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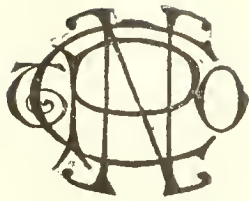
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ESSAYS ON MEN, THINGS AND EVENTS
HISTORICAL, PERSONAL AND POLITICAL



ESSAYS ON MEN, THINGS
AND EVENTS

HISTORICAL, PERSONAL AND POLITICAL

INCLUDING ESSAYS ON

ROSCOE CONKLING, THADDEUS STEVENS
MATTHEW H. CARPENTER, ANDREW JOHNSON
JOHN J. INGALLS, SEARGENT S. PRENTISS
OLIVER P. MORTON, LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR
SAMUEL J. TILDEN, THE FAMILY OF FIELD
MARCUS A. HANNA, THOMAS B. REED
BENJAMIN H. HILL, GEORGE F. HOAR
FRANK WOLFORD, STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS
THOMAS C. PLATT

BY

SAVOYARD

ILLUSTRATED BY A FRONTISPIECE PORTRAIT
TO EACH ESSAY—SEVENTEEN IN ALL

NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON

THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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DEDICATION

This book is published for the benefit of intelligent boys. My object is to impart to them, so far as I am able, a taste for reading and a thirst for knowledge. There is no more desired blessing than the "reading-habit." It frees us from irksome hours and introduces our understanding to the best and greatest of all ages.

In the fullness of time, in the order of nature, youths of today must come to be the future public servants of our great country. To them this book is inscribed, with the admonition that only the Right ever really succeeds and, in the end, nothing but the Right is popular.

SAVOYARD.

WASHINGTON, May 1, 1904.

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ROSCOE CONKLING

SAVOYARD'S ESSAYS

ROSCOE CONKLING

Parliamentary government, as it is practiced in England and America, was evolved out of the feudal system of the Plantagenet. Its history is the history of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is the result of the tremendous struggle between prerogative and liberty that began before King John confirmed the great charter on the banks of Runnymede, and continued through the centuries until prerogative was shorn of every flower possible, without the sacrifice of order, and the right to life and liberty, and the pursuit of happiness were secured to the humblest and the greatest alike. Its germ was in the polity of those barbarians who resisted Cæsar, Agricola, and Germanicus, and afterward overthrew and did their utmost to obliterate

“The glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.”

We find that embryo in Germany, France, and Spain ere the dark ages receded before the renaissance; we find it weak, languid, helpless, indeed, even in Russia, abode of completest absolutism.

In the British isles parliamentary government has existed in greatest vigor and brought forth the most abundant and prolific harvest of liberty—liberty of action and liberty of conscience. The revolt against the Plantagenet in 1215 was by and for the Nobles; the revolt against the Stuart in 1688 was by and for the Commons. It was not until King James found a throne without a kingdom at Saint Germain's that the English people actually and ostensibly began to rule and conferred absolute power upon the Commons House of Parliament, a power that created and settled dynasties, held the purse, subordinated the military establishment, enacted the bill of rights, governed with a firm hand, and maintained liberty, restrained by order, in a realm barbarian, until illumined by the literature of the Elizabethan era, and quickened to civilization by the action of the Cromwellian era.

Since the will of the House of Commons has been the British constitution Anglo-Saxon England has been governed by a debating society, clothed with both executive and legislative power—a debating society that wounded France at Ryswick, and humiliated France at Utrecht; that planted the cross of St. George in every clime, that lost the most loyal of dependencies when our forefathers rebelled in '76, that again humiliated France in 1815, when France's master combined "more than the power of Louis the Great with more than the genius of Frederick the Great," that established a sound credit in 1694, and from that day England became the world's banker, as she afterward became mistress of the seas and the sea's commerce. Each in his turn—Halifax, Somers, Montague, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Carteret, Pitt,

father and son, Fox, father and son, Burke, Sheridan, Grey, Canning, Brougham, Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli, and Gladstone, was the persuader of England, and so in America, for these names have had their prototypes among us, just as our government is an offshoot of the English polity. We, too, have had our statesmen who ruled America by ruling the American Congress—the American Debating Society.

There are two classes of statesmen—the active and the speculative. Chatham was the leading executive of his day, as well as the leading orator. On the other hand, Burke was the first thinker of Europe, but his finest speeches, perhaps the greatest since the golden age of Athens, were delivered to empty benches, and though he was a much greater intellect than either of them, he in turn was content to be a follower of both Fox and Pitt. There may be, and often there is, a wide distinction between a great intellect and a great man. Bacon had a far superior intellect to Cromwell, yet few will dispute that Cromwell was a far greater man than Bacon. In our country some of the leading active statesmen have been Hamilton, De Witt Clinton, Jackson, and Thaddeus Stevens. The speculative and expounding American statesmen of the first rank have been Jefferson, Webster, Calhoun, and Marshall. Sometimes the two are combined in a single individual, but not in superlative degree—not even in Chatham's case. In our country Clay, Benton, Douglas, and Lincoln were not only men of action, but men of thought.

But after all the rule is that a parliamentary reputation is fleeting. When we reflect upon the great part that Roscoe Conkling played on the stage of Ameri-

can politics for the double decade beginning with 1861 and ending with 1881, and contrast the place he held in the public eye in the day of his grandeur with the place his name occupies at this time in the minds of those of ordinary intelligence and average information we have a vivid conception of how ephemeral is the fame of the parliamentary leader, even when that leader was such a forceful and brilliant man as Mr. Conkling certainly was. Without being in the first rank of American statesmen, that rank that can be numbered on the fingers of the two hands and perhaps on the fingers of one, he is certainly among the élite of the second rank, along with Benton, Douglas, Seward, Stephens, Chase, Sumner, Fessenden, Toombs, Thurman, Carlisle, Ben Hill, and Blaine. Douglas himself, who played even a greater part than Conkling, is almost forgotten. He was the Blaine of the Democratic party at the time the Democratic party had been as long dominant as the Republican party had been when Arthur surrendered the Presidency to Cleveland. We know that he was affectionately and admiringly styled the "Little Giant"; we know that he was the first debater of his day; we know that his speeches in the two Houses of Congress would fill volumes; we know that he dreamed of and schemed for the Presidency; we know that his nomination for that great dignity sundered his party as the nomination of Blaine, a quarter of a century later, divided the Republican party, and that is about all the average man knows of Stephen A. Douglas. Nobody quotes him, as few quote, or will quote, Blaine, except as all speakers of Congress are quoted, though Blaine wrote a book

and has written volumes of diplomatic dispatches, to say nothing of his speeches.

Take Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, and his State must be mentioned to locate him. In his day he was a leading Senator and an admirable Secretary, but the National House of Representatives, with a membership of three hundred and eighty-six, now sitting in the Capitol, might be polled, and it is extremely doubtful if a quorum could answer correctly whether Ewing was Whig or Democrat. Take George Evans, and, like Ewing, he is forgotten. I doubt if fifty men in the Fifty-eighth Congress could tell what State he hailed from. Yet for mental virility, for breadth of intellect, for depth of understanding, for forceful logic, for capacity as a parliamentary debater, he was the foremost man Maine ever produced, above Reed, above Blaine, above even Fessenden. Take McDuffie, the fiery Rupert of debate, the Mills of his day, the leader of the free traders, and a triumphant leader, as the final result showed, and who remembers him outside of South Carolina and Georgia? And so with Conkling, next to Samuel J. Tilden, De Witt Clinton, and Alexander Hamilton, the greatest New York statesman that had appeared on the stage when he left it, above Burr, above Van Buren, above Wright, above Marcy, above Seward, and who will remember him when he shall have been dead as long as Evans, or Douglas, or McDuffie, or Ewing? A writer with half the genius, in his field, these men displayed in the Senate would be immortal. Not only is the pen mightier than the sword, but it is infinitely mightier than the tongue.

I

The Conkling family came from Nottinghamshire, England, and it is a saying in that country to this day that the Conklings were there when the Conqueror came, gained the day at Hastings, seized the crown, and took possession of the realm. Not only is the name Saxon, but the Senator was Saxon. Saxon in strength and length of limb, in beauty and grace of person, in color of eye and hair. The father of Benjamin Franklin likewise came from Nottinghamshire. When the first Conkling came to America he settled in New England, driven from his ancestral home in old England doubtless by the tyranny of the last Stuart. That was in the seventeenth century. The father of Roscoe was a leading lawyer, judge, and member of Congress during the second quarter of the present century, and lived to witness the legal and political triumphs of both of his sons. Roscoe was born October 30, 1829. A few months later Blaine was born, and a year and a month later still Garfield was born. As a lad Conkling gave little promise of what he afterward became, the most persistent and the most untiring of students. He loved play more than books, but he refused to play unless he led, and his associates instinctively accorded him the leadership. At an early age his father placed him at Albany Academy, where he soon developed a fondness for studies, and, as in the Senate later, he would be content with nothing but first place, and before he was sixteen he was head boy in the school.

His father was the intimate personal friend of such men as Chancellor Kent, President Van Buren, John Quincy Adams, Governor Throop, Smith

Thompson, and Thurlow Weed, and those gentlemen were frequent guests at the home of the elder Conkling, where the boy was admitted to their presence in terms of familiarity and even equality, and this circumstance, doubtless, first lighted the spark of political ambition in his breast. Even at that early age he was celebrated for his wonderful memory and splendid diction. When he had acquired all the knowledge that could be obtained at the academy he refused to enter college for the reason that he had determined to enter politics and would lose no time. His father placed him in the law office of Spencer & Kernan, the latter a Democrat, whose Romish faith possibly cost him the nomination for Governor in 1874, when Tilden was chosen. In 1862 he defeated Conkling for Congress and was defeated by him in 1864. He was his pupil's colleague in the Senate from 1875 to 1881, when Platt succeeded him.

Conkling was admitted to the bar before he attained his majority, and at the age of twenty years he became prosecuting attorney of Oneida County. He acquired but one language, but he was a most perfect master of that. He was fond of the English classics, and his favorite poet was Byron—as he was Greeley's—many of whose most elaborate productions he was able to repeat from beginning to end. He knew the Bible from lid to lid, and was very fond of quoting it. After he resigned from the Senate he found himself opposed to Benjamin F. Butler in a trial at nisi prius, and the two fell to quoting Scripture against each other, which continued for a long time, much to the edification of the court, bar, jury, and spectators.

While yet a student in the office of Spencer & Kernan young Conkling obtained possession of Goodrich's "British Eloquence," a collection of speeches never surpassed in the English tongue. He devoured the book, and it is said by his biographer that he could repeat whole pages of it, and thus it was that the eloquence of the Pitts, the Foxes, Burke, Sheridan, Erskine, Curran, Grattan, and others of like ilk, became the models of the wonderful speeches Conkling afterward delivered on the stump and in both Houses of Congress. In 1852, young as he was, he canvassed New York for Gen. Scott, and established, even that early in life, a State reputation. He was a follower of Seward, and it was in his school he mastered those political methods by which he was enabled to dominate the Empire State for a score of years. He joined the Republican party the year it was formed, and in 1858, at the age of twenty-nine years, he was elected Mayor of Utica. This seems to be a favorite office with New York politicians. De Witt Clinton resigned a seat in the United States Senate to become Mayor of New York when that city was a village compared with the Baltimore or the Boston of to-day. Wright and Marcy were Mayors, Fernando Wood was a Mayor, Seward was a Mayor, Cleveland was a Mayor, and so was David B. Hill.

In 1858 Conkling was nominated for Congress. He did not desire the office; he felt that he was too poor to enter political life at the National Capital, and he had resolved to acquire a fortune at the bar before he embarked on that larger theater where he was destined to play so great a part. Asked by a friend why he was a candidate for Congress if he did not want it, he replied: "Because some men object

to my nomination. So long as one man opposes me I shall stand for Congress." There is the key to his character. He was a good fighter, a good hater, and the best mark for what Thomas B. Reed called "good old-fashioned envy" of his day. He was elected, though his brother-in-law, Horatio Seymour, spoke and voted against him. He took his seat in Congress in December, 1859.

It was the famous "Helper Book" Congress, the Congress that investigated and discussed the John Brown raid. It was months before a Speaker was chosen, and that Speaker belonged to neither of the dominant parties. It was the last Congress that sat and wrangled before armies were encamped on the Potomac, the Cumberland, and the Osage to seam the land with graves and fertilize the soil with blood. The war of words was to give place to the war of swords. There were Justin S. Morrill, Charles Francis Adams, and Anson Burlingame; Henry L. Dawes, Daniel E. Sickles, and John Cochrane; F. E. Spinner, R. E. Fenton, and William Pennington, the latter the Speaker; Thomas B. Florence, John Hickman, and Thaddeus Stevens; G. A. Grow, John Covode, and Henry Winter Davis; Roger A. Pryor, Thomas A. Boccock, and "Extra Billy" Smith; A. R. Boteler, Zebulon B. Vance, and L. M. Keitt; James L. Pugh, L. Q. C. Lamar, and George H. Pendleton; C. L. Vallandigham, John Hutchins, and J. M. Ashley; Thomas Corwin, S. S. Cox, and John Sherman; John A. Bingham, Horace Maynard, and W. S. Holman; E. B. Washburn, Owen Lovejoy, and John A. Logan; John Young Brown, William E. Simms, and Emerson Etheridge. Of all that Congress—Senate and House—no one is now in the National Councils.

II

Conkling's first speech was upon the all-absorbing slavery question, and it might be characterized without any very violent assumption as a plea for nullification. It was an able and savage attack on the fugitive slave law that had been approved by a free-soil President and had been adjudged constitutional by the Supreme Judiciary of the Federal Government. In truth, nullification is patriotism or treason according to the standpoint whence it is viewed, and so it is with the whole gamut of right and wrong. In 1860 Conkling was re-elected to Congress. He had served his novitiate and now began to assume a leadership for which nature had designed him. He was one of the most trusted of all the lieutenants of Thaddeus Stevens. It was the Congress that adopted the Crittenden resolutions of July, 1861, the day after the first Bull Run. It was the last apology made by the Federal Government, but it was an apology that did much to preserve Kentucky to the Union, encourage the Union party in West Virginia, Maryland, Missouri, and Tennessee, and prevent Southern unity. Next to Stevens and Henry Winter Davis, Conkling was the most conspicuous man on the Republican side. In 1862 there was a reaction at the North. Up to that time the war had been a failure. Not only had Richmond not been taken, but Lee and Jackson were in Maryland; Bragg and Kirby Smith were in Kentucky; Price and McCullough were victorious in Missouri, and Southern arms triumphed everywhere. Scores of Northern Republicans lost their seats in Congress, and among them was Conkling. He was defeated by his old preceptor, Francis Ker-

nan, and he had already made some enemies for whom he was admired; but enemies who afterward snarled at him when his self-respect forced his resignation from the Senate. In 1864, however, the political tide turned again, and Conkling defeated Kernan for re-election.

When he came to Washington in 1865 he found there James G. Blaine, and thereby hangs a tale. Secretary Stanton had employed Conkling to prosecute Army officers who had been dealing in substitutes and had administered the draft laws in the interest of those communities that had bribed them. One Haddock, a major in the Regular Army, was provost marshal of the Western District of New York. He was an unmitigated scoundrel, and no man took more delight in exposing and punishing a scoundrel than Conkling. He cited Haddock before a military commission and prosecuted him with extraordinary vigor. The commission found the accused guilty, and he was dismissed the service, required to pay a heavy fine, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Had not the war closed about that time (the findings were promulgated in the summer of 1865), Haddock would have been shot. Conkling discovered that draft speculation extended to many of the States, and it was charged, whether truth or slander, that Blaine lost nothing by draft speculation. In his closing remarks in the Haddock trial, Mr. Conkling said:

When I die I wish it lettered on my tomb, "He did his utmost to gibbet at the crossroads of public justice all those who, when war drenched the land with blood and covered it with mourning, parted the garments of their country among them, and cast lots upon the vesture of the government, while they held positions of emolument and trust."

In the spring of 1866 Conkling delivered a powerful speech on the Army appropriation bill, in which he criticised the provost marshal general, General Frye, in terms almost savage in their severity. He declared that the bureau was reeking with corruption, and that its administration was a disgrace to the Army and the government. The speech was mingled eloquence and sarcasm, argument and invective. A short time after, Mr. Blaine constituted himself the special champion of General Frye, and had a long communication from that officer read at the Clerk's desk. He then made a speech defending Frye from the assault of Conkling, and attacking Conkling in turn. This was the beginning of that hostility between the two rival young statesmen that had such momentous consequence years later. Conkling replied to Blaine, and was characteristically lordly and insufferably contemptuous. He began as follows:

If General Frye is reduced to depending for vindication upon the gentleman from Maine, he is to be commiserated certainly. If I have fallen to the necessity of taking lessons from that gentleman in the rules of propriety, or of right, or wrong, God help me.

He spoke at considerable length, and in the course of his remarks said something about being personally responsible for what he uttered and did "here and elsewhere." The following morning this part of the speech was revised so as to make the meaning more emphatic and perhaps lend additional euphony and emphasis to the sentence. Blaine seized on this circumstance to rise to a personal explanation in which he reproached Conkling for substituting words other than those he had uttered. It was the merest quibble, as one can see by reading the whole

proceedings. Conkling, with that unspeakable contempt for which he was so famous, used the following language in the course of the debate that sprang up:

It was rather a cheap mode of clawing off from an ungentlemanly passage in the debate for the member from Maine to rise here and pretend to this House that he understood I meant to talk in the language of the duelist, or to intimate in any way that I sought a personal controversy with him. I beg to assure him that my observation of him, if nothing else, would remove far distant from me the impression that in that way, or in any other, it was worth while to attempt to get out of him any such controversy as that. * * * And I will submit whether I will be compelled to sit at the feet of the gentleman from Maine and derive from him instructions as to what is gentlemanly and honorable. * * * The time will be far hence when it will become necessary for him to dispense to me any information or instruction with regard to those rules which ought to govern the conduct of gentlemen. * * * A member of this House, capable of doing precisely that which upon four marked occasions during this session I have detected in the gentleman from Maine is capable of saying what he has said here, and putting me in a position when I answer it which makes me feel I owe an apology, if not to myself, to the members of the House, for detaining them one moment on such a matter.

Stung to the quick by this terrific assault, Blaine delivered himself of that famous sarcasm that is so often referred to as Blaine's castigation of his rival. It would seem that Blaine had subsidized the press, so frequently has his language been printed and so seldom has Conkling's.

Here is what Blaine said in reply:

As to the gentleman's sarcasm, I hope he will not be too severe. The contempt of that large-minded gentleman is so wilting, his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, superimminent, overpowering turkey gobbler strut has been so crushing to myself and all the members of this

House that I know it was an act of the greatest temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him. But, sir, I know who is responsible for all this. I know that within the past five weeks, as members of this House will recollect, an extra strut has characterized the gentleman's bearing. It is not his fault. It is the fault of another. That gifted and satirical writer, Theodore Tilton, of the New York Independent, spent some weeks recently in this city. His letters in that paper embrace, with many serious statements, a little jocose satire, a part of which was the statement that the mantle of the late Winter Davis had fallen upon the member from New York. The gentleman took it seriously, and it has given his strut additional pomposity. The resemblance is great. It is striking. Hyperion to a Satyr, Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, dunghill to diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whining puppy to a roaring lion. Shade of the mighty Davis, forgive the almost profanity of that jocose satire.

The Speaker admonished Blaine that his remarks were not parliamentary, and he proceeded no further. Conkling merely remarked that nothing the gentleman from Maine could say would have the effect to stir the slightest emotion in his breast. Years after they served together in the United States Senate. Only two seats—those of Hamlin and Ingalls—separated them; but Conkling could not have seemed more oblivious of Blaine's presence if no such person had existed. So far as the general public knows, Blaine was entirely dismissed from Conkling's consciousness except on the single occasion, the political campaign of 1884, when he gave utterance to that cauterizing and corroding sarcasm: "I am not in the criminal practice." The above encounter occurred April 24, 1866, and the seed that day planted produced the Democratic harvest of eighteen years later. There is a beautiful story related by some of Mr. Blaine's followers to the effect that during the campaign of 1884 Conkling expressed a willingness

to make a speech for the Republican ticket if Blaine would only make the request in person, and that Blaine responded: "No, a thousand times no; I will carry New York without him, and in spite of him." It is a cock-and-bull story. In the first place, Conkling would have gone to the stake before he would have made such a proposal, and in the second, Blaine would have welcomed his aid as the famished man welcomes food.

At Conkling's instance a committee was raised to investigate the provost marshal's office and inquire into the injurious statements against himself in Frye's letter that Mr. Blaine had read at the Clerk's desk. That committee was composed of some of the leading members of the House, and at its head was Samuel Shellabarger, one of the most eminent lawyers in the whole country. Their report not only vindicated Conkling, but it severely condemned Frye and reflected on Blaine. It was reported unanimously and adopted by the House with only four dissentient votes. Thus the victory was clearly with Conkling, and for that victory Blaine never forgave him.

III

When the Fortieth Congress convened in its first session Conkling appeared as a Senator. Mr. Edmunds took his seat for the first time a few months before, and Judge Thurman came in two years later. There were Fessenden and Sumner, Sherman and Trumbull, Morton and Schurz, Grimes and Howe, Wade and Wilson, and other able and brilliant men already in their seats. Conkling was the youngest

Senator, and, though he came with a splendid reputation, nobody expected that he would attempt to do what he soon did do—shove aside the old leaders and assume the primacy for himself. It was the era of reconstruction. Andy Johnson had gone back to his first love—the Democratic party—and was vetoing bills as fast as Stevens and Butler could pass them through the House and Sumner and Wade could pass them through the Senate. Mr. Conkling was a radical of the Radicals. He later gave the name of “Stalwart” to his faction of the party in New York—a faction that had thrown aside Seward, Weed, Greeley, Fenton, and chosen the haughty and lordly young Congressman from Utica for its leader.

In the Senate he scorned to serve a novitiate. Senatorial tradition meant little to him. He was a leader from the day he took his seat; indeed, he could have been placed in no situation where he would have been a docile follower. Take all his speeches, and they are numberless, for he ate no idle bread, and it is to be deplored that in no one of them can be found a word of sympathy with the South that Greeley admired, that Grant respected, and that even Sumner forgave. All those speeches by which we must judge of Conkling, Garfield, and Blaine as orators gave forth but one sound—*Delenda est Carthago*. True, Blaine posed as a friend of the South, and he befriended Southerners, but each and every act of friendship was an anchor cast to windward. True, he defeated Butler’s force bill, but it was not on account of any friendship he had for the South; it was because of his hostility to Grant’s administration, which that bill would have clothed with such enormous power. Blaine’s natural feelings toward the

South were revealed when he marched down the aisle and threw his shining lance full and fair in the brazen face of treason, and immediately got himself unhorsed and maltreated by Ben Hill. Those feelings were also revealed in his Augusta speech, made when he heard that Jay Gould had given up the election in 1884.

Early in Grant's term Thomas Murphy was nominated Collector of Customs of New York. Conkling favored his confirmation, and Fenton, his colleague in the Senate, opposed it. The struggle occurred in executive session, and all the public knows of it is tradition; but tradition says that Conkling's speech on that occasion was one of the most remarkable ever delivered in either House of Congress. He secured the confirmation, drove Fenton into the Liberal Republican movement that collapsed with the nomination of Greeley, and made himself the master of the Senate and the power behind Grant's throne. From that day until the inauguration of Garfield, twelve years later, he was master of the situation. He had no superiors in that forum, and few rivals.

When Congress assembled in December, 1871, it was evident that there was a faction in the Republican party, which, if not considerable in number, was formidable in respectability and talents, that was opposed to the administration of President Grant. In the movement were Sumner, Trumbull, Schurz, and Tipton, all able and conspicuous Senators. They were encouraged and supported by such editors of Republican newspapers as Horace Greeley, Joseph Medill, of the Chicago Tribune; Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield Republican, and Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati Commercial. In February, 1872, the

attack on Grant was begun in the Senate. It was led by the Senators above named, and Thurman and Casserly, Democrats, ably assisted. During the Franco-Prussian war, then just terminated, the Remingtons, a New York firm, who manufactured and dealt in firearms, had sold to the French government immense quantities of rifles, which, being contraband of war by the law of nations, a neutral country was prohibited from supplying to either belligerent.

It was charged that the administration winked at this traffic, and that there was a job in it not at all creditable to Grant and Grant's friends. Perhaps never in the annals of the Senate was there a greater array of talent engaged in any single debate than upon this occasion, when the resolutions to investigate the French arms sale were considered. Sumner, Schurz, Trumbull, Thurman and Casserly supplied the law and the eloquence for the attacking party. Conkling supplied not only the law, but everything else for the defense. True, he was assisted by Edmunds, Carpenter, Sherman, Scott, Morton, Howard, Howe, and Zach Chandler; but it was Conkling who bore the brunt—Conkling who saved the day.

When the future American Macaulay, if America ever have a Macaulay, shall come to read that great debate on the French arms sale, he will have as rich a field for his imagination, for his eloquence and for his rhetoric as the English Macaulay had when poring over the musty volumes in the British Museum, in which are preserved the debates when the British Commons was the first Senate the world ever saw or perhaps ever will see. The debate extended over a month of the session, and Conkling delivered three

elaborate speeches. Take them and read them, and one can form some estimate of the extraordinary powers of the man as a parliamentary debater. He was of magnificent presence; he looked the grand character Thomas H. Benton arrogated to himself, and nobody but himself, not even to General Jackson. He had the air of a Spanish grandee and was as proud as the proudest one that stood covered in the presence of his sovereign. He was graceful of person, splendidly and tastefully dressed, without any jewelry whatever. Add to the figure of an Apollo and the face of an Adonis an intellectuality second to none of his day, the steadfast convictions of a fanatic, and a will of iron, and you have Roscoe Conkling.

But if he excelled in any one accomplishment more than all others, it was his command of language. He spoke without premeditation as splendidly as John James Ingalls after consulting every synonym in Webster and Worcester. For facility, fecundity and felicity of expression no Senator that ever sat in that body has surpassed him, unless it was Rufus Choate. Thurman said he had never seen a man so thorough a master of the language. One of his speeches was characterized as "royal purple eloquence," and nothing better describes it. As a master of sarcasm, he excelled even Thad. Stevens, and he could pay as graceful a compliment when in the humor, a not frequent occurrence, as Blaine himself. For instance, the following: "Mr. President, when I speak of the law I turn to the Senator from Ohio (Mr. Thurman) as a Mussulman turns to Mecca. I beg the honorable Senator to understand that I look to him only as I would look to the common law of England,

the world's most copious volumes of jurisprudence."

When Garrick was manager of Drury Lane Theater there was in his company Mrs. Clive, an actress not second to Woffington, and scarce second to Siddons. She was no friend of the manager, as he had no friend in the profession. One night she was standing in the wings ready to go on when she got her cue. The play was "Lear," and Garrick was acting as only he could act. The tears were rolling down Mrs. Clive's cheeks, and she exclaimed, "Damn him, he could act a gridiron!" Some kindred thought must come into the mind of the intelligent reader who will procure Conkling's speeches on the French arms sale and his Rochester speech, and carefully read them.

The result of this debate was the Liberal Republican movement culminating in a national convention at Cincinnati that ought to have nominated Charles Francis Adams and was forced by Frank Blair to nominate Horace Greeley. About the only thing the movement accomplished was to give the Democratic party an opportunity to do a foolish thing, and there is no denying that that party sometimes avails itself of such an opportunity. Upon the issues of that campaign Greeley was as good a Democrat as Thurman, and the Democratic party could have elected him; but it threw away the opportunity and thus it continued to hunger and thirst in the wilderness for many long and doleful years.

On two different occasions Gen. Grant offered Mr. Conkling the Chief Justiceship, but he declined it, and he was one of two or three Americans who ever declined that exalted dignity. He declared that he would forever be gnawing his chains.

In 1876 President Grant desired to see Conkling the Republican candidate for President. New York supported him, but Morton divided the anti-Blaine strength with him. The convention wanted to nominate Blaine, notwithstanding the recent publication of the "Mulligan letters," and the sunstroke, and inspired by the eloquence of Ingersoll, the convention would have nominated him if the lights had not gone out. Morton's friends, and some of Bristow's, accomplished the nomination of Hayes after they were persuaded that the chances of their own favorites were hopeless.

In the disputed succession the following winter Conkling greatly distinguished himself. His was the leading speech on the electoral bill, and to him was due its passage. He did not think either Tilden or Hayes was elected, and he expected the commission to so find. If the exact truth and a plain tale could be told of all that occurred in political circles in Washington that season it would make a chapter as readable and as astonishing as any of the various chapters devoted to the English revolution of 1688. Conkling refused to sit upon the commission. Had he been a member of it the history of our country would have been far from what it is. Whether voluntarily or not, he was not Warwick when he might have been Warwick.

John Sherman governed Hayes and was a candidate to succeed him. He made an attempt to create a machine in New York, but Conkling soon defeated that project. It was during Hayes' term that the famous Rochester convention was held in 1879, in which occurred the oratorical and intellectual encounter between Conkling and George William Cur-

tis. This was the speech that Conkling was content to rest his fame upon as a popular orator. It is exceedingly severe, and bristles with sarcasm. It was here that he declared Curtis and his friends—the Mugwumps of a later period—to be the man milliners, dilettanti and carpet knights of politics. He said that had Dr. Johnson lived in this day he would have defined reform as the last resort of a scoundrel. “These gentry,” said he, “forget that parties are not built up by deportment, by ladies’ magazines or gush. A Republican convention should not be a chartered libertine of oracular and pedantic conceits.” “Your votes in a convention,” said he, “addressing Curtis, “are unique and delicate.”

As a robust and stalwart address this was the greatest of even Conkling’s speeches, and when we read it the effect is only a more poignant regret that his ill-advised friends dissuaded him from delivering a kindred speech, two years later, that doubtless would have dwarfed the Rochester speech as that splendid effort dwarfs the eloquence of the average stump orator.

The third-term movement, the nomination of Garfield, the campaign of 1880, and the resignation and retirement deserve a chapter by themselves.

IV

During the four years of the Hayes administration political life at the Capital was comparatively placid, except Secretary Sherman’s attempt to organize the Republicans of the Empire State from the Treasury Department, the Democratic attempt to lift off the South the heavy hand of Federal power

and the schemes and counter schemes to control the Republican nomination for the Presidential succession. There had been a time when Mr. Conkling was a candidate for President. He would have welcomed the nomination in 1876, but when the convention of that year adjourned, Conkling put away his personal aspirations so far as concerned the Chief Magistracy. Perhaps he was the only American who ever recovered from the bite of the tarantula. There was no love lost between Conkling and Hayes' administration, but there were no actual hostilities after Sherman ascertained that Conkling was master of the situation in New York.

Mr. Blaine, then in the Senate, was busy pushing his fortunes in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and the strong Republican States west of the Mississippi. It was said that at the Blaine headquarters a complete "Blue Book" was compiled and every office from premier to tide-water assigned to a Blaine man. Grant was making that triumphant tour around the world. The rank and file of the Democratic party fondly hoped for the nomination of Tilden again in 1880, and Congressional cabals in that party were formed to defeat that nomination. The "great fraud" of 1876-7, and the vetoes of Democratic amendments to the Army bill afforded themes for spirited debates in both Senate and House. All men, of both parties, were preparing for the tremendous struggle of 1880. Conkling and Carpenter, Cameron and Logan were the leaders of what is known as the "third term movement." Their followers were the "Old Guard." Blaine had for a following "Young America," that had a very vague idea of what it wanted, but was sure it wanted some-

thing done and done quickly, and that the "Plumed Knight" was the man to do it. It might have been the annexation of Ireland; it might have been the conquest of Canada; but whatever it was, it was the very thing to do. Sherman depended upon the "bread and butter" contingent and that other broken reed, the loyalty of an Ohio delegation.

Gen. Grant returned home at an inauspicious time. He came at least three months too early. Had he landed at San Francisco in the spring of 1880 instead of in the mid-winter previous, the enthusiasm would have been irresistible. As it was he was only defeated by treachery.

The Republican convention of 1880 was the most notable political assembly that our country has yet known, surpassing that Democratic convention which was disrupted at Charleston twenty years before, and that which nominated Cleveland twelve years later. The Republican convention of 1860 was the party in the twig; that of 1880 was the party in the tree.

Gen. Grant was the most illustrious citizen of the Republic. He had served two terms as President; he had circumnavigated the globe, and wherever he had appeared, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, in Oceanica, his progress was an ovation. Kings and subjects, lords and commons, yeomen and peasants, had vied one with the other to do him honor. He was the silent man, the strong man, the warrior, the statesman. He was the first, and perhaps the only commander on the Federal side, who had a just conception of the military problem involved in the war between the States. "I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer"; "It is a Kilkenny cat fight,

but my cat has the longest tail." That tells the story. If he could destroy one of Lee's regiments by sacrificing a brigade the victory was his. Upon this principle he acted, and while the slaughter of his army was frightful to contemplate it was actually an economy of blood, and a mercy to the survivors. The war would have continued a great deal longer had the policy of the Federal commander been a practice of that art of war with which Hannibal and Napoleon dazzled the world, instead of the simple policy of attrition. Grant's plan was that of the great man rather than that of the great strategist. And what is more to his glory, he was a greater man under the apple tree of Appomattox than he was before the rifle pits of Petersburg, for at Petersburg he was only soldier, while at Appomattox he was soldier and statesman too.

Early in June the Republican convention assembled at Chicago. The interests of Gen. Grant were in the keeping of Conkling, Cameron, and Logan. Blaine was represented by the Maine delegation, headed by Mr. Hale; by James F. Joy, who was drafted into his service, and by the recalcitrants of the New York delegation, instructed to vote for Grant, but determined to defeat Grant's nomination. They were potent enough to defeat Grant, but not strong enough to nominate Blaine. Garfield and Foster had Sherman's fortunes in their keeping, and how they kept guard history tells us. Windom was the choice of his State, and the sequel showed that he was no inconsiderable factor in the convention.

The Republican party had enjoyed twenty years of absolute rule. It had created armies and navies; it had expended billions; it had waged to a successful

issue the bloodiest and the most tremendous war of modern times; it had given the country a new Constitution and enforced upon it a new policy; it had governed a proud, great, though overthrown, people by means of satraps; it had reconstructed the South and the Union by taking into full co-partnership a race that had just emerged, in the midst of ruin and anarchy, from centuries of abject slavery; it had hesitated before no obstacle; it had quailed before no adversary; the Constitution itself was to it as the seven green withes to Samson; it had been terribly, frightfully, in earnest. But the Republican party of 1880 was no more the Republican party of 1860 than the Rome of that Brutus who slew Cæsar was the Rome of that Brutus who banished Tarquin. The old leaders were gone, or were in opposition. Greeley and Seward, Sumner and Chase, had died outside the party they had helped to form and aided in making so powerful and illustrious. There is reason to believe that Thaddeus Stevens himself would have abandoned the Republican organization had he lived, for he died with a threat upon his iron lips and distrust in his heart of oak. Trumbull and Curtin were in the Democratic household, and a period of only four short years was to bring forth a new force in American politics, the Mugwump, "with an unforgiving eye and a damned disinheriting countenance."

But it was yet the dominant party. It had held power for twenty years, and the wealth of the country looked to it for order and security against repudiation and agrarianism. It still had the confidence of the Congregationalist Church of New England and the Puritan blood of the Western Reserve. The Methodist Church of Northwest Illinois and of

Northwest Iowa was yet ready to die in the last ditch with the Grand Old Party, and for it. These latter, with consciences pliant to every touch of divine grace, or what they decreed to be divine grace, which is the same thing for all practical purposes, were bent on regulating all the other consciences in the Union, and affecting this laudable purpose through the instrumentality of the Republican party. However, faction was doing the work it had done for all parties in all climes since Aristides was the Just and Alcibiades was a hero. The Stalwarts, the Featherheads, and what became the Mugwumps, were face to face at Chicago in 1880.

In that most brilliant political assembly that was ever gathered together on the western hemisphere, Roscoe Conkling was admittedly the first personality. His splendid presence, his transcendent abilities, his lofty air, his spotless integrity, his iron will, commanded universal admiration and extorted applause from foe as well as friend. Never did a leader have a more devoted following, for that following was the 306. Had he chosen to stoop he would have conquered; for had he ordered forty votes from Grant's column to be bestowed as a compliment upon Windom the first five or six ballots—the stampede, set on foot by Windom, would have been to Grant instead of Garfield. But Conkling never stooped.

The nominating speeches of Conkling and Garfield were the perfection and the climax of what has become known as convention eloquence. Conkling's was the abler; Garfield's the more ornate. Conkling appealed to the common sense of the delegates; Garfield to their sentiments. But the great contrast was

in this. Conkling was pleading for Grant; Garfield was pleading for Garfield. Had Conkling represented Grant as Garfield represented Sherman, Conkling would have been the nominee, and not Garfield.

“When asked what State he hails from,
Our sole reply shall be,
He comes from Appomattox,
And its famous apple tree.”

