation of the Tariff Reform Club of this city, I appear to-night to answer the recent address by Governor McKinley, in which he attempted the impossible task of justifying the McKinley tariff law; and I shall proceed with directness to the purpose. I shall not deal in partisan platitudes, nor glittering generalities, nor special pleading of any sort, but in plain, incontrovertible facts.

Let us take our latitude fairly at the start so that all can intelligently judge results. I am here to arraign the so-called Republican protection to labor as presented in the McKinley tariff, as mingled robbery and fraud. It is a deliberate fraud in its pretense of protecting the labor of American workmen, and it is as deliberate robbery of the great masses of the people for the benefit of the few of favored classes. It has bastardized the honest protection of our fathers by subtle hypocrisy and insatiate greed, until it is to-day simply the festering maggots of monopoly. These are strong words; and I fully appreciate the fact that if I fail to justify them in answering Governor McKinley, I must justly forfeit public respect.

I followed the tall white plume of Henry Clay with all the idolatry of boyhood in his advocacy of his great American system half a century ago. I was then, have ever been, and am to-night, a Clay protectionist, but there

* Delivered in the Academy of Music, September 26, 1892.

is no more similarity between the McKinley and Clay theories of protection than there is between the soaring eagle and the mousing owl. Clay protected labor when our manufacturing industries were in their infancy; McKinley protects capital when industries are fully established, breeds monopoly and trusts, limits our markets, oppresses labor by lessening employment and increased taxes on the necessaries of life, and his most conspicuous products are rapidly multiplying millionaires and tramps.

The Clay protective tariff of 1842 levied a lower relative rate of protective taxes than the Mills bill that McKinley now calls a free-trade measure, and in his defence of protection to labor he never claimed the right to enact anything but a revenue tariff, with incidental protection for a very brief period, as he held that continued taxation for the benefit of any class was unjustifiable. He held free raw materials as one of the integral parts of protection to labor and continued taxes on some of them for a season only to develop them fully, and, when urging the passage of the compromise tariff, he said in his Senate speech of February 12, 1833: "*Now give us time; Cease all fluctuations for nine years and the manufacturers in every branch will sustain themselves against foreign competition.*"

Then our manufactories were in their infancy. They were unable to cope with the established industries of centuries abroad. Washington recognized the need of incidental protection and under his administration tariff taxes of from fifteen to seventeen per cent were levied. During Clay's compromise tariff of 1833, the taxes averaged about thirty-two per cent, gradually reducing until less than twenty-six per cent in 1842. His protective tariff of 1842 ranged from twenty-eight to thirty-six per cent. The Mills bill, with judicious protective features, left tariff taxes at little more than forty per cent and the McKinley bill has increased these taxes from forty-six per cent in 1888 to over fifty per cent. Clay wanted tariff

taxes of thirty-three per cent for nine years to establish our manufacturing industries, when, as he assured the Senate and the country, "the manufacturers in every branch will sustain themselves against foreign competition." McKinley increases tariff taxes, after our industries have been fostered for thrice nine years, by higher tariff taxes than Clay ever dreamed of, and assumes that the people must perpetually pay these taxes to maintain our industrial prosperity.

I believe in fostering every industry that promises to advance the prosperity of the whole people; and I quite agree with Colonel Ingersoll when he said that he believed in protecting infant industries, but when the infant industry gets to wearing No. 12 boots, and proposes to get up and kick him all around the room if he stopped rocking the infant's cradle, he thought it about time to call a halt.

M'KINLEY MUZZLED.

I regret that so eminent a national statesman as Governor McKinley consented to be muzzled on tariff discussion by the acute sensibilities of the Manufacturers' Club people. I had hoped to meet him on this platform where we could turn on the light and illustrate the robbery of labor that is now so strangely called the protection of labor, face to face with the author of the present tariff and the masses it robs. Why that discussion was declined need not be stated. It was not for want of ability or skill in the author and the ablest defender of high tariff taxes, but it was because searching tariff debate cannot be invited by the advocates of our present policy. All who heard Governor McKinley on Friday evening, noted the studied evasion of every vital feature of the present tariff. We had platitudes in elegance and abundance, but facts, details, illustrations—none outside of glittering generalities. He referred to the Confederate

Constitution and nullification eleven times, but did not quote one line or one figure from the McKinley tariff. The Manufacturers' Club muzzled him entirely against joint debate, and when he came to give us a solo performance, he was muzzled against the utterance of any important statement or vital illustration of present tariff taxes that could invite discussion. He broadly defended our present tariff taxes, and to the McKinley tariff I must address myself, with McKinley largely omitted.

There were good reasons why Mr. McKinley could not be permitted to open the Pandora box of tariff taxes in Philadelphia, and before the members of the Manufacturers' Club. They had contracted by purchase for increased taxes upon the people, and McKinley, as the Chairman of Ways and Means, was made the auditor to apportion the tariff-tax raiment of the people among its purchasers. President Dolan lit up his exquisite college-professor face with its most fascinating smile as he planked down his \$10,000 to help Quay get an honest election in New York in 1888 and he made his fellow-woolen manufacturers follow his example. He promptly appeared before Auditor McKinley when sitting for distribution of the plunder, and was awarded the increased taxes on woolens he demanded. He had paid spot cash for it, and McKinley, like an honest auditor, gave him what he had paid for. Mr. Dobson cheerfully gave his \$10,000 to help Quay purify elections, and he and his fellow carpet contributors pleaded their contract before Auditor McKinley and were awarded their claim. The Harrisons, the Spreckels and the Knights chipped in with their thousands, and Auditor McKinley gave them free raw sugar and continued the tax on refined sugar. All have since sold out to the Sugar Trust because Auditor McKinley protected it, and Spreckels waved us a grateful farewell as he shook the dust of Philadelphia from his feet and hastened toward the setting sun with three

millions or so as his award. Ex-Mayor Fidler gave his elegant John Hancock signature to his \$10,000 check to make sure that Quay could maintain the integrity of the ballot, as did Mr. Disston, and they, like Jeff Davis, only asked to be let alone. The hayseeds of the farms were murmuring against high taxes on binding twine, and American mechanics were inclined to revolt against paying more for Disston's saws and tools than foreign mechanics pay for them, but Auditor McKinley awarded them what they had paid for. He did shave Fidler down a little, but the Western hayseeds became so obstreperous that he had to bend or be broken, and binding twine was lowered. The only contract that Auditor McKinley had to reject was that of the Cattle Trust, headed by Armour, of Chicago. It had paid in heavily to back Quay in his battle for pure politics, and was promised a tax on hides that would have given the monopoly a clear \$250,000 per year while the people paid the piper. Auditor McKinley recognized the claim as clearly just, and he put it in his bill; but while our Philadelphia Congressmen were dumb as oysters, although representing the largest shoe industry in the world, Massachusetts and other New England Representatives served notice on Auditor McKinley that they would knock his whole tariff to kingdom come if he did not strike out the tax on hides. He struck it out, as he is an obliging and amiable gentleman, but when the representative of the Cattle Trust came and said: "We paid for this in cold cash, and we're going to get it, see!" Auditor McKinley promptly restored the tax on hides. Again New England revolted, and again he struck it out, and he was finally compelled, much against his stubborn sense of justice, to report his final distribution of tariff tax favors to contract purchasers with the Cattle Trust claim rejected. The McKinley tariff was thus made chiefly a jumble of contract taxes upon the people for the benefit of contributors to political debauchery,

and it is not surprising that the contractors muzzled their champion when there was danger to their cause.

But the people cannot be muzzled. The McKinley tariff was appealed to the people and repudiated by a full million majority, and in 1891, when it was claimed that its beneficent effects were obvious, Massachusetts in the East and Iowa in the West, old Republican Giblartars, elected Democratic Governors on the distinct issue of tariff reform. But, explains Governor McKinley, "the people were cheated." No, they were robbed, and they decided not to be cheated by monopoly taxation thinly sugar-coated with mock protection. The only message McKinley could send to his sorrowing friends in 1890 was one like that sent by the friends of California Jim to his widow. It said: "Jim has been thrown by broncho, and his neck, both legs and one arm broken." There he was, neck dislocated, causing instant death, his legs broken and mangled and his arm broken or bruised. Upon reflection the mining chums of Jim thought that they could temper the shock to the broken-hearted widow, and they sent another dispatch saying: "Later particulars. Matters not so bad as first reported. Jim's arm wasn't broken." The most that McKinley could offer by way of consolation to his monopoly tax friends, after the sober and more considerate verdict of last year on his tariff, is: "Later particulars. Matters not so bad as first reported. Jim's arm wasn't broken."

THE FREE TRADE PHANTOM.

It is told of Paganini, an old-time celebrated musician, that his greatest musical feat was his exquisite execution on a single string, and Governor McKinley has evidently studied that lustrous example. He wanders away in the realm of picturesque sophistry now and then, but, like the Yankee fiddler who began and ended every tune with Yankee Doodle, he always goes in and comes out playing

on his harp of a single string the direful melody of free trade. He has been rattling this marrowless skeleton and piping this mournful tune until it would seem that even with his admitted general intelligence he really believed in it himself. If he had ever permitted himself to get down to an honest horizontal look at the question, he would know better ; but he dare not do so because when facts fail to excuse wanton war taxes in time of peace, the only hope of making our over-taxed people submissive to excessive taxes to satiate the greed of monopoly, is in terrorizing them by the cry of free trade. Like the quack doctor who can cure only fits, he gives them something to throw them into fits because he's "the very devil on fits."

Governor McKinley knows that a revenue tariff does not mean free trade if he knows anything about the subject, and why not state the truth? He knows that we have had revenue tariffs,—I mean tariffs confessedly based on the clear constitutional theory that revenue must be the basis of all tariff laws—under all administrations from Washington down to Lincoln, and no one ever proposed free trade as a feature of our national policy until McKinley first gave it birth in the awkward reciprocity provisions in his tariff. Reciprocity is simply plain, unadulterated free trade, with variations only for equal trade, neither of which can be protection as he now teaches it.

If Governor McKinley's sweeping accusation of free trade purposes against all who demand a return to the revenue tariff standard is just, then Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and even Clay were free traders ; and coming down to our own time, he must proclaim Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur and Judge Kelley as free traders. They all demanded the reduction of war tariff taxes when they were lower than are the tariff taxes levied by the McKinley bill, and President Cleveland's message of 1887,

that McKinley denounces as a free trade paper, was simply a concentrated reflex of the appeals made to Congress by the four Republican Presidents who preceded him. There was no assault upon honest protection to American labor. All demanded a return to the revenue standard, and quoted the large Treasury surplus as conclusive evidence of the necessity for tariff reduction, and all demanded the enlargement of free raw materials. There was in Congress in those days a man named William McKinley, Jr., from Ohio, who was in harmony with these Presidents, whom Governor McKinley calls free traders, and who on the floor of the House demanded an enlargement of the free list because it would not "injuriously affect a single American interest." Of course, this McKinley was not Governor McKinley, although he hailed from the same district and looked absurdly like him not to be him. As the man said to the Siamese twins, after a careful inspection of them—"Brothers, I presume."

The tariff of 1846 is given by Governor McKinley as the last of our free trade tariff laws. It was a revenue tariff—with incidental protection—as was Clay's tariff of 1842, differing only in the lower standard of tariff taxes. He tells us that it was the last experience of free trade tariff laws and that it gave us the financial and industrial revolutions of 1857. Why does he not adhere to the truth of history when he refers to history? Part of the truth is not the truth. The revenue tariff of 1846 stood unchallenged during the administrations of both parties, until we were on the eve of war in 1861. The Whig National Convention of 1848 did not even present the tariff as an issue by platform or otherwise, and the first Republican House that ever met, in 1857, reduced the tariff taxes of 1846, made wool practically free, and it was done by the Republican senators and representatives who demanded it in the interest of our protected industries.

If the tariff of 1846 was free trade, what was the first tariff passed by a Republican House when it greatly reduced the tariff taxes of that time?

True, there was a financial revulsion in 1857 under the revenue tariff law of 1846, but it did not compare with the financial revulsion and industrial disturbance of 1873-7, under the highest tariff the country ever had. If history is to be quoted as argument, let it be fully and truthfully given; and the truth of history is that under all tariffs business revulsions have come. Of course, a revenue tariff could be framed to exclude all incidental protection, but in fully three-quarters of a century of revenue tariffs it has never been proposed or thought of outside of tariff orators who are afflicted with Governor McKinley's complaint. It would be equally reasonable to say that Governor McKinley should be in some way restrained, because with the freedom he enjoys he might cut his own throat. There is really nothing to hinder him from doing so but the fact that he is presumed to possess too much sense to make such use of his razor, and the same reasons which forbid him to commit suicide forbid national suicide by free trade.

In this contest there is one man whose definition of a revenue tariff is entitled to greater respect than that of any other citizen or official. I refer to Grover Cleveland. He is a man of conviction; a man of courage; a man of truth, and he is the one man who, as next President, is more than likely to shape the new revenue tariff standard to which the country is now certain to return. I quote from his official message to Congress on the subject:

It is not proposed to entirely relieve the country of this taxation. It must be extensively continued as a source of the government's income, and in the readjustment of our tariff the interests of American labor engaged in manufacture should be carefully considered as well as the preservation of our manufactures.

The question of free trade is absolutely irrelevant, and the persistent claim made in certain quarters that all efforts to relieve

the people from unjust and unnecessary taxation are schemes of so-called free traders is mischievous and far removed from any consideration of the public good.

Another good authority on the subject is James G. Blaine. In his chapter on what McKinley calls the free trade tariff of 1846 (vol. 1, pp. 196), he says:

The principles embodied in the tariff of 1846 seemed for the time to be so entirely vindicated and approved that resistance to it ceased, not only among the people, but among the protective economists and even among the manufactures to a large extent. So general was this acquiescence, that in 1856, a protective tariff was not suggested or even hinted at by any one of the three parties which presented Presidential candidates.

The Mills bill, that Governor McKinley declares to you to be a free trade measure, had not a single feature of free trade in it beyond raw materials for our industries, and its incidental protective features more than equaled the protection of Clay's tariff of 1842. There is no free trade issue involved in this contest; there is no free trade candidate; there is no free trade party, and I do not wish to transcend the lines of courtesy in this discussion when I say that Governor McKinley knows that what I declare is the truth.

FREE WOOL, A NECESSITY.

I regard free wool and free raw materials generally for our manufacturing industries as the true basis of protection to American labor. I listened to Governor McKinley with special interest throughout, but he never struck his usually favorite chord of protection to wool. If he had ventured to quote some of my editorials of nearly a decade ago against free wool, he would have greatly brightened up his speech, but he was muzzled even against that opportunity to impale an antagonist. I then believed that free wool would not promote the prosperity of either farmer or manufacturer; but those who understood the question from the practical and impressive standpoint of

experience taught me that I was in error. When I saw the names of Thomas Dolan and James Dobson indorsing an appeal to Congress practically demanding free wool as a necessity to give prosperity to our woolen industries, I was compelled to take pause and look carefully into the problem. In the address of the National Association of Woolen Manufacturers sent to Secretary Manning, indorsed by Mr. Dolan and Mr. Dobson, the following concise statement is given :

To-day England, France and Germany enjoy practically a monopoly of the trade of the world in woolen manufactures. They are the only countries of the world that export woolen manufactures in excess of their imports of raw wool. In other words, these countries, by admitting wools free, have created a demand for their home wools in excess of the total amount of all wools required to clothe their people ; and, after giving their laborers additional employment, export more wool than they have imported. The United States, on the other hand, by putting a high tariff on raw materials, has not merely destroyed our export trade, but so throttled our manufactures as to ruin the market for domestic wool, and give to the English, French and German manufactures the cream of our market for cloth. *Our tariff, therefore, at once deprives our farmers of their market for wool, and gives to English, French and German operatives the employment that naturally belongs to American workmen.*

Here the marrow of the whole question of free wool is given that he who runs may read. This lesson from Mr. Dolan, Mr. Dobson and the official organization of the woolen manufacturers naturally led me to inquire into the facts ; and in personal intercourse with our leading Republican manufacturers, I did not find one who was not in favor of free raw materials. They all accompanied their answers with the soft murmurs of that sweet sentimental song—" For Goodness Sake, Don't Say I Told You," but they were, as a rule, willing to tell the truth in bated breath, and feared to proclaim it because they feared that the protective system was so rickety and rotten that if

they proposed to pull one prop out of it the whole structure would tumble over their heads.

Let us look at this question of free wool as it directly affects ourselves, for that is the true standard by which to judge it. We have a population of 1,250,000 in Philadelphia, and about seventy-six sheep. We consume over \$20 per head of woolens, on which we are taxed by the grace of McKinley's tariff from sixty to over 100 per cent, or probably an average of eighty per cent. If tariff taxes protect labor they must increase the cost of the product in exact proportion, and the cold figures would prove that we pay about \$20,000,000 taxes for \$5,000,000 of woolens to protect seventy-six sheep. Is it wonderful that a luxury so costly to the people as protection to Philadelphia sheep, gave us the sweet song of Mary and her little lamb? But look at our great State. We have a population of 5,250,000, and we consume not less than \$100,000,000 of woollen goods, on which the McKinley tariff increased taxes up from sixty to eighty per cent. Making all allowance in favor of the variations of tariff taxes, it is safe to say that the lowest amount of taxes paid by the people of Pennsylvania on the woolens they consume is \$50,000,000. We have 1,039,502 sheep in the State, and the tax the people pay for protecting the so-called sheep industry is about \$50 per head for every sheep and lamb in the Commonwealth, or about from ten to twenty times the market value of each sheep every year. A hard-headed business man would say that it would be better to trade the sheep for yellow dogs and then shoot the dogs, but Governor McKinley calls this protecting the farmer who grows the wool and the workman who manufactures it. It is a fraud upon labor because it protects no labor. There are not fifty able-bodied men in the five and a quarter millions of our people whose labor is given to the care of sheep, and in the Western States and Territories, where sheep

graze all the year, the care of 5000 sheep requires one Mexican greaser and a dog and the dog does all the work.

Well, let us see how he makes out protecting the farmer in sheep-growing. He represents some farmers in Ohio who think that they should be able to grow sheep on \$50 to \$100 per acre farms, in competition with the free hills and plains and open climate of our Western Territories and Australia. It would be just as practicable to put them at raising pineapples and other tropical fruits under glass and protect them against tropical competition ; but they want to tax 65,000,000 of people to make their sheep farms profitable where they must stable and feed half the year and graze them on valuable lands the other half. The result was that McKinley took a wool bung-hole and built a monopoly tariff barrel around it. He added tariff taxes on wool and then went to the farmer to tell him how he had protected him ; but in this case, as in all other cases of tariff taxes, the farmer is cheated. There is no foreign demand for our wool at paying prices ; we tax foreign wool that could be mixed with ours until our manufacturers use as little as possible, and McKinley's Ohio farmers are now selling their wool for three cents a pound less than they received before he raised the tariff taxes and gave them, as he said, increased protection. And how has he fostered the sheep industry ? In 1868 Ohio had 6,730,120 sheep ; in 1891, one year after he had passed his high wool tariff law, Ohio had 4,061,897. He has thus protected the sheep industry of his State down more than one-third and protected the price of wool down over ten per cent ; but that is just the sort of protection the McKinleys always give to the farmer. And what is true of Ohio is true of Pennsylvania. Here the price of wool has fallen from three to four cents per pound, and we now have only 1,039,502 sheep in the State instead of 3,422,000 in 1868.

Is it not about time to give the farmer a rest from the blatant hypocrisy of protecting him by high tariff taxes?

Every prominent European country is called a protection nation but England, but they have no McKinley tariffs there, and every one gives its woolen manufacturers free wool and free raw materials. Our woolen manufacturers all want free wool, but most of them are afraid to say so unless behind the door or in the safely secluded parlors of the Manufacturers' Club. They would gladly accept a reduction of one-half or more of our present tariff taxes on woolens if they had free wool and other raw materials, and the farmer would have greater demand for his wool, as he has always had under low wool tariffs or when wool was free. Wool has been free nearly half of the existence of the Government, and if it were free to-day, with next to free chemicals and dye-stuffs, we would not only supply our entire market with American woolens, but we would rapidly extend to the markets of the world. This would cheapen woolens; would protect American mills and workmen; would enlarge consumption; would increase the demand for labor, and would soon clad every American in American woolens, instead of being advertising dummies for English fabrics.

I want a tariff under which Mr. Dolan and our other woolen manufacturers can wear their own woolens. Of the several hundred men of the Manufacturers' Club who sat on this stage when Governor McKinley spoke in favor of his method of protecting wool and woolens, there was not one of them clad in American woolens, unless he had a suit made especially for the purpose. They were here in splendid dress parade, with their English coats, their English vests, their English pants, their English underclothing, their English socks and their Irish linens, to cheer to the echo the sentiment that our woolen interests must be protected. And our congressmen who vote steadily in Congress for the protection of our woolen

industries, sit in the House dressed from head to foot in English woolens. Father O'Neill, clean and natty as if just out of a band box; Chesterfield Bingham, a model of elegance in dress and manner; the mellowed face and Sullivan form of Harmer arrayed in fashion, and the sober, finely-chiseled face of Reyburn, dressed with old maid precision, all dress in English woolens from top to toe as they vote for appalling taxes on wool and woolens, and swear by their English apparel from head to foot that our woolen industries must be protected if every man, woman and child in the land has to wear English woolens to do it. What a sublime mockery! With free wool and other raw materials half the present tariff tax on woolens could be cut off, and in five years' time we would not only make practically every woolen fabric worn, and dress the whole American people in American woolens, but we would be selling our woolens in foreign markets, as we now sell leather and cotton goods in other countries to the amount of \$12,000,000 of each. I want American labor to make American woolens, and it is only the dark-age McKinley tariff taxes on raw materials that makes all who can afford clothing above shoddy, walking monuments of the insanity of our statesmanship that permits England to dress us in English woolens and tax us roundly for making such picturesque fools of ourselves.

WHAT SHOULD BE FREE.