Such was the beginning of that splendid oration, the central idea of which was that the nomination of Grant would make a certainty of that which the nomination of any one else would make an experiment. And he was right. It is not at all probable that the nomination of even Tilden by the Democrats would have availed to defeat Grant, while it is certain that his nomination would have defeated Garfield, or Blaine, or Sherman. On the evening before the nomination was made delegations from States enough to control the convention waited on Conkling and tendered him the nomination. To them he made the following memorable reply :

Gentlemen, I appreciate your kind proposition. I could not be nominated in any event, for if I were to receive every other vote in the convention my own would still be lacking, and that I would not give. I am here as the agent of the State of New York to support Gen. Grant to the end. Any man who would forsake him under such conditions does not deserve to be elected, and could not be elected.

After a long and tedious series of roll calls extending over two days the labors of the convention were concluded by the nomination of Garfield and Arthur. As Conkling went out of the building he said: “That is my first and last national convention.”

The moral character and mental endowments of James A. Garfield have been matters of discussion for many years. His admirers have ascribed to him the mind of Bacon, and affect to find his moral prototype in Hardwicke. His opponents say he had the mind of Halifax and the conscience of Sunderland. One is too much praise, the other too much detraction. Certainly he was not a Bacon in intellect. Bacon was a pioneer, a leader, a creator, an original thinker. Garfield was a follower, a disciple, an imitator. He could not originate an idea, but he could master it after some one else had originated it, and clothe and present it as none of his fellows could. Bacon hewed the way through solid rock; he was a sun that gave forth heat as well as light. Garfield trod paths others had hewed and planted both fruit and flowers by the way. He was a satellite—effulgent, indeed, but the light was borrowed. He knew nothing originally; he knew everything at second hand. The falling of an apple would have suggested nothing to him; but he would have been an invaluable assistant to Isaac Newton. The flying of a kite would only have afforded him amusement; but even Benjamin Franklin would have profited by his conversation. He was a man of comparatively little wisdom—wisdom is the gift of nature; he was a man of vast knowledge—knowledge comes from books. As a scholar, as an orator and as a debater he was a wonder, second to none of his day, and in proof of this we may cite the conclusive fact that after Blaine had gone down before the superb eloquence of Ben Hill, Garfield brought his chief off the field, restored the action and turned defeat into a drawn battle. He knew his powers and he knew his place when he said

that if he could control his destiny he would be a free lance in the United States Senate.

As to Garfield's moral nature, he was a weak, rather than a bad man. He was a minister of the Gospel, but he was the Peter of the night of Gethsemane, not the Peter of the day of Pentecost. He belonged to Rosecrans' military family, and was as much Rosecrans' friend as he was capable of being the friend of any man; and yet he was weak enough to bite and tear the hand of Rosecrans in the dark. He belonged to John Sherman's political family, and was intrusted with Sherman's political fortunes, and yet he reaped for himself what he was set to reap for Sherman. He owed the Stalwarts the greatest debt a statesman can owe; but he had not warmed in his seat before he marked the greatest of the Stalwarts for slaughter. He presented some curious inconsistencies. While a weak man, he could on occasion evince an obstinacy that looked like martyrdom. When a penniless tutor at Hiram, boyish man that he always was, he would play chess with the students. Bishop Rider was at the head of the institution. He was a John Knox of a man, and would have been an ideal chaplain of the Cameronian Regiment. He thought chess an ungodly amusement, and ordered Garfield to cease to play himself or to permit the students to play. Though his food and raiment depended on his tutorship, Garfield refused and even defied the old Puritan. Strange to say, he was not removed from the faculty. Again, when he was first elected to Congress he fell under the influences of Benjamin F. Wade and Henry Winter Davis. The former dominated him by sheer force of will, the latter by his splendid attainments.

He embraced the sentiments of the Wade-Davis manifesto against Lincoln that resulted in the Cleveland convention of 1864, and the nomination of Fremont and Cochrane by the more radical wing of the Republican party. This act of Garfield's created the greatest sensation in the old nineteenth Ohio district, the Giddings district, which he represented in Congress. Address after address came pouring in on him. He was besought and threatened in turn; but he remained obstinate. When the convention assembled to nominate his successor, nine-tenths of the delegates were Lincoln men. He announced that he expected to be retired to private life and refused to apologize for his action. It was an obstinacy that looked like firmness. He was nominated, much to his surprise. Indeed, there is nothing so impervious as the obstinacy of a weak man except the obstinacy of a weak woman. Queen Anne, of England, was little short of an idiot, and her husband was nothing short of one; but of all the obstinate creatures of whom history gives an account, Queen Anne stands in the first rank. Her obstinacy greatly embarrassed King William; it ruined Marlborough and his termagant duchess, after it had made him the first captain and the richest subject in Europe, and just as Anne quarreled with William and Mary, John and Sarah, Garfield quarreled with Conkling, and no doubt would have quarreled with Blaine had he lived.

The nomination of Garfield fell like a wet blanket on the country. The office-holders were disconsolate because Sherman was not nominated; the cadets were disappointed because of the defeat of Blaine; the Stalwarts were outraged because of the rejection of the hero whose genius had saved the Republican

party as well as the Union. Some days after the nomination Garfield journeyed to Washington and took rooms at the Riggs. He had not been there many hours before he saw a painful manifestation of the unpopularity of his selection. A stand was erected on the G-street front of the hotel and a ratification meeting was held. Garfield's speech on that occasion was all that the orator and the scholar could make it. It was premeditated, as were all his speeches. He had anticipated an ovation and had drawn on his always-responsive memory, and that inexhaustible store of acquired knowledge, and to illustrate what he had hoped the scene would be, he quoted from Tennyson's "Welcome" to the Princess of Denmark when she became Princess of Wales:

"Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee."

The whole speech was a model; but its reception and his reception by that vast crowd, in which were found the very élite of the Republican party, were portentously chilling. As if to affront the nominee, the reception accorded John A. Logan, who appeared on the stand after a few little Congressmen from Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and Ohio had spoken their little pieces, was an ovation. Logan represented Grant, and no President was ever so popular at the National Capital as Grant. The crowd went wild, and it was full ten minutes before the Black Eagle could proceed.

While in town Garfield made repeated, though fruitless, attempts to see Conkling and have a private interview with him. He sent emissaries to him and wrote him gushing notes. Conkling avoided him.

"I am unwilling to trust to Mr. Garfield's imperfect memory of a private conversation, however unimportant," was the explanation he gave his friends. Later he refused to be at the famous Fifth Avenue Hotel conference where the public came to believe Garfield mortgaged the earth and the fatness thereof. In September Garfield was hopelessly beaten. Even Maine, Blaine's State, and it was supposed Blaine's pocket borough, had gone against the Republicans. There was just one man who could restore the battle and snatch victory from defeat, and that man was Conkling. There was just one man who could prevail on Conkling to act, and that man was Grant. Before the Maine election it was calculated that if the Republicans could carry New York or Indiana all would be well. Garfield had been going about uttering some characteristic sentimentalities about how the Campbellite Church would carry Indiana for him, but the practical politicians—Dorsey and Dudley, and probably Ben Harrison—soon put that notion out of his head. The Maine election threw everything into confusion, and a panic and collapse were imminent. Instead of contending upon debatable ground it appeared that the very citadel of the party had been stormed and taken. An adverse verdict in November meant more than Republican defeat to Garfield. It meant disgrace and humiliation. The old charges against his personal integrity were brought forth, and Pavia meant that all was lost, and honor too.

It was at this juncture, six weeks before the election, that Grant and Conkling entered upon the campaign. The effect was instantaneous. It was not without difficulty that Grant succeeded in inducing

Conkling to take the field. "There is no sand in him," said he, "but if you insist on my entering the fight I shall carry him through." Just as he was starting he remarked, "But for the disgrace I would rather spend the time required in Mohawk street jail than enter upon this campaign, for if this man be elected I will be humiliated in my own State." The first thing he did was to return \$18,000 to his clients, retainers he had received, for the service he was about to render Garfield made it impossible for him to meet his engagements in court. Nothing he ever did was more characteristic of the man.

No sooner did Conkling and Grant appear upon the stump than the tide turned. It was the grand old party again, the party of 1860, of 1868. It was irresistible. The great meeting at Warren, Ohio, was the signal. The fiery cross was unlifted on crag and in glen, summoning Lochiel, Keppoch, Clanronald, Glengarry and Maclan:

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

Dundee, "he's mounted," lead the clans. "Thor with his hammer—trip-hammer with Æolian attachment"—was in the forefront. "Sun, stand thou still upon Gideon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Agalon." The tide was resistless, and swept over Ohio, Indiana and the whole West. Never before had one man wrought such a miracle in American politics.

Certainly that generation had never heard such popular eloquence, not even when Horace Greeley, eight years before, was yielding up his life and breaking his heart preaching the gospel of amnesty and fraternity.

As soon as the battle was restored at Warren, Grant dragged Conkling to Mentor, much against his will. When they arrived Garfield met them at the gate and gushingly exclaimed: "Conkling, you have saved me; what man can do for man, that will I do for you." That language, addressed by Garfield to an ordinary man, would have been meaningless; addressed by the most dependent of men to the most self-reliant man in public life, it was worse than gibberish. The party remained some hours at Mentor, and Garfield made futile efforts to have a private interview with Conkling, but the latter had urged U. H. Painter, in the most imperative terms, to remain by his side during the whole visit. From Mentor, Conkling continued his triumphal tour as far west as Lafayette, Ind. He delivered seven speeches, and they saved the West. He returned to New York and restored matters there, and, as a consequence, Garfield was elected President of the United States. The greatest political battle in American history had been fought and won, but the man who gained it was already marked for the slaughter.

V

We now come to the sickening story of ingratitude and treachery, the story of faction and cabal—the story of Garfield's administration. Conkling knew what the harvest would be; he knew Garfield,

and, knowing him, he determined to resign his seat in the Senate and devote himself to the practice of his profession. Only the importunity of his friends prevented him from taking this course. He was a man of almost infallible political instinct, and his mistakes were due to the persuasion of friends. Adamant to an enemy, to a friend he trusted, and when he trusted he fully trusted; he was wax. In February, 1881, after urgent solicitation on the part of the President-elect, Conkling paid him a visit at Mentor. Mr. George C. Gorham, for years the accomplished Secretary of the United States Senate, and the intimate personal and political friend of both Grant and Conkling, says that the invitation was in writing concealed within numerous envelopes, the innermost one of which bore some sort of legend which bespoke everlasting secrecy. And yet the seal had scarce been broken before Conkling ascertained that this inviolable secret had been imparted by Garfield himself to a third person. There are many and obvious reasons why a man chosen to the Presidency should consult the leaders of his party before he enters upon his official duties; there were special reasons why Garfield should consult Conkling other than that Conkling was the most conspicuous leader in the Senate. There could be but one reason for a solemn, mysterious, enigmatic and Jesuitic secrecy hedging the interview, and that reason was that Garfield was afraid of James G. Blaine, and it is easy to infer that at the time the invitation to Conkling was penned Garfield meditated a severance of all close connection with Blaine. Conkling went to Mentor and had the interview, but nothing came of it. It was impossible for confidence to exist between two

men of such opposite characters and sympathies. We may well infer that the President-elect was hysterically frank and the Senator rigidly austere. One minute Garfield was resolved to do for Conkling all that "man can do for man," and the next he was determined to send him to the block. Conkling knew he would do just what he did do. The public has heard that Garfield invited Conkling to remain until after tea, which was declined for want of time. Then Garfield wanted Conkling to tell him in confidence how much liquor Judge Folger drank before and during working hours. This is about all we know of what took place.

The work of Cabinet-making began as soon as the result of the election was ascertained, and continued until midnight, March 3, at which hour everybody but William B. Allison was certain that he would be Secretary of the Treasury. If there be such a quality as "logic" in matters of this kind Levi P. Morton was the "logical" individual for that portfolio. He was offered the illogical Navy Department and Folger was offered the Department of Justice. Both declined. There is a tradition, with better foundation than mere traditions in general, that Blaine arrived at the Capital without a Cabinet garment on, but Blaine was not cast in the Roman mold that Conkling was. It is probable that the selection of Robert T. Lincoln for Secretary of War was all the hand Garfield had in the formation of the Cabinet. That appointment was dictated by the gushing and impractical sentimentality that moved Garfield when he suggested that the Campbellite hierarchy organize themselves into a campaign committee and take charge of the

political campaign. Had the President lived his Cabinet would have been hopelessly disrupted before it was a year old.

On March 20 Conkling and the President had a long interview at the White House. The President was in excellent humor and characteristically playful. He was frank enough to say that he must make some recognition of the anti-Grant delegates from New York in the Chicago convention. Conkling had no objection to that, but suggested that it would not be prudent to place Robertson, the leader of the recalcitrants, in any position where a lack of personal and political integrity would operate injuriously to the government. In connection with the name of Robertson was discussed the District Attorneyship and the Consul Generalship at Montreal. Garfield asked the Senator to make out a list of places that he thought should be given to those New York delegates who had supported him. Conkling declined, with the remark that Gen. Arthur was better fitted for that sort of work than himself. They parted with the solemn assurance on the part of Garfield that nothing important in the matter of New York appointments should be done without consulting Conkling. Three days later, without notice to Conkling, the name of William H. Robertson was sent to the Senate as collector of the port of New York. And this was done by the man who said: "Conkling, you have saved me. What man can do for man, that will I do for you." And yet, when Garfield made that declaration he was just as sincere as he was capable of being. He was also sincere when he had the interview with Conkling three days before Robertson was appointed. Then how are we to rec-

oncile his actions with his professions. Nothing easier. Blaine was Secretary of State, and Blaine was of tougher fibre than his chief. Blaine had rendered him great services. They entered Congress together; they were chums for years. Blaine admired Garfield for his attainments, and Garfield admired Blaine for his parts. When Blaine became Speaker he was generous to Garfield in the matter of committee assignments. He was always ready to afford Garfield opportunity to distinguish himself and Garfield became the real leader of the House, even before Schenck had retired and before Kelly had become superannuated. But that was not all. There came some dark days in Garfield's Congressional life—Credit-Mobilier days, DeGolyer days—and the Speaker did not forsake him. The Speaker was his friend when the Speaker's enmity, when the Speaker's indifference, even, meant political annihilation. Blaine was a good hater, and Blaine hated Conkling, not because Conkling had wronged him, but because the committee raised on Conkling's motion to investigate the provost marshal general fifteen years before, had humiliated him; we may forgive wrongs; we cannot forgive humiliations. Blaine had force of character, which Garfield had not. It is altogether possible that Garfield had Blaine in his mind's eye when he said before his inauguration that a President-elect was reduced to the necessity of going through bankruptcy, thus beginning his administration without a solitary political or personal obligation. But Blaine had succeeded in collecting his debt; he was in the Cabinet, and when he got there he dominated his chief. Here was the opportunity for which he had patiently waited for fifteen years.

Levi P. Morton was excluded from the Treasury. That was the first hostile demonstration. The nomination of Robertson was the next blow.

Whatever Conkling was, he was no office-broker. There was not a Republican Senator who had not dictated more appointments than he. Nay, there were Democrats in both Senate and House who had received more favors in the way of patronage than he. He was far too lordly to hang around departments and customs-houses holding out his hat for gratuities. Gen. Grant, who could refuse him nothing, complained that Conkling would give him no advice touching even important appointments, and that the Senator had asked for but one or two minor places under his administration. Collector Murphy makes a similar statement. And yet Conkling was supposed to be the most avaricious of patronage of all our public men. It was proclaimed that he was dictating to the administration, and that as he could not rule, he would ruin. As for Collector Merritt, whom Robertson was appointed to succeed, he was no active friend of the Senator. Indeed, Conkling had opposed his appointment, but unlike Robertson, Merritt was not an active and implacable enemy. It was to his implacable enmity to Conkling, Robertson owed his appointment. The appointment was made for factional purposes, to the end that Robertson might build up a machine that would oppose and destroy Conkling. There is no more doubt of that fact than that he was appointed at all.

Robertson was nominated March 23, but the confirmation was long deferred. The President threatened that those Republican Senators who dared to oppose confirmation must bring letters of introduc-

tion when they called at the White House, but it was not until the middle of May that the administration could reckon on victory, and even then victory was purchased at a dear price. The Democrats held the balance of power in the Senate, and Ben Hill was one of the Democratic leaders in that body. He dictated terms. Mahone had just become a Senator and had taken his seat on the Republican side. How Hill hated him is disclosed in that speech he made early in the session, that is, perhaps, the most terrific Philippic in our Senatorial annals. Hill feared that Mahoning would become fashionable in other Southern States, so he read the riot act to the administration, declaring that Mahone's head was the least price that could buy Robertson's confirmation, and though Garfield had bound himself in the most solemn manner to stand by Mahone, he complied with Hill's demands, and thus made perpetual a solid South. True, Mr. Blaine, a short time after, when a candidate for President, proposed to turn the Federal Treasury into a Blaine campaign fund when he suggested that the Federal government assume the Virginia State debt out of which grew Mahoneism; but the Old Dominion was not for sale.

May 16 the New York Senators resigned their seats. It was Conkling's intention to go home and deliver a single speech in vindication of himself and in attack on the administration, and then wash his hands of politics forever. It is matter of everlasting regret that he permitted his friends to dissuade him from this course. A great English statesman declared that he would rather recall a speech that Bolingbroke made in the House of Commons, when the debates in that body were behind closed doors,

than to discover the lost books of Livy. A kindred sentiment must possess the student of parliamentary history, when reflecting on what a sensation such a speech as Conkling contemplated would have created. It would have brought before the public for the last time his splendid presence, and a cause worthy that jury of many millions. The occasion would have been momentous and the effect as far-reaching and pronounced as any effort orator ever delivered. It was not to be, though the idea was not wholly abandoned until the death of Garfield, when Conkling mournfully said: "I cannot go into a grave for vindication."

VI

And thus after a service of twenty years in the National councils retired at the early age of fifty-two this remarkable man. He was poor, for he was not a man to grow rich off a Congressional salary. He was in debt, and debt was his abhorrence, as obligation is the abhorrence of every proud spirit. He determined to return to active practice at the bar. He had long been one of the leading lawyers of the Senate—the Senate that contained Carpenter, Thurman, Hoar, Hill, Trumbull, Edmunds; but Senators do not practice law in the Senate; they expound it. It was his ambition to become as superior a lawyer practically as he was theoretically. Years before he had remarked to a friend: "My place is before a box with twelve men in it." And now he was to meet and contend with such practitioners as Choate, Butler, and Ingersoll, and it was only a few months before he was the peer of the greatest of them. For

seven years it rained retainers, and when Conkling died he was not only out of debt, but the possessor of an ample fortune. His death before he had attained three-score was a shock to the whole country, for great as he was in the Senate he was never so interesting as after he had left it. Thousands looked forward to the time when he should again enter public life and again be the Coriolanus of the American Senate. These hopes were blasted not quite seven years after he left the national stage in 1881.

Powerful as was the mind with which nature had endowed him, firm as was his character and prodigious as was his memory, Conkling trod no royal road to greatness and to fame. He labored patiently and ceaselessly. Only such a physique could have undergone such labors, and only such labors could have impaired such a physique. A gentleman who roomed next him one winter at Washington declared that he had never known the hour, night or day, when Conkling was asleep. He was always a temperate man, eschewing stimulants and narcotics altogether.

The chief charm of his eloquence was his marvelous fluency and his correct emphasis. When speaking in the Senate it was his habit at intervals to take from his desk a slip of paper—nobody ever knew whether it contained notes or not—tear it into fragments without glancing at it and then hurl the pieces to the floor with a most forceful yet graceful gesture. Soon he would repeat the operation with another slip, and the while his lips would pour forth eloquent sentences that brought to mind the passage, "that pure and magnificent diction such as flowed from the lips of Socrates, and which Cicero declared Jupi-

ter would use if Jupiter spoke Greek." In the Old World Castellar was supposed to be the first of contemporaneous orators, and the productions of Castellar, spoken and written, bear a striking resemblance to Conkling's more elaborate speeches.

As a statesman Conkling was not an originator of measures; neither was Webster, neither was Calhoun, neither was Seward, neither was Jefferson Davis. Thaddeus Stevens and Ben Butler in the House and Lyman Trumbull and O. P. Morton in the Senate were the originators of the great measures Conkling and Carpenter, Sumner and Edmunds, Fessenden and Schurz, Thurman and Hill debated.

Clay and Benton originated measures that Webster and Calhoun, Evans and Wright debated. Stephen A. Douglas originated the measures that Davis and Toombs, Benjamin and Wigfall, Seward and Chase debated. David Wilmot originated the proviso that proved the wedge that sundered parties and the germ out of which grew the Republican party, but no one pretends that Wilmot was the equal of any one of a dozen of his contemporaries that might be named. De Witt Clinton, the father of the canal system that connects the great lakes with the Atlantic, and Thomas H. Benton, the father of our continental railway system that connects the Pacific with the Atlantic, were our greatest practical statesmen judged by material results; but history will place each of them below Jefferson, below Webster, below Calhoun.

Conkling's pride was matter of discussion. His enemies said it was vanity, his friends believed it self-respect. He refused to do things that a vain

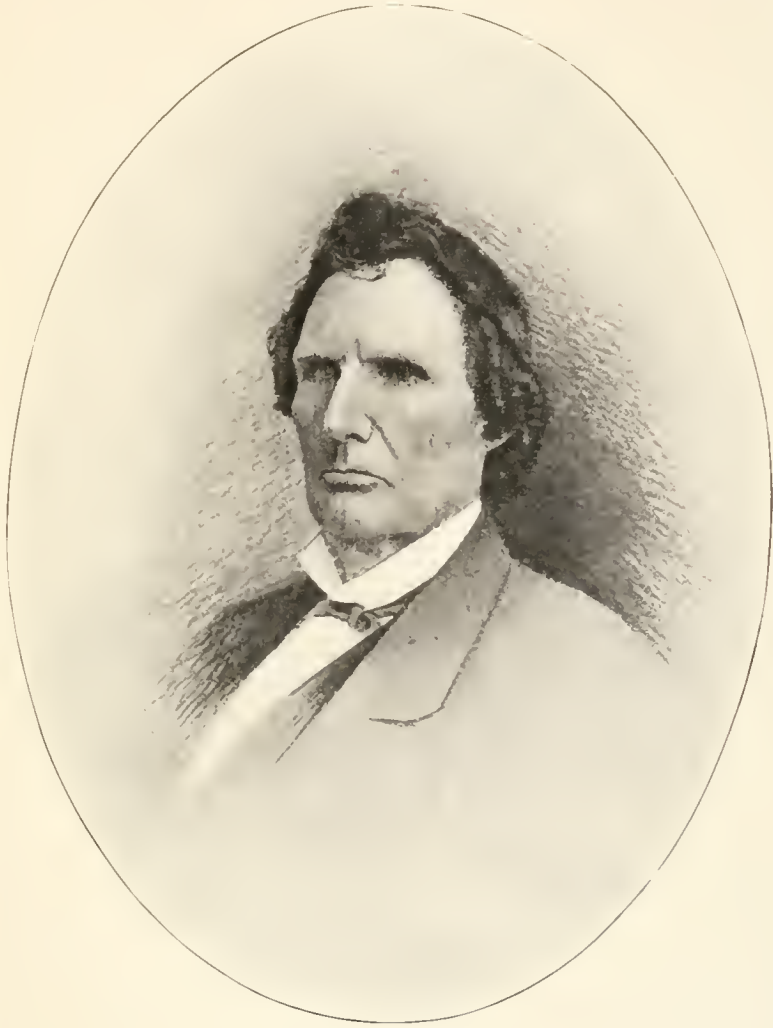
man would have delighted in, and he did other things that only a proud man could do. His was the lofty pride of a Vere de Vere whose blood had coursed ten generations of nobles when Howards and Seymours were plebeian. A characteristic story is told of him that when the proof of his maiden speech in Congress was sent him from the Globe office the one correction he made was to strike out the word "Hon." before his name. No paste jewel for him; no flash tinsel for the man who might have said with the proudest gentleman of France:

"Nor prince, nor duke am I—
I am the Sieur de Coucy."

THADDEUS STEVENS

Our country has produced many orators and debaters and a few parliamentary leaders of the first rank. When a free people have established a representative system, and in the process of human evolution that people is brought to face a condition of revolution, the leadership in Congress is almost as important as the generalship in the field. Richelieu and Bismarck were ministers of the crown; the Pitts were ministers of the people. Frederick of Prussia was victor because of the genius of the first Pitt, and it was the genius of the second Pitt that rescued Europe from the clutch of Napoleon the Great.

What Chatham was to the Seven Years' War, what Mirabeau was to the French revolution, Thaddeus Stevens was to the momentous American revolution of 1861. What John Knox was in religion, what the Duke of Alva was in war, Stevens was in statesmanship. Greeley and Beecher hated slavery, but loved the slaveholder. Stevens hated the slaveholder even more than he hated the institution. "The dice of God are always loaded," and so the South found in the end, despite all the glory her valor had won on a hundred fields, and yet it can be imagined that even the overwhelming physical and financial superiority of the North might have been unavailing had not her energies been directed by the genius of this parliamentary Titan—this "Great Commoner," whose will was law to Congress.



THADDEUS STEVENS.

I

Thaddeus Stevens was a native of Vermont, and first saw the light the year Louis XVI lost his crown. His family was poor and obscure, his father a failure, but his mother might have been wife to Hercules. Hers was a faith that never doubted, and hers a will that never wavered. The labor of her hands and the self-denial of her spirit enabled this noble matron to accumulate the means to buy for her gifted son all the education Dartmouth could then supply. In the beneficence of God she lived to realize that her offspring was not ungrateful.

At twenty-three young Stevens went to York, Pa., where he engaged in teaching, and read law. The members of the bar of that town resisted his call to the bar because he had engaged in other pursuits while prosecuting his studies, and that is how it came to be that Thaddeus Stevens was licensed to practice law by a judicial tribunal of Maryland, a slave State.

He had a long struggle with poverty and adverse fortune while waiting for retainers that were tardy, but he had the will to grapple with adversity, and the self-denial to endure poverty. Domineering as he later became, he was modest to shyness when a briefless lawyer, and lived a recluse among his few books. Perhaps it was this opportunity for introspection that made him the great man he was in after years. Finally he got a brief, and with it came opportunity—it was all he wished, all he required. Success came and distinction followed. The genius of the man asserted itself. The character of the

man blossomed and fructified. He was a pillar of the State.

He was not the great jurist as the term was illustrated in Marshall, Webster, and Story. He was not the learned lawyer that Pinkney, Black, and Carpenter were. He was not the marvelous advocate that Thomas F. Marshall, Rufus Choate, and James T. Brady were. But he had the legal mind, if not the judicial temper. At the bar he was much like the celebrated Ben Hardin, of Kentucky, superb in the trial of a cause at *nisi prius*. He knew the law; he had a sense of the distinction between *meum et tuum*; he was acquainted with the good impulses and the bad passions of men; he could drag the truth out of a stubborn and reluctant witness; he could cause a jury to see with his eyes and reason with his mind.

Stevens was forty years old before he seriously engaged in politics. We first hear of him as a leader of the anti-Masonic party and a supporter of William Wirt for President. It was then that he made a reputation as a fierce and vehement leader of that small faction in whose ranks were some able and adroit opponents of the Democratic party. We next hear of him as a Whig in the "Buckshot war," in which not a grain of powder was burned and not a drop of blood was spilled; but the Whigs were defeated, and all of them surrendered save Stevens alone. At the succeeding session of the Legislature he was instructed by an overwhelming vote of his constituents to support the repeal of the common school law of the Commonwealth; but he treated their instructions with contempt and carried his

point through both houses against great odds. Much of the fame of his remarkable speech on that occasion depends on tradition; but after every allowance is made for all sorts of exaggerations, we are bound to conclude that it was one of the greatest efforts of any orator in any country in any age.

It was as a member of the Thirty-first Congress that Thaddeus Stevens was introduced to the United States of America. John Quincy Adams was not long dead, and here was a greater than he. It was a memorable session. Webster announced his opposition to the anti-slavery agitation as it was then conducted. Calhoun's last speech was read to the Senate—that warning and prophecy, beseeching the South to prepare for the struggle now inevitable. Clay made his last compromise in the interest of union and fraternity. Giddings was there, resolute, and fanatic as the sternest Covenanter Scotland ever produced, and beside him was Robert C. Schenck, an abler man than Stevens himself. There was Robert C. Winthrop, conservative and patriotic, and with him were George Ashmun and Horace Mann, radicals. David Wilmot, a Democrat, and a prominent author of the revolution soon to come, was there. George W. Julian came from Indiana and was the most eloquent of all the abolitionists then in Congress. From the South were Toombs, Stephens, Cobb, Isham G. Harris, Andrew Johnson, and Humphrey Marshall.

The contest for the Speakership was long and exciting and resulted in the selection of Howell Cobb, of Georgia. Stevens received the vote of the free soilers. Winthrop was the candidate of the Whigs.

Stevens took an active part in the debates. While not an orator in the vulgar acceptation of the term, for he was never persuasive, never spectacular, never rhetorical, his utterances were so emphatic and so bold, his positions so radical and audacious, his language so forcible and denunciatory, that he attracted the attention of the whole country. He was not so polished in expression as John Randolph, but he was as sarcastic. He was not as original in expression as Ben Hardin, but he was as vigorous.

The first time he rose to speak was in January, 1850. After addressing the Speaker, he turned toward members from the North and said:

Sir, for myself, I should look upon any Northern man, enlightened by a Northern education, who would, directly or indirectly, by omission or commission, by basely voting or cowardly skulking, permit slavery to spread over one rood of God's free earth, as a traitor to liberty and a recreant to his God.

The effect was startling, for it was known that the assault was directed against Robert C. Winthrop.

Upon the admission of California, Stevens made an elaborate speech. It was as vigorous as any of his other utterances, and, in addition, contained classic allusion and here and there a flower of fancy and an imagery of poetry. But invective was his weapon, and he could be unsparing in its use. On one occasion, after a scathing rebuke of certain Southern members, he turned to the Northern "dough-faces," a term he invented, and said:

I entertain no ill-will toward any human being, nor brutes that I know of, not even the skunk across the way, to whom I just referred. Least of all would I reproach the South. I honor her courage and fidelity. Even in a bad, a wicked cause, she shows a united front. All her sons are faithful to the cause of human bondage, because it is their cause. But the

North—the poor, timid, mercenary, driveling North—has no such united defenders of her cause, although it is the cause of human liberty. None of the bright lights of the nation shine upon her section. Even our great men have turned her accusers. She is the victim of low ambition—an ambition that prefers self to country, personal aggrandizement to the high cause of human liberty. She is offered up a sacrifice to propitiate Southern tyranny—to conciliate Southern treason.

They said there were men in the South—Yancey, Wise, Wigfall—who “fired the Southern heart.” There were men at the North who put the torch to the Northern heart—Stevens, Lane, Lovejoy.

“There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth,
Be there lords in the Lowlands, there are chiefs in the North.”

Even Webster did not escape his lash. After comparing him to Bacon and remarking on the disgrace of that “most exquisite” of all human intellects and quoting Pope’s celebrated line, Stevens continued:

So now in this crisis of the fate of liberty, if any of the renowned men of this nation should betray her cause, it were better that they had been unknown to fame. It need not be hoped that the brightness of their past glory will dazzle the eyes of posterity or illumine the pages of impartial history. A few of its rays may linger on a fading sky, but they will soon be whelmed in the blackness of darkness. For unless progressive civilization and the increasing love of freedom throughout the Christian and civilized world are fallacious, the Sun of Liberty, of universal liberty, is already above the horizon and fast coursing to his meridian splendor, when no advocate of slavery, no apologist of slavery, can look upon his face and live.

That was Stevens’ reply to Webster’s seventh of March speech. Boston’s reply was the closing of the doors of Faneuil Hall to her most illustrious citizen. One of the successors of Webster in the present Senate (Mr. Lodge) would walk backward and cover him with a bed quilt, and the other has written

a splendid chapter, and in the perusal of it we may speculate that Webster on March 7 postponed secession ten years, during which the North waxed strong enough to successfully grapple with it when it could no longer be postponed. Mr. Hoar thinks that as Webster's vision was strongest and clearest he saw what men like Stevens could not see, and acted best for the country. At least, Mr. Hoar makes a suggestion of that import.

At the close of the Thirty-second Congress Stevens abandoned politics and returned to the practice of law. The Kansas and Nebraska bill was enacted into law. The Dred Scott case was adjudicated and the decision promulgated. Nullification was rife at the North, and secession was rife at the South. Actual war existed in Kansas. John Brown attempted a servile insurrection in Virginia and died a felon on the scaffold. The debate between Lincoln and Douglas set the North to thinking, and the debate between Benjamin and Douglas nerved the South to revolution. The Democratic party divided and a sectional President was elected. Secession came, and war came with it—these things happened before Thaddeus Stevens again came prominently on the carpet.

II

What a splendid era it was, that decade of 1850-'60! James Buchanan came to be President of the United States, and Harriet Lane was the beautiful, accomplished and beloved mistress of the White House. It was when Stephen A. Douglas and John C. Breckinridge were favorite sons of a great party,

when Jefferson Davis adorned the American Senate, when Seward was the leader of a new and soon to be victorious party, when William L. Yancey fired the Southern heart, when Wendell Phillips fed Northern fanaticism, when Jim Lane created the Western jayhawker. It was the era of Harper's publications and Bonner's Ledger. Mrs. Southworth and Fanny Fern and T. S. Arthur were favorite authors. The "Benesia Boy" was an American hero, and Paul Morphey an American conqueror. "Young America" was abroad, and Walker led a band of adventurers to Nicaragua. Millions of young men and boys looked forward with longing to the next war with England. Minnesota was a Northern desert and Texas a Southern wilderness. Iowa and Arkansas were handfuls of farmers. Chicago was a wooden town, and St. Louis little better. Many shrewd men thought Fort Smith would beat them both. There was no excise, and it was the era of free trade.

There was much strenuous politics, though. The Know-Nothing party had been put to death, and the John Brown raid would have been the last nail in the coffin of the new Republican party, if the South had only had the patience "to stand pat." As for slavery, it put dollars in Northern pockets where it put dimes in Southern. It made the cotton that regulated the balance of trade and fed Northern looms and bought Northern goods. There was not one single Northern State that would have furnished a single regiment to fight for the freedom of all the negroes in the world. There was not a single Northern community that did not regard an Abolitionist

of the Garrison stripe as little less than a nuisance. Had the South dealt with the problem as Buchanan and Black advised, there would have been no war, and if slavery had died, it would have been a natural death, not a violent one.

But the South refused "to stand pat." That elected Lincoln. The South did not believe there was going to be a war, and if war came she was satisfied she could lick the North. The North had no idea there was going to be any war, and Abraham Lincoln was a much astonished man when it came. There have been a thousand stupid books written about that period—the last days of Buchanan and the first days of Lincoln. They said that Toucey scattered the navy for the benefit of the secessionists. It was a very flourishing and thrifty lie, and there are simple-minded men, some of them editors and statesmen, who yet believe it. Then they said that Floyd put all the arms down South. That was another preposterous lie, for there was not a single Southern post or fort that had its full quota of the arms on hand. The South did not believe it would need any arms.

Of all the victims of malice and detraction produced by those times James Buchanan was the most cruelly used. There is not a fair-minded Republican living who can read his "Life" by Curtis without a blush. There is not a candid Republican who can read it without a regret that a public apology has not been made to the memory of an able and a pure man and sincere patriot. But history will do the blushing, and it will do the apologizing. History is used to it. That is what history was made

for. Until the South fired on Fort Sumter the Lincoln administration was drifting, and had that shot not been fired Lincoln could not have raised a regiment. The North sprang to arms to vindicate the flag. Had Buchanan been President instead of Lincoln there would have been the same result.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe had written a book about slavery. It was an extravagant fiction. Every Southern man knew it to be such. There were some short-haired women in the North, who ought to have been born men, and some long-haired men, who ought not to have been born at all, who believed the stuff, or affected to believe it; but it was not until the flag had been fired on that Mrs. Stowe's absurd yarn got to be a classic and a gospel. It was not until the flag was fired on that that ignoble old ruffian, John Brown, got to be a martyr. The only greater folly than secession that has yet been invented by American statesmanship was reconstruction. Fire is the test of gold; gold is the test of woman; woman is the test of man, so it is written. And it may be written that war is the test of patriotism. Ours had been tried in the blaze of battle, North and South, until we had the grandest citizenship on earth. But nothing would do the truculent victors but that our citizenship must be diluted with an inferior race.