The McKinley tariff is oppressive in taxing many things which enter into the necessities of business as well as the necessities of life, and which have at one time or another been on the free list in this country. I have shown why wool should be free, because there is no protection to labor in taxing it, and it would not only greatly cheapen our woolens, but would enlarge our industries, increase the demand for labor, cheapen woolens and logically multiply consumption. Fortunately, I need not

theorize on this subject. In 1873, General Shultze, of New Jersey, a leading Republican, and one of the largest leather producers in the country, had the courage to go to Congress and say that unless the leather industries were given free raw materials—that is, free hides, it would continue to languish and speedily die. We then manufactured shoes and other leather products at a disadvantage, because the raw material was cheaper in every other country than here. It was a plain, practical business proposition, and came from a leading Republican manufacturer. He was heeded instead of being met with the cry of free trade, as the McKinley followers meet every proposition for tariff reform to-day. Hides were made free, and have been free from that day until this, and look at the result. In less than twenty years we have built up a shoe industry that supplies every American man, woman and child with the best shoes ever made in any country, and at the cheapest price ever paid for them, and Philadelphia, that then had not a shoe store except on a back street, and had few shoe factories, to-day manufactures more shoes than any other city in the world. Shoe stores to-day are seen on Chestnut street and in every part of the city, and American shoes produced from American leather, made by American labor, supply the entire American market, just as our woolen industries should supply all woolens for American markets. Here is fact against theory, and what is true of the shoe trade is true of every other industrial interest of this country. Instead of importing shoes and leather products to-day, we are now exporting to foreign countries \$12,000,000 a year. We tried the insanity of protecting silk, and at the same time protecting the raw material, and made no progress of course. Lately we have adopted free raw materials, happily before the McKinley theory of tariff had been adopted, and to-day we have silk factories in every section of the country.

Why should there be a tariff tax upon lumber? The forests are God-made. There is no labor of man in their production, but to-day every shingle and board and lath that enters into any structure must pay a tariff tax of from ten to twenty per cent, and what does it protect? Not labor, for the lumber producers have their trust as have all monopolies under the McKinley tariff. They hire Canadian Kanucks who come over into the Western forests and cut the timber at half American wages, and we tax the people for the protection of American labor. And why should salt be taxed to the people and given free to monopolists? For that is just what the present tariff tax is. It has its trust, of course, for our high tariff taxes have trade trusts in every industry, and every pound of salt that is used in the homes of the land must pay a tax, not to labor, but to monopoly greed, while our great meat packers who pack for export, can get their foreign salt free by rebate less one per cent, from the Government. Labor in our salt industry is the poorest paid of any labor in this country, and it is a burlesque of protection to tax the product for the benefit of a favored class.

There is not an iron manufacturer in this State, Republican or Democrat, who will not tell you that the one necessity of the iron industry is free iron ore. Without foreign ores our Pennsylvania ores are valueless to all who must produce a first-class quality of iron, and we must either ship the Lake Superior ores at enormous cost, or Spanish ores with a heavy tariff tax upon them. A leading Republican ironmaster, whose name I am not at liberty to give in public, and one who has held high position in the State, told me within six months that unless we obtained free iron ores the iron industry of Eastern Pennsylvania would be paralyzed or destroyed within five years. Without these ores our Pennsylvania ores cannot be used, and by restricting the use of the foreign ores we

simply restrict the use of our domestic ores. We protect no labor, but hinder labor, and lessen wages by adding needless cost to every pound of iron we produce. Is this not midsummer madness?

And why should not hemp be free? Go to ex-Mayor Fitler and he will tell you that his single cordage mill can consume every ton of hemp grown in this entire country in eight months of the year. The entire product of American hemp would not run Mr. Fitler's mill more than three-fourths of the year, and yet we tax foreign hemp \$25 per ton ostensibly to protect American hemp, when in fact we don't grow it, and we thus tax the twine for binding every sheaf of American grain and every form of cordage used by our whole people. The Lexington district of Kentucky is one of the largest hemp-producing districts in the United States. Colonel Breckenridge, who is its representative in Congress, stood up manfully for free hemp and voted for it. He returned to his constituents, the largest body of hemp-growers in the country, and they re-elected him by an immense majority, while here in Philadelphia, where many of our people would not know a stalk of hemp from a side of sole leather, the McKinley followers are howling for the protection of American hemp.

And why should not coal be free? Several years ago, when studying this question, I called upon Mr. Berwind, the largest soft coal dealer in this city, and a Republican, and asked him for a candid expression of the effect of the removal of duty on coal. Like all the others who are so interwoven in business interests that they could not assail any feature of the tariff policy, he declined to be quoted in public, but he declared that the tariff tax on coal was not only an utter absurdity as a matter of protection, but it actually hindered us very seriously in obtaining markets for our bituminous coal abroad. Canada imposes a reciprocity tax on coal equal to ours, and it would be made

free there any time that it is made free here, and he told me that if we had open doors to the Canadian markets, while New England might obtain 500,000 to 800,000 tons of Nova Scotia coal that would greatly benefit their industries, we would sell 3,000,000 tons of our coal in the Canadian markets. What is called protection on coal is, therefore, simply a hindrance to the enlargement of our trade and a hindrance to the enlargement of labor. All these articles are heavily taxed by the McKinley bill. Some of them are the lingering legacies of war taxes, but the McKinley bill maintains them, and its author insults the intelligence of the people by insisting that he thereby is protecting labor.

MOCK PROTECTION TO FARMERS.

When Governor McKinley began his campaign in defence of his new tariff policy in Pittsburgh, he taught the industrial people engaged in the production of iron and steel that tariff taxes upon those products prevented cheaper foreign iron and steel from coming into our markets, thus increased the price of American products and enabled the manufacturers to pay largely advanced wages of labor. In this campaign Mr. McKinley seems to have been assigned the very difficult task of teaching the farmers that tariff taxes cheapen everything. After informing the iron and steel workers that high protection increased the cost of their products and thereby increased their wages, he is now engaged in telling the farmers that high tariff taxes have cheapened the iron and steel for their plows and other agricultural implements, and that they are now reaping the beneficent fruits of the highest war taxes ever levied upon the necessaries of industry and life in time of peace. Let us see what Governor McKinley has done for the farmer by his tariff. He has increased the tariff taxes in the name of protection on all, or nearly all, the products of the farmers as follows :

	Tariff of 1883.	McKinley Tariff.
Barley, per bushel10	.30
Corn, per bushel10	.15
Wheat, per bushel20	.25
Oats, per bushel10	.15
Potatoes, per bushel15	.25
Hops, per bushel08	.15
Butter, per pound04	.06
Cheese, per pound04	.06
Eggs, per dozen	Free	.05
Hay, per ton	\$2.00	\$4.00

Looking at the figures this would seem to be immense protection to the farmer, but in point of fact for nearly all these products the farmer is compelled to look to the foreign market for his surplus, and taxes upon imports amounts to just nothing at all, as neither the farmer nor the people buy the imported articles. What a mockery of protection to the farmer is presented when we glance at our table of imports and exports for the last year as shown by the official report of the Secretary of the Treasury, as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
Wheat flour	\$43,200	\$54,700,000
Wheat	432,000	51,420,000
Corn	1,600	17,600,000
Cheese	1,358,700	7,400,000
Butter	58,500	2,200,000
Oats	5,000	405,700
Rye	98,200	212,000
Hops	63,300	124,500
Eggs, dozen	363,000	8,200,000

It will thus be seen that in nearly every important product of the farm on which the McKinley tariff levies increased tariff taxes, ostensibly for protection, the farmer has just no protection whatever, as he is without foreign competition at home and has to seek foreign markets for the surplus of every important article that he produces. The farmer thus has no benefit whatever from the increased tariff taxes while everything has been done that could be done to make his foreign markets, that he must have every year, as unfriendly as possible; and in no

instance has the McKinley tariff given the farmer an increased price for a single product of his labor. Mr. Blaine told the truth as he was struggling for months to force McKinley to accept reciprocity as a feature of his tariff, when he declared in an open letter to Senator Frye, that the McKinley tariff would not furnish the farmer a market for a single additional barrel of pork or a sack of flour. Everything that the farmer produces is governed in price by the law of supply and demand throughout the markets of the land, and mainly regardless of tariff duties. Last year, when there was a general failure of the crops abroad and a bountiful harvest in our own land, wheat commanded the highest price of the last decade, and the farmers were told that the McKinley tariff had brought them large markets and increased prices. This year the crops are reasonably good abroad ; the foreign demand for our surplus is greatly diminished, and the farmer is to-day receiving no more for his wheat than he received before the passage of the McKinley bill. The farmer is now, as he ever has been, the hewer of wood and the drawer of water for protected industries, and it was bad enough to put a moonshine protective tariff on his products, as did the tariff act of 1883, but it is an insult to his intelligence to increase tariff taxes on his products which he can never realize, and then claim that he is protected under our tariff laws. It assumes that he is utterly ignorant of his own interests, and that he is the mere prey of political demagogues who impose taxes upon him which he must pay for the benefit of others, and attempt to reconcile him to this needless exaction by increased moonshine protection under the McKinley tariff of 1890.

The farmer was told that the McKinley law would increase the price of his wool because it increased the tariff on foreign wools that our manufacturers must have, and that our farmers cannot supply, but to-day the farmers'

wool sells at from three cents to five cents a pound less than the farmer could command for it before the passage of the McKinley tariff, while upon the woolens the farmer and his family consume there is a large increase of tariff taxes which the farmer must pay. For butter and cheese the farmer seeks a foreign market for his surplus and there can be no increased price by increased tariff duties, as our exports of these commodities largely exceed our imports. On breadstuffs he has learned the important lesson during the last two years that increased tariff taxes on wheat are a delusion and a snare, and that a liberal foreign demand only can give him good prices for his surplus. The increased tariff on potatoes is an obvious fraud as a protective measure. In ordinary seasons we do not import over one per cent of our consumption, and when our potato crop fails, only then do the high tariff taxes on potatoes become operative when the farmer has none to sell and has to pay the tax to obtain his seed. In short, we import no potatoes of consequence when we have an average crop and when we are short in our supply, as occurs every few years, the farmers become purchasers and must pay the increased tariff taxes levied by the McKinley bill. There is, therefore, no protection to the farmer, and the taxes upon the commodity only become oppressive to him. The same is true of barley, on which the tariff was increased from ten cents per bushel to thirty cents. By this needless tax we have destroyed large malt interests which used our own in connection with Canadian barley in New York and Pennsylvania, and the price of Canadian barley to-day is twenty cents per bushel higher than that of American, and the price of American barley has fallen off from ten cents to twenty cents per bushel since the McKinley bill went into operation. Of hops we export double the amount we import, and our imports are only of an indispensable Bohemian growth that gives beer a flavor

possessed by none of any other country. True, Governor McKinley has protected the hen-coops by a tariff tax of five cents per dozen on eggs, the only result of which is that we exported and sold in foreign markets last year 8,200,000 dozen eggs from our McKinley-inspired hens.

The plain truth is that the McKinley tariff is a bald fraud in its pretence of protection to the farmer and that fraud is used to deceive the farmer into submission to enormous taxes on everything he buys for himself, his family and his farm. Why did not McKinley try the newspaper publishers with that sort of protection? A tax on English newspapers would be just such moonshine protection to American newspaper publishers as the tax on farm products is to the farmer; but what answer would George W. Childs or Charles Emory Smith make to McKinley if he came waltzing around them to win their support by saying that he had levied high tariff taxes on foreign newspapers, to protect them against the foreign journals which never come here? They would either pity him as a fool or kick him out as a knave, and yet that is just the sort of protection he has given the farmer. It is deliberate, cold-blooded false pretence, and for no worse false pretence acts we often send fellows to the criminal dock and thence to jail.

WHAT HAS CHEAPENED PRODUCTS?

Mr. McKinley tells us that protection has cheapened everything. He points to the marvelous progress of our great land as proof that protection has given us our matchless advancement, and he assumes that the sun of progress would have stood still but for our protective tariff. It is true that we have cheapened everything that we produce as has every other country of the world, whether free trade or protection, and it is equally true that this country has outstripped all others in material progress; but he who assumes that our great advancement and

cheapened products are due to high tariff taxes, and that, therefore, such taxes must be continued indefinitely, closes his eyes to the obvious truth. That protection to our industries has aided them greatly in their progress is not denied by any, but it was the legitimate protection of American labor by levying tariff taxes no more than sufficient to enable manufacturers to pay the difference between American wages and foreign wages. When Washington inaugurated a tariff policy, revenue was the declared purpose, and the fostering of our industries the incident. Some measure of protection was then a necessity, as the iron hand of England had forbidden the colonists establishing manufactories or diversifying their industries, in order to hold them as purchasers and consumers of English commodities. It was then a necessity to inspire and foster manufacturing industries, and it was so declared in the title of the bill as the secondary purpose of the revenue tariff. But Washington levied from fifteen to seventeen per cent of tariff taxes to create infant industries and help them to manhood, while the McKinley tariff, in this evening of the nineteenth century, with half or more of our protected manufacturers able to undersell foreign competitors, levies over fifty per cent tariff taxes, and does it in the name of protection; and all the progress of the last generation is claimed as the direct results of the most oppressive taxes ever levied by any country in the world in time of peace. High protective tariff taxes have served their purpose just as our civil war has served its purpose. The one furnished revenue, and in connection with the war stimulated our industries even beyond the line of healthful advancement; and the other saved our beneficent free institutions from overthrow. There is now just as much need for the continuance of war, because it was a good thing when necessary, as there is for the continuance of high tariff taxes, and there is neither logic nor expediency in the suggestion that a great

country overflowing with energy and genius and intelligence can need restricted tariff taxes to assure industrial prosperity.

Let us closely inquire into the truth of Mr. McKinley's theory that high tariff taxes have given our country its matchless prosperity and cheapened the products of our industry. The way to analyze such a problem is to look closely at home, where we can see every argument on the subject clearly illustrated by patent facts. I represent one of the non-protected industries of the country, and certainly not one of the least in importance, either in its public beneficence or in the number of people it employs. The newspaper press of this country has advanced beyond that of any country of the world, and to-day it numbers its employes by hundreds of thousands. It is not protected in anything; it is taxed on everything. There are high tariff taxes on paper, on types, on machinery, on fixtures of every kind, and the men employed in every channel of its varied industries, from the editorial chair to the printers' case, the press room, the counting room, and all its hosts of correspondents and contributors, are each and all living monuments of high tariff taxes on everything they consume. If protection is necessary to prosperity and to the cheapening of products, here is the industry where it should furnish its most illustrious lessons, but there is not a protected industry in this country from the Eastern to the Western seas, that has advanced as rapidly and cheapened its products as greatly as the newspaper publishing of the United States. Ten years ago Philadelphia published about 100,000 copies of daily papers each day, and the people paid from two to three cents for nearly or quite all of them. The *Times* was then a single sheet of four pages, was sold at two cents a copy and was regarded as phenomenally successful. To-day a double sheet of eight and often ten and twelve pages is sold for one cent, as is the *Record* and the *Inquirer*, and the *North*

American, and the *Press*, formerly a three-cent paper, is sold at two cents and greatly enlarged, while the *Ledger* remains two cents a copy, and its space increased 100 per cent.

Instead of issuing 100,000 copies of daily newspapers each day in Philadelphia, we now issue fully 500,000 and there is not one of these newspapers that is not more prosperous to-day than it was ten years ago, when they were published at double the present price and generally little more than half the present size. In newspaper progress there has been no step toward cheapness except in the price to consumers. Every one of these newspapers expends on an average certainly 50 per cent and most of them 100 per cent more to produce them than they did when they were published at the increased price. More editors are employed, more news gathered, more correspondents, larger reportorial forces, and fully half a million dollars have been expended in this city alone in printing machinery within the last five years. Unlike the McKinley protected industries, there has been no reduction of wages in any department of any of these newspapers. This industry presents the clearest solution of the problem of cheapening products by American intelligence, skill and energy. By cheapening our newspapers we have quadrupled the demand for them ; we have doubled the employment of labor, and if we could have the markets abroad that are open to like intelligence, skill and energy in our protected industries, the American newspaper would be the newspaper of every country of the world, because it is the cheapest and best.

But McKinley does not believe in McKinley on the question of tariff taxes cheapening commodities. He tells us in one flight of his protection eloquence that high protection tariff taxes have cheapened everything, and in another equally fervent flight of eloquence he tells us that his tariff relieved the people of scores of millions of

taxes, and cheapened one of the common necessities of life by repealing tariff taxes on sugar. If tariff taxes cheapen clothing, iron, machinery and other necessities of business and life, why would not increased tariff taxes on sugar cheapen it also? "Father," said a vexatiously observing son to his paternal ancestor, "you must stop praying or stop swearing, I don't care much which." On this vital issue of cheapening the necessities of life, McKinley should somehow manage to square himself with McKinley. The people who pay taxes are not fools, and only the assumption that they are blooming idiots can excuse the knavish blunder of proclaiming that increased tariff taxes cheapen some commodities, and that repealing all tariff taxes cheapens others.

LABOR IS NOT PROTECTED.

I have shown alike from Mr. McKinley's argument in favor of cheapening free sugar by repealing tariff taxes, and by the wonderful progress made in journalism a heavily-taxed and entirely non-protected industry, that high protective tariffs do not cheapen commodities. If there is any merit in a protective policy at all it must be in the advancement of the wages of labor, and it is a fact that I here assert, after a careful study of the whole question, that the best paid industries in this country are those that are taxed as consumers without any protection whatever for their labor. On this point I challenge successful contradiction, and it is not only true in this country, but it is true in every other country of the world. In Europe every leading nation, excepting England, maintains some form of protective policy. Of course, they do not fall into such quagmires as the McKinley tariff, but they are careful of their own industries, and when they propose to protect them they protect them without oppressive taxation upon the people. It is a fact, also, that Governor McKinley must know, for he has studied the question in

all its variations, that wages in manufacturing industries in free trade England are much higher than the wages paid in the same industries in any of the protective countries of Europe. There is no need, however, to theorize on this question nor to go from home to ascertain facts. Philadelphia has the largest proportion of manufacturing industries and skilled labor of any city on the continent, and it also has an equal proportion of skilled labor in non-protected industries. Here is where a protective tariff should exhibit its beneficial results in the highest degree, and if it fails to be beneficial to labor in this city, it must be a failure everywhere. The way to ascertain the truth is to look at the wages of labor in our protected and in our non-protected industries under our own eyes.

If Governor McKinley will spend an hour with me on the new *Times* building now in course of erection on Sansom street above Eighth, I will introduce him to the skilled and unskilled labor employed upon it, and Allen B. Rorke, the builder, who is yet green with his laurels as Chairman of the Republican City Committee, will exhibit him the pay list of the non-protected but heavily-taxed labor employed. Here are the daily wages and hours of labor of the non-protected workmen engaged on that structure :

	Hours.	Daily Wages.
Stone-masons	9	\$3.25 to \$3.75
Bricklayers	9	3.75 to 4.50
Carpenters	9	3.00
Plumbers	9	3.25 to 3.50
Plasterers	8	3.00 to 3.50
Stone cutters	9	3.50 to 4.00
Roofers	9	3.00 to 3.25
Painters	9	3.00 to 3.25
Hod-carriers	9	2.75 to 3.00
Riggers	9	2.75 to 3.25
Laborers	9	2.00 to 2.25

After having ascertained the wages paid to these non-protected and highly-taxed workmen, I will take him to

the composing room of the *Times*, where every expert printer can earn \$4 per day of eight hours, with steady work from January to January, and special experts can earn as high as \$5 per day. All of these workmen are highly taxed on everything that they consume. There is not an article of clothing that is not enhanced in price by tariff taxes for every man, woman and child of their families. Their homes are taxed from the stone in the cellar to the shingle on the roof. Their carpets, their beds, their furniture of every kind, their china, their kitchen utensils, the glass in their windows, cutlery on their tables, their curtains, their bedding and everything in their house from cellar to garret is an object lesson of the taxation that is imposed upon American labor. To them tariff taxes are all loss and no profit, and they belong to an overwhelming majority of the industrial people of the land, who are not in any way beneficiaries, or even claimed as beneficiaries, under a protective tariff.

Now let us look at the protected industries of Philadelphia. Of these the woolen industry is one of the most important, and if Governor McKinley will turn to Superintendent Porter's census bulletin No. 139, he will find that the following average wages are paid in the woolen industry in the States named :

	For the year.	Per week.
Alabama	\$159	\$3.06
Arkansas	201	3.86
Ohio	242	4.65
Virginia	270	5.20
New Jersey	334	6.42
New York	336	6.46
Pennsylvania	355	6.83
Massachusetts	375	7.21
Oregon	436	8.40

It will be seen that the average wages of labor in the woolen industry of Pennsylvania are \$355 per year or \$6.83 per week or about \$1.15 per day. Of course these figures include stoppages of mill, and the many other

interruptions which occur in manufacturing enterprises, and the ordinary earnings per week of labor employed in that industry may be accepted as considerably more than Mr. Porter's table fixes it, but it is none the less the truth that the average earnings is correctly given. As compared with the non-protected printers of this city the earnings of our woolen workers are not fifty per cent of the earnings of compositors, and it is a fact that the hod-carriers employed on the *Times* building to-day receive from twenty-five to thirty per cent more wages than the average wages of adult males in our woolen mills. What is true of the woolen industry is absolutely true of every protected industry in the city of Philadelphia. There is not a single great manufacturing establishment here that pays an average of weekly wages equal to the hod-carriers of our non-protected labor, and yet we are told that high tariff taxes make labor prosperous. The McKinley tariff increases tariff taxes on woollens very largely; some to as high as 135 per cent, and among the articles most highly taxed are women's apparel most commonly in use. This was done, as McKinley declares, to protect the American workmen against the pauper labor of Europe. The increased tariff taxes were levied avowedly to increase wages. If honestly administered, the McKinley tariff should have increased the wages of every protected labor in Philadelphia, and yet Mr. McKinley must know, if he has inquired of his friends who entertained him at the Manufacturers' Club, that in very few, if any, instances have wages been increased in woolen mills, and in many instances they have been decreased since the passage of his tariff to give increased protection, and logically to increase wages to labor. What is due to labor from a protective tariff is, first, the wages for like labor in Europe, and, second, the tariff taxes levied to pay the difference in the cost of labor here. Has that been done? Has labor received that which Congress, as avowed by Governor

McKinley himself, declared it entitled to and levied taxes upon the people to pay it?