III

In the Thirty-seventh Congress Stevens was chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, with all the powers and responsibilities attaching to the position, when that organ of Congress made the

appropriations, provided for the coinage and regulated banking and currency, as well as raised the revenues. There was no cant in his nature, no hypocrisy, no sham, no nonsense. He determined to crush the South, destroy slavery, make a freeman, a citizen, and a voter of the negro, and he set about the tremendous task with grim resolve. He was to the North what Cato was to Rome, and his hatred of the South was as Cato's hatred of Carthage. He ruled his party with an iron rod. In debate he was terrific, not alone because of his powerful mind, but because of his domineering personality and invincible individuality of character. He was one of the few men who realized what a job it was. Had all his fellows in Congress seen as far and as clearly, perhaps the war would not have been fought. When he brought in his first supply bill, appropriating \$400,000,000 for the army and navy, Schuyler Colfax spoke in opposition. He thought the amount preposterous, and doubtless believed with Seward that the war would be over in ninety days. Then it was the House realized what sort of fight it was when Thersites engaged Hercules. The old man took the future Speaker by the nape of the neck and shook him as a mastiff might a weasel. From that day nobody questioned his budget, and he passed bills appropriating hundreds of millions under suspension of the rules. One sarcastic sentence, one gesture of that long, bony finger, cowed all opposition. When he introduced the first bill providing for reconstruction he announced that he had in mind every miserable little coward on the floor and challenged all of them to vote against him if they dared.

And so Stevens and Butler "reconstructed." Henry J. Raymond was driven out of the Republican party. Andrew Johnson was driven back into the Democratic party. Kentucky, a loyal State, was made as Southern as South Carolina. Reconstruction was a saturnalia of fraud, corruption, and crime during ten long and doleful years. It was the most disgraceful, disgusting, and revolting episode in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race. It was a cowardly thing to do—it was an infamous thing to do, and it was a failure.

The wound rankled and festered for decades, and rankles and festers to this day. The bayonet removed, the Saxon asserted himself. The carpet-bagger went to the penitentiary or vanished. The negro returned to the cotton field. Then, in 1896, the North elected a President with a mind to see like Franklin and a heart to feel like L'Hospital. The wounds healed and cicatrized. The South honored him and began to love him. She was become Cinderella at the ball. Loyal she had been for years, and war came to make her patriotic.

Another leaf was turned in the book of history. The page looked bright and it was everywhere told that only Cinderella had a foot to swear by. Then the door of despair was opened and it was called the door of hope. Attempt was made to join together what Almighty God had put asunder. Charleston was not an equal with either Portland. At Charleston a Federal official is appointed, not because he is competent, but because he is offensive; and this is called opening "the door of hope." Cinderella is sent back to the wash tub, and it will fail.

Stevens was one of the managers on the part of the House of Representatives to conduct the im-

peachment of Andrew Johnson. He was now old and feeble; but his speech in summing up is a powerful production, though he was physically unable to deliver it. It was read by Benjamin F. Butler.

About a month before his death, Stevens delivered a most extraordinary speech in the House of Representatives on the bill to fund the public debt. He was a greenbacker and opposed to paying the public debt in coin. He even denounced the provision to pay the interest in coin. In his speech against the pending bill he declared that if he thought the Republican party would pass such a bill he would vote for Frank Blair, even though a worse man than Horatio Seymour headed the ticket. The bill was not pressed; but after the old lion was dead the bill was passed, and it was the first public measure President Grant approved.

Perhaps the only time Stevens ever did anything that looked like dodging was when he failed to vote on the indecent motion to lay on the table a resolution expressing respect for James Buchanan, one of the Presidents of the Republic, who had just died. And that recalls the history of that much-maligned man. If one will take the trouble to read the "Life of Buchanan," by Curtis, he will find a complete vindication of Mr. Buchanan, and he will see shattered some great big reputations that were made in those days. And that, even though Curtis remarks that he had withheld the worst.

Mr. McCall, the accomplished Congressman from Massachusetts, has written an excellent narrative with Stevens for the subject, and relates this characteristic anecdote.

Mr. Lincoln consulted Stevens in regard to the composition of his Cabinet, and Stevens protested with characteristic vigor against the appointment of Simon Cameron as Secretary of War.

"You don't mean to say," said Lincoln, "that Cameron would steal?" "No," answered Stevens, "I don't think he would steal a red hot stove." Lincoln thought the joke too good to keep, and told Cameron, who went to Stevens in a rage and demanded an apology. Stevens tried to pacify him, but could not until he promised to go to Lincoln and set the matter right. He went to the White House and saw the President.

"Mr. Lincoln," said Stevens, "why did you tell Cameron what I said?" "I thought," answered Lincoln, "it a good joke, and I didn't think it would make him mad." "Well," replied Stevens, "he is mad, and made me promise to retract. I will now do so. I believe I told you that I didn't think he would steal a red hot stove. I now take that back."

Like Henry Clay, Stevens was called "the Great Commoner," but the two were not alike. Clay conciliated; Stevens assailed. Clay persuaded; Stevens threatened. Clay was loved; Stevens was feared. Clay was an orator; Stevens was a debater. There was something about Clay that brought to mind the admiration men had for Alcibiades; there was something about Stevens that caused men to think of Peter Romanoff. Both were brave, but Clay's was the courage of chivalry, while Stevens' was the courage of fanaticism. The Kentuckian was Ivanhoe. The Pennsylvanian was Tom Sayers.

MATTHEW H. CARPENTER

As Elijah returned on his way to the wilderness of Damascus he found Elisha, the son of Shaphat, and Elijah passed by him, and cast his mantle upon him. And so it is given us to imagine that when Matt Carpenter was a student in the law office of Rufus Choate the genius of that unrivaled advocate was grafted on the growing mind of his gifted disciple to develop and fructify in the then far West, and make of him the foremost lawyer and most eloquent orator of his time. He was not second to any man in Senates that knew Conkling and Blaine, Thurman and Lamar, Hoar and Ben Hill. He was not a great statesman, but he was the first lawyer, as well as the most engaging orator of the Senate, and when it came to a debate of a constitutional question he was as able as Robert Toombs or James S. Green, and as brilliant as Rufus Choate or Judah P. Benjamin. Not a great while after Carpenter entered the Senate James A. Garfield left off the line of political thought—the Southern question—that had engaged him so long and entered upon the study of economic issues, and when Garfield left Congress he was as well fitted to discuss such questions as any man in public life. Carpenter never made any study of economics. He had not the taste for them, but was content to drift with his party in all matters relating to revenue and taxation, coinage, banking and currency. But as an expounder of the Constitution he was submissive to



MATTHEW H. CARPENTER



nothing save his own reason, and there has been no finer intellect in the Senate since Webster.

In the Continental Congress Virginia had two sons, the most gifted orators of that period—Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee. Henry was the invincible torrent that swept all before it and made men mad for action and for battle. Lee was the limpid brook, pellucid, peaceful, pastoral—radiant as the scenery of Arnheim and redolent of the rose gardens of Bagdad. It made men satisfied with the race set for them to run. Carpenter's oratory was something like Lee's, but it was much more. It was addressed to the reason, which it wooed like an angel. His vocabulary was marvelous, not so exquisite as Roscoe Conkling's, not so splendid as Joseph Holt's, not so fecund as J. J. Ingalls', but superior to all others, and his voice—there was nothing like it. Once heard, it forever echoed. Nobody ever even made a stagger of a description of it. It reminded you of the laughter of children and the songs of the birds. It did not suggest the traditional silver trumpet, but you thought of the lute of Orpheus. It was not so commanding as it was tuneful. No bad man ever had such a voice. No bad man could laugh as he did. He was human; but it was the order of the human Almighty God sent His Son to redeem. It was that order of the human Jesus so loved.

As boy and man, Carpenter had a phenomenal memory. At the age of nine he committed to memory Webster's reply to Hayne—seventy pages—did it without neglecting his other studies, and declaimed it verbatim, to the delight of his rural audience. Sumner and Conkling used to commit their speeches to memory, and in 1896 Mr. Carlisle wrote his great

speech of that year and delivered it with the change of a single word, which only emphasized the meaning. The speech was then in type and the enemy was "holding copy" on him. Carpenter never wrote his speeches, but he carried more memorized matter in his mind than any of his fellows. He could repeat whole books of the Bible and entire plays of Shakespeare. He could on the instant deliver every line of "The Lady of the Lake." Probably no other lawyer ever read so many law books, and when he came upon a passage notable for the strength of its reasoning he memorized it, then and there, never forgot it, and ever had it at instantaneous command. He was blind for two years, about 1849-1851. Perhaps it was a great advantage. It allowed a wholesome introspective, permitted a thorough digestion of his vast stores of reading, and gave discipline to his remarkable intellectual faculties.

But this man had no royal road to first place at the bar that knew Black and Evarts. All his life that giant mind labored. When absorbed in a great case midnight found him at work. He had one secret—he was thorough. When he went to the bar he knew his case—all of it, every particle of it. He was not only a profound jurist, but he was unrivaled at *nisi prius*. He knew how to try a case. He knew how to prepare the pleadings, how to make his points to the bench, how to interrogate a witness, how to address a jury. As a practitioner, he was not inferior to Choate or Brady. It was that one secret, without which there never was, there never will be, any success—he worked. He took pains. He never let a job go until it was finished. It was never finished till he had given it the best thought he had.

It is a lesson every young man should learn, and it is the one thing in all this wide world that ever did, or ever will, bring success in any calling that is honorable.

I

Some of the Conqueror's men-at-arms were of the name of Carpentier. The name is in Domesday Book. It was in England before Edward the Confessor, and it was prominent in the England of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts. It got to America, and settled in New England in 1638.

Matt Carpenter was of the ninth generation of the family in America, and was born December 22, 1824. He was christened Decatur Merritt Hammond Carpenter, but changed the name to Matthew Hale Carpenter when he came to man's estate and had succeeded at the bar. As a boy he hated manual labor, and ignorant folk called him lazy. There is only one man in ten thousand who knows how to rear a child who is a genius. The elder Carpenter was not one of them. Matt began the study of law at the age of fourteen, and two years later he practiced in a local court and beat his grandfather and another lawyer in a bitterly contested jury trial. At nineteen he became a cadet at West Point, where he remained two years, but in 1845 he was forced to resign on account of the state of his health. He returned to the law and went to Boston, where he entered the office of Rufus Choate, who was a second father to him. Choate saw what a genius he was, and was so delighted with the thorough manner Carpenter performed the first task set for him that he then and there called him "Judge."

Carpenter resolved to seek his fortune at the West and Choate saw to it that he had credit at Little, Brown, & Co.'s for books. He landed at Beloit, Wis., a New England community, in 1848, and opened a law office with books to the value of \$1,000 and seventy-five cents in cash. Immediately he was the most popular man in town. His first case was hard-fought, which he gained, and that was not strange, and his fee was one dollar, which he collected, and that was strange. Then came that cruel stroke of blindness, which might have been a blessing in disguise. After the recovery of his sight, to restore which he was under the care of a specialist in New York City for nearly two years, he returned to Beloit, and success came to him. He married the playmate and friend of his childhood, the daughter of his first preceptor in the law, Paul Dillingham, and they two made a happy home.

And now his practice expanded. His name was heralded all over the West, and he removed to Milwaukee, though Chicago invited him. And so we find him at the State metropolis when the war came. Carpenter had always been a Democrat, though he had never bothered with politics. He made a speech for Cass in 1848, and supported Pierce in 1852, and Buchanan in 1856. He was an ardent admirer and devoted follower of Douglas, and this notwithstanding he disapproved of the compromise of 1850 and opposed the repeal of the Missouri restriction of 1854. He believed Douglas could avert war, and he knew and declared that the election of Lincoln would make war inevitable. But when war came he was a war Democrat.

There was no abler constitutional lawyer in 1865 than Matt Carpenter. He was never so radical as Stevens and Sumner, Butler and Wade, but he was radical enough. He declared that the "act of rebellion," as the super-loyal called it, worked a forfeiture of all the rights of the seceded States as States, and that they were reduced to the condition of territory bought from France or conquered from Mexico, and that they must submit to any government Congress imposed. His plan was to keep them in a territorial state for twenty-five years.

Carpenter first became known to the nation in 1866, when he appeared before the Supreme Court to argue what is known as the *McArdle* case. Judge Jeremiah Black was on the other side, and it is enough to say of his speech on that occasion that it was equal to anything that ever came from him, and of Carpenter's it may be said that it was a Roland for Black's Oliver. The case was never decided, for the Republicans in Congress, apprehensive of a defeat, repealed the law permitting an appeal to the Supreme Court in such cases, and the *McArdle* case fell. But from that day M. H. Carpenter was in the front rank of the élite of the American bar.

II

In 1869 Carpenter became a Senator in Congress, chosen to that high place simply because he was the foremost intellect in Wisconsin and over the protest of the political machine of the State. In the Senate he found Sumner, Edmunds, Schurz, Conkling, Thurman, Trumbull, Sherman, Morton, Bayard, and others of their class. It was no ordinary man

who could cope with these men; but Carpenter was not warm in his seat before he was recognized as the equal of the greatest of them in debate and the very first orator of that body. The reconstruction question was the paramount issue, and it was only a little while until Carpenter discovered a legal learning that was the admiration and the wonder of his followers, while the language of his speech was a perpetual delight.

But Matt Carpenter was not made for statecraft. He belonged to the bar. He was not out of place in the Senate, either, for the Senate is always in need of all sorts of law that is sound, especially constitutional law. But Carpenter was not a statesman. His plan to keep the Southern States in a territorial condition for twenty-five years would have been the destruction of the Union. It meant chaos for the Southern States. It meant sectionalism forever. As for the negro, Carpenter had the vaguest idea of him. Some of Carpenter's ablest speeches only prove that the shoemaker should stick to his last and the lawyer to his brief.

Carpenter voted for what was called the "salary grab," and when the storm came he and Ben Butler were the only two men brave enough to resist it. Carpenter's speech to his angry constituents was simply magnificent, but it cost him the senatorship. He was the frankest man in the world and wore his heart on his sleeve. All the honors and all the money in the world would not have bribed him to a meanness. He was deaf to public clamor. When Horace Greeley signed Jefferson Davis' bail bond there was an outcry against him, and let us be thankful for it, for it gave him opportunity to write that letter to the

Union League Club that must be a classic as long as political literature endures. In 1876 Carpenter was employed to argue the cause of Tilden before the electoral commission. How is this for the King's English?

Permit me to state in the outset why I appear here. It is not because Mr. Tilden was my choice for President, nor is my judgment in this case at all affected by friendship for him as a man, for I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance with him. I voted against him on the 7th of November last, and if this tribunal could order a new election I should vote against him again, believing, as I do, that the accession of the Democratic party to power at this time would be the greatest calamity that could befall our country except one, and that one greater calamity would be to keep him out by falsehood and fraud. I appear here professionally, to assert, and, if possible, establish the right of 10,000 legal voters of Louisiana, who, without accusation or proof, indictment or trial, notice or hearing, have been disfranchised by four persons incorporated with perpetual succession under the name and style of "the returning board of Louisiana." I appear also in the interest of the next Republican candidate for President, whoever he may be, to insist that this tribunal shall settle principles by which, if we carry Wisconsin for him by 10,000 majority, as I hope we may, no canvassing board, by fraud, or induced by bribery, shall be able to throw the vote of that State against him and against the voice and will of the people.

Volumes might be quoted from his speeches, and every word so quoted an example of the correct use of words. He knew always just exactly what he wanted to say, and exactly how to say it. When he hurled at the electoral commission the declaration that if they found for Hayes they thereby adjudged that a fraud was as good as a majority, it was a powerful argument—one that went to the mind and the conscience of every American citizen.

In a speech in the Senate Carpenter spoke as follows of Rufus Choate, and the description serves better for Carpenter himself than any one else has ever described him :

Mr. Choate has been a member of this body; he stood at the head of the legal profession of his native State and had no superior at any bar, English or American. As an advocate he had no peer. In this department of his profession I do not believe his equal ever lived. A mass of uninteresting facts, the tedious details of the driest subjects, touched by his magic wand stood forth to the quickened apprehension of court or jury with the beauty and freshness of spring, and his nervous oratory and magnetic eloquence moved the tenderest emotions and strongest passions of men, as the wind sways the forest. With international and municipal law, and especially with constitutional law, he was entirely familiar. He was full of learning, but not incumbered by it, for the details of his knowledge were not attached to him like the merchandise strapped to a dromedary, but were digested, assimilated, made part of himself by the fusing power of his transcendent genius.

The figure of the dromedary was a sarcasm aimed at Charles Sumner, with whom he frequently clashed. Again he said of Sumner: "My friend from Massachusetts, once a sound and upright lawyer, has been degraded by public life to the blasé purlieus of a common statesman, as may be observed by the unsound views he is advocating." When he got into the discussion of the disposition of the proceeds of the Geneva award, he clashed with Blaine in a very brilliant debate. It was a purely legal question, and Blaine discussed it with all the lawyers in the Senate. When the latter advanced some legal point that startled Carpenter, the latter spoke of the Senator from Maine as "beyond all comparison a distinguished and learned attorney." The excellent things Carpenter said at the bar, in the Senate, and on the stump would fill volumes.

Indeed, he would sometimes resort to humor in a pleading. When Carpenter was a very young lawyer he one day appeared in court and made a five minutes' speech on a motion for a county license. There was a stranger present, who was so struck with the beauty and lucidity of that little speech that he resolved that should he ever have any legal business out West, Carpenter should be his counsel. The stranger was Newcomb Cleveland, of New York, a capitalist, and he did have legal business out West, and a great deal of it. It was in order the better to attend to Cleveland's business that Carpenter moved from Beloit to Milwaukee. There was one case Cleveland was a party to that became a regular Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce. The style of it was Cleveland versus The Marine Bank of Milwaukee. It was on the docket after both Cleveland and Carpenter were dead, though it began in 1859, and may be pending to this day.

Here is the conclusion of one of Carpenter's pleadings. He prayed the court for an order to compel all the creditors of the bank to contribute to the expenses of the suit, asked for a receiver, and closed with this general and particular prayer: "That such other orders, regulations, special proceedings and unheard-of remedies may be from time to time in this action invented, ordered and had, as the nature of the case may require, and that this plaintiff may from time to time and always (for he never expects to see the end of this action) have such other and further new and extraordinary relief as the nature of this action may require, and that everybody else may have all the relief they are entitled to in this action, according to law and according to the decisions

of the Supreme Court, made or to be made, and that, too, as fully and amply as anybody can hereafter suggest, and as the plaintiff may hereafter have occasion to ask when he sees how this thing works.”

The man who can't get humor out of that is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils.

Perhaps it would be too much to say that Carpenter got as much reputation out of the French arms' sales discussion as Conkling or Schurz, but his speeches on that question were marvels of logic and eloquence. His defense of Belknap in the impeachment proceedings was another great triumph, and added much to his fame.

He died in his intellectual prime, the greatest of lawyers and the best of men. He never had a wicked thought. Big as was his heart, it had no place for envy or for hate. He was a remarkably handsome man, his smile the sweetest in the world and his laugh the most cheering in the world. Children loved him, and he loved them, and many was the tear he dried.

Some years ago there died in Louisville, Ky., an opulent merchant. He was fond of baseball, but he could never sit out a game with the knowledge that urchins were on the outside longing to see the sport, and it was his custom to go down, make a contract and bring the whole squad in to hear the umpire order "Play ball!" And he did it regardless of the numbers and the cost.

John M. Robinson and Matt Carpenter are neighbors and friends in the "Sweet By and By," and not far off is He who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."



ANDREW JOHNSON.

ANDREW JOHNSON

On one occasion Alexander H. Stephens made a somewhat curious speech in the Congress of the United States on the subject of demagogues, and it was a very excellent contribution to the political literature of this country, and will repay the reading by old and young to this day. Mr. Stephens made a classification of demagogues, and the pick of them he declared to be the best patriots in the world. Chatham, Mirabeau, and Patrick Henry were all demagogues, but they were no common, vulgar, self-seeking demagogues. They were the creators of public opinion, not its creatures. They would not have flattered Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power to thunder. Chatham demonstrated to the King of England that the people were His Majesty's masters. Mirabeau demonstrated to the King of France that privilege led to revolution. Henry sounded the tocsin that called his country to rebellion and to independence.

Then there is that contemptible sort of demagogy that never kept a straight backbone in the sound of a hiss, that crawls on its belly and eats dirt, and loves the dirt better when it is the garbage of politics; that takes orders and bloats itself with stultification and talks cant and boasts a patriotism that it does not have and cannot feel. These are the slaves of a free country, the petitioners for the release of Barabbas, the doughfaces of politics, the hypocrites of religion, the lepers of society.

Andrew Johnson was a demagogue in the higher and nobler sense. He was a demagogue because he believed in the people. He was of a generation that was in being when Jackson won immortal renown for himself and unfading glory for Tennessee at New Orleans—a generation that was the sons of those who resisted Cornwallis, Rawdon, and Tarleton, followed the line of duty under the command of Green and Morgan, Marion and Sumter, and got drunk on victory at Kings Mountain. Like Lincoln and Garfield, Johnson was the child of poverty and born to toil. He was of that indomitable Scotch-Irish race that builded such noble Commonwealths in North Carolina and Tennessee. He had imagination; he was full of patriotism; he could tread the thorny path of duty; he had the will to work and the patience to wait and the heart to be honest, in thought as well as in deed. There were French grenadiers who found the marshal's baton in their knapsacks. Andrew Johnson found the highest civic distinction on earth in line of civic duty in humble station in the mountain region of East Tennessee.

He was a tailor by trade and diligent. He began to read when he had attained to man's estate. He became an elder in our political Israel, and a priest at the altar of his country, and he never forgot that he was one of the common herd, that he had come up from the lowest seat in the sanctuary, and had been a wood-hewer and a water-drawer. In the toga of a Senator he was a tribune of the people. With none of the graces of the orator, with no claim to eloquence except earnestness—not to be compared with Toombs and Benjamin and Fessenden and Chase as a disputant in the higher field of statesman-

ship—yet Andrew Johnson had no peer when it came to talking to the common people from the stump. His speeches in the two Houses of Congress are forgot, and were surpassed by the utterances of a hundred of his colleagues who are forgot; but there was a something in the character, something in the attitude of that sturdy form, or the glance of that open eye, or the general air of the man that caused the plain people of Tennessee to discover in him their friend, and they gave him their hearts and their votes, just as they had given them to Andrew Jackson. They selected him as their champion and loved him and trusted him and leaned on him. The polished invective of Gustavus A. Henry and the fierce contumely of William G. Brownlow could not prevail against him, but served the more effectually to enshrine him in the hearts of the plebeians. He never courted the smiles of the patricians, and their aversion to him was pronounced. Not long ago honor was done to the "Father of the homestead law" over in Pennsylvania. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, was the father of that legislation, and offered a bill for it before Galusha A. Grow was in Congress. If he had no other title to public gratitude this should give it him, Pelion on Ossa.

Andrew Johnson was repeatedly elected to Congress, and sometimes after the fiercest contests. That race when he defeated the eloquent Landon C. Haynes will be a delightful tradition in East Tennessee generations hence. He was a marked man at the National Capital his first term. Indeed his strongly marked individuality would have made him

an important factor in any conventicle of leaders. He was a Southern man, but a mountaineer. If he had any ideas of African slavery as it existed at the South, they were in accord with those advanced by Parson Brownlow in his debate with Prime. The corner-stone of his political principles was devotion to the Union. He believed that the future welfare of the people who worked with their hands depended on the preservation and the perpetuation of the Union.

He was twice elected Governor of Tennessee, and each time after a memorable campaign. He defeated Henry and he defeated Gentry, each after a contest as vehement as those between Polk and Jones. Less polished and less eloquent than either, he was yet superior to even Henry himself on the stump, and carried the people with him.

I

Like Scotland, Tennessee is highland and lowland, and for generations there has been as much difference between him of the valley and him of the mountain as there was between the clans Montrose led to glory in the highlands and the soldiery Cromwell marched to victory on the moors. Caius Marcius was no less like Sicinius Dentatus than Isham G. Harris was like Andrew Johnson. The one of these was from East Tennessee, the other from the West. Parson Brownlow was from the East; Bishop Polk was from the West, and John Knox and Pope Leo X were not less alike than were these churchmen of the generation that fought the big wars of 1861-'65. It was to such antagonistic classes that Johnson and

Henry appealed. Henry was a magnificent orator, the pride of the Whigs, and the canvass he made was a reminder of James C. Jones, who defeated James K. Polk for the same office for which Henry was now a candidate. It was a great State for orators, and Henry was the pride of the State, and the "Eagle of Tennessee."

Johnson was a plebeian, and now he sought the support of that proud Democracy of the West, the disciples of John C. Calhoun and the friends of Jefferson Davis.

"Envie is lavender to the court alway,
For she ne parteth neither night ne day
Out of the house of Cæsar."

Maybe there was something of that sort in the way the Democrats of the Lowlands looked on this Democrat of the Highlands.

Before an audience of what Lincoln called the plain people, and Johnson himself called the plebeians, Johnson was invincible. He could not make men go to war as did Demosthenes and Patrick Henry, and he could not set Senates a-thinking as did Burke and Webster, but he could get just a little closer to a poor man than another, and that poor man believed in him. He had eaten the bread of poverty; he had worked with his hands. The poor man hearkened to him because his voice rang true. He was a demagogue, but an honest and a brave and a patriotic man, who took orders from no other man. He was no mere self-seeker. He would not deceive. His one ambition was to advance the interests of the lowly. That is how it came that Andrew

Johnson beat Gustavus A. Henry and Meredith P. Gentry for Governor of Tennessee.

After serving two terms as Governor, Johnson was elected to the Federal Senate, and he was in that body when the great war came. He was drunk with patriotism from the moment Beauregard fired on Sumter. The Union was in his thoughts by day and in his dreams by night. He became military Governor of Tennessee, and no doubt his administration of that trust advanced the Union cause incalculably. He was the first man among Southern loyalists, for it is only since the smoke of war has cleared away that men have begun to see the colossal figure of George H. Thomas. And so it was for both political and military reasons Andrew Johnson was elected Vice-President in 1864.

And now the war was over. The Union was preserved—but not restored. The President was assassinated, and Johnson was President. No other American statesman ever had so delicate a task, and, unfortunately, Johnson was not a very delicate man. He wanted to punish the Southern leaders, but he wanted to acknowledge the Southern States as entitled to every constitutional right Ohio had, or Massachusetts had. He declared the ordinances of secession were void, *ab initio*, and that the States were never out of the Union.

That did not suit Thad Stevens and Ben Wade, who declared that the Southern States had forfeited every right they had under the Constitution, and should be held as conquered territory, and in support of it they quoted Vattel. Of course, that was bound to lead to a quarrel, for Johnson was as firm of con-

viction as any man then living. The radicals prevailed. The South was declared to be out of the Union by virtue of void ordinances of secession. Reconstruction came on, and there was enacted some governments down South that would have been exaggerations of infamy even when Alva was a proconsul.

There was an impeachment of the President by the House of Representatives and his trial by the Senate. It was the work of Edwin M. Stanton, one of the colossal figures of that epoch; but a man utterly without principle and without shame. When James, Duke of York, besought his brother Charles, King of England, to increase his guards, the "Merry Monarch" answered: "Nobody is going to kill me, James, to make you King." It was a thing like that that defeated the impeachment. There were too many Senators who did not want to see Ben Wade President of the United States. Had one of the immortal seven voted for conviction, his place in the column of the "not guilty" would have been supplied from those who had voted "guilty." It would require a heap of imagination to conceive the calamity that ten months of Ben Wade in the White House would have brought at that time. Had Fessenden, or Trumbull, or Sherman, or Wilson been President pro tempore of the Senate in 1868, it is altogether probable that conviction would have been had, though it is now universally admitted that it would have been an outrageous thing from a legal standpoint. If one would spend a profitable evening, let him secure a copy of the "Trial of Andrew Johnson," by De Witt. It is an excellent narrative.

When he left the White House, Johnson returned to East Tennessee and again entered politics. He had a rival in the Democratic party, Isham G. Harris. A very great man was Isham G. Harris. He had fought in the Confederate army; he had recruited, armed, equipped, clothed, and fed thousands of soldiers. He did not have a dense population and boundless resources to draw from, as did Morton, Andrew, Curtin, Yates, and other "war Governors" of the North; he was not far and safe in the rear, as they were; his State was overrun by the enemy. One-third of it was intensely loyal to the Union and sent more than 30,000 men to swell the Union legions. More than one-half the geographical extent of the State was held by the enemy, and yet Tennessee's quota was always full in the Southern armies, and Tennessee always did more than her fair share of the fighting on the field of battle. This was due to the indomitable spirit of the great war Governor of the old "Volunteer State."

Harris had been a refugee in Mexico and an exile in England; but the quarrel between Brownlow and Senter was his opportunity. Carpet-baggery and scallawaggery were overthrown and Harris and Johnson came to the front and began a struggle for the mastery of the Democratic party.

II

For four years Johnson had combated the radicals in the two Houses of Congress. He had issued a proclamation of general amnesty. He had striven to make the loyal governments of the Southern States something other than so many dens of thieves. He

had been arraigned before a radical Senate as a criminal and denounced all over the country as a traitor. He was even more bitterly hated by the irreconcilable Republicans than he was by the unreconstructed secessionists. Now he was a candidate for the United States Senate, and the Democrats of all the loyal States were practically unanimous for his return. Not so Harris. The eyes of the whole country were on Nashville. The balloting continued for weeks, and Johnson needed just one additional vote. Harris was resolved that he should not have that vote, nor did he get it. Finally, Henry Cooper was elected, and a groan went up from every Democratic camp in the North.

The next year, 1872, the Democratic State convention wanted to nominate Johnson for Congressman-at-large; but Harris forced the nomination of Gen. Frank Cheatham. Johnson ran independent, and both were beaten. If Harris taught Johnson that he could not get preferment over his opposition, Johnson taught Harris that the Democratic party of Tennessee could not get along without him; and thus matters were when another race for United States Senator came—1874-'75. It was a repetition of 1871, except that Johnson, after weeks of balloting, got the one vote required and was elected. It was Isham G. Harris' one political defeat. After the death of Johnson he was supreme in the State till his own death, twenty-odd years later. When Brownlow, then Governor, offered a reward for the apprehension of Harris, here is how he described him: "Tall, straight as an Indian, red on the top of the head, red face, a little profane, and inclined to be dictatorial."

Johnson died in 1875, a few weeks after he became a Senator. He made but a single speech at the extra session, and it breathed a fervent patriotism. His fame was under a cloud for a generation, but posterity will see in him a pure patriot and an enlightened statesman. His fame is growing and will be bright. It was meet that the flag of his country should be the winding-sheet of such a man.



JOHN J. INGALLS.

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Kansas is the child of Revolution and Fanaticism, and was cradled in Massacre and Terror. Sharp's rifles and Bibles were among its early settlers. It was the field where contended the crusaders against that relic of barbarism that is in most measure traceable to Yankee thrift—the exchange of rum for slaves on the coast of Guinea, the exchange of slaves for tobacco on the coast of Virginia, the exchange of tobacco for fabrics in the marts of Liverpool, the exchange of fabrics for sugar in the marts of Havana, the conversion of sugar into rum in the distilleries of Salem and Bedford, and repetitions of these ventures, to the end that "gayneful pyllage" might reward the diligent, the provident, and the elect of God. For this New England forced into the Federal Constitution the clause protecting the African slave trade until the year 1808.

Kansas was the State of John Brown and the Bender family. The truculent James H. Lane and the sanctimonious Samuel C. Pomeroy were exemplars of its paramount and triumphant idea. It is the home of isms, but the population is leavened with an individuality that preserves.

Another generation came on the scene, and Kansas politics was chaos. Soxless Simpson was its Luther and William A. Pfeffer was its Melanchthon. Carrie Nation prescribed its conduct and regulated its appetites. The other Kansas stole negroes in

Missouri to colonize them in Canada; this Kansas had other uses for the man and brother, and sought to solve the race problem by means of the stake, the fagot, and the torch.

I

John James Ingalls was an extraordinary man. By no means the ablest, he was perhaps the most brilliant Senator in Congresses conspicuous for exceptionally brilliant men. He was born in New England, of Puritan, not Pilgrim, parentage; of the Endicott, not the Carver, exodus; of the Salem, not the Plymouth, regime. In a sort of mirage of tradition the family is traced back to the Scandinavian kings and peoples who grafted Dane and Norman on Briton and Saxon. The name is in Domesday Book. President Garfield and Chief Justice Chase had like origin; indeed, the same origin. Edmund Ingalls founded the town of Lynn in 1628. His descendants are numerous and help to compose that banyan tree of which Senator Hoar makes so excellent a figure.

The son of a shoe manufacturer, John J. Ingalls was born December 29, 1833. His father was a cultivated man and the friend of Whittier. His politics was progressive, in turn Whig, Democrat, Free Soiler and Abolitionist. Haverhill was his home, and John J. Ingalls' affection for that old town was a part of his genius. The boy was endowed with a remarkable memory and made rapid progress in his studies. He entered Williams College in 1851, and was graduated from that excellent institution in 1855.

Now Ingalls engaged in the study of law, and in 1857 was admitted to the bar. He went West and located at Sumner, about as fraudulent a town in 1857 as Wichita became in 1887. When a cyclone destroyed Sumner, Ingalls pitched his tent at Atchison, and engaged in law and politics. It was the era of passion, of strife, of violence, of blood. As in all such quarrels, the harlot victory adhered to the stronger side, and Kansas became the banner Republican State.

Kansas' first Senators were Jim Lane and S. C. Pomeroy, the first a ruffian, the other a hypocrite. Both were products of the times. Lane had fought in Mexico, and had been a successful Democratic politician in Indiana. He was a turbulent man and could only live in an atmosphere of strife. There must have been something of the remarkable about him, however, to create the impression and achieve the ends he did by the series of orations he delivered in Chicago against the Lecompton constitution. He was part knight and part bully, and gravely proposed to leave the issue to battle—himself to head one hundred free State combatants against one hundred pro-slavery champions, led by Senator Atchison.

In 1859 Ingalls was a delegate to the Wyandotte convention that convened to form a State constitution, and the instrument thus made bears the impress of his pronounced ideas and exuberant vocabulary. In 1860 he was secretary of the Territorial Council, and later he was a member of the State Senate. During the war of 1861-1865 he was the judge-advocate of Kansas volunteers and editor of

the Atchison Champion. He was never a prolific writer, but from a literary standpoint whatever he wrote was excellent—not a dull line in a whole volume of it. In 1865 he was married to the excellent woman who was for so many years companion and friend as well as wife and mother.

Ingalls rose to be one of the chief figures in American politics, and success came at his command. He never courted it. He was a poet, and never so lonesome as when in a crowd. Lamar was another of that order of man. Ingalls was not "a man of the people," emphatically not, and could not successfully employ the arts of the vulgar demagogue. He could just as easily have uplifted the club of Hercules or stricken with the hammer of Thor. Honors came to him grudgingly and churlishly and solely because he was the first intellect and the one genius in the Kansas that knew Dudley C. Haskell and Preston B. Plumb.

Samuel C. Pomeroy was a statesman who believed in loyalty, religion, and subsidy, and of these he held subsidy to be the chiefest. Wherever he went he planted a Sunday-school, unfurled the Stars and Stripes, and set on foot an appropriation. He prayed while Jim Lane fought. He could ear another's field, and scandal said he often did. In the winter of 1872-1873 the Kansas Legislature was busy trying to choose a Senator in Congress. Pomeroy was a candidate for re-election, with excellent chances of success, when in the midst of the balloting Senator York, a brother of Dr. York, victim of the Benders, marched down the aisle and deposited on the Speaker's table six thousand dollars

in currency, which, he declared, had been paid him to vote for Pomeroy.

The scene was dramatic in the extreme. Every virtuous solon on the ground was indignant, and every unvirtuous one was in terror lest his unvirtue were uncovered. The result was the undoing of old "Subsidy Pom," but to this day a high-minded man must have a trace of pity for the old reprobate, even as such a man has pity for the Parolles that half shamed his captors with "Who cannot be crushed with a plot?"

II

Upon the exposure of Pomeroy, John James Ingalls was elected Senator, and was twice re-elected, closing a distinguished and conspicuous career in the Senate of the United States of eighteen years' duration March 3, 1891. It was a great epoch, 1873-'91, and Ingalls was one of the very brilliant men who made our political history during that period. He was not a great lawyer, did not have a judicial, or even a legal, mind. He was not a great lawgiver, not even a debater of the first rank. But he was a Senator of the first rank. Intellectually, he was inferior to Conkling and to Garfield; as a parliamentary gladiator, he was inferior to Thurman and to Ben Hill; as practical legislators, Sherman and Edmunds were greatly his superiors; Hoar excelled him in acquired knowledge, and Reed surpassed him in wit.

But Ingalls was a poet and had more imagination than any one of them except Garfield and Lamar. He was the wizard of English speech, and his vocabulary was the most gorgeous, if not the richest

of all his fellows. His sarcasm was terrible, and no man since John Randolph has been more feared. He was a partisan, but he could be candid, and frequently was, and he could be cruel and remorseless in his uncharity for a section that was prostrate and a people that were beaten. The defect in Ingalls' speeches and writings is the effulgence of the diction. It becomes monotonous, and we seek for a strength that is wanting amid so much expression that dazzles. How different the productions of John Marshall. The great jurist had a limited vocabulary. He groped in the dark for the word to be laid in the concrete of his inexorable logic and become an ashler of a massive, an imposing, an everlasting edifice. The style of Ingalls is nothing if not brilliant; the sentences are exquisite, but there is an absence of that simplicity which is the glory of letters and of eloquence, written and spoken. You read him with delight, and you forget him with facility.

Perhaps there is no tariff beggar of the whole lot more pertinacious and more rapacious than that which calls itself our "fisheries." It sets up for the "nursery of the navy," and levies a tax on every breakfast in the land. Some fifteen years ago this mendicant got into a row with Canada about bait, and there was something that looked like a war cloud on the international horizon. If one will take the trouble to search the debates of the Senate on that question he will be struck with the dissimilarity in the speeches of Ingalls and Edmunds, and of the speeches of the former it may be remarked that they were artistic and strenuous twistings of the British lion's tail, and, in that behalf, equal to anything

American eloquence can show. It was in the days when no political platform was complete without its Irish plank. In "Catfish Aristocracy" and "Blue Grass" Ingalls had exhausted eloquence and sarcasm in denunciation and ridicule of pork as an article of food; but his utterances and votes on the bait question had a tendency to discourage the consumption of fish, a palatable and wholesome substitute for bacon and pork.

In his famous interview in the *New York World* Ingalls thought we would never have another war unless it was with England; but before he died we were at war with Spain, and it was fear of England that prevented the powers of continental Europe from interfering to our injury in that quarrel.

III

The speeches of Ingalls that will live longest are the eulogies he pronounced on Beck, Hill, and Burnes. Here were eloquence and rhetoric. Here was Ingalls, the wizard of the English tongue. Not the poet Poe, not the advocate Choate, not the orator Ingersoll produced finer word painting. There were some thoughts, too, that startled. For instance:

Ben Hill has gone to the undiscovered country.

Whether his journey thither was but one step across an imperceptible frontier, or whether an interminable ocean, black, unfluctuating and voiceless, stretches between these earthly coasts and those invisible shores—we do not know.

Whether on that August morning after death he saw a more glorious sun rise with unimaginable splendor above a celestial horizon, or whether his apathetic and unconscious ashes still sleep in cold obstruction and insensible oblivion—we do not know.

Whether his strong, but subtle, energies found instant exercise in another forum; whether his dexterous and disciplined faculties are now contending in a higher Senate than ours for supremacy, or whether his powers were dissipated and dispersed with his parting breath—we do not know.

Whether his passions, ambitions and affections still sway, attract and impel; whether he yet remembers us, as we remember him—we do not know.

These are the unsolved and insoluble problems of mortal life and human destiny, which prompted the troubled patriarch to ask that momentous question, for which the ages have given no answer, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Every man is the center of a circle whose fatal circumference he cannot pass. Within its narrow confines he is potential; beyond it he perishes, and if immortality is a splendid, but delusive, dream; if the incompleteness of every career, even the longest and most fortunate, be not supplemented and perfected after its termination here, then he who dreads to die should fear to live, for life is a tragedy more desolate and inexplicable than death.

Then he painted Ben Hill, the orator, the fierce debater, the statesman, fanatic in his patriotism; the victor over James G. Blaine in the most ferocious bloody-shirt discussion preserved in Congressional literature, and the painting was in phrase even richer than the exordium. The speech attracted attention everywhere, commanded admiration, and provoked criticism. It was a tinge of agnosticism, and it may be remembered that Kansas was very strong on orthodoxy. No doubt that speech had something to do with the political undoing of Ingalls when agrarianism swept the State.

Read it, splendid eloquence that it is, and then turn to the following:

"There were ninety-and-nine that safely lay
 In the shelter of the fold,
 But one was out on the hills away,
 Far off from the gates of gold;
 Away on the mountain wild and bare,
 Away from the gentle Shepherd's care."

And the hymn tells the rest of the story—how the Shepherd toiled and suffered in the search, but persevered and found the lost one and restored him to the fold.

IV

Distinguished as was Ingalls' career in the Senate, it would have been better had he given the time and the thought to letters that he gave to legislation. His essays on Conkling, Garfield, and Blaine are excellent contributions to our literature, and perhaps they would have been greatly improved had he never come in contact with these eminent men. He was not a statesman, not a lawgiver. He could not divine, as every true statesman must. Nor did he have the quality of insight. His name is connected with no great measure, and no speech he made on any great political question will survive. In the world of politics he was an orator of a scorpion tongue; among scholars he was a poet with a brilliant expression.

Here is an excellent passage that he loved to employ, and is found in both his speeches and writings:

The world has no more conspicuous illustration of the truth that nothing is so unprofitable as wickedness. The thief robs himself. The adulterer pollutes himself. The murderer inflicts a deeper wound upon himself than that which kills his victim. Behind every criminal in the universe, silent but relentless, stands, with uplifted blade, the shadow of vengeance and retribution.

That is a passage that every youth ought to read and digest. It is a profound and an awful truth—as the apostle of the Gentiles expressed it, “The wages of sin is death.”

Ingalls did not clearly see the political storm coming to engulf him, and it was already upon him when he prepared to meet it. It would have been better for his fame had he defied it. His friends must ever regret the speech of January 14, 1891—"The Image and the Superscription of Cæsar." He was not a political economist, and the speech is as wild as the wildest. He was making an argument for fiat money. There are many excellent things in it, many eloquent passages. He could not be dull or commonplace, even when denouncing and bewailing "the crime of '73," declaring that money is the creature of law, and asserting that it is the stamp of the government that makes the dollar. But it would be a bold agrarian who would advance the doctrine of the speech of January 14 in the present Senate.

He was casting an anchor to windward, and he was a landsman.

Another casting of anchors to windward was the speech—"Fiat Justitia"—delivered in the Senate January 23, 1890. It was on the race question, and he discussed it with a great deal of ignorance and a great deal of prejudice, as must ever be the case when a brilliant man addresses himself to a partisan political question that he knows very little or nothing about. The speech was on a bill appropriating a large sum to defray the expense of transporting negroes from Southern to Northern States. The proposal was that our colored fellow-citizens should be removed from communities where they were encouraged to work and forbidden to vote, and set down in communities where they were encouraged to vote and not allowed to work. Politically, that might have been a prosperous venture; economi-

cally, the result would probably have been disastrous. There ought to be a law forbidding a Northern man to discuss the race question until a Northern constituency returns a negro to Congress. And it ought to be contrary to law, as it is contrary to good taste, for a Republican President of the United States to appoint a negro to office until a Republican national convention nominates a negro for Vice-President of the United States.

In the course of the speech was this refreshing delivery of candor : . .

The conscience of New England never was thoroughly aroused to the immorality of African slavery until it ceased to be profitable, and the North did not finally determine to destroy the system until convinced that its continuance threatened not only their industrial independence, but their political supremacy.

The speech would have set Kansas afire ten years earlier, for it was one of the most brilliant even he ever delivered; but the Kansas of 1890 was deep in political economy—"of a certing kind."

Nor did his vigorous and ornate waving of the bloody shirt at Gettysburg that year save the Senatorial toga. Kansas was reading "Coin" Harvey.

V

And now years after Ingalls is gathered to his fathers we have the race problem with us. Only last summer two United States Senators—one from Kansas and another from South Carolina—"discussed" it at the North.

Mrs. Jordan, of the English stage of Garrick's time, was an accomplished actress, but was some-

times jealous of other favorites, her rivals in the profession. On one occasion she excitedly exclaimed: "I am tired of filling the theater for Mrs. Siddons to run away with the applause!" One can but wonder if that unique elocutionist, Senator Burton, wearied of filling the Chautauqua for Senator Tillman to run away with the applause. It is not probable—it is hardly possible—for any good to come from a public discussion of what is called the "negro problem" by these two men. Senator Burton knows nothing in the world about the subject, and unless Senator Tillman has mended his manners, he tells what he knows about it in such intemperate language and assumes such provocative attitudes as to render his knowledge worthless.

Tillman is not the first Southern orator who discussed the negro question before Northern assemblies. William L. Yancey, a far more eloquent man, and Robert Toombs, a far abler man, carried Southern ideas into Boston in the days when "Bleeding Kansas" gave the Union a perpetual nightmare, and they got applause, too, though they convinced nobody. Tillman has been on the national carpet some eight years. He has learned something. He no longer thinks that he is the only honest man in public life; but it is evident that he believes he is the honestest man of the lot. As for Burton, he is about as fit to discuss a political question as Carrie Nation is to discuss the temperance question. Indeed, Carrie is a better judge of whisky than Burton is of the negro.

There is a negro problem, a rankling and festering ulcer on the body politic. The fourteenth and

fifteenth amendments to the Constitution were the harvest of revenge. Enlightened statesmanship had nothing to do with them. Hell and Utopia—Stevens and Sumner—brought them forth. Ignorance and malice rocked their cradle. Stern necessity came along and nullified them. Now the question is, What are you going to do about it? The Republican party is cogitating about that. Whatever it concludes is best for the Republican party it will proceed to do.

All the unselfish wisdom of the country, North, South, East, and West, is agreed that it is no job for a partisan Northern Congressman, and some of us do not believe it is a case for an itinerant Northern newspaper correspondent, though we acknowledge the candor and patriotism of the latter. Grover Cleveland expressed the wisdom of the situation when he declared that those who were next the weight must lift it. Crumpacker says, "Put the negro back into politics." Experience says the negro is not fit for politics. Correspondent Patterson says the Federal Government must drop into paternalism and educate the negro. Experience answers that the educated negro will not grow cotton, and that it is more desirable to grow a crop of cotton than to have a crop of learned negroes.

Has there ever been a condition of mankind, political or social, where two races, one inferior to the other, lived on a plane of equal rights? Where and when did such a condition exist? It is useless to answer that it is wrong for the superior to oppress the inferior. There were the twins, and of them it was written, "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I

hated." The Caucasian is the highest type of man, and the Anglo-Saxon is the highest type of the Caucasian. It is the nature of the Anglo-Saxon to take the best for himself. He is not going to divide the best with another, especially if that other is of an inferior and despised race. American citizenship is about the best product of Anglo-Saxon civilization, and there never was more fatuous folly than to imagine that it would be shared with the former slaves of the South.

Neither has it ever been so shared at the North. There never was a Northern constituency that would have put up with the late Frederick Douglass as its representative in Congress. The veriest hobo could have defeated him in a district every constituent of which was a Harvard man and subscribed to the philosophy of Emerson and had sat entranced by the eloquence of Phillips. There is no American statesman better satisfied with his job than Henry Cabot Lodge, but how many minutes would he hold it if a negro was his colleague in the Senate? No doubt Mr. Lodge would be very glad to have negro Senators from the Southern States to help him solonize; no doubt he would be willing to drive a coach and four through the Constitution of the United States in order to force negro Senators into the seats of Tillman and Money and McEnery; but, politically speaking, Mr. Lodge is a child of Cain and not his brother's keeper. In his philosophy South Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana are step-daughters to be bitten, not kissed; to be cuffed, not caressed. He believes the negro is good enough to represent Southern constituencies, but the only thing a negro is fit for at the North is to vote the Repub-

lican ticket. It is true that Mr. Lodge, with conscious self-righteousness worthy of the chief priests, scribes, and pharisees of Pontius Pilate's day, told the Senate last session that a negro had been appointed district attorney in Massachusetts; but he was not candid enough to say that so little negro blood was there in the man's veins it would take a search-warrant from a chemical laboratory to find a drop of it.

Political equality means negroes on the bench, in the executive chair, in Congressional seats, at Cabinet councils, in the diplomatic service. A party may declare for political equality until it is blue, black, and mulatto, but it will be a hypocrite all the time until it acts political equality. Mr. Booker Washington has intellect, culture, and executive capacity enough to administer the Interior Department of our government; but if Mr. Roosevelt, after his nomination, should appoint Mr. Washington Secretary of Interior, Mr. Roosevelt would not carry a State in the Union, not even Vermont. If Mr. Roosevelt were to appoint a negro to the next vacancy on the Supreme Bench, not a single Senator in Congress would vote to confirm him.

The antipathy between the two races is instinctive, and it is constitutional. It is even more pronounced at the North than it is at the South. The negro lost his political rights at the South simply and solely because his political equality there meant the making of San Domingos of several Southern States.

VI

There is some dissatisfaction expressed on the Atlantic Coast with the character of some of our for-

eign immigration, while on the Pacific Coast the fruit growers of California are willing to admit the heathen Chinese to the number of twenty thousand per annum. There are men in New England, and even in Illinois, where people ought to know better, who are disconsolate and refuse to be comforted because the South declines to be represented at our grand inquests of the nation by negro Senators and negro Representatives, yet they say they see great danger to our institutions in the immigration from Southern and Southeastern Europe, where dwell peoples who have survived the misrule of man more than twenty centuries. There used to be just as loud and clamorous outcry against what our fathers called "the Irish and the Dutch." A big political party was formed to keep out the men of "the rich Irish brogue and the soft German accent," as General Scott expressed it. Now we lament that too few of our new citizens are Irish and Dutch. Fashion is very whimsical and very arbitrary.

Take down your Gibbon and you will find that the south and southeast of Europe and round about are peopled with races that made histories. That part of the world was the cradle, if not the womb, of civilization. Those races hewed wood and drew water for a hundred Roman Cæsars, and withstood the ravages and assimilated the bloods of a hundred barbarian tribes. It was the land of Belisarius and of Narses, and it was hoary with the ages even in their day. Nay, to think of it recalls the voyage and the crew of Jason. It is the land that gave birth to Alexander and Hannibal, Cæsar and Napoleon. Pericles and Demosthenes, Cicero and Tacitus were of

Southern Europe. Homer and Phidias, Dante and Michael Angelo dreamed and sang and wrought on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Greece and Italy are the very aristocracy and the pre-eminent splendor of history.

During the ages those peoples were oppressed and harried. That they survived is a very miracle. That they are superstitious is true, and that they are ignorant is undeniable. That they have no respect for law, or little respect for it, is also true, but the law they have known was not fit to respect. It visited on them a thousand odious and onerous duties, and brought them not one single precious right; yet they survived.

This tide of immigration from Southern and Southeastern Europe is Latin, Greek and Slav. This country offers them a law that has rights as well as duties, and opportunities that never came to their fathers, and that their fathers' gods never dreamed of. Can we assimilate them? The answer is: They are Caucasian. May we not hope that our language, our law, and our customs shall make them American, and that they shall contribute to our citizenship an admirable tinge of blood? Some of these people are in the cotton and sugar and rice belts of two or three of the Gulf States. That land and its people must be a revelation to them, and they a revelation to our people. We have good report and bad report of them, and more that is good than is bad. It is the second and the third generations that must make the test. They will be born in a free country and reared in a land of law, and of schools, and if their forefathers were not utterly extirpated by such Em-

perors as Trajan and Probus, why should not these people grow into a grand civilization away from the haunts and the memories of more than two thousand years of oppression and misrule?

And their presence at the South suggests what is very popularly called "the negro problem." Nearly everybody, except some foolish men at the North, confesses that it is a question difficult of solution. Mr. Booker Washington, a negro, and the most eminent member of his race, proposes that the negro go to work, produce, and save. That is good advice for white as well as black men. But so far as I know, Mr. Washington has not said anything of what the negro's place in society is to be after he goes to work, makes a fortune, and saves it. And there is the danger in this whole business. The worthless negro gives the South no very great concern. We all know what is to become of him. We all know he has no political rights the white man is going to respect, or is expected to respect. His doom is already pronounced.

But what is to become of them when they all get to be Booker Washingtons? There's the rub. Theoretically, it is supposed they are to be full partners in the gigantic business of American citizenship. That means that they shall sit in Cabinet council with the Presidents, shall be judges on the Federal bench, shall be members of both Houses of Congress, shall represent the first of Caucasian peoples in European courts, shall be Governors of States, and members of the State judicatures. Mr. Washington does not expect anything of that sort in his

day. But he is trying to lay the foundation for that sort of thing. He leaves a vital factor out of the calculation—the prejudice called caste that is stronger and infinitely harder to deny than ten times ten thousand principles. For many centuries it has been the office of the Anglo-Saxon to command, and for even more centuries it has been the custom of the negro to serve. It is not only foolish, but it is wicked to try to conceive that these two will fuse or be partners.

Then, there is Bishop Turner, another eminent negro. He sees no hope for the negro in partnership with the white man, and his advice is for the negro to seek his fortunes in Africa. He does not believe that the educated and frugal negro will stand any better show than the ignorant and thriftless negro in the grand lottery of the survival of the fittest in a trial of fitness against the white man. Bishop Turner knows that no numerical superiority will enable the negro race to control a single county in any State of the Union. That is a bad state of case. It is more a menace to the white than to the black, for the white has everything to lose and the negro nothing to lose. Instinct teaches the white that political equality is inseparable from social equality. There is the secret—there the main cause of lynchings, and it is ineradicable. “But,” we are admonished by some transcendentalists, and the diletante statesmen of the North, “your prejudice is irrational, we have no respect for it, and will not put up with it.” To such as they Paul wrote a letter that had this passage: “Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed

say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?"

Maybe this immigration from Southern and Southeastern Europe may work a settlement of the negro problem. In a game of the survival of the fittest these be mighty players—experts of a thousand years' constant practice. The javelins of the Pretorians and the scimitars of the janizaries did not extirpate them. In the sweat of their faces have they eat bread in the midst of perpetual and perennial revolution. Anarchy could not destroy them, and fanaticism left them vigorous and prolific.

These people come to us for some great purpose of God, who works in mystery. Who knows but their mission is to work out the plan of Bishop Turner?

VII

The negro problem will not down. It is vital, concerns the government, and concerns our civilization. It is a charge on our people that will not be denied. The negro was forced into the Constitution by New England and the extreme South—the African slave trade and the fugitive slave clause. The North abolished the "institution" and laid it on conscience, though conscience had no hand in it. The South found authority for it in the Bible, and doubtless the South would have found authority in that sacred volume for anything else that was at once so convenient and so profitable. The North came to conclude that slavery was sin, and the South declared it was virtue. Was there ever better base of quarrel?

And quarrel they did. Every time a free State was admitted to the Union a slave State came in to neutralize it in the United States Senate. Maine and Missouri came in together. They called the admission of Missouri a "compromise," and it was supposed to settle forever the negro question. The instinct of self-preservation prompted the South to annex Texas and spoil Mexico. The negro question was on hand, and they called it the Wilmot Proviso. It almost resulted in war, and war would have come had not Henry Clay made the "compromise of 1850." Then everybody except a lot of Northern fanatics rejoiced, for the negro question was now settled for good and all.

But it would not stay settled. The Kansas-Nebraska bill, the Dred Scott case, the Lecompton controversy, the John Brown raid, the split of the Democratic party at Charleston, the election of Lincoln, the secession of the South, the war, and the emancipation proclamation all follow—1854-1862. Then comes the exhaustion and surrender of the South, reconstruction, and the three amendments to the Constitution. Again everybody said the negro question was now settled. He had become not only the man and brother, but he was a free man, a citizen, and an elector. It required the evolution of many centuries to make Anglo-Saxon citizenship, and in reality it was not half done at that; but a few years of American slavery had transformed the most hopeless barbarian in the world into the family of the most admirable citizenship in the world.

But that did not settle the negro question. He was not strong enough for citizenship. He could

not bear the load. As soon as the novelty was over he would have thrown it away had not the whites in the South taken it from him before he was tired of it. It was bound to be so. Negro citizenship was born of sectional hate—it was wicked in that it vainly assumed to join together what Almighty God had put asunder. Of course, it was a failure, and the whole North—all but a few blind men—see and acknowledge the failure. The fifteenth amendment did not elevate the negro—it only cheapened American citizenship. It was exactly right to nullify it.

Mr. Patterson, of the Chicago Tribune, a very excellent gentleman, a man of good instincts, a diligent seeker of the truth, has made an inspection and a study of the negro. It bewildered Mr. Patterson, as it has bewildered every other Northern man. He proposes book-learning—just a little of it—to cure a corruption of blood not due to a bill of attainder enacted in the parliaments of man, but to a decree of the infallible and immutable court of God. Mr. Patterson saw the negro the happiest laborer in the world, and he thinks education will make him the most fortunate laborer in the world. Mr. Patterson saw in the black belts the problem as it now exists, and it is a fearful and a threatening sore on the body politic. The fruit of the tree of intellectual knowledge will not cure the sore—only exasperate it.

And that is not the worst of it. When the negro gets an education; when he practices thrift; when he becomes a good citizen and a Christian—right then the negro question will be more threatening than it is now, or ever was. I care not what advancement

the negro may make, the white man is not going to share this government with him, and the Northern white man is as much opposed to it as the Southern. A negro may have the genius and the attainments of Burke, but he will be a negro still. Political equality will never be for him. He may be a janitor; he will not be a judge. He may be a messenger; he will not be a Cabinet officer. He may be a soldier; he will not be a general—no; not if he were Cæsar, and he is not going to be either Cæsar or Burke.

Does Mr. Patterson suppose that American citizenship can stand a population of millions who have no political rights the whites intend to respect? It is innately bred in the white to practice his tyranny on the negro, and it would be done if every white man was a Theodore Roosevelt and every negro a Booker Washington; but it is even more injurious to the white to practice the tyranny than to the negro who is the victim of it. There is your problem. There is but one solution.

When there was strife between the herdsmen of Abram's cattle and the herdsmen of Lot's cattle, Abram and Lot agreed to separate. Lot went to Sodom and made a fortune, and Abram continued to dwell in the land of Canaan and became the father of Israel, the founder of a people, and to him the promise of God was made.

There is infinitely more reason why the whites and blacks of this country should separate than there was that Abram and Lot should part.

Nobody dreams that all the negroes shall leave. Nobody anticipates that a greater percentage of them

shall migrate than the ratio of Irish who left their native land the last half-century. A number equal to the birth rate will do, and to them may be added the criminal classes, for whom a Botany Bay should be provided in our new possessions. There need be nothing harsh about the migration of the decent negroes. There must be no compulsion. The ignorant should be kept at home. The South knows what to do with him. He is not going to trouble about voting. He will not run for Congress. Booker Washington's graduates are the folks to leave, and the government must hire them to leave—make it to their interest to leave. Buy him a country in Africa. Give him a farm, build him a home, provide him implements of husbandry and tools of the artisan, pay him for a time a bounty on his products. Set him up in business and let him work out his salvation with his hands.

We need not mind the cost. The Southern planter will kick up a row, and perhaps get his shotgun to keep the negro at home, but he must be taught better manners, and will be. The loss of the negro from Southern fields and shops would be small, and more than supplied by foreign and domestic immigration. The cotton yield would be increased rather than diminished. The dairy industry at the North would pack up and be a welcome carpetbagger at the South. Intensive farming would make the South the garden of our hemisphere. Politics would cease to be insane and become rational—would cease to be a ruffian and become a gentleman.

Men and brethren, it has got to be that, or the Gulf States have got to be Haiti.

VIII

In 1891 Ingalls retired. For eighteen years he had been one of the great figures in public life and he was yet one of the very interesting characters in the world of eloquence and of letters. There was a fortune in his pen and another on his tongue. Everything he wrote was greedily read, and everything he said was eagerly heard. The presence of the impossible Pfeffer in the Senate recalled this passage from the writings of a greater Ingalls who played a greater part two centuries earlier :

Cato lost the election of praetor and that of consul, but is any one blind enough to truth to imagine that these repulses reflected any disgrace on him? The dignity of those two magistracies would have been increased by his wearing them. They suffered; not Cato.

Ingalls' reflections on Happiness has been well characterized as a gem. It is admirable and he got the idea and some of the expression from Bolingbroke on Exile. He closes it with a quotation from the "Essay on Man," which embraces the same idea and was the production of Bolingbroke turned into verse by Pope. But the idea was hoary with age long before Bolingbroke and Pope. Shakespeare expressed it :

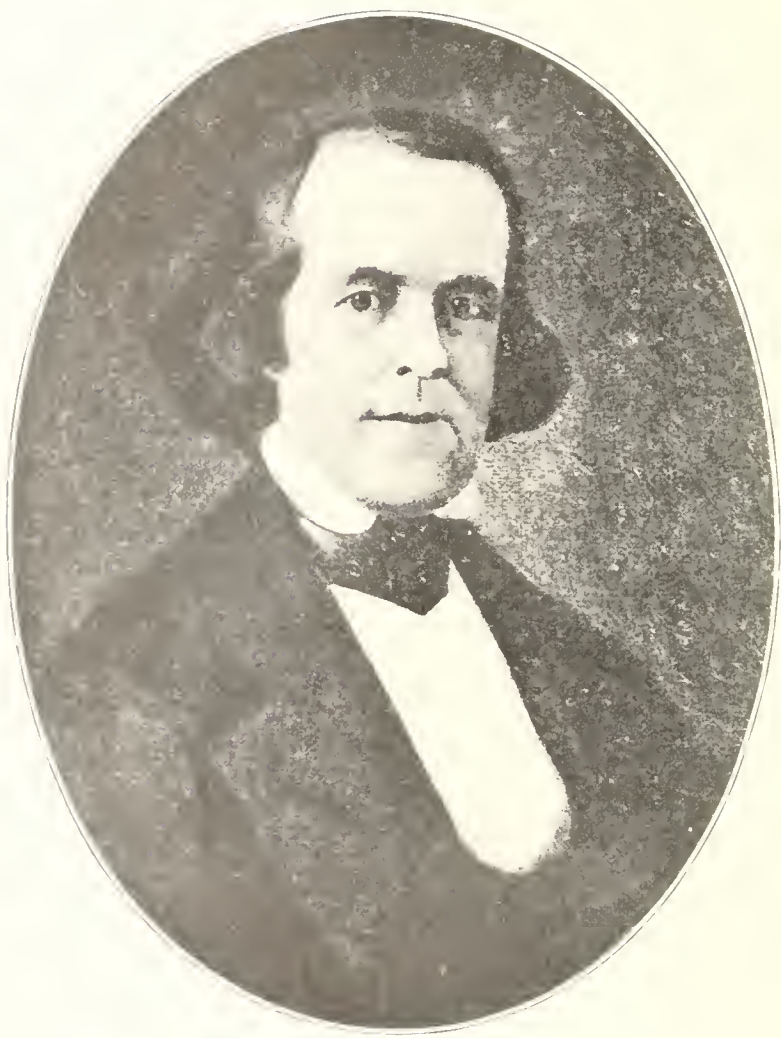
"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

And John James Ingalls wrote this, which is as immortal as the imagination and the heart of man :

OPPORTUNITY.

“Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not, and I return no more!”

Every youth who hopes to play a part in the world
will profit by committing that to memory and heed-
ing its teaching and its warning.



SEARGENT S. PRENTISS.

SEARGENT S. PRENTISS

As long as there is intelligent and aspiring youth in this country everything said of this man will have interest, for he was an extraordinary character, and, as is true of Patrick Henry, his fame rests mostly on tradition. In his walk he was much like Poe in the realm of letters and Stonewall Jackson on the field of Mars. He was a meteor on the sky of public life—a man of genius, and a man of magnetism. He was something after the mold of Lord Byron, and, like Roscoe Conkling, was passionately fond of Byron's poetry. No one can read the history and the tradition relating to the man without agreeing that genius is to madness near akin.

I

Seargent S. Prentiss was born on the coast of Maine, in the town that, thirty-one years later, was to be the birthplace of Thomas B. Reed, who was also the son of a seafaring man. The elder Prentiss, a kinsman of John Hancock, who wrote his name in such conspicuous place and in character so indelible, commanded a vessel in the merchant service, and had escaped many a danger that comes to them who go down to the sea in ships. He had been shipwrecked and chased by pirates, and boarded by British men-of-war. Doubtless his stories of his venturous life on the sea early excited the exuber-

ant imagination of his gifted son and stimulated the poetry of his nature. The father died when Seargent was yet a youth.

The family had slender resources, but every one had faith in the extraordinary qualities of young Seargent, and, by the practice of rigid and self-denying economy, he took the course at Bowdoin and was graduated at the age of eighteen. He studied law at Portland, but soon went West and settled at Cincinnati, where he continued to pursue his legal studies. But success did not come, and, like that other genius from New England, he drifted to the land of cotton, and we find him one of the household of an elegant and refined woman, Mrs. Shields, a widow, who was possessed of an extensive library of excellent books, including the law books her husband possessed at the time of his death.

Prentiss had a powerful mind as well as a wonderful imagination. His memory was prodigious, and what he read he digested and assimilated. He literally devoured books, and Coke on Littleton he mastered as readily as he did an entertaining novel. He read with the rapidity of Scott or Macaulay, and his memory was so extraordinary that he could repeat whole books of the English Bible, all of the "Lady of the Lake," all of "Paradise Lost," many of Shakespeare's plays, and many of Byron's poems. If he had been endowed with the taste of that other orator, Charles James Fox, and daily read and absorbed Pericles and Demosthenes in the original, tradition of him might have taken on even more of the wonderful.

Before he was admitted to the bar, Prentiss was a student in the law office of that other Northern man in the cotton country, a great lawyer and a great statesman. What a different history mankind in our hemisphere might have had if Robert J. Walker had been a secessionist and had possessed the confidence of Jefferson Davis. He would have been Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederacy. He had a genius for economics. The worthlessness of the currency of the South was nearly, if not quite, as great a factor in determining the result of the war as the prowess of Grant's arms.

Emerson says that all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons. A history of the world is a history of the world's great men, and perhaps of all the public men in the country who were actors in the political drama extending from 1836 to 1857, the man who had most to do with shaping a governmental policy was Robert J. Walker. He was born in Pennsylvania and was graduated from the University of Philadelphia in 1819, while yet a youth. Two years later he was admitted to the bar, and at the age of twenty-six he became a citizen of Mississippi. Like Prentiss, Slidell, and Pike, he was a Northern man honored by a Southern constituency. But he was never a Southern man in the sense that the others named were Southern men. When he became an emigrant he had passed the days of his youth and was as old as Napoleon when the battle of Lodi proved his genius, when he astonished the world at Arcola, when he successfully closed the most brilliant of even his military operations by the capture of Mantua. While Walker was a magnificent, popu-

lar orator and a great lawyer, it was with the pen that he influenced the thoughts of men and gained his victories. He was to his age what Franklin and Payne were to theirs. The day of pamphlets had not expired in 1840, and the day of magazines had just dawned. As a powerful and forcible writer Walker was unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries, and it was by his pamphlets, his editorials and his reports that he should be judged. When he had been a citizen of Mississippi ten years he was elected a Senator in Congress. His speeches in that body were masterpieces; but they were essays, not declamations. He was a profound political philosopher, and had the happy faculty of making his reasoning red hot on paper. As an essayist he was what Charles James Fox was as a parliamentary orator.

It was Robert J. Walker who prepared the country for the annexation of Texas. His luminous mind saw that unless that new Republic became a State in the American Union, it would fall a prey to one of the European powers, involving us in complications that would keep the country in a constant state of turmoil. As early as 1835, he published an essay upon the subject that attracted wide-spread attention and set the public to thinking. He followed it up with others, and one of his greatest speeches in the Senate was in advocacy of John C. Calhoun's scheme for annexation. He knew that the State would never be admitted with a President from the North in the White House, and he was chosen a delegate to the Democratic convention of 1844 with the single aim to defeat the nomination of Martin Van Buren, to whom a majority of the delegates were pledged. In that convention Walker

became a central figure. It was upon his motion that the two-thirds rule was adopted. Benjamin F. Butler, of New York, who had been Jackson's Attorney-General, a very able man, was the leader of the Van Buren forces, but the young man from Mississippi proved more than a match for him, and carried the convention by storm and secured the nomination of James K. Polk; nor did he stop there. Polk would have been defeated as certainly in 1844 as Cass was in 1848, if Walker had not been diplomat enough to induce Silas Wright to be the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, thus securing the future "Barn-burners" and their influence for the National ticket, and electing it.

Walker was the master spirit of Polk's administration. He administered that office with as much success as Hamilton or Gallatin before him, or Guthrie or Sherman after him. His reports to Congress are not only as able as any that ever emanated from that department, but their literary excellence and incisive style render them exceedingly entertaining reading. On paper he was at once logical and brilliant. He was the author of the tariff of 1846, under which this country prospered as it never did under any other system of taxation. He was the relentless enemy of the dogma of protection and the system of specific duties. His report upon those subjects is one of the ablest papers on the tariff ever penned, and has afforded basis for innumerable speeches in Congress and editorials in newspapers and articles in magazines. He treated the subject like a philosopher, a statesman, and a scholar.

Walker was made Governor of Kansas by Buchanan and sided with Douglas in the Lecompton

controversy. When the war broke out he became an intense Union man, and was sent by Mr. Lincoln upon a diplomatic mission to England. When the Confederate Commissioners arrived in Europe they published an address to the English and French Governments, which Walker answered in the London Times. For four years he remained at the English capital writing essays and editorials upon the great conflict from a Northern standpoint. He, above all other Americans, had most to do in shaping public opinion in Europe and preventing interference by the great powers in behalf of the South.

After the close of the war he returned to America and received the thanks of Congress for his labors in Europe. He appeared no more in public except to publish several masterly essays upon the questions of banking and commerce and revenue and taxation in the magazines, but the country was so much interested in the question of reconstruction that they attracted little attention, though they were republished and exerted an influence to which their faultless reasoning and great literary excellence entitled them. No other political writer in our history exercised a greater influence upon the minds of statesmen of his generation, unless it be Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton.

When Prentiss left the tutelage of Walker he opened an office at Natchez, and immediately distinguished himself. It was said of him—and perhaps it was not true—that he never lost but a single cause, and that was one in which he was personally interested to the extent of his whole private fortune.

Joseph Holt, sometime a protege of Amos Kendall, was a leading lawyer of the then Southwest.

He had been district attorney in Kentucky and in that office his astonishing powers as an orator had been first developed. His success as a prosecutor was so great that the Executive refused to reappoint him on the ground that no one accused of crime could have a fair trial when the eloquence of Joe Holt was the accuser. He gained a national reputation in one of the conventions that nominated Martin Van Buren, in a powerful speech defending Richard M. Johnson from the assaults of his enemies. It was the beginning of what is now known as "convention eloquence" and probably has never been surpassed. He practiced law in Mississippi at the zenith of "flush times" and accumulated a considerable fortune, and, while never a candidate for office, he took an active part in politics as a Democrat.

It was the golden day of eloquence in our land—the day of Clay, of Webster, of McDuffie, of Marshall, of Menifee, of Wise, of Corwin, of Haskell, of Polk, of Choate, and of Holt, and of Prentiss. For beautiful, stately, and symmetrical sentences, for chastity, purity, and elegance of expression, Joseph Holt was without a master in that splendid age of American oratory. Holt charmed, and he convinced, and his speech was English uncorrupted—"the tongue that Shakespeare spake." Prentiss overwhelmed his audience with the dramatic fervor of his periods, the commanding tones of his voice, the captivating magnetism of the man. Holt was the chiseled marble; Prentiss was flesh and blood. It is praise enough to say of either that he was frequently the successful rival of the other.

II

When he was twenty-five years of age Prentiss appeared at Washington in an important case involving title to a large boundary of land in the State of Arkansas. He was opposed by very able counsel, including Reverdy Johnson and Mr. Meredith, and at the close of his masterly speech we are gravely told that Chief Justice Marshall paid him the extravagant compliment, "Young man, if you were not the greatest of orators I would pronounce you the ablest of lawyers." It is much to be doubted if Marshall ever said that. It was not the way he talked; but the mere suggestion that the great Chief Justice so expressed himself is a tribute to the genius of Prentiss. By this time his fame was national, and the Whigs drafted him for the stump, and thousands hung on his words in every quarter of the Union as the Union then was.

In 1836 he was elected to Congress, and the Democrats, who held that the election was void because there was no vacancy, caused his seat to be contested. His speech in his own behalf before the House of Representatives was perhaps his greatest effort—at least, it has been most exploited. He was not yet thirty years of age, and the audience as select as the country could then produce. The opposition to him was led by eminent men of great talents and great place. In its ranks were Legare, of South Carolina; Hunter, of Virginia; Cilly, of Maine; Howard, of Maryland; Bronson, of New York. Opposed to them were Thomas Corwin, Richard Menifee, Henry A. Wise, Millard Fillmore, George Evans, and Caleb Cushing. In the audience were Clay,

Webster, Hugh L. White, Thomas Ewing, and John M. Clayton. Edward Everett was there, and so was John Quincy Adams, who remembered Henry and Otis. In the presence was Mrs. General Eaton, who made a President, and was yet lovely in the charms that had disrupted a Cabinet.