But in a large number of our highly-protected industries in this city wages have been reduced since the passage of the McKinley tariff and in some of them very largely. In a number of our upholstery, curtain and novelty establishments on which the McKinley tariff taxes were increased thirty-five per cent, there have been severe reductions in wages of labor, ranging from ten even up as high as fifty per cent and in our carpet industry, on which increased tariff taxes were levied by the McKinley bill, it requires hard and steady work for weavers to earn over ten dollars per week. I have carefully studied the history of our varied Philadelphia industries during the last two years since tariff taxes were largely increased, and the best results for labor that I can find anywhere, with the rarest exceptions are that former wages have been maintained, while in very many instances there have been reductions of the wages of labor, and in some instances very large reductions.

I would be glad indeed if I could exhibit better results for our Philadelphia protected industries. People are taxed to the highest extent in time of peace, ostensibly to maintain prosperous labor, but the painful fact stands out as clear as the sun in unclouded noonday that it is the non-protected and heavily-taxed labor of this city that is prosperous, while the highly-protected labor must be content with almost starvation wages.

TAXES ON NECESSARIES OF LIFE.

I hold in my hand a letter from my old friend John W. Frazier, an aggressive McKinley protectionist, asking me to "make this occasion for plainly, bluntly and fearlessly stating, just as you always do, without fear or favor, affectation or prevarication, what are the necessities of life you would cheapen by a repeal, wholly or in part, of tariff

duties." If Mr. Frazier is in the house he will please stand up. (Mr. Frazier did not respond, and after waiting for a few seconds, while the audience showed evidences of keen expectation, Mr. McClure continued.) I wanted the man who asked me those questions to stand up before the audience in order that I could make an object lesson of him. I would have said to him: "I want free raw materials for all our industries, and the logically reduced tariff taxes on products to cheapen the hat you wore on your head to this meeting. If it is a cheap one, such as many workingmen wear, it is taxed about eighty per cent. If it is such as are commonly seen in the Union League and the Manufacturers' Club the tax is not over fifty per cent. I want the coat you wear cheapened by free wool and reduced taxes on woolens, and I want it to be American woolen instead of English. I want, in like manner, to cheapen your vest, your pantaloons, your socks, your shirt, your underwear and all but your shoes, which are about the only American goods you wear, as a rule, and they have been made American and the cheapest and best in the world by free raw materials. I want to cheapen the apparel of your wife from bonnet to hose, and especially in the commonly worn fabrics of women which are now taxed as high as 135 per cent by the McKinley bill. I want to cheapen the carpets on your floors; the curtains on your windows; the blankets and sheets on your beds; the glass in your windows; the table and chairs of your dining-rooms; the furniture in your parlor; the knives and forks and spoons with which you eat; the salt that seasons your food; the sugar that sweetens your coffee, tea and desserts; the table-cloth on which you spread your meals; the tinware in your kitchen, the china and the glassware on your table; the tin or shingles on your roof; the stones in your walls, the lumber, iron and steel in your building, and the handkerchief with which you remove the sweat of your brow that is the ordained price

of your daily bread." That is how I would have made an object lesson of the man who asked me direct questions, but did not appear to receive his answer.

THE M'KINLEY INFANT TRIPLETS.

Governor McKinley is Napoleonic in his ideas of enlarging our growth and he has given us triplets in new infant industries. He has tried the impossible in protecting wool growers, and he now proposes the tin plate, the linen, and the billy-goat industries to be brought up by the tariff-tax bottle. He has not billed the billy-goat industry in largest type, nor does he boom it in his speeches, but it is assigned the richest bottle of tariff taxes in the whole list. He was determined to protect Ohio wool if taxation could do it, and, in order to aid it, he cunningly put on a tax of twelve cents per pound on goat's hair that cost two cents per pound in the open markets. It is not wool, but it serves the purpose of wool in cheap carpets and other articles of common use where grandeur is sacrificed to service, and he took his revenge on the billy-goats of Bombay and Russia by piling a tax of 500 per cent on their hair to prevent it from coming into competition with wool that we never grow. The tax was such a grotesque absurdity that Judge Colt, of the United States Circuit Court, held that the hair of the billy-goat could not be taxed as wool. It had been admitted free, as it furnished a very cheap and necessary commodity for people of small means, and the Judge decided against it on general principles that the fool should not burlesque our tariff laws; but the Supreme Court of the United States has just decided that the letter of the McKinley law must be enforced, and high protectionists can now doff their hats to the majestic billy-goat of the 500 per cent protected industry of the land. There is now only one of two things for us to do—either develop the billy-goat industry to the uttermost and run a

corner in broken tin cans, illuminated show bills and unprotected clothes-lines, or repeal this particular triplet of our new industries. We can't do without the cheap fabrics made from goat's hair and I am amazed that Governor McKinley makes no report of his progress in developing the now indispensable billy-goat industry in the land.

The second of the triplet circle of infant industries to which the McKinley tariff has given birth is the linen industry. We had five little linen mills in the whole country, not one of which ever turned out a linen handkerchief either before or since the McKinley tariff, and we have just the same number to-day so far as I have been able to learn. They turn out only coarse linen crashes, but they have been dignified into an infant industry and the tariff tax bottle given them although not on the magnificent 500 per cent scale of the billy-goat industry. Flax was taxed out of sight to make it grow here, and its growth is no more visible than the growth of the billies. The tariff taxes collected to enable this infant industry to be well nursed and bottled, amounts to \$5,000,000, giving an advance of thirty-five per cent on the market at the time the tariff was passed, and that difference paid more than the entire cost of labor employed in all our linen mills. In other words, the entire labor cost of our linen mills was \$124,000 and the tariff taxes on linens produced by them were \$156,100. That infant industry ought to thrive, but it still languishes and only a general break in linens abroad prevented largely increased prices. Our city merchants advertised when the McKinley bill was about to go into operation, that all should buy linens at once because of increased tariff taxes and coming increased prices. It is still an infant, content with the bottle and cradle with McKinley as a nurse and it makes no effort to get out of its comfortable swaddling clothes.

The tin-plate industry completes the infant triplets brought forth to be reared on the high tariff tax bottle. Before the passage of the McKinley tariff we did not attempt to make any tin-plate. Since the passage of the new law we pretend to make it and don't. This infant industry is a prodigy of fraud upon labor and of robbery of the people. It was specially framed for speculators and jobbers, by postponing the effect of increased duties on tin for nine months after the passage of the bill. That gave speculators nine months to import tin at old prices and sell it to the people at increased prices. It started in jobbery, and has developed more fraud in political deliverances, as well as fraud in industry, than any monopoly effort of modern times. It not only started in jobbery, but it gives every possible discrimination in favor of monopoly. The Standard Oil Company and the Armour Meat Company and like monopolies can import their tin for exporting their oil, meats, etc., and get the entire duty back less one cent on the dollar; but the small farmer who sells his fruit in cans for export has practically no escape from the excessive tax, and the dinner-pail and the kitchen utensils of every home must pay the tax all the time.

Before McKinley's astute statesmanship conceived the creation of the triplet infant industries of tin, linen and billy-goats, we paid about \$7,000,000 on the tin we imported. It was an excusable tax if needed for revenue. Now the tax is increased one hundred and twenty per cent and as we consume in round numbers about 700,000,000 pounds annually, the tariff taxes are swelled up to over \$16,000,000, and it is collected to supply the tariff tax bottle to the now colicky infant that is to produce American tin. With one year of preparation for it and one year of operation in the manufacture of tin, we have produced 13,600,000 pounds of the 700,000,000 we consume annually, at a cost to the people in taxes of consid-

erably over \$1 per pound. This would be bad enough, even if we had produced American tin successfully, but we have not done it. Most of the so-called American tin is made of English plate, English tin and English skilled workmen, with the addition of American boys to run the dipping shed. In order to save the weakling of the McKinley triplets from utter disgrace it has been gravely ruled by the Secretary of the Treasury that tin-plate made in this country from foreign plate and foreign tin is American tin, so the infant tin industry is established with a high official certificate that it is the happy child of its happy father.

And now for the circus part of McKinley's illustration of the magnificent success of the tin-plate triplet industry that is so richly bottled by tariff taxes paid by the people. A tin banner was paraded upon the stage at a propitious moment to enthuse the multitude, bearing the noble inscription, "American Tin, Norristown, Pa.," with the name of the Ardmore Republican Club on the other. It was a magnificent spectacular display, and Governor McKinley bowed time and again in response to the thunders of applause which drowned his voice. I am sorry to spoil this beautiful pageant, but it was such a sublime, such a heroic fraud, that I must expose it. That identical tin banner was manufactured by Mr. William H. Edwards of the Ely Tin-plate Company, near Cardiff, Wales, who came over with his Welsh superintendent, Mr. Richard Lewis, and later bought and repaired a mill at Norristown, imported his own plates from his foreign mill, imported his own tin from Wales, imported his own skilled workmen, and dipped the English plates in English tin by English workmen, and McKinley points to it as a grand achievement of his tariff in producing tin. There is one of the same tin-plates [pointing to a tin-plate on the platform], and I have the certificate of the man who made it.

Here is the letter in the original :

RICHARD LEWIS, Manager,
Norrilstown Tinplate Works,
Norrilstown, Pa.

NORRISTOWN, PA., September 24, 1892.

MESSRS. W. F. POTTS, SON & Co., Philadelphia :

DEAR SIRS : Replying to your inquiry, we beg to say our place here is not what is known as a tinplate works in Wales, but is rather the tinning house of a tinplate mill, *and in this respect is exactly like the majority of the tinplate works in America*, except that we are working on a larger scale than the majority of plants at present running over here in America.

Mr. William H. Edwards, the owner, continues to operate his tinplate works in Wales, but when the final operation of tinning the steel sheets is reached, the sheets are shipped to us here and finished by us by being run through patent tinning pots. Besides importing these steel sheets cut to size and ready for tinning, we also import the pig tin and palm oil used for tinning the sheets, as none of American product can be obtained. We pay 1.65 cents per pound duty on the steel sheets and forty-five per cent on the machines. *Our tin men are experienced hands formerly engaged in the industry in Wales.* Respectfully yours,

RICHARD LEWIS, Manager.

It would have been a shame to play such a circus trick on Governor McKinley but for the fact that he has tolerated just such frauds in glorifying every tin-plate establishment that he has stood sponsor for. He should have seen to it that an American plate was borrowed somewhere and dipped in American tin by an American boy to save his own reputation. Indeed, rather than have one of his national repute caught in such a clownish circus trick I would have dipped a plate for him myself.

Truly, as McKinley says, "We can make American tin ; we can make anything." But we are not making American tin, and we have taxed the American people already nearly \$25,000,000 in the unsuccessful experiment. But millions or scores of millions of taxes taken from the people seem

to be of no moment whatever to the political leaders who rob the masses under color of law to enrich classes. This so-called tin industry is the most impressive of all the many appalling object lessons of the McKinley tariff, as it is all fraud that is not robbery.

GIVE AMERICANS A CHANCE.