The speech of Prentiss surpassed expectation, and was a masterly presentation of the law, as well as a brilliant presentation of the politics of the case. Reading it more than three score years after its delivery one is struck with the radical States' rights sentiment it breathes, and is even startled that he employs the term confederacy when speaking of the Union of the States. There was no report of the speech, for the reason that the officials appointed to that duty declared that they were so thrilled by the voice and the manner of the man that it was simply impossible for them to do other than gaze on him and listen to his burning periods. Afterward he wrote the speech when his inspiration was gone, but the written speech is an extraordinary production. It has this for its closing paragraph:

"You sit here, twenty-five sovereign States in judgment of the most sacred right of a sister State—that which is to a State what chastity is to a woman, or honor to a man. Should you decide against her, you tear from her brow the richest jewel which sparkles there, and forever bow her head in shame and dishonor. But if your determination is taken, if the blow must fall, if the Constitution must bleed, I have but one request on her behalf to make: When you decide that she cannot choose her own representation, at the same moment blot from the star-spangled banner of this Union the bright star that glitters to the name of Mississippi; but leave the stripe behind, a fit emblem of her degradation."

The question was taken, and the result a tie. Mr. Speaker Polk gave the casting vote, and it was against Prentiss, who never forgave him; and in 1844 he characterized the then Democratic candidate for President of the United States as "a blighted burr that has fallen from the mane of the war-horse of the Hermitage."

Prentiss returned to Mississippi, and made an exhaustive canvass of the district. He was triumphantly elected, and served a single term in the American Congress.

After his term expired Prentiss visited Boston and accepted an invitation to make an address in Faneuil Hall. It was a place sacred to liberty long before the embattled farmers resisted the invading British at Concord, and had resounded to the eloquent words of Otis and the stern admonitions of Sam Adams before the repeal of the stamp act. It was the rostrum upon which had appeared most of the great men of New England and some of the greatest men of America. Here Storey, Webster, and Choate had pleaded for the Constitution; here Parker, Phillips, and Andrews had denounced African slavery, for which New England was, more than a fair share, responsible; here Sumner, Wilson, and Ashmun had baptized the new-born Republican party that was to hold the reins of government many decades, recruit, organize, equip, discipline, feed, clothe, and pay armies more puissant than those of the great Napoleon, and overthrow the most formidable military force that ever menaced a government.

But it was the hall that refused a funeral to Lincoln, a son of Boston, a child of New England, who

fell for his country at Chapultepec, and the hall that barred its portals to Webster, the greatest of the great.

III

Prentiss was a child of New England, who had gone among a high-spirited and reckless population on the confines of civilization, fascinated them by his eloquence, and captivated them by his courage. He had carved his name high—he had succeeded. He was but thirty years of age, and the spoiled child of his party and the spoiled child of his section. He was the champion of the political sentiment that had long maintained in Massachusetts, and he was the victim of Democratic injustice. It is small wonder that Boston wanted to hear this orator speak from the platform that Rufus Choate and Fisher Ames had held.

The speech vindicated all expectation, and it is ample praise of it to say that during its delivery Edward Everett asked Daniel Webster if he had ever heard it equaled, and the response was, "Never, except by Prentiss himself"—a compliment not much dissimilar to that his rival paid him when Joseph Holt said: "Prentiss is the only man I ever saw whose performance equaled his reputation."

Henry A. Wise tells the story of the great Whig gathering at Havre de Grace in 1838, and Prentiss, Menifee, and Wise were the orators. The crowd was immense, the heat intense, the political excitement at fever heat. Wise was the first to speak, and failed to meet expectations. He was followed by Menifee, who also made a partial failure. Then Prentiss appeared as fresh as the dawn, with his

matchless voice in splendid tune and every nerve ready for the strain. It was then that he uttered what ten thousand school boys have since declaimed.

"Fellow Citizens, by the Father of Waters at New Orleans I have said Fellow Citizens; on the banks of the beautiful Ohio I have said Fellow Citizens; here I say Fellow Citizens, and a thousand miles beyond this, North, thanks be to God! I can still say Fellow Citizens." Mr. Wise says that he never saw such magic effect as that which attended those opening words and from that exordium to the close the audience was under the spell of the man.

After his great speech at Nashville in 1844, he returned to Mississippi, and it came to be that he participated in a joint discussion, his adversary, a distinguished Democrat, who spoke first and closed with a reference to the scandal with which the name of Mr. Clay was associated when he became Secretary of State in the younger Adams' Cabinet. Prentiss rose and advanced to the front of the platform. His face was a thunder cloud and he shook his invincible locks like a lion before he roars. For some moments thus he stood, every nerve strung, every muscle quivering, every indignant emotion playing. It was eloquence silent, and the loftiest. The audience was thrilled and held captive. Demosthenes said, oratory is action.

Prentiss was the great star of the occasion of that historic Whig meeting at Nashville in 1844. Perhaps that speech surpassed all his other efforts on the stump. As he closed in a peroration that thrilled twice ten thousand, he fell in a swoon in the arms of James C. Jones, himself a magnificent orator, who

hugged him to his bosom and exclaimed in an ecstasy: "Die, Prentiss, die; you will never have another so glorious an opportunity!"

Traditions of this man would double the reasonable limits of this article. He was of a generation that is gone. He must have been a prodigy. A Yankee from Maine, he twice appeared on the field of honor with that stormy petrel, Henry S. Foote, for adversary. Prentiss could be a man of infinite jest. On one occasion he visited a sick man, down with delirium tremens. The doctor said that if the patient could sleep he would recover. "O, damn it, give him Foote's book on Texas; if he can read, that will put him to sleep." Imagine that tale borne to Henry S. Foote. Of course a fight came of it, and, in this case, two fights resulted.

He was convivial in his habits, and frequently tarried at the wine and had grievous wounds without a cause. He was addicted, too, to card-playing, though he was not an inveterate gamester. It is related that on one occasion he was a passenger aboard a Mississippi River packet, and became engaged in a game of poker. Fortune was his. The cards appeared to obey his wish. After a while he had won all his adversaries had to stake. The wine had freely circulated. When the game closed he rested his head upon his hands prone on the table, and appeared to be in profound thought. Suddenly he aroused himself and said: "If the archangel Michael would come down from heaven and play poker against me at a star ante, I would obliterate the firmament before midnight."

He was an exaggeration even when he blasphemed. Take him all in all he must have been a very remarkable man.

OLIVER P. MORTON

Napoleon Bonaparte gave it as one of the elementary principles of the art of war to do what the enemy does not wish you to do. The rule holds good in the game of chess, and it is an excellent play to have a piece on a square that gives embarrassment to your adversary. And so in politics—do what the opposing party would not have you do. In the spring of 1861 the seceding States of the South held the vantage. They made a wreck of the Buchanan administration, doing things that administration would rather they had left undone. They were rapidly making a wreck of the Lincoln administration by pursuing the same tactics. If one would see things as they actually were, let him read the letters of Edwin M. Stanton to James Buchanan, in which he bitterly reproached the new administration for folly and impotence. The Republican party in Congress did not know whether it was standing on its heels or its head, and was willing to make all sorts of concession and all sorts of compromise. All the South had to do was to “stand pat.”

But the South would not “stand pat.” She must needs fire on Fort Sumter. That piece of audacity and aggression—act of war that it was—fired the Northern heart, roused a dormant patriotism, consolidated a resistless nationalism, and recruited millions of men for the Union armies. The South might have got a lesson from Brigham Young, two



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or three years earlier. President Buchanan sent the army against the Mormons. When the troops got to Salt Lake they could not find anybody to fight. On the contrary, there were the wives and daughters, and other womankind, if there were any such, of the Mormons, with milk, butter, eggs, bread, pie, cake, fruits, and so on, to sell to the tired and hungry soldiers, and ere the sun had thrice run his daily course they got every cent the poor army had. It is a great piece of literary and histrionic neglect that some comic opera man has not put that war on the stage.

The South did not dream that the North would fight, and the North did not think that the South was in earnest, and the North would not have fought if the South had not fired on the flag. Whatever one may believe as to the right of secession, there can be no two opinions as to the folly of the attack on Fort Sumter. It disbanded and dispersed and practically destroyed the peace party of the North and turned peace Democrats into war Democrats by the tens of thousands. It gave opportunity and vantage to the administration of Lincoln. If the North had been of the same humor in November, 1860, as she was in February, 1861, Lincoln would not have received a handful of electoral votes, and the South had the game in her hands had she forced the North to fire the first shot; but we always have more wisdom than patience after the fact. The first lick struck by the Lincoln administration would have solidified the South and divided the North. The shot at Sumter made Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, West Virginia, and East Tennessee loyal. It saved the Union.

There were three "war Governors" of the North of the first magnitude—Andrew, Curtin, and Morton—and of these Morton was the greatest. His ancestor in New England was the friend and companion of Roger Williams. The family went West, and in February, 1815, the father of the future statesman married Sarah Miller, at Springfield, O. She was a native of New Jersey, and her family was of the faith and kirk of John Knox, and Scotch to the marrow. Oliver P. Morton was born in Wayne County, Ind., August 4, 1823. His mother died when he was a child of 3 years, and the boy was sent to Springfield, O., where he was reared by two maiden aunts, sisters of his mother. Here he was taught morality and instructed in religion, and here was laid the foundation of the overshadowing and commanding character he became. About the last of the Church of England in our country was a clergyman named Weemes. Perhaps he had some differences with the State and got somewhat worsted and turned his attention to letters. He wrote a life of Washington that was very popular, served a very excellent purpose, and was very worthless as a history, but it did our fathers and grandfathers a power of good. The cherry tree episode was in it, and it was gospel truth to unnumbered thousands. He also wrote a life of Gen. Francis Marion, a charming book, a delightful narrative—a book for intelligent boys. Perhaps it is out of print, but the publisher who would deserve well of the coming generation and serve his country should print a big edition of it.

"The Life of Marion" was the first volume of history Oliver P. Morton read. It was his constant

companion. He read it over and over and over again. Every line of it breathes a wholesome patriotism, and it was never yet read by boy or man without pleasure and profit. It is one of the strange coincidences of human life that Oliver P. Morton when Governor of Indiana had to contend against the Marion of the Southern Confederacy—a greater Marion because his operations were on a grander scale.

I

Young Morton was apprenticed to an apothecary. I believe Apollo was for a while among the swineherds. His master undertook to chastise the boy for reading a book. They had a fight and parted company. Then young Morton was “bound out” to learn the hatters’ trade, but before the term expired he inherited a few hundred dollars from his grandfather’s estate, bought his release, and went to school. He was two years at Miami University, and then he studied law. He was a laborious student. He was no genius. He rose by slow degrees. He carved out his fortune. He stood at the head of the Richmond bar, but he got there inch by inch, not by leaps and bounds. In 1852 he was appointed judge of his circuit, and he was a faithful and just judge. At the age of 23 he married the excellent woman who was an inspiration and a helpmeet the remainder of his life. When he had been married seven years he was not satisfied with his standing at the bar. He knew his knowledge of the law was deficient, and with characteristic resolution he determined to go to a law school, and thus we find this mature man and ex-judge of a circuit a fellow-student of youths in their teens.

Every day he acquired a bit of knowledge, and when he got hold of it it was the grip of a giant. He read Sir Walter Scott, and it is not strange that his favorite of the Waverly novels was "Old Mortality." "Ivanhoe" is the favorite of many who have read Scott. It is the favorite of unnumbered thousands who never read it, or any other of that invaluable contribution to literature; but among cultivated men, who have read Scott a hundred times, "Old Mortality" is probably a more general favorite than any other. It must have had especial charm for Oliver P. Morton. "John Balfour of Burley" was a somewhat kindred spirit, resolute unto death, intense, unconquerable. And so Morton was the stout champion of his conviction:

"Ours is no sapling, chance—sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
 When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
 The more shall Clan Alpine exult in her shade,
 Moored in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock."

Morton was a Democrat. In his earlier years he does not seem to have cared much about slavery. He was for the compromise of 1850, fugitive slave law and all, and refused to vote for George W. Julian, a Free Soil Man, though endorsed by the Democrats in convention. These two could never get along very well together. Morton was such a virile character, so strong, so commanding, that he had little use for a man who would not take orders from him. Julian wrote a book, in which he complains of Morton's methods; but there never was an Oliver P. Morton, born to rule, who did not do just exactly as this Oliver P. Morton did. Had he lived, Walter

Q. Gresham might have been President; but Ben Harrison would not. Harrison was the greatest intellect Indiana has given to statesmanship; but Morton was the greatest man. Morton was for the annexation of Texas, though Free Soilers regarded it as the next thing to treason. He did an immense part in the destruction of slavery, and he did his devoir in this behalf like a giant, and yet he was opposed to the Wilmot Proviso, which received the vote in Congress of Allen G. Thurman. There never was a man who had greater contempt for consistency. He would do today a thousand things to attain an end, though each and all of them belied everything he did yesterday. He was an opportunist with convictions, and so inveterate and so intense was he that he would do evil that good might come. That was the mistake and the defect of the man—good is never born of evil.

II

In our political nomenclature we come across the term "Missouri Compromise." There never was any such thing. It is an imposter and a rank misnomer. The real name of it is Missouri Restriction. It was a sort of bargain in this: Maine came into the Union as a Northern State, and Missouri came in as a Southern State to balance things; but that "compromise" was voidable on the part of the South for lack of consideration, and any court of equity in all civilization would have dissolved it as an unconscionable contract had it been entered into by guardian and ward.

Stephen A. Douglas brought in his Kansas-Nebraska bill, and Archibald Dixon, of Kentucky, brought in the repeal of the "Missouri Compromise." Douglas adopted it, and it was made a part of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. A hundred American "historians," from Henry Wilson and James G. Blaine down, have tried to tell that story and made a botch of it. Mrs. Susan B. Dixon, the widow of Senator Dixon, wrote a book on the subject, and it is the only real history of the "Missouri Compromise" that has yet appeared. The enormous mass of public ignorance of this subject was the most valuable asset the Republican party had prior to the attack on Fort Sumter.

No sooner was the Kansas-Nebraska bill enacted than the North was in a rage and Morton and thousands of Democrats like him left the party. From the standpoint of the constitutional doctrinaire the Kansas-Nebraska bill was exactly right, and it was so adjudicated by the Supreme Court of the United States, but it was opposed to, and defiant of, the "higher law," and unfortunately for the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the "higher law" got more votes in the electoral college than the Constitution could muster. The result was a President—the first in our history—chosen by a section of the country. That would have made secession if there had not been a slave between the two oceans.

Secession came and war followed. Then it was that Oliver P. Morton came on the stage and made one of the grandest figures of that tremendous era. In 1856 he had been defeated for Governor by Ashbel P. Willard. It was a splendid canvass between the orator and the debater—the rapier and the ham-

mer, the man who said things delightfully and the man who was to do things gigantically. In 1860 Henry S. Lane was elected Governor with the understanding he should go to the Federal Senate, and that Morton, on the ticket with him as a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, should succeed him as Governor. The Republicans were victorious. Lane became Senator and Morton became Governor.

There were greater States than Indiana at the North. She was inferior in population and in wealth to Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, but in the field Indiana asserted herself in that tremendous struggle as no other Northern State did. Not a great while ago a book was printed that had a statement like this, "John J. Ingalls was Kansas incarnate," a rather startling expression, and an ill-natured reviewer might make fun of it. When one writes of the struggle of 1861-65 he is tempted to borrow that definition of Ingalls and put it this way, "Indiana was Oliver P. Morton incarnate." The war developed greater statesmen than Morton, but, save Lincoln alone, it produced on the Northern side no greater man. A life of Morton is a history of that war in field and in council. He had vast resources and he employed them with lavish and strong hand. Wherever an Indiana regiment was, in camp, on the march, or in battle, the mighty spirit of the heroic Governor attended it. His eye was everywhere, and wherever Indiana troops were in need of succor he carried it or sent it.

At the end of four years of war the South was exhausted and beaten. The heaviest battalions had prevailed. The blockade had sent want to

Southern homes and battle had thinned the ranks of the incomparable Southern soldiery until the Southern line was too weak for resistance. Then came the surrender. What was to be done with the conquered States? At first Morton was exceedingly conservative; but in time he became the radical of radicals. He was an Andy Johnson man until Johnson's policy was opposed by the great leaders of the Republican party. Then he went with his party. He was never a fanatic on the negro question and made a powerful speech against negro suffrage, but he reconsidered the matter and was one of the fathers of the fifteenth amendment. The fact is that the whole process of reconstruction was a punishment visited on the South, and O. P. Morton was one of the most truculent of executioners. One single word or act of magnanimity never came from him. He was an abler Wade, a stronger Stevens, a more reputable Butler.

He became a Senator in Congress in 1869 and he was a great force in that body. He was not an orator, and he was wanting in that always mysterious and sometimes dangerous quality, imagination, and without which no man is a genius. He was not magnetic like Blaine, nor lovable like Carpenter, nor revered like Thurman. He was not a thinker like Fessenden, nor a scholar like Sumner, nor an orator like Conkling. As a lawyer he was inferior to Edmunds, and as a practical statesman he was inferior to Sherman. But it is hardly too much to say that Oliver P. Morton was the greatest man in the Senate every day he was a member of that body.

It is impossible to follow his career in a paper like this. His history for eight years is a history of the

Senate. He stamped his personality on every act of that body. He made Hayes President, and wore his life out in the work. He saved the Pacific Slope to the Republican ticket, and he was virtually a dead man when he was put aboard the car for the journey to California the night of the October day "Blue Jeans" Williams was elected Governor of Indiana. He made possible the theft of the presidency, and spent the remainder of his strength in the fight for the fraud before the electoral commission, of which he was a part. He had no doubts. In a cause he was enlisted in Oliver P. Morton would have handled and hurled the coals of hell.

His last words were meet—"I am worn out."

LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR

Take him all in all, he was the foremost public man of the South of the post-bellum period—a statesman and a patriot, a thinker and a poet, a dreamer and an orator, a student and a teacher. Lucius Q. C. Lamar possessed what few men are endowed with—genius. Taught in the school of Calhoun, he was a follower of Jefferson Davis, and a greater than Wise or Wigfall. He was a gentleman of the old South, and her most eloquent champion in the theater of polemics. He was second to no man in the American Senate when that body was exceptional for the transcendent abilities of its members.

The Lamar family is French, the French that were beaten at Jarnac, and the French that were victorious at Ivry—Huguenot French. Driven from France by Richelieu or Maintenon, the Lamars settled in the English Catholic colony of Maryland, where religious liberty first had birth, and whence some of the family went to Georgia, and it was in that State that L. Q. C. Lamar was born, September 17, 1825. He was a nephew of Mirabeau B. Lamar, whose name is forever linked to the early and heroic history of Texas. He was bred to the bar, and settled at Oxford, Miss., where he was teacher, lawyer, planter, and eminent citizen.

In 1857 Mr. Lamar took his seat in the Thirty-fifth Congress. He was very young for so great a



LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR.



place, but he was soon to prove himself one of the first men of even that day. He was no apologist for slavery as it then existed at the South, but its advocate, and he looked upon it as a conservative factor that was to save the people from despotism and preserve society from chaos. He saw in the landed gentry of England the prop and the glory of the realm, and he saw in the planters of the South the prop and glory of the Union. His speeches were brilliant orations and powerful arguments, and will repay the reading even to this day, though the issue upon which they were made is as obsolete as the Peloponnesus dispute of ancient story.

With the South holding to the views it did, and the North asserting the views it did, war was as certain to follow as effect follows cause. When it came Lamar was a volunteer, but he possessed none of the attributes of a soldier except dauntless courage and fervent patriotism. Soon he was ordered from the field of arms to assume a diplomatic mission to Europe. He failed, and when the war was over he returned to his home in Mississippi, and, like Robert E. Lee, became a teacher of Southern youth. In 1866 he was professor of political economy and social science in the University of Mississippi, and the following year he was law professor in that institution. He continued this work until elected to Congress in 1872, and the next year he took his seat as a member of the Forty-third Congress.

The Republican party was in the saddle and riding roughshod over the prostrate South. Treason was odious. Loyalty was profitable. Butler and Morton ruled Congress and forged chains for the

beaten section. No Republican put a particle of confidence in any protestation of good faith on the part of any Southern man who remained outside the Republican party. The work of reconstruction was incomplete until the South crawled on its belly, ate dirt, and cried "Unclean! Unclean!"—that was Republican doctrine.

Charles Sumner was of the very aristocracy of Northern intellect and Northern opinion. He was not Peter the Hermit, and yet he was something like that fanatic; he was not Marcus Cato, for he could forgive. The old South had looked upon him as everything that was revolutionary, everything that was fanatical, everything that was despicable, and hatred of him drove brave men to condone a brutal assault that was a shame and a disgrace. Sumner was a problem. The ordinary man cannot understand him. There never was a moment that he would have inflicted the slightest physical punishment on Preston Brooks, even had opportunity offered. He never bore one particle of malice against the man who inflicted such cruel humiliation upon him, and contributed to greatly shorten his days. Perhaps the most curious piece of political literature in our annals is the letter of Sumner challenging James G. Blaine for bringing the Brooks assault into the campaign of 1872. As a magnanimity it stands alone among political transactions. If this was not Christian charity, who shall escape condemnation?

A greater son of New England than Sumner wrote, "Never a magnanimity fell to the ground." Nor did this. L. Q. C. Lamar clasped it and took it to his heart. Sumner died in 1874, and in April of

that year Mr. Lamar delivered an eulogy upon him in the American Congress that challenged the patriotism, the Americanism, and the manhood of the whole country. It was wholly unexpected and it astonished and electrified all America. For the moment it drowned the morose, churlish, brutal voice of discord that had been clamorous in Congress for half a century, and from that day Lamar was the favorite son of the South and one of the most interesting public men in the country.

Grant and Lee had made the soldiery of the North and the South acquainted on stricken fields; Lamar made the statesmanship of the North and the South acquainted in this eulogy, worthy a Demosthenes or Cicero of ancient day, worthy a Burke or Bossuet of modern day. It was the first and the loftiest plea for union, the union of hearts. The dying song of Grady was but its echo. It awoke a responsive chord at the North, and even the bloody shirt was dipped in admiration and applause.

In the succeeding Congress Lamar was reinforced by Ben Hill—the former the Athos, the latter the d'Artagnan—the heart and the brand of the South. They two faced Blaine and Garfield of the North, and if one would know what journalists mean by “field days” in Congress, let him read the debates between these men that January of 1876.

As a specimen of Lamar's style, the following may be aptly quoted:

Sir, the Southern people believe that conquest has shifted the Union from the basis of compact and consent to that of force. They fully recognize the fact that every claim to the right of secession from this Union is extinguished and elimi-

nated from the American system and no longer constitutes a part of the apparatus of the American government. They believe that the institution of slavery, with all its incidents and affinities, is dead, extinguished, sunk into a sea that gives not up its dead. They cherish no aspirations nor schemes for its resuscitation. With their opinions on the rightfulness of slavery unchanged by the events of the war, yet as an enlightened people accepting what is inevitable, they would not, if they could, again identify their destiny as a people with an institution that stands antagonized so utterly by all the sentiments and living forces of modern civilization.

I

Mr. Lamar was a follower of Jefferson Davis. Strong men loved the Southern chieftain as few men have been loved by brothers in a common cause. Noble women loved him as patriot has rarely been loved by woman, and at the South mothers to remotest generations will teach their children to revere him as hero, patriot, and sage. His very name recalls trial, struggle, defeat, humiliation—everything but dishonor. And if the Southern people had not loved him, they would be unworthy to stand among a brave, a free, and a magnanimous race.

When the Mexican pension bill was considered in the Senate Mr. Hoar offered an amendment excluding Jefferson Davis from the benefits of it. In answer to him Mr. Lamar made a speech that is one of the finest specimens of indignant eloquence to be found in the annals of Congress. After asserting that Davis was no more culpable than himself or the humblest personage who engaged in the war on the Southern side—that insult to him was insult to a whole people—he coupled the name of Davis with that of Hampden and that of Washington, and

closed with the following that must take rank among the finest retorts in parliamentary history:

Now, sir, I do not wish to make any remarks here that will engender any excitement or discussion, but I say that the Senator from Massachusetts connected that name with treason. We all know that the results of this war have attached to the people of the South the technical crime of rebellion, and we submit to it; but that was not the sense in which the gentleman used that term as applied to Mr. Davis. He intended to affix—I will not say he intended, but the inevitable effect of it was to affix—upon this aged man, this man broken in fortune, suffering from bereavement, an epithet of odium and imputation of moral turpitude. Sir, it required no courage to do that; it required no magnanimity to do it; it required no courtesy. It only required hate, bitter, malignant, sectional feeling and a sense of personal impunity. The gentleman, I believe, takes rank among Christian statesmen. He might have learned a better lesson, even from the pages of mythology. When Prometheus was bound to the rock it was not an eagle—it was a vulture—that buried his beak in the tortured vitals of the victim.

Lovers of gossip will be interested in John J. Ingalls' description of the scene. He says that Lamar pretended to forget the name, and, pausing after uttering the word "mythology," he leaned over and asked, in an undertone, "Who was chained to the rock?" Thurman answered "Prometheus," and Lamar finished the figure.

Roscoe Conkling was a wonderfully gifted man, and the real leader of the Senate of 1879, though the Democrats had organized that body. He was perhaps the strongest man there, and his command of language was simply the despair of all his rivals. There were others as fluent, some of them much more verbose; but it was Conkling who had no rival—not in Blaine, nor Hoar, nor Ingalls, nor Carpen-

ter, nor Lamar—when it came to bringing into play the exact word to make his speech magnificent and his argument invincible. His friends said he was lordly and his enemies thought him arrogant. He was both—his lordliness was arrogant, and his arrogance was lordly. Lamar had very great admiration for him, and considered him the foremost intellect in the Senate and the first orator in the country.

It was in June, 1879, that the encounter occurred between Lamar and Conkling. The Senate had had an all-night session, and after an intermission of nine minutes the body convened for another legislative day. Blaine, then in the midst of his campaign against the third-term movement led by Conkling, Cameron, Carpenter, and Logan, was in full accord with his party. He knew that to succeed he must gain such radical States as Kansas and Iowa in the national convention. That night he was more than usually aggressive and audacious even for him. He had a bout with Beck, another with Vance, another with Withers, and another with Voorhees. He then took a whack at the whole Democratic side en bloc.

About 6 o'clock Conkling undertook to adjourn the Senate to give Carpenter a chance to speak on the army bill the next day. He failed, though Withers, who had charge of the bill, ought to have been generous and courteous enough to accede to his request. Conkling was very angry and lectured the Democratic side and was exceedingly offensive to Lamar, Beck, and Voorhees, charging them with bad faith in not complying with what he asserted to be a virtual understanding, and insinuating a charge of bad taste against them for long and dull speeches.

Lamar was as angry as Conkling and said this :

With reference to the charge of bad faith that the Senator from New York has intimated toward those of us who have been engaged in opposing these motions to adjourn, I have only to say that if I am not superior to such attacks from such a source, I have lived in vain. It is not my habit to indulge in personalities, but I desire to say here to the Senate that in intimating anything inconsistent, as he has done, with perfect good faith, I pronounce his statement a falsehood, which I repel with all the unmitigated contempt that I feel for the author of it.

Conkling was very greatly disconcerted. He had not encountered anything like this before. And he was much at a disadvantage. A duel was out of the question, hailing as he did from the State of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, and the year 1805 three-quarters of a century behind him. But he felt that something was required of him, and this was his answer :

Mr. President, I was diverted during the commencement of the remark, the culmination of which I heard from the member from Mississippi. If I understand him right, he intended to impute and did in plain and unparliamentary language impute, to me an intentional misstatement. The Senator does not disclaim that I understood the Senator from Mississippi to state in plain and unparliamentary language that the statement of mine to which he referred was a falsehood, if I caught his word aright. Mr. President, this not being the place to measure with any man the capacity to violate decency, to violate the rules of the Senate, or to commit any of the improprieties of life, I have only to say that if the Senator—the member from Mississippi—did impute, or intend to impute to me a falsehood, nothing except the fact that this is the Senate would prevent my denouncing him as a blackguard and a coward. Let me be more specific, Mr. President. Should the member from Mississippi, except in the presence of the Senate, charge me by intimation, or otherwise, with falsehood, I would denounce him as a blackguard, a coward, and a liar! And understanding what he said as I have, the rules and the proprieties of the Senate are the only restraint upon me.

Slowly and deliberately Lamar rose and gave this stinging retort :

Mr. President, I have only to say that the Senator from New York understood me correctly. I did mean to say just precisely the words and all that they import. I beg pardon of the Senate for the unparliamentary language. It was very harsh; it was very severe; it was such as no good man would deserve, and no brave man would wear.

Ingalls tells the story with some satisfaction. It is evident he had no love for Conkling, and for this occasion Conkling was unquestionably defeated.

II

It was the year before that Lamar made the speech against the Stanley Matthews resolutions declaring the national debt payable in standard silver dollars at a ratio to gold of 16 to 1. The peroration of this speech surpasses any other public address of this accomplished orator. There is something grand in the way he marshaled the Senators of the old South, who had upheld the honor of the country in a more elder day—Hammond, Mason, Hunter, Benjamin, Slidell, Toombs, Clement C. Clay, and A. G. Brown. And he continued :

There was another—Jefferson Davis. Mr. President, shall I not be permitted to mention his name in this free American Senate, which has been so free to discuss and condemn what it has adjudged to be his errors? One who has been the vicarious sufferer of his people, the solitude of whose punishment should lift him above the jibe and jeer of popular passion; but whose words will stand forever upon the record of history; not in defiance, not in triumph, but in the sad and grand memoranda of the earnest spirit, the lofty motives of the mighty

struggle, which, however mistaken in its ends and disastrous in its results, was inaugurated by those who believed it to be in the interest of representative liberty and constitutional government.

And then he turned to that magnificent peroration of George F. Hoar in summing up for the House of Representatives in the impeachment of Belknap, and read its disconsolate and accusative sentences as the answer the North had given to the proud and lofty boast of Hammond.

Though it was the greatest speech Mr. Lamar ever made, it enraged his constituents, who not only withheld applause but thanked his colleague, the negro Bruce, for voting for repudiation. Mr. Lamar not only spoke against the Matthews resolutions but voted against them, though instructed by the State legislature to vote for them. In that he incurred the displeasure of Mr. Davis himself, who, though a firm supporter of the public credit, yet adhered to the doctrine of instruction, as Stephen A. Douglas had done years before. Lamar preferred to follow the course of Burke.

Ben Hill also opposed the Matthews resolutions in a powerful speech. These were the two ablest men the cotton States have sent to either House of Congress since the war, and when we read their speeches on the silver question one is tempted to say, "It might have been." How different would have been the fortune of the Democratic party had the South hearkened to the teachings of Ben Hill and L. Q. C. Lamar.

Mr. Cleveland made Lamar one of his Cabinet, but his place was the Senate, as it was Bayard's.

Later, Mr. Cleveland appointed him to the Supreme bench. He died an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Chief Justice Fuller pronounced his eulogy and cited his gifts in the sentence:

“His was the most suggestive mind I ever knew, and not a one of us but has drawn from its inexhaustible store.”



SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN

He was the profoundest political thinker and the ablest practical statesman of his generation. He was the wisest American since Jefferson. His writings and speeches are more valuable to the student of statecraft than Webster's. He was a consummate administrator, and had he chosen arms for a profession, and had opportunity offered, he would have been a great commander. He was a genius, and it was that virile order of genius that comes from taking pains, and after vast and stupendous labor. He was a sagacious politician and a matchless party leader. He believed in organization and had the patience that can wait. He was a man of the people—not a noisy and active and vulgar and offensive demagogue, nor yet the man of magnetism; men did not adore him as they did Clay and Blaine, nor admire him as they did Douglas and Breckinridge; he never split the ears of the groundlings; but he believed in the people and put his trust in them. He was an infallible judge of human nature, knew men from crown to heel and could exactly tell what every one who came under his notice was fit for. He never made a mistake in dealing with individuals. He was a Democrat.

In his case nature seems to have played one of her tricks. His was a frail and sickly body, and he never knew a well day from the time he was a child of three years. And this was the tenement of a robust

and commanding mind. Bonaparte had the genius to concentrate his veterans at the point of attack. That is the secret of Tilden's success as a thinker—he brought all the energies and all the resources of his mind to the subject under consideration. That is why his writings and speeches are so valuable. No young man who hopes to serve the State can afford to neglect his published works, whether he agree with their preachments or not. He had no vocabulary. He groped about for words. Language did not pour from him as it does from Col. Bryan, or as it did from Senator Ingalls; but you can readily understand him, for he never spoke unless he had something to say, and he never said anything, nor wrote anything, that his hearers or readers did not remember, reflect upon, and profit by.

Mr. Tilden never had any boyhood. He was a statesman ere he was twenty, and a sage ere he was thirty. His father was the friend and follower of Martin Van Buren and a familiar of the famous Albany Regency, and thus the boy Tilden was born into a political world. William Cullen Bryant was surprised at the deference the elder Tilden paid to the advices of the boy in roundabouts, but came to acknowledge the profundities of his suggestions. When he was a youth he wrote a paper that was at once a campaign tract, and so able was it that Thurlow Weed laid its authorship at the door of Martin Van Buren. He never dreamed that it was the production of a young man of eighteen, but from the day that paper was first printed that boy was a trusted adviser of that most sagacious leader of a great party and future President of the United

States. A very great curiosity in literature is the chapter on Experience in "Vivian Grey." One wonders how so young a man as Disraeli then was could have written such philosophy. It was nearly a miracle that a young man without experience could so brilliantly define that which ordinary men can only learn by years of observation, and—there is no other word for it—experience. When one reads the earlier political papers of Samuel J. Tilden the same sort of wonder comes to him, and we ask, Where did this boy get his wisdom?

Tilden began the study of the works of Jefferson almost as soon as he learned to read, and at his father's house he met and conferred with such leaders as Martin Van Buren, Silas Wright, William L. Marcy, Edwin Croswell, and Comptroller Flagg. The very atmosphere was redolent of politics, Democracy, and Jefferson. All these leaders consulted the boy and weighed his suggestions. He studied the works of Adam Smith, and that profound thinker doubtless gave cast to his knowledge of political economy. It is curious to contemplate the tricks the tariff has played many of our leaders. Van Buren, Wright, and Tilden were all victims of it. They were originally protectionists, and Wright voted for "the tariff of abominations," but all of them outgrew protection and helped to shape the tariff policy of the Democratic party on honest and constitutional lines. When twenty-four years old young Tilden met in debate Nathaniel P. Talmadge and completely discomfited him. Talmadge was a leading Senator in Congress and a very formidable debater, but here was disastrously overthrown by a young man the general public had never heard of before.

I

The Tildens came from Kent, and the family is as Saxon as Cedric and can be traced for many centuries. In 1634 Nathaniel Tilden came to America and settled in Massachusetts, and from him the future statesman descended. Samuel J. Tilden was born February 9, 1814, the son of Elam Tilden and Polly Younglove Jones. The child became an invalid at three years of age and continued an invalid until his death, some three-score and ten years later. It is one of the whimsicalities of human life that this sanest of men in the contemplation of great affairs of the human economy was as credulous as a child touching medicinal remedies, and was ready at all times to swallow any nostrum recommended for the cure of his ills. He was at Yale in the class of William M. Evarts and Chief Justice Waite, but ill-health forced him to leave the institution even before the close of his first scholastic year. He wrote regularly to his father, and one is astonished at the wisdom of his suggestions. Here is a passage: "A permanent currency of irredeemable paper is a more intolerable curse than war, pestilence, or famine, and one to which, I hope and trust, the people will not long submit." That was penned during the panic of 1837, when there was universal suspension of specie payments. It was Democracy stark-naked then, and had the party never departed from that perchment and all it implies, it would have been saddled with an infinitely lighter load of the tribulations of defeat than it has lugged around for forty years, with the exception of eight years when the Democratic leader was a sound money platform in the flesh.

Tilden studied law in New York City. Benjamin F. Butler, Jackson's Attorney General, was one of his tutors. He came to the bar, but he never lost interest in politics. As early as 1844 "Manifest Destiny" obtruded in our affairs. Texas was knocking at the door of the Union for admission, and would not be denied. Mr. Van Buren was opposed to it, and that fact destroyed him. The party had long considered him the logical candidate, and he had a majority of the delegates, but the two-thirds rule was invoked, and James K. Polk was nominated. But Polk could not be elected without the support of Van Buren, and that aid was given. New York was the pivotal State, and its vote decisive of the result. Silas Wright was induced to run for Governor. If one would be acquainted with a conspicuous example of the pathos and the cruelty of politics, let him read that lofty and magnanimous letter of Gov. Wright reciting his aversion to accepting the office. Never did soldier go to battle with a sublimer sense of duty than did Silas Wright enter upon his canvass for governor in 1844. He was elected, and he pulled the national ticket through by one half his own plurality. Had David B. Hill only done that forty-four years later!

No sooner was Polk in office than he turned to the faction opposed to Van Buren. Marcy was chosen Secretary of War and controlled the New York patronage. It split the party—Marcy headed the "Hunkers" and Wright the "Barn-burners." History repeated itself in 1880—Conkling elected the Republican ticket, and was treated as Wright had been, and the party was split into "Stalwarts" and

“Half-breeds.” The results were disastrous to the Democrats in 1848 and to the Republicans in 1884. Tilden was a “Barn-burner,” and in 1848 he supported Van Buren, who ran for President on the Free Soil ticket. Thurlow Weed has an excellent chapter on that campaign, and one that will well repay the reading. Had Clay been the Whig candidate in 1848 nothing would have induced Van Buren to run. Some ex-Whig would have been the Free Soil candidate, and New York would have gone for Cass as she went for Polk. That is why Weed strove so earnestly for the nomination of Taylor.

Tilden now abandoned politics and devoted himself to his legal practice. He was the equal of any lawyer in the country. His management of the contested election case of Giles against Flagg stamped him as one of the very first practitioners of that or any other day. Soon his matchless skill in the conduct of the famous Burdell-Cunningham case put him at the very head of the profession. As a cross-examiner he had no peer. His practice grew until it absorbed his whole time, and it is said that at one time or other one-half of the railroad corporations of the country were his clients. He made the largest private fortune ever gained at the bar that any one individual ever accumulated. But Tilden was even a greater financier than he was a lawyer. Of all the men our country has produced he would have been the ablest Secretary of the Treasury.

II

Tilden was opposed to the extension of slavery, and had his ideas prevailed slavery would have died

a natural death. He saw that slavery could not exist without more slave States. That was why he opposed the annexation of Texas. But his plan was to vote slavery to death. He argued that slave labor would soon impoverish the lands of most of the slave States, and without new lands to impoverish slavery would die. He hoped that the more populous North, reinforced by the immigration from Europe, would surely make every new State free. But it was not to be. He opposed the Republican party because it was sectional, and warned the people that any ticket elected by Northern votes alone would bring war. But when the war came he was for the Union and did a great deal to make the cause of the Union triumphant. Had Mr. Lincoln made him Secretary of the Treasury the war would have cost about one-half what it did and would have been brought to a successful issue much sooner.

The war over, Tilden contended that the seceded States had all the rights under the Constitution the loyal States had. He opposed reconstruction, and reorganized the Democratic party. It was claimed that he defeated the nomination of Chase by the Democrats in 1868, but that he always denied. There is no doubt that Mrs. Sprague believed he forced the nomination on Seymour, and there is history for it that it was Mrs. Sprague who influenced Senator Conkling in the winter of 1876-1877 to the extent that he refrained from delivering a speech in the Senate against the counting of the vote of Louisiana for Hayes.

Tilden's fame as a statesman of the practical order is founded on his prosecution of the Tweed

ring in New York City and the canal ring in New York State. No other American statesman has ever wrought anything like such work in the field of reform. As a practical reformer, he stands unapproachable. And there never was one word said against the man's fame until he was a candidate for President of the United States. He was the chief figure against Tweed and against the canal ring. There were others; but there was none to deny him first place. His messages as governor of New York are the equals of any state papers ever penned by an American.

In 1876 the Democratic party nominated this man for President and elected him. There were 379 votes in the college, and 203 of them were rightfully Tilden's. But nineteen votes were for sale. The three States of Florida, Louisiana, and South Carolina held their votes to ransom. One of these votes, a single one, was all Tilden required to make 185, or a majority. Mr. Hayes required the whole nineteen. There is no dispute that the votes were for sale. Mr. Hayes got the votes. The banditti who held the votes to ransom were rewarded. There was a governor of Louisiana. He was a governor by injunction—the order of a drunken and disreputable judge. That governor and his returning board by fraud and perjury and forgery secured the vote of Louisiana for Mr. Hayes. First they disfranchised thousands of legal voters. To do that fraud was substituted for a majority. There had to be some sort of excuse. Mistress Eliza Pinkston swore to the excuse. Then there had to be some legal forms. These were absent, and others were forged.

They sent the fraudulent vote to Washington. The certificate was fatally defective. There was not time to get another; but there was plenty of time to forge another, and they forged it. Indeed, the election was stolen in twenty different sorts of ways.

They created an extra constitutional election commission. Tilden called the Democratic assent to that "a panic of pacificators." The commission pretended to hear the case, and then they adjudicated, by a vote of 8 to 7, that they were only the "fence" to hold the plunder the burglars had stolen. The greatest nation in the world looked on in amazement and shame. It was the crowning political infamy of our history.

Had Tilden controlled, he would have confounded and defeated the conspirators. He would have simply put the Constitution to them. The Constitution says Congress shall count the vote, and Congress would never have counted the nineteen stolen votes for Hayes. Even when it was irrevocably determined to have the commission, the Democratic cause would have been saved if Tilden's advice had been followed to impose on the commission the duty of thorough investigation.

Having robbed him, they proceeded to slander him. When we do a man wrong it helps our poor little consciences to show that he was a bad man anyhow. So they said Tilden tried to buy what was already his. They sent Tom Reed to question him about it. When Tom got back he could have told them how it felt to catch a Tartar. Tilden had the money. The votes were offered him. If he was in the market why did he not buy them? Their charge

was founded on the offer of the burglars to sell the Presidency to Tilden's nephew.

Then, as though they thought they could make their theft respectable, they sued Tilden and laid charge that fifteen years before he had made a false income tax return, and they kept that suit on the docket as long as, and no longer than, he was a possible candidate for President. It was the only suit of the kind ever instituted. Mr. Blaine was thought to have something to do with it, for Blaine expected to be the candidate against Tilden in 1880, and the one scorching sarcasm of Tilden's public utterances was directed against Mr. Blaine—it was that anecdote of the discussion of James II and Nell Gwynn's son on the subject of conscience, or rather the lack of it on the young man's part, and the redundant supply of it on the part of the young man's party.

As soon as Tilden got out of politics his enemies began to abuse the public patience and disgust the public conscience with praise of him.

His fame is the greater because of the robbery. Intelligent generations yet to be will ask, Why is not the name of Samuel Jones Tilden among the names of the American Presidents?



REV. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, D. D.

THE FAMILY OF FIELD

“Truth is its handmaid; Freedom is its child; Peace is its companion; Safety walks in its steps; Victory follows in its train. It is the brightest emanation of the Gospel; it is the greatest attribute of God. It is that center around which human interests and passions turn, and Justice, sitting on high, sees genius and power and wealth and birth revolve around her throne, and marks out their orbits and teaches their paths and rules with a strong hand and warns with a loud voice and carries order and discipline into a world, which, but for her, would be a wild waste of passions:

That is a celebrated divine's eulogium of justice, and it is a splendid example of mingled argument and eloquence. In the 10,000 moral and intellectual victories the Anglo-Saxon has achieved, the chiefest is seen in his administration of the laws he has made. Only the other day the prime minister of the British Empire, by many esteemed the highest civic station on earth, was arrested, brought before a justice of the peace, tried, convicted, and fined for violating a local ordinance against fast driving. That was the triumph of the law. It is what is meant by justice for high and low alike—what Jefferson had in mind when he declared equal rights to all, exclusive privileges to none. One of the finest figures in English eloquence is that of the humble cottage of the laborer wherein the King of England himself may not set foot without the assent of the cotter. That is law and the glory of the English system. Other countries have made laws that were equally as whole-

some, but there was the fault of maladministration, or rather of non-administration. Spain had divers excellent laws, even when Lerma was chief minister, but justice was a stepdaughter on whose blanched cheek the harlot privilege had implanted a stepdame's bitter and biting kiss. Of no avail was a bill of rights on the continent. We can imagine the fate of the seven bishops had the trial been at Versailles or Potsdam.

American liberty did not begin with July 4, 1776. The truths that day declared were hoary with age, and the rights that day asserted existed in the law, if they were not always respected by the rulers, even when the proudest Plantagenet wore the purple. There was Edward III, hero and tyrant, and yet he gave utterance to preachments that are a better Democratic platform than either the Chicago manifesto of 1896 or the Kansas City reaffirmation of 1900. Had there been no Matthew Hale there would have been no Patrick Henry. Had not Somers disclosed English liberty, Jefferson would not have declared American liberty. Law does not make liberty, but preserves it, and law without liberty is better than liberty without law.

Government with us is executive, legislative and judicial. Each is designed to be, and is supposed to be, independent of the other two departments. In the old day it was understood that government came from the kings. That is an old-fashioned idea that yet maintains in many powerful nations. With us government comes from the people. Our establishment is partly national and partly Federal. The executive partakes of both, though it is mostly

national, as but ninety votes in the electoral college are Federal. The legislature is both national and Federal, the House of Representatives being entirely national and the Senate entirely Federal. The judiciary is mostly Federal, appointed, as it is, by the Executive and confirmed by the Senate, the first mostly national and partly Federal, and the other altogether Federal.

Happily for our country, the people have reposed implicit confidence in the judiciary. Had we been other than Saxon, some of the adjudications of the Supreme Court would have occasioned revolutions in our country; but we come of a race that had long taught and observed respect for the law as interpreted by the courts. While John Marshall's decisions were making a government for our people, Napoleon Bonaparte's sword was making a government over yonder. Where is Napoleon's government today? Yet Marshall's government stands, though assailed by braver and more puissant armies than destroyed the first or the second empire.

We reserved one right that must be held sacred by every free people—the right of criticism. Our fathers exercised it freely, and so do we. The Dred Scott decision enraged a great political party and brought volumes of abuse upon one of the purest and ablest jurists who ever sat on the bench. We remember the decision in the case of the disputed Presidential election, and, more recently, we saw the outburst that greeted the final adjudication of the income-tax cases. But our people have great respect for the Supreme Court, and so long as that tribunal shall maintain the high character it has made in the

114 years of its existence, American liberty may be regarded as secure. "The law allows it, and the court awards it."

David J. Brewer came from one of the most eminent families of America—less remarkable for gifted sons than Marshall or Adams, yet, in achievement, perhaps, no single household has equaled that of David Field, the grandfather of Mr. Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Bench. It is New England stock and Puritan to the marrow. It had a religion that tested faith by works. It believed in morality and trusted in the efficacy of prayer. It read the Bible and strove to practice its teachings. It abominated idleness and shunned vain things. In its philosophy life was a serious thing, and duty the master over all.

David Dudley, Stephen J., Cyrus W., and Henry M. Field were sons of this household, and there were others, less eminent, it is true, but men who played well their parts on the stage of life. They left the parental roof early and made adventures in far-off lands. They were in Asia and Europe and South America. They were clergymen, jurists, scientists, merchants, financiers. They bore the Word of God and preached the faith of Christ in alien tongues to alien peoples. They reformed the law and made justice ride in simpler chariot and speak a plainer language. They added another tie to the marriage of the old hemisphere to the new, and one that bound secure by daily converse and instant touch. In short, the family Field is of the very aristocracy of American citizenship. It illustrates the possibilities of the human race.

David Dudley Field was the eldest born of Rev. David Field, and his wife, Submit Dickinson, and this first born was father, as well as brother, to the other children of that family. He was college-bred and chose the law for a profession. He settled in New York and achieved signal success. He was one of the leading lawyers of America, contemporaneous with Charles O'Connor, Samuel J. Tilden, William M. Evarts, James T. Brady, and men of that caliber. He was a Democrat in political belief, but never a politician. He could not change his convictions, and frequently they interposed between him and preferment. He was an anti-slavery man and acted with the Republican party in its earlier history, and, with Tilden, had supported Martin Van Buren, the Free Soil candidate for President in 1848. He was at Chicago in 1860, and it was David D. Field, as much as David Davis or Horace Greeley, who contributed to the victory of Lincoln over Seward. He supported Lincoln's administration and did much to bring the Democratic party of the North to the support of the war. In 1876 he voted for Hayes against his fellow-Democrat and fellow-bolter of 1848, Tilden; but he believed Tilden was elected, so expressed himself, and was sent to Congress to uphold Tilden's cause. He was of that matchless array of counsel that pleaded for Tilden before the Electoral Commission. Before that he had denounced the reconstruction infamies the Republican party visited on the South and had proclaimed with a loud voice the supremacy of the law over the bayonet.

But David D. Field has a title to fame above and superior to any of these things. He was the father

of the code of practice, a legal reform of incalculable advantage to the English-speaking peoples of both hemispheres. He drove technicality from the practice, and opened a great profession to minds too downright for riddles and puzzles and jargon and the artificial reasonings and arbitrary precedents of a dozen or so forms of pleading that had for nomenclature Michaelmas term and Hillary term and things like that. Nearly all the American States have codes of practice, as have England, and most, if not all, of her dependencies. This fine old New York lawyer, the dean of the profession at the legal metropolis of America, bequeathed this great reform to law and justice.

Stephen J. Field was taught by his brother, though he had been a pupil of his brother-in-law, Brewer, in Asia. For a while he resided in Europe, and on his return to America he was a "Forty-niner" in California. There he practiced law, and was a politician and judge. It would take a Robert Louis Stevenson to tell his career in that frontier in that pioneer day.

He, too, was a Democrat, but adhered to the Union in 1861, and may be it was his effort, more than any other individual, that held the Pacific Coast true to the Union.

Mr. Lincoln put him on the Supreme Bench with Davis and Miller, and he was associate justice of the United States Supreme Court for a longer period than any other man, and a period some weeks greater than John Marshall's service as Chief Justice of that tribunal.

This country owes Stephen J. Field a great debt. He wrote the decision in the Millikin case. He adju-

dictated the Slaughter-house case. He subordinated the sword to the law. He gave civil liberty to a whole people. He opened the door of hope to the South. And the Democratic party came very near to making him President of the United States for it. What an Iliad of woes his party and the country would have escaped if his opinion of the greenback had remained the interpretation of the Federal Constitution!

Cyrus W. Field achieved more than any other of the brothers. Early in life he accumulated a fortune, and spent it all in the novel and seemingly impossible enterprise of the ocean telegraph. His efforts in that behalf were as heroic as the struggles of Bruce before the day of Bannockburn, but a score of defeats and disappointments were ultimately crowned with victory. Cyrus Field was the pioneer and the soul of that great venture that required all the faith and courage that sustained Christopher Columbus. Men would have made an ocean cable had Cyrus Field never lived, and Europe would have discovered America had Columbus never been born, but the name of Columbus is linked to one enterprise and the name of Field must ever be associated with the other.

Emilia Ann Field was the second child and eldest daughter of David Field. She became the wife of Rev. Josiah Brewer, and to them were born seven children, among them David J. Brewer, born June 20, 1837, at Smyrna, Asia Minor, where his parents were then stationed as missionaries of the Church of Christ. He was educated at Wesleyan University

and at Yale, and when a youth he read law in the office of his uncle, David Dudley Field, in New York city. Subsequently he was graduated from the Albany Law School.

When a very young man he located at Leavenworth, Kan., and opened a law office. It was just before the war, and it was troublous times, and it a turbulent people. He was on the probate and criminal bench at the age of twenty-five, and two years later he was district judge. At thirty-three he was on the Kansas Supreme bench, where he continued till 1884, when he was appointed judge of the Eighth Federal Circuit. In 1889 President Harrison selected him to fill the vacancy on the Supreme Bench occasioned by the death of Justice Stanley Matthews.

Thus, Justice Brewer has been a judge for many years. His life has been one of labor and of thought. He has startled nobody, and he is by no means what the callow reporter would call a "picturesque" man. There is little of the John J. Ingalls about him, and less of the James H. Lane. We cannot say of him that he is "Kansas incarnate," as has been said of Ingalls.

Judge Brewer has rendered some opinions that attracted considerable attention. One was that railroad case from Texas, in which it was held that Federal courts had the right to restrain rates fixed by a State commission if they were unreasonable, which amounted to saying that the power to confiscate was not lodged in a State railroad commission.

Then there was the Debs case—Judge Brewer decided that. It was held that the Federal court had power to restrain by injunction any interference with

interstate commerce, and punish by fine and imprisonment one disobeying the injunction.

In the Fairbanks case Justice Brewer held that the government had no power to impose a stamp tax on a foreign bill of lading.

In the Holy Trinity Church case he held that the statute prohibiting contracts for bringing into this country foreign laborers, did not apply to ministers of the gospel, and the court said in that decision that ours is a Christian nation.

These are a few of the cases he adjudicated, and they testify to the strength and originality of his mind. He dissented in the insular cases. He has long been considered one of the ablest judges on the bench, and his fine mind is yet at the zenith of its powers.

MARCUS A. HANNA

When Salmon P. Chase and Benjamin F. Wade were contending in the Senate of the United States against Stephen A. Douglas and Robert Toombs half a century ago, Marcus A. Hanna was a grocery clerk in the then comparatively small town of Cleveland, Ohio. When John Sherman, the opportunist, was the first practical economist of the United States Senate, and Allen G. Thurman, the doctrinaire, was the dean of Senatorial excellence, Marcus A. Hanna was an ironmaster of the Lake region. When James M. Ashley tried to impeach, and John A. Bingham did impeach, the President of the United States, Marcus A. Hanna was no politician. When Robert C. Schenck was making a tariff and James A. Garfield was astonishing and delighting the American Congress with a thousand varied accomplishments, it was little that Marcus A. Hanna thought that a day would come when he would be a leading Senator in the National Legislature. When John Brough, the war Democrat, and Clement L. Vallandigham, the peace Democrat, were opposing candidates for governor of Ohio, Marcus A. Hanna did not dream that ere he was three-score he would conduct one of the greatest political campaigns his country has ever seen and become the most powerful individual political factor of his epoch.

I

We have not yet seen the American. He is not yet come. He is not yet made. He will be Cauca-



MARCUS A. HANNA.

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by J. E. Purdy, Boston



sian, indeed; but a blend of divers bloods of that superior family. The premier people of Europe inhabit the island of England, Scotland and Wales—"Saxon and Norman and Dane are we." Mayhap Marlborough, its greatest soldier, came of an ancestor who was a blend of an all-conquering Roman and "Boadicea, standing loftily charioted," just as Farnese, Prince of Parma, another first captain of an epoch, might have traced his line to Alaric, or Attila, or both. Dante, we can imagine, was the blood of Virgil and Horace mingled with Goth and Vandal. Who knows that the bloods of Hannibal and Cæsar did not find their confluence in Napoleon Bonaparte? Blake and Nelson came from the Vikings, who gave to England Canute the Great and William the Conqueror. Bacon might have descended from some Roman satrap who had heard Julian discourse of the learning he got at Athens. Shakespeare was of all the bloods of England, as he was of all the intellects of all the ages that were before him and of all the ages that have come, and shall come, after him.

These were mixtures of pure bloods. Wherever man has amalgamated with an inferior the product has been degenerate—morally, mentally, physically degenerate. The laws of God execute themselves. Mankind cannot sin and escape punishment. The wages of sin is death.

The future American will be Teuton, Latin, Slav, and Celt. In greater or lesser degree he will be English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, German, Swede, Dane, Norwegian, French, Spanish, Italian, Greek, Hun, Bohemian, Croat, Pole, and Russian. He will not be African; he will not be Malay; he will not be Mongolian. There will be an imperceptible trace of

the American Indian. Perhaps there will be an imperceptible trace of the Christian tribes that came from about ancient Damascus.

The dominating blood will be Anglo-Saxon because the language, the literature, the law, the customs, the sports, the economies, and most of the religion we have, and shall continue to have, are English. We shall have, too, our quota of that marvelous race which had for patriarch, Abraham; for legislator, Moses; for king, David; for prophet, Elijah—which gave to Christianity its divine founder, to the church her first Pope, and to religion the Apostle of the Gentiles. It is the only genuine blue blood in the civilized world, and it may be true, as it is fascinating to imagine, that Edward VII came from the house of David and that the naval genius of England had its germ in the tribe of Dan.

No State is richer in blood than Ohio. It has all the aristocracies in that particular—Cavalier, Puritan, Scotch-Irish, Dutch, German, and there, too, are the Quaker and the Jew. They are robust and they are comely and they are fitted to the battle of life—even strenuous life.

Senator Hanna was of Virginia ancestry. He was Scotch-Irish—of the blood of Stonewall Jackson rather than of the caste of Philip H. Sheridan. It is a hardy race—that Scotch-Irish. It defended Londonderry. It drove the Stuart from the British Isles. It believed in prayer, and it believed in works. It had faith and it could fight. It came to these shores and we find it in New Hampshire, in Pennsylvania, in Virginia, and in the Carolinas. It was at Cape Breton and at Quebec. It was in the Continental Congress and in the Continental army. It

was in the infant navy and in the adult navy. It sailed with Preble and fought with Decatur. It was with Farragut at Mobile and roved with Semmes on strange seas. It gained the victory at Kings Mountain and saw the surrender at Yorktown. It helped to make the Constitution and did more than its share in winning the West. George Rogers Clark was of its blood, and the victor of New Orleans was one of its heroes. It was with Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville and with George H. Thomas at Chickamauga. It triumphed with Grant and it surrendered with Lee. It believes in the family and in the home, in the church and in the school, and when it has girded on the sword it has put the Bible in the knapsack. It is a Presbyterian, and representative government, in church and in State, is part of its religion. It is for the Sabbath that God ordained. It is mighty nearly the clotted cream of American citizenship.

II

Marcus A. Hanna was born in Ohio in 1837, and in 1852 his father became a citizen of Cleveland, where the son resided until his death. He was educated in the common schools and spent a year in college. Then he was a clerk in a grocery store. C. P. Huntington, the greatest captain of industry since Stephen Girard, said that it was in a hardware store that he learned how to build and operate a transcontinental railroad. The now president of the New York Central Railway learned how to successfully operate that great system by an intense and a profound study of the time tables and the freight tariffs of a little railroad in Texas. Mark Hanna learned

how to lead the Republican party when he was studying and mastering the details of a retail grocery store. No man is fit to rule over many things who is at all unfaithful over a few things. Gustavus Adolphus would have been an admirable man-at-arms. Paul Jones would have been first among able seamen.

It was in that grocery store that Hanna's Scotch-Irish asserted itself. He mastered the business, and he did better than that—he mastered himself. He had no wheels in his head. He was a practical man. He could buy and he could sell, and, what was more important, he knew the man it behooved him to buy from, and he was an excellent judge of the customers he sold to.

By and by Mark Hanna married, and when his wife's father retired from the coal and iron business, Hanna took his place. He had learned the coal and iron business in that grocery store. He formed the company that yet exists. He acquired iron mines in the Lake region and coal mines in the Hocking Valley. He bought railroads and steam craft. He carried the ore to the coke, and did it at the least possible cost, and with the most possible dispatch. Thus he was an ironmaster. Soon he was a rich man—a capitalist, as well as a merchant and a manufacturer.

He had many dealings with labor. Report is that he and the men who were on his pay rolls were rarely in discord. If that be truth, it speaks volumes for the man. He was one among a thousand.

It is impossible to discuss Marcus A. Hanna without a mention of William McKinley. He, too, was

Scotch-Irish, but of the Western Reserve instead of Virginia. His history is typical of his country—school teacher, soldier, lawyer, statesman, the most beloved of the Presidents, a great man, and better than he was great. Lincoln maintained the physical and political union of the North and South. McKinley cicatrized the wound that had festered for a generation. I charge thee, Cromwell, that if thou hast not more tact than impulse thou hadst best get thee to a hermitage. Lay not thy rash hand on Pandora.

In 1876, McKinley, then a young lawyer, and a veteran soldier, was elected to Congress. Thomas B. Reed was first elected that year also, as was John G. Carlisle. McKinley at once became the friend and disciple of William D. Kelley, and years before that famous man died, he bestowed his mantle on his pupil. It was with all the pride that Socrates felt for Alcibiades that the eloquent Pennsylvanian saw the eloquent McKinley go to battle against such men as Morrison and Carlisle, Mills and Hurd.

Napoleon Bonaparte said that but for the mistake of a captain of a French ship he would have changed the map of the world and revolutionized the history of Christendom. Had William McKinley been unfriendly to silver in 1889 he would have been Speaker of the Fifty-first Congress. Had he been Speaker, it is altogether probable that Thomas B. Reed would have been President, for events coming as they did, it was inevitable that the chairman of Ways and Means of the Fifty-first Congress would be the nominee for President of the Republican party of 1896. But had not the Speaker of Congress stopped the silver crevasse with the Sherman silver

law the President would have had a free coinage bill put on his table, and then the devil would have been to pay, and not enough hot pitch on hand to do it. Nobody knows what would have happened, but the field for conjecture is broad and expansive.

In 1888 McKinley presided over the national convention at Chicago, and Hanna was of the Ohio delegation. It was the last attempt John Sherman made to be President of the United States—the man above all others of his generation fitted for that great office, from a Republican standpoint, and the man who would have been President had he been something less fit for it. The convention of 1888 wanted to nominate Blaine. There was a time when it was ready to nominate McKinley. When it heard definitely from Blaine it nominated Harrison, as the convention of eight years before had nominated Garfield at the dictation of Blaine. Thrice was it in the power of James G. Blaine to nominate John Sherman for President. Had Blaine known Harrison as well as he knew Sherman, Harrison would never have reached the White House. He knew Sherman would be President. He found that Harrison was President. If the Hanna of 1888 had been the Hanna of 1896 things might have been different.

And now it was that all political news from the State of Ohio had something to say of this man Hanna. The general public supposed he was some lawyer or other, anxious to come to Congress and mending fences to that end. He figured in local politics all through Harrison's term. He discounted the defeat of 1892. He saw the coming of the panic of 1893. He did not foresee the whirlwind of

agrarianism and the hurricane of repudiation that came in 1896. The reincarnated Democracy may have some rather pronounced opinions, and it will endeavor to make the Congress that dallied with the silver question, the long session of 1889-1890, tote the heavy end of the responsibility that it made. There will be a deal of eloquence and much argument in that behalf.

Cleveland was nominated because of the McKinley tariff law, and elected because of the Sherman silver law. Business wanted a man in the White House who would not compromise with repudiation and who would have vetoed the Sherman law. That is what elected Grover Cleveland. The panic came. The purchasing clause was repealed. The Wilson bill was enacted. Bonds were sold. The seigniorage bill was vetoed. The public credit was maintained. The Democratic party was demoralized and decimated. The Republican party was ready to run away. The Democrats met at Chicago. It was the scheme of the leaders to nominate Teller. It was the plan of the masses to nominate Bland. What they did is history.

Silver was paramount. The country was upside down and inside out. The Republicans had nominated McKinley, and had prepared to talk tariff. In Van Buren's time there was an issue—What shall be done with the proceeds of the sales of the public lands? The country would have listened to a speech on that old issue in 1896 as patiently as it would have listened to tariff. Nothing but silver would do. The craze would not down. Bryan was interesting. That he was a charlatan everybody suspected, but he

was a most charming charlatan. He was aggressive. It was the most delightful blend of eloquence and ignorance since the Athenian Democracy. He orated in Tammany Hall and filled Madison Square. Women named their babies for him. Men strove for place that they might touch the hem of his sack coat. He was the happiest man since Archilochus surpassed his fellow bards at the celebration of the Olympic festival.

III

The political campaign of 1896 in one of its aspects reminds us of Napoleon Bonaparte's first Italian campaign, perhaps the most brilliant exploit of military genius since Hannibal. For three centuries Italy had been "the grave of the French." The wickedest of Popes gave Milan to a worthless King of France, and to conquer and occupy the principality, France poured out rivers of blood, lavished millions of treasure, and made epics of valor. In twenty campaigns she gained all but honor and lost all but chivalry. Bayard fell in the quarrel. Bourbon was a traitor in it. Francis was a victim of it. The greatest of the house of Guise met failure in it. Eugene and Vendome fought in it in another generation.

And now an army of the republic, a creation of Carnot, and under the command of a youth, a stranger, an alien and an adventurer, sought to wrest Italy from the clutch of the Cæsars of the Danube. It was an army clothed in rags and patriotism, armed with bayonets and enthusiasm, sustained by crusts and heroism. A marshal's baton was in every

knapsack. It was at Montenotte and Rivoli, both inclusive—eleven pitched battles and eleven glorious victories.

The stake of the campaign was Mantua. If Bonaparte took and held that city, Italy ceased to be Austrian and became French. After he had separated the Austrian army from the Piedmontese and beaten each in detail, the Corsican laid siege to Mantua, trusting that Moreau and Jourdan would engage all the other Austrian forces in the Black Forest. But the Aulic Council willed to the contrary, and sent Wurmser to drive the French out of Italy.

Of the campaign, an eminent historian narrates and speculates :

But in order to occupy the point of the lake, he must call away all the troops from the Lower Adige and the Lower Minicio toward the Lake of Garda; he must withdraw Augereau from Lagnago, and Surrurier from Mantua, for it was impossible to guard too extended a line. It was a great sacrifice, for he had been besieging Mantua for two months, he had brought thither a great train, the place was about to surrender, and, by allowing it to revictual itself, he should lose the fruits of long toil and an almost certain prey. Bonaparte did not hesitate. He had the sagacity to seize the most important of two objects, and to sacrifice the other—a simple resolution, which indicates not the great captain, but the great man.

Mark Hanna displayed a similar genius in 1896. He hoped and expected to make a tariff fight of it, and it was the tariff that was paramount in the national convention. His heart was on the tariff as Napoleon's was on Mantua; but the day came when he had to let the tariff drift. The legionaries of free silver, under the lead of Bryan, were bearing down on him, even as the forces of Wurmser were bearing

down on Bonaparte. With great reluctance Hanna shifted the paramount; but it was not until the last half of October that the candidate was made to abandon Mantua—not till then that he pronounced the word gold, and then in parentheses. But when Hanna redressed his lines he did for Bryan what Bonaparte did for Wurmser.

The silver question was something like the question of secession—it came to be paramount the very earliest moment it was possible to defeat it. Had secession come in 1820 not a drop of blood would have been spilled. Had it come in 1850 it would have prevailed on the field of battle. And so with silver. Had free coinage been paramount in 1880, or 1884, or 1888, or 1892, it would have prevailed. A man like Carl Schurz will in the end drive out of the public mind all the error a man like "Coin" Harvey plants; but it takes time. You can't eradicate all the sassafras sprouts in a single season. And silver would have prevailed in 1896 had not Hanna shifted from Mantua to the Lake of Garda. The fact is that until late in the campaign the Palmer and Buckner folks were the only genuine sound money layout in the land.

The Republican party can always be depended on to know what to do with a victory; so could the Democrats in old Jackson's day. Had Grover Cleveland convened an extra session of Congress the day he was inaugurated in 1893, there would have been no talk of party perfidy and party dishonor. As soon as it was definitely ascertained that McKinley was elected, the Fifty-fourth Congress set about making a tariff. The Fifty-fifth Congress met right

off and passed it. Recently that tariff has been discussed in the Senate of the United States. It was Senatorially determined that the late Nelson Dingley did not mark his taxes so high as he did for the purpose of playing a game of reciprocity, and from some things said the public infers that the Senate hardly ever puts amendments on House bills with a view to jockeying a conference committee.

Frederick the Great one day discovered a placard on a wall in Berlin denouncing him up hill and down dale as a many sort of tyrant and usurper. That diademed old miscreant merely smiled, and remarked: "Myself and my people are at a perfect understanding. They say what they please. I do what I please." All of us know that Senator Aldrich will do what he pleases. Will Senator Dolliver be allowed to say what he pleases?

IV

And here it may not be out of place to have a glance at another leader of the Senate, and a truly strong man.

In 1881 four members from New England entered the Senate of the United States, and they are members of that body even to the present. Nelson W. Aldrich was one of them, and for more than twenty years he has exercised a powerful influence upon the legislation of the American Congress. He is not a lawyer, not a scholar, not an orator. He is a man of business and a man of affairs. He leads men. He controls things. He is acquainted with manufacture and commerce. He knows the office of capital and the potentiality of labor. He understands

supply and demand. He distinguishes between value and price. He discerns what it is to produce and to consume.

Burke's wonderful speech on the nabob of Arcot's debts, Fox assailing Pitt's breach with the First Consul, Webster and Calhoun discussing the constitutional limitations of the Federal government, Douglas' argument for the repeal of the Missouri restriction, Sumner's Utopian orations, Trumbull's reasoning on the constitutional power of Congress to reconstruct the seceded States, Conkling's stately eloquence, Lamar's perfect sentences, Ben Hill's powerful logic, Carpenter and Thurman elucidating a perplexing legal question, Hoar's scholarly addresses, Blaine's delightful oratory, Ingall's classic invective—these would not interest Nelson W. Aldrich half so much as the broken and confused sentences of a mill operative at Pawtucket announcing that he had discovered a process by which a bolt of cotton cloth could be produced for one mill less per yard than it is now produced.

Senator Aldrich is a practical statesman. Things interest him more than principles. He believes in doing things more than in saying things. Academic discussion has little charm for him. He rarely addresses the Senate, and when he does it is to talk, not to give an exhibition of elocution. He deals in facts, facts, facts—figures, figures, figures.

One of the most powerful thinkers the Senate has ever known is John G. Carlisle. In the debates of the wool schedules of the McKinley bill, Carlisle and Aldrich met in a grapple of the giants, and every man who expects to legislate intelligently upon the subject of the tariff—its practical workings—will

profit by turning to that discussion, reading it carefully and digesting its arguments thoroughly.

Senator Aldrich had charge of the Dingley bill in the Senate—at least he was chairman of the Finance Committee and opened the debate. He has a single gesture and that not very graceful—the same the late William S. Holman used to employ—the open hand going out from the waistband like a housewife scattering breadcrumbs before chicks. His voice, too, is somewhat like Holman's. If one will examine Aldrich's speech presenting the Dingley bill to the Senate, he will find a very simple exposition of the practical side of the tariff. It is no such handling of the subject as is found in the speeches of Henry Clay, George Evans, William D. Kelley, John A. Kasson, and William McKinley. It is more after the method of John Sherman, Justin S. Morrill, Robert C. Schenck, and Nelson Dingley, and yet different from these, too—more simple and direct, more practical. There never was a more marked contrast of parliamentary discussion than is found in the speeches of Aldrich and Vest upon that occasion. Aldrich does not undertake to persuade or even to convince an adversary; he leaves that for the orators and lawyers. He contents himself with finding and presenting facts and figures for the justification of men who believe as he does touching a great economic question.

He has a contempt for the epigrams of Bastiat, whose treatment of the subject of "the balance of trade" he considers arrant nonsense. He has no patience with such orators as William Jennings Bryan, who quoted the poet Moore, or Benton McMillin, who quoted the poet Byron, as an authority

on the prosy and practical subject of the tariff. His is a subtle mind, but it is the subtlety of the counting-room, not of the closet, and hence he would give more heed to the practical testimony of a Rhode Island weaver than to the academic conclusions of Adam Smith.

V

It is scarce too much to say that Humphrey Marshall was the most powerful intellect the Mississippi Valley has produced. One day he appeared at Glasgow, Ky., and delivered a masterly speech that was the subject of laudation for a twelve-month. An old business man of that community, tired of hearing his praises as the Athenian tired of the meed accorded to Aristides, closed the discussion with, "If he is such a smart man, where in the hell is his money?"

That is the way Aldrich looks at things. He judges economic policies by the tables of revenue and expenditures and the state of the public credit. He asks: "Are there ships in the bay, are there merchants in the mart?" "Where is your prosperity?"

It is true that the Senate made ducks and drakes of his sugar schedule and that for a while he was in his tent, leaving Allison and Platt to bear the brunt of Vest's last battle that was a glorious defeat, and enough to be the making of half a score Senators. But Aldrich was present when the conference was had between the two Houses, and when it comes to "conference" it is not too much to say that Nelson W. Aldrich is the most brilliant, the ablest, and most successful legislator the American Congress has ever

known. In conference he would be the match for Samuel J. Randall and Thomas B. Reed combined.

VI

When the people awoke from the terrible political nightmare of 1896, the Republican party was surprisingly dilatory in formulating and presenting a currency bill. The country was both amused and exasperated when Congress appeared to take seriously the bimetallic subterfuge of the Republican national platform. Congress sent somebody across the water for the fourth or fifth time to invoke the aid of Europe in the absurdity of nullifying the law of supply and demand, and Europe promptly declined, as she had frequently declined before. And England's reply was the establishment of the gold standard for the Indian Empire.

When our men came back and reported that Europe was obdurate in her views, that there was a difference between value and price, the Republicans brought in a currency bill and Aldrich presented it to the Senate in a speech remarkable for its simplicity and clearness. The Senate listened and immediately saw that the bill was as far as the Republican party was willing to go at that time. There are many great achievements to the credit of the Republican party; but it has a way of treating symptoms. Originally the rag-money party, it was by many stages that it came to occupy the old Democratic position of sound money when Jackson, Benton, and Wright led the Democratic hosts. That position is very simple—a dollar is 100 cents—and as impregnable in its logic as the multiplication table.

The Republican party is a parvenue and a hypocrite; also a pharisee. It is likewise a paradox. It

had perpetrated all crimes but cowardice, and ere the first session of the Fifty-eighth Congress concluded, it did that, too. It has shown all virtues but magnanimity, and there it draws the line. Paternalism is in every one of its cardinal doctrines, and out of that paternalism has grown nearly all the meanesses in American politics. Chief of these "doctrines" is the dogma of protection—a miscreant of many colors. In the beginning it was the office of protection to establish infant industries. Next it was to make a "home market." Then it was to give American labor high wages. In 1890 it was to provide cheap goods for the American consumer. Only yesterday it was to shield the little trusts from the big trusts, and now it is to save America from the protection preachments of a man named Chamberlain, who lives in another hemisphere.