Let us stop this driveling cry for paternalism to develop American enterprise. It is a monstrous libel upon American skill, energy and thrift, and those who prate about Chinese Wall taxes to foster American enterprise are either too knavish or too ignorant to speak for the American people. What do our leading industries say?—What have they done? In cotton fabrics, with free raw materials, we export \$12,000,000 a year and undersell England in India. The Baldwin Locomotive Works, with heavy taxes on their materials and their labor heavily taxed on the necessaries of life, export one locomotive to foreign countries every other day of the year. American farm implements are sold in every progressive country abroad, although taxed on their steel, lumber and everything they use, and I may mention in confidence for Governor McKinley alone that they sell them much cheaper to foreign farmers than to American farmers. Hamilton Disston sells his saws and tools in almost every country of the world, although taxed on all his raw materials, and they are sold cheaper there than here. His forty per cent protection simply enables prices to be maintained here, but he finds profit in selling his products cheaper abroad. The Hoe printing press is in every enlightened civilization of the earth. It is taxed on its materials and on its labor, but like Disston's tools, the Baldwin locomotive, the American plow, etc., it is the best in the world, and American skill, although oppressed by taxes, can make them better and undersell all competitors in the markets of the world.

Look at our shoe and leather industry. With free raw materials we supply the entire American market with the best and cheapest shoes ever sold, all the product of American labor, and we sell abroad \$12,000,000 per annum. These are stubborn facts, showing what American ingenuity and energy are doing, and now let us hear from our tax-crushed large producers whom McKinley claims to protect. Major Bent, the manager of the Steelton Works, near Harrisburg, and one of the largest steel producers in the country, appealed to McKinley in 1890 to unshackle his industry by giving it free raw materials, but it was unheeded. In a public interview given in the *Record*, of this city, he said: "Give me free ore and I will sell pig iron in Liverpool and send steel rails to England. What American industries most need is free opportunities and not legislative protection." Let another iron manufacturer be heard. Charles J. Harrah was one of the large contributors to the Quay honest election fund in 1888, to revise the tariff on protection lines, but he has had enough. In a recent interview given in the *Times*, and repeated in that journal this morning, he says: "Eventually we will all awaken, and instead of building up a barrier around us that compels us to feed on one another like a lot of cannibals, we will pull down the barrier, meet the Englishman wherever he shows his face and beat him out of the field, and we can do it every time." I beg to inform Governor McKinley that I am not quoting the Confederate Constitution nor the nullification resolutions, in repeating what he would call destructive free trade sentiments, but I am quoting the ripest experience and clearest judgment of the men he falsely professes to be protecting by his tariff taxes. And if he wants more arguments from like sources, let him read Charles H. Cramp's recent article in the *North American Review*, showing that we can produce American ships even of better structure than the English ships, and

quite as cheap if only given an equal chance. And if he would learn the truth about our overtaxed glass industry, let him inquire of George A. Macbeth, one of the largest of our glass manufacturers, who says that what that industry needs is free raw materials, or as Major Bent says, "free opportunities and not legislative protection." I plead to-night for American labor; for American skill; for American energy, and I protest against Chinese Wall taxes, falsely called protection, to restrict us to feeding upon each other and closing the markets of the world against us. Give Americans a chance.

MONOPOLY ADMONISHED.

I do not come with the cry of the alarmist, but they must be hopelessly blinded to the clearest object lessons of the times who fail to see the threatened revolution that must speedily come with the sweep of the tempest if the studied and oppressive taxation of the masses for favored classes shall not be resolutely halted. On every side there are murmurs which are heard by all but those who refuse to hear. The industrial sky is heavily overcast, and muttering thunders come from every section. There have been over four hundred labor strikes in our protected industries alone since the enactment of the McKinley bill, and a majority of them were strikes against the reduction of wages. There have been a hundred monopoly trusts founded under the inspiration of the McKinley policy, and advanced prices to consumers and actually reduced wages, or reduced supplying power of wages, have logically followed. The madly multiplied steel mills, sugar mills, etc., under greed whetted by tariff taxes which protect only monopoly and make labor its pitiable dependent, are now combined in trusts; some consigned to idleness and their labor dismissed, while the public are taxed to pay enormous profits alike on the employed and unemployed mills. Greed has been

quicken by unexampled profits from taxes levied in the name of labor and of which labor has been robbed, and now we have a full hundred trusts, defiant of the lame law for their suppression by which the people are mocked, and forbearance will sooner or later, and soon at the latest, cease to be a virtue.

Look at our own city. We welcomed Claus Spreckels to our midst, gave him every aid, public and private, to facilitate the erection of his sugar refinery that was to be the citadel of aggressive hostility to the sugar trust. Under the tariff law in force when he located his refinery here he could not have been driven from his purpose; but the McKinley tariff came, with free raw sugar for our refineries and a continued tariff tax on refined sugars, and monopoly was clothed with omnipotence. The Harrisons and the Knights, loyal to Philadelphia, long stood with Spreckels in independence of the iron grasp of monopoly, but they are human, and when purchasers came with almost illimitable gains created by class legislation against the masses, one by one they were tempted to sell at prices they had never dreamed of, and now the sugar trust is master of all. Spreckels finally accepted the bonus of several millions, as would any practical business man, and, taking his millions in his pocket, he chartered his special car and bade us farewell as he sped across the continent to the golden slopes of the Pacific. Like the sugar trust, although few are such conspicuous object lessons, nearly every great industry that is protected by the McKinley tariff is now in the deadly embrace of an organized combine, and the people are paying the cost of this appalling abuse of laws enacted in the name of labor.

Mr. Powderly's logic, proclaiming that tariff taxes levied for the protection of labor belong to labor and to labor alone, is unanswerable. It is impracticable to accept and enforce it, for the mass of workingmen would

revolutionize against such taxes to pay to small circles of labor, wages which labor has never asked or dreamed of, but it is equally illogical to dispute the correctness of the proposition. And he is equally logical in the assumption that when Congress has levied taxes for the benefit of labor, it is its duty to enforce its honest appropriation to its intended purpose. Other taxes collected from the people and appropriated by Congress are followed with scrupulous fidelity, and can be obtained only by those who are lawfully entitled to them ; but we levy scores of millions of tariff taxes by the McKinley tariff avowedly to be paid to workmen in wages to protect them from the cheaper labor of Europe, and it is plain to the commonest comprehension that not one-half of it is to-day given in wages to labor. Indeed, in some of our industries the tariff taxes levied on the products amount to more than the entire labor cost of the article, and capital takes the entire oyster and labor gets the naked shell.

The complaint of the Homestead strikers, as set forth in their address to the public, was that the Government had given to their employers liberal taxes levied upon consumers, to be applied to the wages of labor, and that they have been robbed of them. The serious feature of this complaint is in the fact that in this age of free schools and universal newspapers, the workingman learns why and for whom tariff taxes are levied when designed to protect labor ; and it is from the more intelligent ranks of labor that those hoarse murmurs are now coming. They mean to demand what Governor McKinley teaches them is their right, for when he tells them that he increased tariff taxes to increase wages of labor, he tells them that these taxes belong to them ; and when they are mocked by reduced wages they are ready to battle for what they are told on every side belongs wholly to them. It is this fraud upon labor, and this robbery of both labor and consumers, that has given us the greatest number of labor

strikes and greatest in magnitude of our history. It was Mr. Carnegie's cable message from his baronial castle abroad ordering a reduction of wages at Homestead that did more than any other one cause to inflame the workmen; and it requires no more than average comprehension to understand that a protected industry that can build up private fortunes of millions in a decade must rob labor, or rob consumers, or rob both.

Look at the fearful object lessons on this subject presented this year. Three of the greatest strikes of the last decade have come and all in highly protected industries. The Homestead strike, ramifying into mills which employ 13,000 men and sustain fully 50,000 people, has written its record in blood and it is not yet ended. The strike of the coal miners in Tennessee has also crimsoned its history with bloodshed and sacrifice of life, and the strike of the building trades, started by the New England stonecutters, involved 80,000 workmen and lasted for weeks, with the loss to employers and labor scoring up in the millions. All these are highly protected industries and the painful spectacle was presented of two of our great States repressing violent labor of protected industries by the bayonet, and another State with an army of soldiers repressing violent strikes in non-protected industry.

And while Governor McKinley was in Somerset, Pa., teaching how his tariff protected labor, there was a strike of thousands of soft coal miners in the Monongahela region against a reduction of fifteen per cent in wages, while the wages in the non-protected anthracite miners had been increased.

These lessons sink deep into the hearts of labor and they will rankle and erupt on every pretense of provocation until labor shall be untaxed beyond actual need on the necessaries of life, and what is given to employers for labor in shape of tariff taxes shall not be perverted to build up a plutocratic mastery and enslaved industry.

Will not monopolists be admonished? None can overthrow honest protection in this country but those who have prostituted it to robbery and fraud, but they are making rapid strides toward a national suicide second only to that of slavery. It would not be admonished. It would advance to blight the Territories. It would set up its altars of bondage in the free States. It would be supreme master, and it believed in its own omnipotence; but at last the storm broke upon it and the bondman became master of the master, and slavery was dead. The battle is now on against the mastery of classes which seek to enslave the masses, and there can be but one issue in such a conflict. Robbery and fraud—and I use the terms with well-considered appreciation of their import—have forced the battle by the demand for national approval of the odious and oppressive taxes of the McKinley tariff.

Labor is told by McKinley himself that these taxes are for labor to gather and not for capital, and when so told, why should it not rise up and demand its own? If refused now, will it be content? How can there be labor rest when protection teachers tell labor that protection taxes are solely for labor, and labor knows that if protection teaching be true, it is robbed? Or that if not true, it is defrauded by false promises? Will it not return again and again to the conflict? And when all else fails, will it not come with *lex talionis* emblazoned on its banners? There is one, and only one, way to labor peace and labor content, and that is by the prompt repeal of all needless taxes on the necessities of life and of all taxes levied ostensibly for labor, which are now perverted to satiate the greed of the monopoly power that buys elections with the plunder of robbed industry, and contracts with the power whose success it purchases, for oppressive taxation of the people to repay an hundredfold the price of political debauchery.

WHAT HIGH TAXES HAVE DONE.

The McKinley tariff has now been in operation two years, and the same baleful policy of excessive taxation of the people has been maintained since the necessities of war ceased, with the McKinley tariff increasing its oppressive features. That restrictive policy drove American commerce from the seas of the world for a generation, and now the same insane policy is illustrated by trying to revive commerce by paternalism and taxation. With free ships we would have had the stars and stripes floating over our commerce in all waters of the world, and long ere this, with free opportunities, we would have been building our own ships. It has abolished the sailor industry that once gave us 100,000 of the best sailors of the oceans. It has increased the cost of the necessities of business by the madness of taxes on raw materials, and thus increased the cost of American products, reduced their consumption and necessarily lessened the demand for labor. It has increased needless taxes on the necessities of life to satiate the greed of combined capital, without increasing the wages of the workman. It has given us monopoly combines to control prices of nearly all the products we consume. It has built up the plutocracy of centralized wealth here that dated the decline and fall of Rome, then the mistress of the world, and it has made the common mind familiar with three alliterative words of fearful import—tariff, trusts, tramps. It has given labor unrest in all the industries it professes to protect, and bred labor disorders in every section of the land. It teaches labor that it is protected by the taxes levied upon all in the name of protection, and labor has finally awakened to the fact that it is robbed of its protection while oppressed by increased cost of living. It is this now generally known fact in labor circles that crimsoned the records of our State with murder at Homestead;

that filled the mountain regions of Tennessee with outlaws bent on bloodshed, and that halted the great building industries of New England and New York for half the season. It has benefited the few who paid the price of political debauchery to win such legislation, and it has oppressed the many until the sullen murmurs of revolution come up from the cheated workmen of the country. Such is the record, such the achievements of high war taxes levied in time of peace, and on this record I here arraign the McKinley tariff policy as mingled robbery and fraud, and carry the appeal to the sober convictions of this intelligent audience, and to the considerate judgment of the American people.