If that is not the rogue's progress, what is it?

In 1897 Marcus A. Hanna succeeded John Sherman as a Senator in Congress. It was supposed that he coveted the place as a plaything. Not so. On more than one occasion Mark Hanna discovered parliamentary talents of a high order. He was one of the strong debaters of the Senate, and had he been bred to it he would have been one of the leading orators of this generation. The man surprised the Senate and the country. He had never made a public speech until he was nearly three-score. Practice is as necessary to the orator as it is to the athlete, as drill to the soldier. Of course, he was never able to discuss great questions of constitutional construction. He was no lawyer; but when it came to a plain talk on practical questions he was about as good as any of them.



THOMAS B. REED.

THOMAS B. REED

For twenty-two years Thomas Brackett Reed was a Saul among men—intellectually, morally, physically. He was in the furnace of publicity and responsibility, and the smell of fire was not on his garments. He was one of the greatest leaders his party ever had in either House of Congress, but he led more by fear than by reason or principle, and never by love at all. Had he been a warrior men would have gone to death for him, as other men went to death for Tamerlane and Charlemagne and not as some men died for Washington and Lee. He was a proud man, yet it was not the pride of chivalry, but rather the pride of duty done. He could be as haughty as Vere de Vere or Howard, yet it was not the pride of blood or station, but a defiance of what he considered mean or error.

“And the King said unto his servants, Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?”

Reed's argument was incisive, but his speech was not as clear as that of his some time rival, Carlisle. His statement was always striking, but he was not the orator William L. Wilson was. As a theoretical and as a practical statesman he was less than William Pitt Fessenden, but as a civic administrator his party never produced his superior—not even in Lincoln, or

Stanton, or Grant. As a master of the King's English he was a wonder, but he was no such wizard of the English tongue as John James Ingalls or L. Q. C. Lamar. As a debater he was perhaps inferior to James A. Garfield or Benjamin H. Hill, and yet, all in all, he never met his master in debate—this John Balfour of Burley, from the State of Maine. As a platform speaker, W. Bourke Cockran was doubly his master—in expression and in dramatic fervor—but there was never a day of his career that he could not have given more delight to an intelligent audience than the brilliant and eloquent Irishman. He was without magnetism and without sham. He was without vanity and he despised flattery. He was a writer in the public press, and while his productions were possibly inferior to the late Judge Jere Black's, they were equally delightful productions. Did he have learning? Doubtless; but he refused to show it in public address. He was too imperious for that. His every utterance was, "I, Tom Reed, stand alone, and will lean on nothing and on no man." The one he most resembled was Roscoe Conkling, and he was little like Conkling. The one man he loved was Nelson Dingley, and he was less like Dingley than any other man. He would have been great as President. He might have been unjust as Chief Justice. He could not have been dishonest in any station, under any conditions, or under any circumstances. As leader of the most insignificant minority in point of numbers he overthrew Charles F. Crisp, a kindred, but lesser, spirit, at the head of the greatest numerical majority in our national parliamentary history. Certainly he was sometimes wrong. Certainly he was never little, base, or servile.

A writer competent for the task would confer a favor on the public if he would compose an essay contrasting Thomas B. Reed and William L. Wilson. Reed was as different from Wilson as he was from Dingley, except that Wilson was a very brilliant man, which Dingley was not, and which Reed was. It is difficult to recall the two men—Reed and Wilson—without reverting to Dean Swift and Joseph Addison. If one thousand of the very best judges of the matter could be got together and required to vote on the question, possibly 900 of the number would decide that Jonathan Swift was the greatest of the English men of letters since Shakespeare; but not one would be found who loved him. Why? Because Swift refused to be loved. It would be further agreed that Addison was a most lovable man, and that Steele was a most delightful man. Swift was in a solitude—so great was he. Samuel Johnson, one of Carlyle's heroes, would not walk on the same side of the street the Dean of St. Patrick's trod. Thackeray, who knew more of that epoch than anybody else except Swift, positively hated Swift, though he loved drunken Dick Steele. Wilson was much like Addison, and would have been our Addison had he confined himself to letters. He had much of the genius of Addison, and possibly would have made as much fame had he been a Grub-streeter and let politics alone. And he did not have that weakness which Addison had, and which would have put Addison out of a job had he come in our day.

Reed was much like Swift, and tolerated a few, as did Swift—a striking resemblance could be made out by an ingenious man. Reed had no equal, in his time,

in his own party, as Swift had none in his. Does the Washington monument require another monument to love it in order that it may stand? Possibly not. Nelson loved Collingwood, but there was a heap of difference between Nelson and Reed. There was the heat of hell-fire seething in Nelson's veins, but Reed was, and kept himself, as cold as that icicle which, curded by the frost from purest snow, Shakespeare saw on Diana's temple. John Randolph Tucker used to throw his arms around James A. Garfield and hug him, and Garfield did return the embrace. Somebody said that the two were the only ones of modern times who could have held converse in his native tongue with Cicero, could that excellent orator have come out of the grave.

No so with Thomas B. Reed and Bourke Cockran—men far more different than Tucker and Garfield. There was no demonstration in the chumship of the man from Maine and the man from Tammany. Reed could live with Balzac, and Cockran loved to discuss that matchless genius, and so this Catholic Irishman and the Yankee of the Yankees were inseparable. They drank water, but Poe's denunciation applied not to them. It is one of the curiosities of parliamentary history that after Cockran gave Reed his single serious discomfiture in debate, Joseph Henry Walker, that grand old Putnam of statesmanship, avenged him.

Reed was of uncorrupted New England blood; Cockran is as Irish as Daniel O'Connell. Reed looked upon Oliver Cromwell as the ideal administrator, a man who would have de-Catholicised Ireland and made every community a Londonderry; Cockran must view Oliver's government of Ireland with fro-

zen horror. Reed believed the battle of the Boyne the triumph of virtue over original sin, and Cockran thinks it was the victory of anti-Christ. But they had this in common—they were endowed with genius. The chumship between Generals Sherman and Joseph E. Johnston is easy of explanation, and it was not altogether on the ground announced by Bulwer's creation, General Damas. They had a common hatred—Jefferson Davis—and that is the closest bond of sympathy known to human life. Senators Sherman and Hoar had a common ancestor—that was enough to make such men friends. But the chumship of Reed and Cockran was the strangest since James II fell in infatuation with Catherine Sedley.

Reed positively hated the South when he first came to Congress, and had much contempt for things Southern when he left Congress. The man could take a question of debate by the throat and smite it as we are told Othello smote the malignant and the turbaned Turk who beat a Venetian and traduced the state; but Mr. Reed had no imagination and no sympathy. When the American Waverley is written its heroes will come from the South—the South that got the glory and left to the North the victory. James G. Blaine could not have read this passage from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" without a thrill of overpowering emotion:

“Low as that tide has ebbd with me,
It still reflects to memory’s eye
The hour my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee.
Why, when the volleying musket played
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was I not beside him laid?
Enough—he died the death of fame;
Enough—he died with conquering Graeme!”

Reed had a sarcasm for that. Could he have thrilled to it as Blaine did—for he had other qualities greater than Blaine’s—the solid North would have risen up and made him President of the United States. He wanted to be President, not that it would make him greater, but that it would give him opportunity for labor for mankind, and for battle against sham. He had nothing but contempt for what Napoleon said to Bourrienne in that talk about the encyclopedia, just before Marengo; but had he been in Napoleon’s place, with Napoleon’s genius joined to his own, he would not have died at St. Helena.

It was a day of the early February, 1894, and of it a veteran employe of the national House of Representatives made remark: “I was here when the President of the United States was impeached; I was here when there was a disputed count of the electoral vote, 1876-77; I was here when all the stirring scenes of the Forty-fourth Congress were enacted; but in all my time the close of the tariff debate in the Fifty-third Congress, last Thursday, surpassed them all as an exhibition of parliamentary pageantry.”

There were no gaudy trappings, no garter king-at-arms, no sashes of crimson and gold and silver, no heralds and pursuivants—it was the grand inquest of a plain, free, sturdy people making an effort to conclude the deliberations of a generation. The scene attested the interest the American people take in their government and its laws. Thousands looked on, while other thousands were turned away. Not only were the galleries and corridors and lobbies overflowing, but the floor of the house itself was invaded. Had the roll of the Senate been called from the clerk's desk, a quorum was present to answer to their names, and of a full House membership, only eleven were absent, and some of them had supped with the worms that fed on Polonius. All classes were there. There were Cabinet ministers, judges of Federal and State courts, army and navy officers, governors of States and Territories. The clergy were there in conclaves and chapters and synods and associations and class meetings from the cardinal of the Roman hierarchy to the colored exhorter, fresh from a long-protracted "hell-and-damnation meeting of six months' continuous shouting and glory-hallelujahing." The diplomatic corps was there, from the Ambassador with affairs of State heavy on his brow to the embryo Metternich attached to the legation to the end that he might do his utmost to marry some American beauty with more money than sense. The history of mankind would be beggared to show a grander audience than was at the south end of the American Capitol that day to hear Thomas B. Reed, Charles F. Crisp, and William L. Wilson close the long debate on the tariff.

Near the center of the Democratic side sat Wilson, perhaps as erudite scholar as Congress has known since Caleb Cushing. Small of stature, frail of physique, he had a large head, a firm mouth and a thoughtful brow, and was that day to approve himself one of the foremost of living orators. Cockran was near Wilson, and by his side was a lady, fairer than fair Rosamond, and soon to be the countess of the present viceroy of British India. Just in the rear was Henry G. Turner, who could fill the dignity of Lord Chancellor of England, or Chief Justice of the United States, with a grace, an ability, a character, that would be the despair of all his successors.

And forty-eight years before, a man from Maine, a greater intellect than Reed, or Blaine, or even Fessenden, had championed the cause of protection at the other end of the Capitol, when George Evans grappled with George McDuffie with the Robert J. Walker tariff for theme.

When Richardson had reported the bill from the Committee of the Whole, Reed was given the floor to close the debate for the Republican side, and he had one hour and a half at his disposal for that purpose. He consumed all the time, and it was his longest speech, and as he discussed the question the veriest and Bourbonest Democrat of them all must have thought of the words the Marquis of Carabas applied to Vivian Grey—"Damn him, he can do anything!" It was a speech worthy the theme, worthy of the man—worthy of that splendid audience. Suffice to say, it met and fulfilled every expectation.

Crisp came down from the chair and replied, but it was a defeat.

The triumph was reserved for William L. Wilson, who closed in an address of half an hour. No one there will ever forget it. When you looked at Reed the thought came that death would leave him long. When you looked at Wilson you concluded that soon his career would close. This frail man's speech on that occasion might have challenged the envy of Burke or Webster, and at the close Harry Tucker and W. J. Bryan bore him out of the chamber in triumph in their loving arms.

Perhaps a man who is a Democrat for what he believes, and not for whom he votes, may be indulged a metaphor.

In the dawn of human history we read of a woman, the Empress of the East—the sorceress of the Euphrates, more radiantly beautiful than that glorious sorceress of the Nile, whose infinite variety age could not wither nor custom stale; more seductively voluptuous than she who helped immortalize the chisel of Praxitiles and who disarmed the hostile and accusing elders of old Athens; lovelier by far than was that Helen, who—

“Brought unnumbered woes on the children of ancient story.”

More than Magdalen, for she had more than Magdalen's charms and more than Herod's power; hopeless of Rahab's redemption, for Rahab was a mother of Christ—even Semiramis of Assyria.

At the head of her invincible guards this incarnate angel of what foolish youth would call Love was reviewing her conquering hosts when a rude soldier remarked to his comrades:

“I would lie in her embrace one moment, an’ I knew she would condemn my carcass to the beasts before the close of day.”

She heard him and reined in her charger, and with a gesture so imperious that Fate would have halted, and a voice so imperious that Fate would have obeyed, she commanded:

“To my palace! To my palace! Thou shalt have thy will!”

And so it was. Before the sun again hid in gorgeous splendor in the West that soldier had lain in her arms and was now food for beasts.

Opportunity comes to all of us to die as the fool dieth—to us as individual men. But why did it come to the Democratic party to die that way? And why did the party seize it, the pregnant Congress Fifty-third, and pregnant year 1896?



BENJAMIN H. HILL.

BENJAMIN H. HILL

“You may bury him under a mountain that will overtop Pelion and make Ossa a wart, and he will rise again more formidable than ever and more ready for the conflict. He is bound to succeed. He was born to excel.”

It was the good year 1855 a young man came out of Troup County, an Admirable Crichton, and made a political tour of Georgia. He was a Whig, and believed in the teachings of Madison, held to the interpretations of Marshall, and agreed with the expoundings of Webster. Perhaps he was not the superior of Toombs as a debater; perhaps not the superior of Cobb as an orator; perhaps not the superior of Stephens as a logician, but he was the inferior of none of them in any admirable attribute of the human character, or any great quality of the human mind, and he was a match for all of them as a statesman, as a patriot, and as a man. It was when he first heard him that Toombs paid him the splendid compliment and clothed it in the classic speech that is the quotation with which this paper opens. Such was Benjamin Harvey Hill at the age of thirty-two.

Toombs, Cobb, and Stephens were a formidable triumvirate, and to them one may add the unique personality and complex character of Joseph E. Brown. All these opposed Hill and held the road

of preferment against him. While Hill was not the child of poverty, his mother and a maiden aunt of his mother made such sacrifices as only good women can make to defray the expense of his education. "Mother," promised he, "I'll come back with the first honors of the university." And he did. He went to the battle of life and had for capital a splendid intellect, an indomitable courage, and a lofty aspiration.

"—Another morn
Risen on mid-noon."

That was Ben Hill in Georgia in 1855. Stephens positively hated him. Hill was a fighter, and that best of fighters, an aggressive one. Secure in Gibraltar, he would have scorned to receive attack, but would have sailed from his fortress and in placid seas, or on mountain waves, he would have striven with an adversary on even terms. Though the pass were Thermopylæ, and the defenders Spartans, he would not halt or hesitate to attack and fight to the last. Jeff Davis called him "Hill the faithful," and he was to Davis all that Douglas was to Bruce.

Perhaps it was a discussion of the Kansas-Nebraska bill that was the youthful Hill's first meeting with the veteran Stephens. Both had been Whigs and Hill was yet a Whig. Stephens was for the Kansas-Nebraska legislation, and Hill opposed it. Both were Southern to the marrow and both pro-slavery in sentiment. It was a battle of the giants, and there were not two opinions as to whom was the victor, and Stephens confirmed that opinion by his loss of temper. He was overmatched, and in revenge he

“Not only hated David, but the King.”

So exasperated was Stephens that he engaged in a correspondence with Hill that he intended should lead to a hostile meeting, and, indeed, he did send a challenge. At that time in the South the code was the “higher law.” From the eastern shore of Virginia to the western boundary of Texas gentlemen appealed to it for the settlement of personal dispute. The code was repealed at the North because the meeting between Burr and Hamilton was fatal. A like meeting between Jackson and Clay would have abolished it at the South. He was a very brave man who would refuse a challenge in Georgia the year 1856, and he was an extraordinary man whom such refusal would not utterly and forever undo, but Hill was a brave man and an extraordinary man. In reply to Stephens he said he was a member of the Christian Church and no hypocrite, and had no disposition to appear before his Maker with blood on his hands that he had deliberately shed; that he had a wife and children to shield, protect and support, and a conscience to guard from remorse, while Stephens had neither family nor conscience, and the contest being thus unequal, he declined to engage in it. Stephens then posted him as a braggart, a liar, and a poltroon. He replied in a scorching letter, and his invective was as fierce as his ridicule had been irresistible. He closed with these significant words: “If any gentleman doubts that I have not the courage to defend myself anywhere and everywhere, there is a short and easy way to test it.” It was not “tested.” Georgia knew Ben Hill, and he did not have to fight to be a brave man.

In 1857 the Democrats nominated Joe Brown for governor and the Whigs nominated Hill. They who heard them on the stump imagined they saw in Hill the Montrose who fought the battles of giants at the head of Highland clans, and when reconstruction came there were those who thought they saw in Brown the Scot who sold his master for a groat. Hill was the lion, Brown the fox. Had Hill been an assassin, the dagger would have been his weapon; Brown would have employed the cup. Hill was a pronounced Union man; Brown was an avowed secessionist. Georgia was Democratic, but Hill greatly reduced the majority. He was then but thirty-four years of age and the most interesting figure in Georgia. When secession came he and Stephens strove against it, but they were then and ever after bitter personal enemies. If all the South had hearkened to these two men, what an Iliad of woes would she have avoided!

Though he was a strong Union man, Troup County unanimously sent him to the State convention that adopted the ordinance of secession over his solemn warning; but when war came Ben Hill was the Southern Cato. We fondly called Allen G. Thurman "The Old Roman," but the most Roman of all American statesmen of that period was Benjamin Harvey Hill. He never despaired, and he was the reminder of that Roman Senate that exposed to sale the land on which the victorious army of Hannibal was encamped. In the Confederate Senate he was the champion of Jefferson Davis, and it is praise enough to say that he successfully sustained and returned the assaults William L. Yancey and Louis T. Wigfall made against the administration.

And when the evil days came, when the incomparable army of Northern Virginia was "slain valor," buried on the stricken fields from Bull Run to Petersburg—when Heroism itself despaired and men shrank from Jefferson Davis, Hill was faithful found—

"Among the faithless, faithful only he."

I

The South was exhausted. Let us take a glance at some of the men who upheld the cause that was lost, and then let some churl deny it was a cause.

All intelligent observers must admire Massachusetts for her learning, New York for her commerce, Pennsylvania for her thrift, South Carolina for her intensity and Kentucky for her individuality. But all in all the Old Dominion is the grandest Commonwealth of the whole sisterhood. To the Revolution of 1776 she contributed Washington, Henry, Jefferson, Madison, Mason and Marshall. The tongue of Henry was the first to proclaim liberty throughout the land; the pen of Jefferson embodied it in the greatest of State papers; the sword of Washington achieved it in the most just of all wars. Madison was the "Father of the Constitution"; Mason was the defender of local government, and Marshall buttressed the inchoate Union with a jurisprudence the profoundest and most admirable ever given to men. To the war between the States Virginia contributed Lee and Johnston and Jackson and Stuart and Hill and Ashby. If you would see the Virginian as he is—the highest type of citizenship the world ever saw—go look for him in the pages of Thackeray.

He is Henry Esmond transplanted to the Western hemisphere.

There have been greater military geniuses than Robert E. Lee, but in all profane history we have account of no nobler character than he. He knew but one word, and that word duty. He was a born soldier, and his genius was for the aggressive. In the pages of history we find well-matched commanders in Henry of Navarre and Alexander Farnese. In the campaigns these two paladins opposed each other, Farnese foiled his adversary, it is true, but left in doubt the question of superiority of leadership. During the Fronde, Conde and Turenne were opposed, but it was never determined which of them was the most consummate commander.

II

The finest of all military schools would have been Richmond defended by George B. McClellan and attacked by Robert E. Lee. In 1862, by some whim of fortune, the ablest defensive strategist of the age was made the aggressor, and opposed to him, defending his capital, was the first aggressive soldier of the age. After defeating, in turn, McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, and Hooker the old Army of Northern Virginia, in May, 1864, was confronted by the Army of the Potomac, under command of Ulysses S. Grant, and for eleven months there was a battle of giants. Grant's army had been taught the art of fighting by its grim adversaries of the previous three years. His army was overwhelming in number, and had not only the dominant section of America as recruiting ground, but the whole of Con-

tinental Europe was auxiliary. It was the best armed, best clothed, best fed, best paid, best equipped army in every respect the planet had ever known. Opposed to it was an army limited in numbers, indeed, but the bravest soldiery the world had ever seen—the veterans of Lee and Jackson and Longstreet and Hill and Ewell and Early and Gordon and Stuart. Of them Lee said to Wolseley: “There is one occasion when I am not ashamed of my soldiers, and that is when they are in battle.” Coming from the source it did, it was one of the highest compliments ever paid to men. And now this depleted army, bankrupt in everything except devotion, patriotism, glory and valor, was to defend Richmond against what was practically the world in arms.

III

Grant was the one Federal commander who comprehended the problem his Government had tried to solve for three years. He threw strategy to the winds; he felt that Lee would hurl him back to the Potomac, as he had McClellan and Pope, if he undertook any brilliant generalship. His plan was simple, great captain that he was. It was to destroy a Southern regiment at the cost of a brigade, or even two brigades, for well he knew that he could get another brigade, or brigades, and that Lee could not get another regiment. He was called a butcher for not exchanging prisoners, but it was the merciful policy and saved much precious blood. He was criticised for not complying with Lee's request to send surgeons and medicines, food and clothing to relieve Federal soldiers in Southern prisons on the

guarantee of Lee's word that none of such supplies should be devoted to the Southern army; but Grant knew Lee was a Christian as well as a soldier and would share his scant supplies with his prisoners.

But these seeming inhumanities were really mercies. They made war more terrible, and as a consequence hastened its end. Grant disclosed his conception of the war in his response to a suggestion of Mr. Lincoln:

"General," said the President, "would it not be advisable for me to order a fleet of transports up the James to bring back the army in case of disaster?"

"Yes," replied Grant, "you might send a single transport. That will be sufficient to bring back what is left of the army in the event the campaign is a failure."

And at Cold Harbor he hurled his legions against Lee's veterans and lost 10,000 men in ten minutes. It was reported that he grimly remarked at the close of that awful day:

"At least this army has learned how to fight."

It was only by aid of unlimited resources and by such methods that the old army of Northern Virginia was finally overcome. And it thrills every Southern heart to know that its beloved commander was even grander in defeat than he had ever been in victory.

If Robert E. Lee, the man, was as noble as Sidney, and if Robert E. Lee, the soldier, was as brilliant as Montrose. Albert Sidney Johnston, the man, was as heroic as Bayard and Albert Sidney Johnston, the soldier, was as formidable as Conde. This paladin of Northern, of pure New England parentage,

though born in Kentucky, was the ideal cavalier of the South as much so as Stuart, or Ashby, or Morgan, possibly more so than either of them. His career in the Confederacy was only a few months in duration, and yet he was a colossal figure of the war. Thought upon him brings to mind Jason and the Argonauts. We see the knight errant in Texas; we see him at Monterey, "in combat the most inspiring presence" of that epoch. We see him Colonel of that matchless regiment—the Second cavalry—with Robert E. Lee, Hardee, and Thomas his subordinate field officers. We see him in California starting overland for the command offered him by the Confederate President, and everywhere, in peace as well as in war, he stamps himself a king of men. Perhaps not even in the history of that war did any other commander accomplish so much with means so inadequate. His career culminated and closed at Shiloh. It was a brilliant victory. No Southern man can read the story of that first day without closing the volume with the thought: "It might have been."

"Marshal, I greet you and recognize you as the first tactician in Europe," is what Napoleon said to Soult after the victory of Austerlitz. It has been said that Joseph E. Johnston was the first tactician of the War Between the States, and that Buell was his only rival. Johnston commanded in both the East and in the West, and he left the impression that he was an accomplished soldier and a superior General. Blucher blundered into the support of Wellington at Waterloo; Johnston supported Beauregard at first Bull Run because he was a better General than Patterson. His genius was the opposite of

Lee's, and had his policy been pursued the war might have been prolonged for years, though the result would have been the same. Perhaps the only hope of the South was the Scipio Africanus policy.

The campaign from Dalton to Atlanta is a fine school for the student of military operations. Napoleon's criticisms of Conde's battles must afford profitable reading to the soldier; though, if we had a criticism of the operations between Dalton and Atlanta by a Napoleon it might supplant Jomini as a text-book in military schools. But no one can read Johnston's book without speculating as to what might have resulted had Johnston been transferred to the East in 1864, where Fabius might have succeeded, and Lee sent West, where Marcellus might have advanced the seat of war to the Ohio. In his book Johnston continually apologizes for not giving battle. Plenty of opportunity was afforded. The man who fought Gettysburg would have availed himself of Cassville. There never yet was an army more eager to fight than Johnston's, and it had therefore never felt that it had been whipped.

IV

Stonewall Jackson was as much of a Puritan as Albert Sidney Johnston was a Cavalier. He was a military John Knox, a Calvinist of the Calvinists, gloomy in his piety and sublime in his trust in God. There are schools and schools of warfare. Napoleon taught that the art of war consisted in having more men and more guns at a given place at a given time than his adversary. Frederick the Great, on the

other hand, had a seeming contempt for numbers. His school held to the theory of striking the enemy wherever and whenever he was to be found, dealing a sudden and a staggering blow. There were just two commanders in our war between the States, each of whom was a consummate master of both schools, Stonewall Jackson and N. B. Forrest. It makes the flesh creep to reflect how nearly Jackson was lost to history. Judah P. Benjamin, then Secretary of war, gave Jackson an order, which was executed; but Jackson thought his dignity as a commander and his capacity as a soldier were reflected upon, and tendered his resignation. Benjamin teaching Jackson how to command an army recalls Flomio lecturing Hannibal on the art of war.

Jackson's valley campaign will always be regarded as one of the most startling prodigies of military genius. In conception and in execution it rivals Bonaparte's first Italian campaign. He opposed several armies, each equal to his own in numbers, and scattered them to all points of the compass. He threatened Washington and Baltimore and carried terror as far north as New York. He kept 50,000 reinforcements from McClellan. His infantry, the best in the world, was called "foot-cavalry." Its rapidity of movement and prowess in battle bewildered the Federal commanders and before they had recovered from their stupor Jackson was on McClellan's flank, dealing those blows that made the first campaign against Richmond a lamentable failure.

Meanwhile Pope came with "headquarters in the saddle." He was going to astonish the world. The

first thing he knew Jackson struck him at Cedar Mountain and gave him a foretaste of Second Bull Run. It was in the hottest of that engagement that a staff officer rode up to Jackson and reported that the rain had dampened the infantry's powder. "It has dampened the enemy's too," was the reply, "give them the bayonet." After this victory Jackson made that most daring maneuver of all the operations in the East—the flank movement that surprised and bewildered Pope and culminated in his crushing defeat and deserved humiliation. A little later we see him at Harper's Ferry and Antietam. And later still we see him proposing to Lee the night attack on Burnside the day of the victory of Fredericksburg, his men to be stripped to the waist for identification, though the frost was biting severe. Had Lee consented it might have resulted in the destruction of the Army of the Potomac; but Lee thought Burnside would renew the attack, and how well Lee knew his former companion in arms is shown in the fact that Burnside did order his army to attack; but he was not obeyed.

Trafalgar is described as that most glorious and most mournful of victories, and Chancellorsville may be designated as the most brilliant and most sorrowful victory of the Army of Northern Virginia. Fate, like Brennus of old, threw its sword into the scale and the death of Jackson was at the high-water mark of the Confederacy. Just before the delirium of his last moments struck him he said, "My men sometimes failed to take a position they assailed, but they were never driven from one they held. I was placing my command between the enemy and the river, and

it would have been for him to elect between surrender or death."

There are many intelligent military critics who believe N. B. Forrest was the greatest genius of all the commanders on both sides of the war between the States. Certain it is that he was possessed of one secret of success that no other General on either side exhibited—the secret of Napoleon which none of his Marshals could acquire, the secret of Marlborough which even Eugene never thoroughly learned—the secret of crushing the enemy after he was beaten. His death hides from us the fact as to whether Albert Sidney Johnston possessed it. Had Lee been as terrible the hour succeeding victory as he was the hour preceding it the Army of the Potomac would not have survived second Bull Run.

The most distinctive Napoleonic feat of the whole war between the States was Forrest's expedition into Memphis. It reads like one of D'Artagnan's exploits, except that we know it is true. Over the protest of Joseph E. Johnston, Forrest was ordered to defend the "black lands" extending from Okolona to the Noxubee. It was the Goshen of the South, the granary of the cotton States. Opposed to him was a splendidly equipped army of overwhelming numbers. Though Forrest, with his slender forces, performed prodigies, defeat stared him in the face. Then there came to him an inspiration of genius such as came to Bonaparte at Verona. It would have staggered Scipio Africanus and its execution was burdened with physical obstacles seemingly insurmountable. When Bonaparte left Verona it was to gain the battle of Arcola; when Forrest abandoned the black belt it was to go into Memphis. The move-

ment was the very exaggeration of reckless daring; but it saved the granary of the South.

V

John C. Breckinridge was a most engaging personality in both civil and military life. He was emphatically the man of magnetism—all that Blaine was, and more; he was a high-minded man. Loved and admired as a statesman he became the idol of the army. No man ever had friends more devoted and no man ever deserved friendship more. In his youth he settled in Iowa. It is profitless to speculate as to what his career might have been had he continued a citizen of that State. When the Mexican war was over he was yet young, a hero and a popular favorite. No finer tribute has yet been paid an American than his two elections to Congress from the Ashland district. Though scarce past thirty years when he took his place in the national councils, soon all eyes were fixed on him, and veteran statesmen saw in him the pride and hope of the nation. He was the youngest man ever chosen Vice President of the United States, and the most admired presiding officer the United States Senate ever knew. It is become the fashion to say the office is a graveyard. If another John C. Breckinridge is chosen to it there will be a resurrection. It is not that the office is a tomb so much as that the occupant is a corpse.

No man in all America more regretted the war between the States than did John C. Breckinridge; no man sacrificed more—possibly no other man sacrificed so much as he. On the eve of his departure

from Frankfort, with a price upon his head, he discussed the situation with friends, and was reported as saying that the ultimate result was bound to be the overthrow of the South; that by remaining in the Union he could secure high command in the army and become a trusted counsellor of the Federal Administration; but that he loved the South and its people and was resolved to cast his fortunes with them, regardless of consequences personal to himself. He went South, and the flower of the State gathered round him, and he and they illustrated Kentucky valor on many a stricken field. The charge at Murfreesboro was as brilliant and as desperate as that at Gettysburg, and would be as famous but that the eastern battle was pivotal of the final result. He was Kentucky's best-loved son.

It is the cause that is lost round which clings romance, glorious, poetic and sad. Balzac, Dumas, and George Sand show this in their admirable novels, the scenes of which are laid in La Vende, where the House of Bourbon held out against the Revolution, and the House of Stuart became doubly endowed with "divine right" under the wizard touch of Walter Scott; but neither France, nor England, nor even Scotland affords a richer field for the historic romancer than does our own country. Some day America will develop a Scott, or a Dumas, and he will picture for future generations the cavaliers of the Lost Cause—Stuart, Ashby, Hampton, Fitz Lee, Forrest, Wheeler, Mosby, and John H. Morgan.

When McClellan was before Richmond in 1862 Stuart made a cavalry raid completely around the Army of the Potomac and destroyed immense quan-

tities of stores. It is said that he lost but a single man. It was a wonderful exploit and deserved all its praise. But John H. Morgan was the inventor of that particular method of warfare in the war between the States. When in command of but a squadron he never hesitated to dash through the enemy's lines and carry confusion and panic into the enemy's camp. His men were the pick of Kentucky. They knew how to shoot and fight from boyhood. That command gave Buell, Rosecrans, and Sherman more trouble than many times their numbers in front of the Army of the Cumberland. Morgan was the Marion of the war of 1861. One of the most daring feats of the whole war was the Indiana raid, a brilliant conception of the highest order of military genius. That movement, made in defiance of orders, and seemingly disastrous, made possible the victory of Chickamauga, a victory which, unfortunately, did not fructify in the recapture of Chattanooga, the real key to the Confederacy. Morgan was the ideal cavalier and his name will enrich historic American romance.

VI

Leonidas Polk, the prelate-soldier, was the mastiff of the Army of the West as James Longstreet was of the Army of the East. Where grim fighting was to be done they were to be found. Napoleon would have delighted in them and they would have been invaluable to him. A no less admirable soldier than either of them was A. P. Hill, who died a soldier's death—the death of Sidney and of Bayard, the death Claverhouse hoped for and met “with the shout of victory ringing in my ears.” A. P. Hill was the last

name pronounced by Lee before death claimed the knightliest of soldiers and A. P. Hill was the last name uttered by Stonewall Jackson just before death summoned that demi-god to "cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Both were fighting their battles over again in delirium, and both ordered the Ney of the army to attack.

Isham G. Harris was the greatest of the "War Governors," North or South. It was very easy for Mr. Andrew to be a great War Governor. His was a rich Commonwealth, with a teeming population and remote from the scene of conflict. It was easy for Curtin to be a War Governor, and we may say the same of Dennison and Brough, of Ohio, and Morton, of Indiana, both of which States had Kentucky between them and danger. Northern War Governors were also assisted by bounty funds, by Sanitary Commissions, and so on. But Governor Harris had a State, at least a third of which was as loyal to the Union as Vermont, and a heap more anxious to fight than Vermont. More than half the remainder of the State was overrun by the enemy the last three years of the war, and yet from before first Bull Run until after Appomattox there was not a day that Tennessee's quota in the Confederate army was not full, and most of the time overflowing. There is just one man to whom the credit of that work is due.

There might have been a different story to tell had Harris been President. Jefferson Davis was a very superior man; he had the greatest attribute of a great man—an attribute that was lacking in Marlborough and in Napoleon, in Richelieu and in Bismarck—a

pronounced and exquisite sense of justice. Edmund Burke himself did not have a more intense hatred of tyranny than did Jefferson Davis, and in all the South Jefferson Davis was the most intensely Southern man. Harris was of a less lofty and more practical mold, and the chances were that Harris would have succeeded where Davis failed.

VII

Let those who have thought over this matter—those old Confederate soldiers who think victories were frittered away—ponder the following:

Who has not felt how he works—the dreadful, conquering spirit of Ill? Who cannot see in the circle of his own society the fated and foredoomed to woe and evil? Some call the doctrine of Destiny a dark creed; but, for me, I would fain try and think it a consolatory one. It is better, with all one's sins upon one's head, to deem one's self in the hands of Fate than to think with our fierce passions and weak repentances; with our resolves so loud, so vain, so ludicrously, despicably weak and frail; with our dim, wavering, wretched conceits about virtue, and our irresistible propensity to wrong—that we are workers of our future sorrow or happiness. If we depend on our strength, what is it against mighty circumstances? If we look to ourselves, what hope have we? Look back at the whole of your life, and see how Fate has mastered you and it. Think of your disappointments and your successes. Has your striving influenced one or the other? A fit of indigestion puts itself between you and honors and reputation; an apple plops on your nose and makes you a world's wonder and glory; a fit of poverty makes a rascal of you, who were and are still an honest man; clubs trumps, or six lucky mains at dice, make an honest man for life of you, who ever were, will be and are a rascal. Who sends the illness? Who causes the apple to fall? Who deprives you of your worldly goods? Or who shuffles the cards and brings trumps, honor, virtue and prosperity back again? You call it chance; ay, and so it is chance that when the floor gives way and the rope stretches tight the poor wretch before St. Sepulchre's clock dies. Only with us, clear-sighted

mortals as we are, we can't see the rope by which we hang, and know not when, nor how, the drop may fall.

And so let the Southern man when he reflects that the South would have succeeded had Johnston lived, or had Jackson lived—let him read the above. Then let him read the Ninth chapter of Romans.

VIII

These men had failed—they and their heroic fellows—and now it was that Ben Hill went among his people to preach the crusade of defense. Had Hill been in the United States Senate when Davis was there they would not have been in accord, for Hill was the disciple of Webster and Davis was the disciple of Calhoun. But now Hill was closer to the fallen leader than a brother. He would not hear of surrender. He was never so eloquent as now, his oratory never so fervid, his patriotism never so ardent. Unrivaled as a debater, and matchless as an orator, in the late winter of 1865 and early spring—just before Appomattox—he made a tour of Georgia and delivered speeches to the populace calling to arms. Perhaps nothing equal to it came from other lips, Northern or Southern, during that momentous struggle. One who heard him repeated from memory to the writer of this a passage as follows:

The army is our only safety. It is in the ranks, in the forefront of battle where independence is to be achieved. I discard all mere personality at this moment and place life and fortune on the altar of our country and offer them a free sacrifice for the Sunny South. I could at this moment take in my arms and press to my heart the most hated foe I have on earth

if he will but come to the rescue of our beloved and beleaguered land. Nay, more. I could cover him with immortelles, decorate him with garlands of flowers, and crown him with wreaths of laurel and of bay. Awake! Arise, Ho, to the rescue every one! Our country is in danger! Let us conquer victory or welcome glorious death!

But it was unavailing. There was but one Jefferson Davis, but one Benjamin H. Hill, but one Isham G. Harris at the South. A levy en masse saved France. It might have saved the South.

The South was overthrown and Hill was put in prison. The vultures and vermin of reconstruction preyed on Georgia. A satrapy was where a republic had been. Despotism was where liberty had been. Knavery was where honor had been. Vice was where virtue had been. Ignorance was where intelligence had been. Freemen were enslaved and made subjects and slaves were enlarged and made rulers. Since the invention of Magna Charta, there was never such a marriage of wickedness and folly.