FREE INTERNAL COMMERCE.

FREE INTERNAL COMMERCE.

Few of the present day can recall the stubborn battle made in the Pennsylvania Legislature more than a generation ago to unshackle our internal commerce and enable our great State and its great commercial emporium to compete with the other cities of the East for Western trade and traffic. When the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was incorporated by special charter, the State owned the Columbia Railroad, extending from Philadelphia to Columbia on the Susquehanna River, and the main line of the Canal from thence to Pittsburgh, including the Portage Railroad over the Alleghenies. As the new railroad would parallel the State canal and thus compete for its traffic, a tonnage tax of five mills per mile was imposed on all the traffic of the railroad to compensate for the supposed injury to the trade of the canal. At that day none dreamed of a great trunk line like the present Pennsylvania Railroad system—the largest and best appointed on the continent—and no serious objections were interposed against the illiberal tax on tonnage; but when the new railroad had been completed to Pittsburgh, the tax was found to be prohibitory to Western trade, as it could reach the other Eastern cities by the New York and Baltimore lines, free from tax, and thus at cheaper rates.

It soon became apparent that the tax on tonnage must be repealed or the Pennsylvania Railroad must be content to be a local line for traffic created between its terminal

points. The tax was first reduced to three mills per mile; later the tax was repealed on coal and lumber because it was prohibitory; again the entire tax was repealed in the bill for the sale of the main line in 1857, but the Supreme Court declared the section repealing it to be unconstitutional because it gave special exemption from taxation to certain property of the corporation. It was not until 1861 that this most unjust and suicidal policy of shackling our internal commerce was abolished, and it was accomplished only after one of the most bitter of all our legislative contests.

Mr. McClure's address was entirely extemporaneous, as is obvious from the fact that it is wholly devoted to a reply to one of the ablest of the opposition Senators, who had just closed an impassioned appeal for continued exercise of the unwise policy that was driving the whole commerce of the West away from our State. It was one of the most exciting debates ever had in the Senate. The lobby, the aisles and every vacant space in the Senate were packed with spectators, and it was late in the night session when Mr. Clymer called Mr. McClure out to answer him. A number of set speeches were ready for delivery, but when the debate between Mr. Clymer and Mr. McClure ended, by Mr. McClure's speech herein given, none claimed the floor and the vote was taken, resulting in the passage of the measure by one more than a majority of the body. The vital issue of that day has perished, as our internal commerce was made free by the act referred to; but the reasons so forcibly given by Mr. McClure portray the strange prejudices which then confronted liberal progress in the second State of the Union.

INTERNAL COMMERCE SHOULD BE FREE.*

MR. SPEAKER :—The Senator from Berks (Mr. Clymer) has certainly achieved a brilliant success in greatly astounding himself ; and I risk little in saying that he should be prepared for another sensation when he shall discover how seriously and how strangely he has erred. I do not mean that he has erred in any matters of theory or of judgment or of State policy—for such errors I was fully prepared, and meant to excuse them ; but when so learned a Senator as the gentleman from Berks defies stubborn facts and the simplest rules of arithmetic, I scarcely know how, even in charity, to reconcile his remarks with his claims to frankness and intelligence. I believe that he has meant to fight this bill fairly. I do not question the sincerity of his convictions in resisting this measure ; but he has manifestly studied the question ; his array of tables and calculations, so often appealed to in support of his position, gives evidence that he has exhausted his mathematics to swell the tide of ruin that is to overwhelm us when the bill shall become a law. It is but fair, therefore, on a question so momentous in its results, to hold him to a strict accountability for his startling declarations, and I shall leave to him the task of explaining how he has reared for himself such a frightful monument of blunders.

He seems to have resolved upon the sensation style of oratory—a style perhaps well adapted to his clarion voice

* Delivered in the Pennsylvania Senate, February 27, 1861.

and his admiring constituents when clustered around the hustings—but the Pennsylvania Senator owes higher and holier duties to a Commonwealth than tickling antiquated fancies or resisting true and enlightened progress by perverting facts and figures. He was most unfortunate in his very starting point. I was amazed at his positive declaration that we had sacrificed millions of revenue by the construction of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and was lost in wonder as to where he meant to rest a pretext for the assumption. At last the explanation came, and the right of way of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad through a portion of our State westward was the canvas on which the thrilling picture of wrong to Pennsylvania was painted. And what is it when reduced to simple, unvarnished truth? As the first legislation was had before I was born, the Senator from Berks will excuse any want of details; but the main facts are few and easily understood. In 1827 the Legislature of this State granted the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad the right of way over our soil; and as it was the corporation of a rival State, aiming to build up a rival commercial city, a tax was imposed, by the terms of the charter, upon its tonnage, and perhaps upon its passengers. This would doubtless have been a fruitful source of revenue to our treasury, but for the simple fact that the corporators or stockholders declined to accept it. But how the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, then nearly a quarter of a century in the future and unthought of by anyone, is now to be held responsible for that loss, will certainly be difficult of satisfactory explanation. It is true that in later years the charter was renewed to the Baltimore and Ohio, and it is also true that when the Central Railroad was incorporated it was enacted that if a certain portion of the Central route should be completed within a given time, the right of way for the Maryland Road would then cease. But the Senator from Berks cannot be ignorant of the fact

that since the construction of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Legislature has chartered a company to occupy precisely the same route as that asked for by the Baltimore and Ohio, leading directly through a portion of our State into Baltimore without imposing a farthing of tax either upon the tonnage or passengers, and the corporation is bankrupt and the road has never been made. This is the brilliant revenue scheme that has been blasted, according to the theory of the Senator from Berks—a road that no one will build, whose stock is valueless and whose bonds are worthless. I need hardly say that I refer to the Connellsville Road.

MR. CLYMER. Do I understand the Senator to say that in the act incorporating the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, or giving it the right of way, there was no tonnage tax imposed? Do I understand him to say, further, that there was no tax upon passengers?

MR. MCCLURE. I certainly said no such thing. I stated, I think distinctly, that a charter was given, and a tax imposed upon tonnage and it may be upon passengers; but the people of Baltimore never accepted it. They were too wise—they looked too carefully to the interests of their commercial city, thus to trammel the trade that entered their sea-port; and, in after years, when our own Legislature re-chartered the same route to a Pennsylvania company, to carry the produce of our own people to a foreign city, no tax of any kind was imposed. I trust the gentlemen understands me now. His grand revenue bubble has been pierced, and it wastes into nothingness. The untold millions of revenue which he insisted we had bargained away, in order to construct the Pennsylvania Railroad, proves to be the offerings of a road that Baltimore twice refused to make, and Pennsylvania still refuses to make, and that has given bankruptcy to all who attempted to bring it into life, although it is free from all restrictions upon tonnage and travel.

Let me here suggest to the Senator from Berks how his eloquence might have appealed to this Senate with all the power of justice. Relying upon his premises as harmonizing with a correct State policy, he should have gone farther than merely to demand that the transporters on the Pennsylvania Railroad shall pay a tax to the State. I can appreciate his flattering encomiums lavished upon his own immediate constituents. I concede even that they might raise their hands and thank God that they are not as other men—that they are not radical, reckless innovators. But when we come to the question of taxation, looking to that equality that is due from the government to every class and section of our people, I cannot understand why a ton of goods must pay a tax when it passes through Lancaster to Philadelphia, and why it must go free if it passes through the County of Berks. Upon this point the Senator was strangely remiss. In his almost frantic energy in advocating a tax upon tonnage, he should not have forgotten that equal and exact justice to all in imposing the burdens of the State, is one of the first duties of the Legislature. When he leaves the beautiful City of Reading for the commercial emporium of the Commonwealth, he passes over a road, running through the fruitful farms of his constituents, that has a capital considerably greater than that of the monster corporation that has thrown him into such violent paroxysms on this floor to-night; that pays less than one-third the ordinary taxes to the treasury paid by the Central Road; and yet it has never paid a farthing of tax upon its tonnage. Can he inform this Senate why the farmer, factor or miner, who lives in the interior or western part of the State along the Pennsylvania Railroad, must pay a tribute to the treasury for the right to reach a home market, while the farmer, factor, or miner, of Lebanon, Berks, Schuylkill, etc., are untaxed? Suppose that we should, to-day, impose a tax upon the tonnage of the Reading Road, upon the more

than two millions of tons of coal it annually carries to market, as well as the rich harvests of the farms, and the fruits of the furnaces and factories, which have no other channel for transportation. In the present depressed condition of industry it would beggar a thousand homes, and paralyze countless energy and capital.

If we should adopt the policy of the Senator from Berks, he surely could not resist its general application ; and if we were to impose this tax upon the industry of his own people, he could not return to his constituents. What answer could he make to their lamentations? He could only say that he advocated the doctrine of taxing the energies of the people of the State, and that the State has accepted his theory—that it had not wronged his people but had been just to them. Do I err in this? If I had digged a pit and fallen into it on this question, by appealing to the passions or prejudices of my own people, I should, I think, at least be silent when one portion of the State asks merely to be placed upon terms of equality with those I represent ; or if silence would not answer, I would say boldly—tax my own constituents, tax all, for all should pay alike. Is the Senator from Berks prepared for this? If so, he is consistent, and he should to-morrow bring in a bill to tax the thrift and sinews of his admired and admiring constituents. If he is not prepared for such a law, how in the name of justice can he demand that this unequal restriction shall be imposed upon others?

Nor does the force of his argument end here. We not only tax the tonnage of our own farms and mines transported to or from any point between Harrisburg and Pittsburg, while all our other lines leading to Philadelphia are free ; but we have opened a direct route to New York from this place, over which our produce can be carried free to a rival city, while it is taxed if it goes through Lancaster to our own great emporium of trade. Is this just to Philadelphia? Is it just to our own

producers? Is it just to the State? The tax upon tonnage is either right and should be universal, or it is not right and should be abandoned. Especially should we not discriminate against lines leading to our own city, or make our trade to a foreign city free, while it is taxed when it comes to enrich our own State and people. Can the Senator from Berks, representing as he does a constituency that has free transportation, reconcile his opposition to this bill with that golden rule that bids him to do unto others as he would have them do unto him?

I must here refer, in plain, practical terms, to a point that has elicited the bitterest denunciation from the Senator from Berks. He insists that we will diminish the revenues of the State by commuting the tonnage tax. Our revenues would certainly be greater with such a tax than without it, and if imposed equally upon Berks and Dauphin, Franklin and Westmoreland, would be much greater still. But it must be remembered that we have had no revenue from this source for three years, and the State was never more prosperous. It is, therefore, not now a necessity; and we provide in this bill that if it shall ever become a necessity, it must be reinstated on the Pennsylvania Railroad and be also levied upon the Reading and other roads. Then it would be just, however unwise may be the policy. But the great issue is above the question of revenue. Shall Pennsylvania be paralyzed in her energies in a great struggle for the wealth of a continent, by unequal taxes imposed upon her own capital, her own energy, her own industry? Shall she stand while the whole world moves on? Shall she be as a giant, bound hand and foot, while on every side of us the liberal teachings of experience have given new impulses on every side to wealth, and enlightened legislation has gathered to rival commercial marts around us that which a beneficent God marked on the great map of nature as the tribute of our Western Empire of

Pennsylvania? It may, in time, effect a million of direct revenue, or ten millions if you please, while in the same period its removal will enrich our commerce, and our producers of every kind, and add scores of millions to the taxable wealth of the State. The construction of the Pennsylvania Railroad has, in ten years, added fifty millions to our taxable property along its line; and, in addition, it pays in legitimate taxes, independent of tonnage duties, what is the interest of nearly two millions of our debt. For this it is treated as a monster and a curse. It pays more direct taxes for State purposes in ten years than the whole County of Berks has paid in the last century. Still it is to be regarded as a mere beast of burden to the State, while every other railroad is incorporated on the principles now recognized by all other States and all other enlightened nations. If it be for revenue, remember it is thrown directly upon the strong arms of your own sons, who make your forests wave with golden harvests—your mountains yield up their exhaustless riches—who start the hum of your spindles, and the rude music of your forges—who rear your schools and churches, and scatter in wild profusion, the beauty and bounty of progressive civilization. And it falls upon them unequally, and therein at least unjustly. It falls upon them, too, not for their own benefit, but for the benefit of the competing energy of rival cities, of rival States, of rival thoroughfares.

The Senator from Berks is also mistaken in the assumption that the Pennsylvania Railroad gains a million and a half by this bill over the bill of 1857 for the sale of the main line. Just the reverse is the truth. By the Act of 1857, the railroad was to be released from all taxes upon tonnage and also from State taxes on all its property perpetually, in consideration of the payment of one and a half millions additional for the main line. Under this bill it pays, as the Senator from Berks admits by his own

multiplication table, more than the amount it owes for the main line with interest, and pays it, too, in a much shorter time than its contract with the State demands ; and he overlooks the very important fact that in addition to that, it pays annually, for all time to come, the regular rate of tax upon all its property, which now amounts to the interest of nearly two millions of State bonds. We have thus a certain and steadily increasing revenue from the taxes of this corporation, in addition to its payment to the State for thirty years under the provisions of this bill.

Another fatal blunder of the Senator from Berks—and perhaps the least excusable of all—is his assumption that the construction of the railroad destroyed the value of our main line of improvements. He based a considerable portion of his argument on this point, and pressed it upon the Senate with almost startling earnestness. I cannot think that he is utterly indifferent to the truth of his assumptions ; but when the facts of this important feature of his comedy of errors are of such easy access—when the figures are on the shelves of this hall—how are such mistakes, going to the very heart of his argument, to be explained? So far from the railroad destroying the main line of our public works, their revenue steadily increased from year to year after the railroad was built. The railroad brought to our State millions of produce that otherwise would have sought rival channels of trade ; new sources of trade were created along the line, and all of it had to pass over the Columbia Road as it hurried onward to build up our own commerce. Look at the records, and the eloquence of the Senator is forgotten in his want of intelligence.

But when all argument is answered, we are met with the allegation that it is a solemn contract. They tell us that it is so nominated in the bond, and although it takes our life-blood, it must be paid. Pray, who made

the contract and what is its history? The bill incorporating the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was thrown upon the Legislature as a measure of protection to our State in the midst of the movements of rival cities to tap our commerce. It was not the child of favor even with many of our commercial people, and had the State imposed twenty mills it would have occasioned little or no concern. In accordance with the illiberal spirit that has so long and so fatally characterized our legislative policy, a tax of five mills per ton was levied upon its tonnage. When the road was built, and its great source of wealth to Pennsylvania was foreshadowed, the tax was found to be destructive of its usefulness and prosperity. The Legislature was compelled to recede a step, and the tax was reduced from five to three mills. But even that amount was a positive prohibition upon certain articles; and it was not until our coal dealers found Philadelphia and Harrisburg lighted by gas made from foreign coal, that the suicidal policy of the Legislature was clearly manifested. A tax of three mills per ton per mile on coal and lumber was absolutely prohibitory; and Virginia and Europe took possession of our coal markets, while untold millions slumbered in our mines, and our own people were pleading for the privilege to develop them. Again the Legislature had to recede, and the tax upon coal and lumber was repealed, and millions of tons have found a market since, to the exclusion of foreign competitors. The same inexorable laws of trade which demanded the abandonment of the policy of taxing tonnage on certain articles, applied with equal force to every ton of produce of every kind; and in 1857 the Legislature again receded and repealed the tax absolutely. But for the unfortunate mistake of the Legislature in proposing to receive a bonus of a million and a half for the release of all taxes of every kind, Pennsylvania would now be surpassing both New York and Maryland in every element

of commercial progress and advancing industry. New York has set the example by unconditionally repealing all taxes upon tonnage as soon as Pennsylvania aroused from her slumbers and stretched her iron bands over the Alleghenies to compete for the wealth of the West, and Pennsylvania could hesitate to follow only at her peril. She has hesitated long, and has suffered immeasurably therefor. We bowed to imperative State necessity in reducing this tax, again in repealing it on certain of our own products, and again in repealing it absolutely; and now, in obedience to the same imperious rule, we must recede from it again, or the wealth of a liberal age will recede from us. The time has come when, in justice to our State and its energies, we must declare that here, as in all the world beside, internal commerce must be free.

Sir, I had not intended, and did not rise to debate this question in detail. It seemed to be necessary that the misstatements made with such apparent earnestness and positiveness should be corrected lest men here and elsewhere might be misled into condemning a measure the wisdom of which will be undisputed in less than a Senatorial term. By this bill we make the positive provision for the payment of our State debt, and under our amended Constitution no future Legislature can divert the means we are now about to provide. The payments, with the ordinary resources of the sinking fund, will entirely cancel the debt in a quarter of a century; and in five years our State taxes can be reduced nearly if not quite one-half. We propose also to afford protection to the people of Pennsylvania by requiring the railroad company to reduce its tariff for local freights, so as to destroy the present unfair, but perhaps until now unavoidable, discrimination against our home trade. We require that this tax shall be released to the people—not to the corporation—by compelling a reduction of freights to the exact amount of the tax; and the right to reimpose it is

reserved, with the obviously just condition that, if ever reinstated, it shall visit its blessings upon the people of Berks as well as upon the people of the interior and Western counties.

And when this struggle shall have been ended, and this last relic of fatalism to our varied interests blotted from our statutes, pray who will not rejoice? Turn to Philadelphia, the second commercial and the first manufacturing city of the Union. Eleven millions of her capital are embraced in the thirty millions required to build the Pennsylvania Railroad. They constructed this great artery of trade, scattering wealth profusely on every side as it progressed—rearing towns as if by magic, and adding to the value of every acre of soil to which it opens an avenue of transportation. They have reduced the cost of transit nearly one-half, and we now mean to reduce it still more; and although millions of taxable property have been added to the Commonwealth to enrich its treasury, we interpose an arbitrary, unequal statute, and repel the wealth of other States. It can go to New York, it can go to Baltimore, it can pass through the British possessions to a foreign market, without any restrictions whatever; but when it enters Pennsylvania it has passed the bounds of liberal ideas. The next generation will be amazed when reminded of the earnest struggle in the highest legislative tribunal of the State to-night on this question. They may be told that while none—no not one—ventured to defend the policy of taxing tonnage, yet a large minority voted steadily in favor of it because they feared they should not be sustained. They have created and cherished prejudices amongst their constituents in their petty contests with petty men, and they fear to be just to a mighty Commonwealth lest new men should supplant them for the crime of being right rather than consistent. Sir, it is humiliating to witness the yielding of grave legislators to error. The Senator from Berks should remember that he is

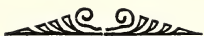
not to legislate merely for to-day ; that he is called upon to act on questions which must tell upon the prosperity of the State when he and I shall have passed away. He may have to combat the prejudices of the ignorant and the schemes of the reckless ; but the true test of a public measure by which a sworn legislator should be guided, is its inherent justice—its proffered blessings to the people who have confided their interests in our hands. The sculptor of old who was employed to prepare a statue for the pinnacle of a temple, brought it before the people and they jeered and derided him as they stood face to face with the ungainly, ill-shaped form. But he had not chiseled it to stand before them ; and when he raised it to its place, and distance gave it beauty and symmetry, it extorted the unmingled applause of the multitude. Sir, it is only too true that this question, confessedly right, braves prejudices in some sections which time alone can dispel. However priceless its fruits, there are those who will not understand it ; but I prefer not to be one who shall shape the statue so that when placed above the fatal prejudices of the day, it will prove unsightly and ill proportioned because it was fashioned to make the world stand still. I submit to Senators whether this issue is not the inevitable policy of the State ; whether it will not stand the searching test of time and experience. If it be so, let no man who has sworn to discharge his duty be faithless to his convictions. Brave, true men seldom fall, while the timid, time-serving pass away with the error that flung them into life. The constituents of the Senator from Berks hesitate long and move slowly to accept any departure from the policy of their fathers ; but the man who leads them to liberal progress will deserve well of them and of the State. Pennsylvania turns to-day with pride to the men who were in advance of their time. Go to our national capital and you will see a man who has reached the age allotted to mortals, wending his way to

his seat in the House of Representatives. His eye is undimmed, and his heart still strong in its fidelity to his convictions. His race is well nigh run, and he shall soon be gathered to the City of the Silent, unwept it may be by a single kinsman within our borders. He may have erred in his political policy, but when all his real or imaginary errors shall have been forgotten, his memory will be cherished as is that of Governor Wolf now, by every philanthropist and patriot, for giving to Pennsylvania, in advance of her prejudices, a beneficent system of universal education. Every village or rural school, where the humble and the opulent can alike have trained the immortal minds committed to their care, is a monument as enduring as the hills to the wisdom of Thaddeus Stevens and his coadjutors, who braved the prejudices of their day, looking to the intelligence of our people for the safety and greatness of the government. It may have cost him success, if you please; it may have driven him from power, as Berks and other counties from year to year reared the banners of "No free schools," and protested in these halls against being compelled to educate their own sons—the future guardians of our free institutions; but to truth belongs the eternal years of God, and even Berks now blesses the policy of the friendless New Englander adventurer. He is to-day the Representative of the leading county of the East, chosen by a unanimous vote; standing confessedly at the head of his delegation, and second to but few if any in enduring national fame. Where are those who fought the battles against him, and triumphed on the tide of prejudice? Forgotten? Certainly unknown, save to be marked as the lingering relics of popular ignorance. It is so of those who gave us public improvements. They cost the State some good men, and gave it very many bad men; and, although their management may be blotted with infamy and their history be but an unbroken record of speculation and

wrong, yet they have given us advancement—they have given us hundreds of millions of wealth and opened up for our great State its present glory. Is this not the truth of history? And has the time not come, in this noon-tide of the nineteenth century, when a Pennsylvania Senate can rise above unfounded prejudice and move onward with the liberal progress of the world around us? If we would do so, we must make our internal commerce free; we must unshackle our own producers; we must invite, by an enlightened policy, the rich offerings of the industry of every State that seeks the sea-board, and let it build up our cities, give new vigor to our commerce and new energy and increased prosperity to our people.

END OF VOLUME ONE.





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