Now it was that Hill came from his prison and wrote the "Notes on the Situation," a series of papers, twenty-two in number, and each a political and literary classic. They roused the people and saved Georgia. In 1867 and in 1868 he made some speeches that were simply the grandeur of eloquence, logic and patriotism. At the close of one of them Robert Toombs threw his hat in air, and clasping Hill to his bosom, exclaimed, "Three cheers for Ben Hill!" The two had never been intimate, had long been rivals, but big as was the heart of Toombs, there was no room in it for envy.

And now the work of reconstruction proceeded and a something happened in Georgia that reminds us of the medieval Italy that now applauded Colonna

and now followed Ursini. When the work was done, when the amendments were a part of the Constitution, Hill advised their acceptance by the South. It alienated thousands. He further lost the hearts of the people by favoring a lease of the Georgia State Railroad, and the Bourbons did not like a speech that he made at a banquet given to one of President Grant's Cabinet.

These things prevented his election to the United States Senate for the term beginning in 1873. He was refused the nomination for Congress in 1874, but the man who was preferred to him died after election, and a convention was held to nominate his successor. The two-thirds rule prevailed. Hill's friends were in the minority, but they refused to abandon him. The issue was referred to the people, and Hill was elected. In December, 1875, he took his seat in the Forty-fourth Congress. He was now fifty-two years old, the first lawyer and the first orator of the South.

IX

It was the first Democratic Congress in eighteen years. It was the ablest Congress of the last half of the nineteenth century. Randall and Morrison were there, representative of the Northern Democracy. Blaine and Garfield were there, representative of the Republican party. Lamar and Hill were there, representative of the newly-enfranchised South. At the last session of the preceding Congress, Mr. Blaine, the Speaker, had defeated Butler's force bill, that would have made Southern politics anything Grant's administration desired. That did not suit

Mr. Blaine, who was no favorite of that administration, and the tradition is that he taught Randall, Beck and Lamar a parliamentary trick o' fence that sent to the boneyard General Butler's bill. The Republicans of States where Mr. Blaine was very strong resented that work, and muttered and threatened things.

There is no place where the law of the survival of the fittest more inexorably obtains than in that tempestuous assembly—the American House of Representatives. There no quarter is asked; no quarter is given there. Age, nor youth, nor condition is there respected. Every Congressional debater is a son of Hagar—his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. "Let the young man win his spurs," said one of the greatest of the Plantagenets, speaking of his son, and as the Black Prince won fame on the field of bloody warfare, so must every one win fame in that arena of intellectual, oratorical, and political warfare we call the House of Representatives. It is the forum of disputation, if not of deliberation; it is the theater of hard and cruel blows, given and taken. It is the abiding place of genius and talent and tact and industry, and without at least one of these a member of Congress is as much an object of scorn and contempt as was the bat when the beasts of the fields and the birds of the air held that convocation at which they decided what was feather and what was fur. We are told neither side would own the bat, though each side strove to thrust him on the other. An empty bottle is said to be a doleful object the morning after a carouse. In that particular a fool in Congress can beat it all hollow.

James G. Blaine was the George Canning of America, and what Greville said of the English statesman will apply to the American statesman: "If Canning had had a fair field he would have done great things, for his lofty and ambitious genius took an immense sweep, and the vigor of his intellect, his penetration and sagacity enabled him to form mighty plans and work them out with success; but it is impossible to believe that he was a high-minded man, that he spurned everything that was dishonest, uncandid and ungentlemanlike; he was not above trick and intrigue, and this was the fault of his character, which was unequal to his genius and understanding."

Mr. Blaine, who neither loved nor hated the South, now came to realize this sentence from George Eliot: "Our own safety sometimes makes grim demands of us." His political safety demanded of him a waving of the bloody shirt. The call was not in vain. He waved it and did it magnificently. Here is a passage:

And I here, before God, measuring my words, knowing their full extent and import, declare that neither the deeds of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, nor the massacre of St. Bartholomew, nor the thumbscrews and engines of torture of the Spanish Inquisition begin to compare in atrocity with the hideous crimes of Andersonville.

In another paragraph he said that Jefferson Davis was the author—knowingly, deliberately, guiltily, and willfully—of the gigantic murder and crime at Andersonville.

It fell to Ben Hill to answer that bloody-shirt speech, and in the whole history of parliamentary eloquence there never was a completer nor more triumphant answer. It is a very quotable speech, but

it is unnecessary to allude to but two points—one that there was no medicine at the South, and the United States Government was the first and only government on earth, not excepting the consulship of Alva in the Netherlands, to make medicine a contraband of war. Imagine a fact like that in the hands of Ben Hill.

Then he cited Federal statistics, and they were these: The report of Secretary Stanton showed that the Federal prisoners in Confederate hands during the war were in round numbers 270,000, while the Confederate prisoners in Federal hands were 220,000, and yet but 22,000 Federal prisoners died at the South, while 26,000 Confederate prisoners died at the North—that is to say more than 12 per cent. of the Confederates in Federal hands died, and less than 9 per cent. of the Federals in Confederate hands died. There were further facts that he employed remorselessly. So much of a partisan as the biographer of James A. Garfield admitted the defeat of Mr. Blaine in that discussion.

Hill admitted that there were horrors at Andersonville, but he showed the same rations that were issued Confederates in the ranks were issued the prisoners at Andersonville, and quoted medical authority to the effect that the big death rate at Andersonville was in great measure due to the lack of medicines.

He cited the fact that Captain Wirz was offered his life if he would only implicate Mr. Davis in the horrors of Andersonville. Wirz refused the bribe. Hill made this comment :

Sir, what Wirz, within two hours of his execution, would not say for his life the gentleman from Maine says to keep

himself and his party in power. Christianity is a falsehood, humanity a lie, civilization is a cheat, or the man who will not make a false charge for his life was never guilty of willful murder.

Our generation is far enough away from that debate to discuss it on its merits. Blaine not only failed to prove his charge against Mr. Davis, but Hill proved his negative, completely and triumphantly proved it. It is happy for this people that they have come to a time when this most famous speech of the most brilliant man and most beloved statesman the Republican party has produced would only call forth a jeer and a hiss if delivered even by a Blaine in a sitting of the Fifty-eighth Congress, while the last public utterance of Jefferson Davis would extort applause, perhaps compel a tear, from the most arrogant and most intolerant Republican of 1903. Here it is for all mankind to commend:

The faces I see before me are those of young men; had I not known this I would not have appeared before you. Men in whose hands the destinies of our Southland lie, for love of her, I break my silence, to speak to you a few words of respectful admonition. The past is dead; let it bury its dead, its hopes and its aspirations; before you lies the future. A future full of golden promise; a future full of recompense for honorable endeavor; a future of expanding national glory, before which all the world shall stand amazed. Let me beseech you to lay aside all rancor, all bitter sectional feeling, and to take your places in the ranks of those who will bring about a consummation devoutly to be wished—a reunited country.

X

Hill served a single term in the National House, and was then elected to the Senate. He was four years in that body, and died before he was three-

score. As a debater and an orator he was the equal of any man of his time. His great speech of May 10, 1879, is one of the finest expositions of the Constitution of the United States in the English language. However extravagant that statement may seem, it will be truth and soberness if the skeptic will but take the trouble, if trouble it can be called—and to the intelligent mind it can be nothing but a delight—to read it and ponder it, and see this luminous mind unfold and light the inquirer to a realization of that wherein our government is national and wherein it is federal. That speech ought to be a text-book in every school. It ought to be in every lawyer's office and on every editor's desk. It is Madison and Webster combined.

The discussion of the case of Kellogg by Hill and Carpenter must leave in doubt the question as to who was the first constitutional lawyer and ablest debater of the Senate—the Senate of Blaine, Edmunds, Hoar, Conkling, Thurman, Vest, Lamar, Ingalls, as well as the Senate of Hill and Carpenter.

It was Hill who unmasked Mahone in one of the most terrific attacks in the history of the Senate. It was adroit, too, and threw the little man into an ecstasy of rage. The burden of it was something like this: Who is this man so anxious for the badge of infamy? And then he looked at Cockrell, at Harris, at Vest, at Beck, at Voorhees, as though it were one of them—never at Mahone, as though he was above suspicion.

But Hill got Mahone's scalp. In the very nature of things Mahoneism was bound to die without official patronage. When the quarrel came between Garfield and Conkling, Hill served notice on the

administration that Mahoneism must starve or Conkling should have Robertson's scalp. The result is history. Mahone did the Republican party incalculable damage. Men at the North began to ask how far on the road to repudiation the Republican party would go if the patronage of the executive department was at stake, when, to save the miserable spoils of the Senate, that party made political alliance with one whose whole political stock in trade had been repudiation?

Here is a specimen of Ben Hill's rhetoric—a passage from his eulogy of Robert E. Lee:

When the future historian shall come to survey the character of Lee he will find it rising like a huge mountain about the undulating plain of humanity, and he must lift his eyes high toward heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, a victor without oppression and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy and a man without guile. He was a Cæsar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was as gentle as a woman in life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates and grand in battle as Achilles.

Hill's was the shortest of all the great parliamentary careers in our history—two years in the House and four years in the Senate—and yet his fame is as great as that of any of his contemporaries. What would it have been if his Senatorial career had been as long as Sherman's or Edmunds', or Cockrell's or Morgan's. True, he was four years in the Confederate Senate, but his career there is only tradition.

He was the leader of the Gulf States bar, and the equal of any lawyer of his day. Some of his fees were enormous for the South—one \$65,000. What he made at the bar he lost as a planter. He was always princely and his hand was ever open.

His last days were heroic—like Grant's. Nearly his last words were, "I know my Redeemer liveth," and his very last words, "Almost home."

When he died there was quenched a great spirit—the Bayard of the Senate, the lion of the South.



GEORGE F. HOAR.

GEORGE F. HOAR

Whether by accident or design, three distinguished members of the United States Senate had seats together in the second row on the Republican side of the chamber some years ago. They were descendants of a common ancestor of the Revolutionary period, and were sometimes known as the "Great Cousins"—John Sherman, William Maxwell Evarts, and George Frisbie Hoar. Perhaps it is not impertinent to remark that John C. Calhoun might have gleaned some of his State's rights views from some of the preachments of Roger Sherman. These three Senators were of the purest and bluest New England blood, and though the first named two are gone from the walks of men, Mr. Hoar yet lives to illustrate the virtues and the possibilities of American citizenship, and to shed luster on an American Senatorship.

It is a wonderful race, that New England people, descendants of the Pilgrims and the Puritans. "There was a State without king or nobles; there was a church without a bishop; there was a people governed by grave magistrates, which it had selected, and equal laws, which it had framed." They have gone far, and will go farther. They are in the North, the East, the West, the South. They sail the seas and carry their ideas to remotest climes and nations. They settled Northern Ohio, Northern Indiana, Northern Illinois. They are in Iowa and

Minnesota and Kansas. In the South they can be, and frequently are, intensely Southern. Everywhere they are builders and toilers. They people cities and possess the land. They are clergymen, teachers, physicians, lawyers, editors, statesmen, bankers, merchants, artisans, farmers. Always they are a pushing, energetic, indefatigable, resourceful, irresistible class.

And, while they did much to make our nation rich and powerful, our constructive statesmen were not from New England, not of New England. Washington, Henry, and Jefferson were Virginians. The Constitution was the work of Virginia and Hamilton; it was Madison and Henry and Mason who perfected, and Marshall who vitalized, that great instrument. De Witt Clinton and Thomas H. Benton wrought with more powerful hands and more cunning than any New England statesmen. Lincoln had not one drop of New England blood in his veins. Clay was Virginian; Webster was Scotch-Irish and the first of expounders, and never a constructor. John Quincy Adams is in history the parliamentary gladiator, the accomplished composer of dispatches, the creator of no great measure. Sumner was Utopian.

But so provident of fame is the New Englander that he fills a larger place than the Scotch-Irish, Dutch, Quakers, English Catholics, English Cavaliers, and Huguenots, who settled New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. Take, for example, the episode of Bunker Hill, a British victory, and New England has surrounded it with

tenfold the glory of Kings Mountain, a decided, the decisive, American victory.

I

George F. Hoar is a statesman and an eminent one. He is not of the order of Richelieu, or Chat-ham, or Bismarck, who could say, and perhaps not with truth, the whole truth—

Oh, Abner, I fear God, and nothing besides.

But he is rather of the order of Burke, or Webster, or Calhoun, who could say with truth, with the whole truth, what Plato said:

We may endeavor to persuade our fellow-citizens, but it is not lawful to force them even to that which is best for them.

Senator Hoar is a man of thought, not of action; a speculative statesman rather than a constructive. He has been a conspicuous figure in the national councils for a third of a century; but his name is associated conspicuously with none of the great measures of that period, other than as an accomplished debater, an erudite scholar, a learned jurist, a consummate master of his mother tongue, and a sincere lover of his country and his fellow man.

The Forty-fourth Congress is famous for its able statesmen and renowned debaters. There were giants in those days. Who can forget the most brilliant parliamentary engagement of the post-bellum period between Benjamin H. Hill and L. Q. C. Lamar against James G. Blaine and James A. Garfield, with amnesty and the "bloody shirt" for theme? It was the Congress that retrenched expenses, that investi-

gated Blaine, that created the electoral commission, that impeached the Secretary of War. Though overwhelmingly Democratic, the House appointed George F. Hoar one of the managers of that impeachment. The accused had for counsel the very élite of the American bar—Black, Carpenter and Blair—and the trial was second to but one of our state pageants, if we may so name it, and it is only truth to say that the most vivid memory of that trial, the finest thing connected with it, the one beautiful classic in that abundance of eloquent speech, is the closing sentences of George F. Hoar's speech summing up for the accusers. It has survived all else of that imposing spectacle.

During the life of that Congress Mr. Hoar was one of the commission that decided the disputed Presidential election of 1876. He voted with the majority, and the Democratic "cardinal principle of State sovereignty" prevailed to seat a Republican President. Never did the irony of politics go farther.

One of the greatest political convocations of history was the Republican national convention at Chicago in 1880. Mr. Hoar was a member of that body and was chosen to preside over its deliberations. It was a splendid tribute to the man, a testimony to his parliamentary skill, high personal character, and judicial rectitude. The wavering balance was rightly adjusted. His was a clear head, his a tranquil breast, in that arena of human ambitions and human passions. The grandeur of Conkling's wonderful eloquence, the splendor of Garfield's perfect sentences, moved him not. No doubt he had a choice among those suggested for that first political station of the

world; but it was never apparent in his speech or conduct as president of that brilliant assembly. To have presided over such a body is a testimony of the most exalted character.

II

The golden age of American parliamentary eloquence may be discovered in the Senates of the double decade 1840-60. The theme was worthy the debaters. The issue may be stated thus: Was the American system finished when the Federal Constitution became operative; or is the system subject to the law of evolution? Greece in her glory and England at her zenith produced no abler and no more eloquent champions than they who sustained either side of that momentous controversy; but reason retired from the conflict in despair and the appeal was had to the sword.

Webster, Evans, Davis, Choate, Everett, Sumner, Fessenden, Collamer, Hamlin, and Winthrop were some of the champions New England sent to do her devoir in the great parliamentary tourney. They were alien to the South; the South was alien to them. Suppose these men had known the South of the then as Senator Hoar knows the South of the now; suppose Sumner and Fessenden had crossed the Potomac and greeted their fellow citizens of the other section as Senator Hoar greeted them at the annual convention of the Virginia Bar Association some years ago, when he addressed the successors of Marshall, Pendleton, Randolph, Tucker, and Epps in words like these:

I am not vain enough to take this invitation from the famous bar of your famous Commonwealth as a mere personal compliment. I like better to think of it as a token of the willingness of Virginia to renew the old relations of esteem and honor which bound your people to those of Massachusetts when the two were the leaders in the struggle for independence.

There is no more touching story of the magnificence and bounty of one people to another than that of Virginia to Massachusetts when the port of Boston was shut up by act of Parliament and by a hostile English fleet. I dare say generous Virginia has disdained to remember the transaction. Massachusetts will never forget it.

Suppose Fessenden, Trumbull, and Chase had known Mason, Breckinridge, and Hammond as Hoar knows Vest, as Allison knows Cockrell, as Frye knows Daniel? There might have been no war. And yet it was better as it was. The war was worth all it cost, and more. The tree of American liberty, watered and nurtured by the blood of thrice ten times ten thousand heroes, Northmen and Southmen, like Clan Alpine's pine:

“Ours is no sapling chance—sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
 When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
 The more shall Clan Alpine exult in her shade.
 Moored in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blows.”

No other Senator can vie with Mr. Hoar in gems of English speech, and not since Rufus Choate has New England contributed such delightful sentences and such noble sentiments to the debates of Congress as have come from this grand old man. What can be finer than this on the resolution looking to war with Spain:

I confess I do not like to think of the genius of America angry, snarling, shouting, screaming, kicking, clawing with her nails. I like rather to think of her in her august and serene beauty, inspired by a sentiment, even toward her enemies, not of hate, but of love, perhaps a little pale in the cheeks and a dangerous light in her eyes, but with a smile on her face; as sure, as determined, unerring, invincible as was the Archangel Michael when he struck down and trampled upon the demon of darkness.

Sir Edward Coke paid this tribute to the English system :

The wisdom of all the wise men in the world, if they had all met together at one time, could not have equaled the British constitution.

It is with a veneration much like that with which George F. Hoar contemplates the American Constitution. One of the issues of our politics is the proposal to elect Senators in Congress by direct vote of the people, and it is become a Democratic "cardinal principle." That that party should tolerate the innovation one moment evidences the political chaos that seemingly has overwhelmed that organization which can look back on a history so great. The late Benjamin H. Hill was one of the foremost Democrats of his Senatorial career—as a Democratic champion not inferior to Douglas or Thurman. His speech on the national and Federal features of the Constitution is a masterpiece and as a construction of that instrument worthy to rank with the best efforts of Webster or Calhoun. It was Democratic gospel when first uttered; but the new evangel is a radical departure from the preachments of Hill—it is the open, bold, not the secret and insidious, encroachment of the national feature of our govern-

ment upon the Federal. It means Nation—the nation that Jefferson and Calhoun and Davis feared, that Hamilton and Webster and Lincoln never dreamed of. It recalls the warning of Madison, the father of the Constitution: “Although every citizen might be a Socrates, every Athenian assembly would still be a mob.”

Some years ago Senator Hoar delivered a speech on this subject that every American would profit to read. It is the answer deliberation makes to rashness, that wisdom makes to innovation, that character makes to clamor. Here is argument and rhetoric, too.

Every generation since the dawning of civilization seems to have been gifted with its peculiar capacity. The generation of Homer has left nothing behind but a great epic poem, which for thirty centuries remains without a rival. Italian art had its brief and brilliant day of glory, which departed and has never returned. The time of Elizabeth was the time of dramatic poetry, which has been alike the wonder and the despair of all succeeding ages. The generation which accomplished the American Revolution had a genius for forming constitutions which no generation before or since has been able to equal or to approach. The features of the State constitutions framed in that day have been retained with little changes in substance, and have been copied since by every new State.

Then follows a tribute to the founders of our system and a profound argument on the constitutional and philosophical aspect of the subject which to the ordinary mind is conclusive of it. The peroration is a tribute to the Senate and is simply magnificent.

It is not the purpose to discuss Senator Hoar's present political attitude. Suffice it to say Quincy is an honored American name and Hosea Biglow a

favorite American poet, though each opposed the inexorable logic of his day. In the plenitude of God's inscrutable beneficence Senator Hoar's philosophy may be, and let us hope will be, as triumphantly confounded as was theirs.

No man can look upon the benevolent countenance of this grand old man without a reminder of Horace Greeley, and without the reflection, "He is mighty nearly as great."

FRANK WOLFORD

It was a Persian who said: "Every man is as God made him," and it is true of the Kentucky mountaineer, a creature of whom volumes of history, romance and poetry have been written, and who is yet much of a stranger to his brother Kentuckian and brother American of other, and doubtless more favored, communities. He was born in a cabin and reared in the open. He is as poor as poverty and as free as the winds that stir the treetops of his mountain forests. By nature he is brave and by habit he is cunning. He is clannish and will fight for kith and kin, and when they are destroyed he will avenge them. He is hardy and athletic, familiar with hardship and a stranger to comfort. He is ignorant of all books save the Bible and the book of nature, and was received into the church as soon as he was old enough for baptism by immersion. He was married early in life and it is a fecund race, and every cabin has its gang of children and pack of dogs. His food is corn bread, bacon and game, sometimes reinforced with fish from mountain stream, now and then supplemented with a potato, a cabbage, a bean, a turnip, and, on rare occasions, an onion. Coffee is as indispensable as whisky. He claims to be a farmer and raises some corn and some tobacco and digs ginseng. He may be a tenant in fee, a tenant for years, or a tenant at will. He is not unfrequently tenant in trespass, so to speak. Be that as may be, he looks



FRANK WOLFORD.



on the woods as his, and he is "logger" whenever he is able to screw his industry to the point of hard labor.

The Kentucky mountaineer believes that the converting of corn into paleface whisky is a right primeval, perennial and inalienable, and all the statutes of all the Congresses prohibiting it will not restrain him from the exercise of that "right." To maintain it he will risk life and limb, liberty and property. For it he will do murder without compunction. Alcohol appears to be necessary to his way of life—it is his one luxury.

"Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou cheers the heart o' droopin' Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor, sair,
At's weary toil;
Thou even brightens dark Despair
Wi gloomy smile."

The eminent and erudite author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," in that splendid and eloquent chapter on the Saracens, relates that hell has no demon like the hate that stirs in the fiery heart of the child of the desert when reproved for the lack of the two cardinal virtues—hospitality in man and chastity in woman—"Your men know not how to give and your women know not how to deny." When that mortal insult is once hurled only blood will wash it out, and so with your Kentucky mountaineer. When his still has been raided, or his brother slain in feud, woe to the informer or the murderer. Like the gathering of the Clan McGregor, the word is passed—

"If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame and their flesh to the eagles."

The Scottish clans Montrose and Dundee and Prince Charlie led to victory and to glory, at the touch of a great statesman, gave valor to British arms in every quarter of the globe, and to-day there is no finer citizenship in all the world than is to be found in the Scotch Highlands, if it may be permitted to designate a subject a citizen. There was no better soldier than the Kentucky mountaineer approved himself in the big wars of 1861-1865. Some of that people went to the South; most of them adhered to the Union. They were at Camp Dick Robinson, and they saved Kentucky.

Who has not heard of "Wolford's Cavalry?" It was the most famous regiment in the Federal army. Where the mountains kiss the bluegrass, and farther to the west, where the mountains descend into the "pennyrile," this splendid regiment of rough riders was recruited. Casey, Cumberland, Garrard, Pulaski, Wayne, Clinton, Madison, Marion, and Washington counties all had a hand in making this regiment, and there is a trace of bluegrass in it; but the glorious First Kentucky was mostly mountaineer, and a people who could make such a grand soldiery as that was, is fit for any task civilization can set it to do.

I

Frank Wolford is in Elysium this blessed moment, the favorite companion of Bertrand Du Guesclin. He was the Black Douglas of Kentucky in battle, and the gentlest hero of them all when the bloody work was not at hand. He knew not the passion hate, for he never experienced it. Though he was in frequent battles and the victim of cruel wounds,

he never had the slightest conception of anger, for he was total stranger to that sensation.

Born amid the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains in 1817, he was the child of humble and honest parents, heir to no estate except a good name and sturdy virtues. He acquired such education as the "old field school" afforded, and gained a considerable store of knowledge reading a few sterling books in the light afforded by pine knots, when the other members of the family were wrapped in slumber. He was endowed with a robust mind and an exuberant imagination. He was a natural orator, magnetic and commanding, and his power over an audience was simply marvelous. Early in life he was admitted to the bar, and did more pauper practice than any other man of his day. To him money was dross, and if he ever collected a fee its payment was volunteered. Few men defended so many criminals, and few men secured so many verdicts in desperate cases.

But Wolford was a politician as well as a lawyer, and was soon to become a soldier. On the stump he was invincible. A Whig, he was as much a terror to the Democrats as he subsequently became to the Republicans. When the war with Mexico came on Wolford recruited a company, but it was rejected because Kentucky's quota was already filled. He then joined the ranks and was one of the gallant army that stormed Monterey and fought the battle of Buena Vista. His arms bore young Henry Clay off the field, and his bayonet saved that hero's dead body from mutilation at the hands of the barbarous lancers. And thereby hangs a tale, and of that anon.

Wounded at Buena Vista, and wounded desperately, he was sent home, and was at once chosen a member of the State Legislature, in which body he sat, 1847-1848.

The next dozen years found him on the stump in political campaigns and in the court-house during Circuit Court, and when he was not on the stump persuading the populace, he was in the court-room persuading the jury. In 1855 he was a Know-Nothing and a power before the people, and to his eloquence as much as to that of any other individual, the election of Morehead as Governor was attributable. And so was Frank Wolford employed when the tocsin sounded in 1861.

II

The consummate political craft of Abraham Lincoln helped to save Kentucky to the Union, and without its exercise there is nothing more certain than that Kentucky would have gone South, and nine-tenths of the recruits she sent to swell the ranks of the Federal army would have been on the Southern side. But Lincoln was powerfully seconded. There was the memory of Henry Clay, who so loved the Union. There was the emancipation contingent, who hated slavery, and there were Bramlette, Prentice, Crittenden, Wickliff, Underwood, and scores of other orators, including Wolford, who held the State in the Union by the fervor of their eloquence, and who were themselves held by the matchless political management of Abraham Lincoln.

In August, 1861, Wolford began to recruit the splendid regiment that bears his name, and it was the

nucleus of the Federal forces at Camp Dick Robinson. It contributed vastly to the victory of Wildcat Mountain, the first substantial Federal success of the war, the very first occasion that a Union force was made acquainted with the fact that it was possible to lick the rebels. The regiment was at Mill Spring, the first Federal victory that bore fruit. And now it was to go South and be a part of the army of invasion.

It was said that the Colonel of the First Kentucky had some novel commands that he fired at the boys, such as "Huddle up thar!" "Scatter out thar!" "Form a line of fight!" etc. It is related that when certain West Point officers were sent out to investigate and report on the efficiency of certain volunteer regiments, Wolford's cavalry fell under the scrutiny, and they criticized it very severely. Wolford heard them patiently, and then made an oration much like this:

See them two rigiments over thar. One is a Michigander and the other an Ohier squad. You have just passed them as all right. Now I know nothing about your drills, your evolutions, and your maneuvers. My boys know how to ride, how to shoot, how to fight, and how to stand fire, and you take them two rigiments over thar I showed you. Station them whar you please, on any ground, in town or country, in field or in forest, and I will take my rigiment, and what we don't kill or cripple of them, me and my boys will chase out of the State of Tennessee before the sun is in the heavens tomorrow morning. We came out to whip the rebels back into the Union, not to steal niggers.

The old fellow then rode off and was not further molested by the West Point martinets. He fought so well that he was intrusted with an important

cavalry command, and he it was who contributed so greatly to save Knoxville from the clutch of Longstreet. He led the van in every advance and brought up the rear in every retreat. Many wounds attested his personal bravery, and will power alone gave him the last twenty years of his life.

At Lebanon, Tenn., Wolford was defeated, desperately wounded and taken prisoner by John H. Morgan. He and Morgan had been personal friends, and the Confederate cavalryman besought him to give his parole, but Wolford declined, saying: "You know, John Morgan, my boys will whip you and retake me before you can cross the river to save your life." "But you will be dead by that time," replied Morgan. "That's none of your business," retorted Wolford, and so they argued while going at the gallop. Wolford was right. His boys did lick Morgan and retake him; but he was invalided for many weeks, and declared that he would have certainly died had he not, over the protest of the surgeons, mounted his horse and rode again to the wars.

When Morgan surrendered in Ohio, General Shackleford so far forgot himself as to heap personal abuse on his prisoner, who received it in dignified and scornful silence. Wolford reproached his superior officer and rebuked him by saying, "General Shackleford, John Morgan is a prisoner. As a soldier he was brave enough to command your respect. He is a gentleman and deserves to be treated as a gentleman." Shackleford saw his error and apologized to both Morgan and Wolford. Then something happened for the brush of the painter.

Morgan was one of the handsomest and courtliest men in the army, tall, graceful, symmetrical, athletic, and becomingly dressed. Wolford was the most ungainly man in the army, and certainly the worst dressed. Sometimes his boots were not mates, and they were ever innocent of polish. Sometimes he had one shoulder strap to indicate his rank, rarely two. Now it was that this talk passed between the two Kentuckians:

Morgan—"General Wolford, I wear a pair of very handsome solid silver spurs, presented me by the ladies of Richmond, Va. I would be glad if you would accept them as a token of my esteem for you as a gentleman and my admiration of you as a soldier."

Wolford—"John Morgan, I know of no man who would not be honored by accepting a courtesy at your hands, and I will gladly comply with your request. You are a gentleman and a soldier, and in these times those terms express all of manhood."

Morgan took the spurs from his boots and handed them over to Wolford, who proceeded to buckle them to his cowhide brogans.

This man, hero that he was, participant in numerous bloody battles, is borne on the military rolls as "dismissed the service." In 1864, though an officer in the army, Wolford was chosen presidential elector for the State-at-large on the McClellan ticket. He made a series of speeches in Kentucky, doubtless the most remarkable political speeches ever delivered from an American stump. He was in the full plenitude of his remarkable natural oratorical gifts, and men went many miles to hear him. The excitement

was intense, and those speeches would have cost any other man his life, and did cost him his liberty. By what amounted almost to a miracle he escaped assassination, and Woford went to his grave in the belief that his murder was plotted and ordered by the ever-infamous Burbridge.

The Federal authorities arrested him and sent him to Washington in chains and under guard. It was while in prison that he addressed a famous letter to Mr. Lincoln upon the rights of the citizen in matters of opinion and speech, and for learning, logic and eloquence it might have emanated from a Somers in England or a Jefferson in America. It was a magnificent state paper, equal in every respect to General Hancock's famous "Order No. 40."

III

After the close of the war Woford was the first man in the country to declare for absolute and complete amnesty to the Confederates. Happily for Kentucky, a statesman was governor, and put in practice what Woford preached. By the almost reckless use of the pardoning power Thomas E. Bramlette averted political feuds in Kentucky that would have cost hundreds of lives and made the vendetta universal. In 1865 Woford announced himself a candidate for the Legislature on a platform of universal, complete and absolute amnesty. His district was composed of the counties of Casey and Russell, both of which together had not sent a dozen men to the Southern army, and each of which had contributed a regiment to the Federal army. His opponent was Silas Adams, the Lieutenant-Colonel

of the First Kentucky Cavalry, and the successor of Wolford as commander of that famous regiment. He was a splendid fellow, a good lawyer, a fine orator, a knightly gentleman, the hope and the pride of the then infant Republican organization of the State. When Stoneman surrendered to Wheeler the First Kentucky was a part of the command. Adams rode up to his superior officer and demanded to know if he had surrendered. "Yes," answered Stoneman, "there is nothing else to do." "By G——d!" answered Adams, "I'll take my regiment out of here," and he did. For it General Sherman complimented him in general orders. He had a splendid army record and had participated in 110 battles and actions. He was opposed to amnesty, as were a large majority of the district.

The opposing candidates held joint discussions in every school district of the two counties, and the welkin was vocal with fervid eloquence. On Saturday before the election the following Monday an immense concourse greeted them at Liberty, the county seat of Casey County, and Wolford spoke first and created great enthusiasm. Adams rose to reply, and, after speaking a few minutes, turned to his competitor and said: "General Wolford, you claim to be for complete and unconditional amnesty for unrepentant rebels. Now, sir, no dodging; tell this people if you are willing to discharge that arch-traitor, Jeff Davis, from his prison quarters in Fortress Monroe?" Wolford rose and said: "I'll answer you, Colonel Adams, when your time is up." "I want an answer now," roared Adams. There was not one single Southern sympathizer in that vast

throng. It was a crowd of Union men, Union at all hazards, and without conditions. They believed that secession was the sum of all villainies, and demanded that treason be made odious. His friends trembled for Wolford and feared that he was lost, however he answered, and certainly lost if he took counsel of his heart rather than his head in the answer he should give. But Wolford never wavered. Stepping to the front he thrilled friend and foe with the words:

Fellow citizens, I was at Buena Vista. I saw the battle lost and victory in the grasp of the brutal and accursed foe. I saw the favorite son of Harry of the West and my Colonel weltering in his blood. I saw death, or captivity worse than death, in store for every surviving Kentuckian on that gory field. Everything seemed hopeless, and was hopeless, when a Mississippi regiment, with Jefferson Davis at its head, appeared on the scene. I see him now as he was then—the incarnation of battle, a thunderbolt of war, the apotheosis of victory, the avatar of rescue. He turned the tide; he snatched victory from defeat; his heroic hand wrote the words Buena Vista in letters of everlasting glory on our proud escutcheon. I greeted him then a hero, my countryman, my brother and my rescuer. He is no less so this day, and I would strike the shackles from his aged limbs and make him as free as the vital air of heaven and clothe him with every right I enjoy had I the power. Put that in your pipe, Silas Adams, and smoke it.

The effect was electrical. Men cheered, laughed, wept. The sublime moral courage that thus bared his heart at the risk of political annihilation was not lost on that mountaineer assembly. Perhaps nowhere else could be found a community with more vivid appreciation of such moral heroism. For one moment that crowd of stalwart mountaineers swayed. Then, altogether—friend of amnesty and partisan of rigor—they sprang forward, and taking

the old scarred veteran on their shoulders made a progress through the town, singing and cheering as they went. As for Adams, his speech was ruined. The following Monday Frank Wolford was elected and his majority was just six. The tribute to Jefferson Davis elected him. In the Legislature he brought in the bill that restored Confederates to all the rights the State had deprived them of during the war.

After his term expired Wolford went back to his former dual calling—jury-lawyer and stump speaker. About a dozen mountain counties were laid off and called “Wolford’s Kingdom,” and woe to the Republican orator who set foot in that territory when Wolford was around. He could talk a parrot dumb, and an argument had no more effect on him than a sprinkle on a fish. Everybody remembers how he drove General Frye out of his “kingdom” by asserting and proving by some of his old soldiers that Jeff Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Alexander H. Stephens were hanged by the Federal authorities. Wolford had a fine sense of humor, and Frye had about as much of that quality as Don Quixote. Those who knew the two could readily laugh at the joke.

In 1882 the old hero was elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1884. In Congress he gave Horr of Michigan a very bad half an hour, and greatly discomfited Gen. Tom Browne of Indiana in debate. Indeed, he one day quoted some Scripture in an argument with Speaker Carlisle that disconcerted that gentleman more than all his logic could have done. Beck and Blackburn were then Senators, and they found out that Wolford was a very ugly

customer when they proposed to interfere with his appointment of an ex-Confederate postmaster at Glasgow, Barren County. One evening at a symposium at Chamberlain's, after things had been said and food served, that would have been the despair of the chef of Lucullus, Wolford said: "The best thing in the world to eat is drap dumplin' and a biled hen."

Frank Wolford was a nobleman from the plastic hand of God, and so was Silas Adams. They were mountaineers, and a type. There were others like them. Time will make a splendid civilization in the mountains of Kentucky, and the feud will be eradicated as it was in Scotland.

IV

The pen that traced Squire Western, and the pen that made "My Uncle Toby," would have found fertile theme in these two Kentuckians of a generation now gone and cotemporary with Wolford.

Down in Barren County, Ky., in years long ago, dwelt two men—playmates in childhood, schoolmates in boyhood, friends in manhood, neighbors for more than three score years and ten. Though not of kin, they had eaten at the same board, slept in the same bed, and been lulled to sleep under the same clapboard roof as the gentle November rain pattered upon it. They had gone a-courting together, and each had taken to wife the sweetheart he would have chosen from all the daughters of Eve. Their wives were friends, and the friendship was beautiful. The children of each was at home in the household of the other. The purse of neither was ever empty, and the purse of either was ever open to the necessity of the other—

“A man may take a neebor’s part.”

That they ever did. Their lives were delightful and beautiful, and they illustrated all that is written in the CXXXIII Psalm.

In the fullness of time, laden with years and spotless in character, one of these two sickened and soon was gathered to his fathers.

At his grave congregated that whole rural community, men, women and children, white and black, bond and free, for when a good man dies humanity mourns. The coffin was deposited in the grave and the work of filling it was about to begin. The man of God had said a prayer, and the sweetest of women had sang a hymn, favorite of the departed:

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me.”

It was suggested that the lifetime friend say a word. He had never spoken in public, but duty was the biggest word in his lexicon. He stood with uncovered head at the grave, his heart bowed down in sorrow, grief written all over that bold, strong, rugged countenance, and tears rolling down his weather-beaten cheeks, and he said:

“My friends, thar lays as good a Dimmycrat as rain ever wet or sun ever dried.”

He said no more—he had exhausted eulogy.

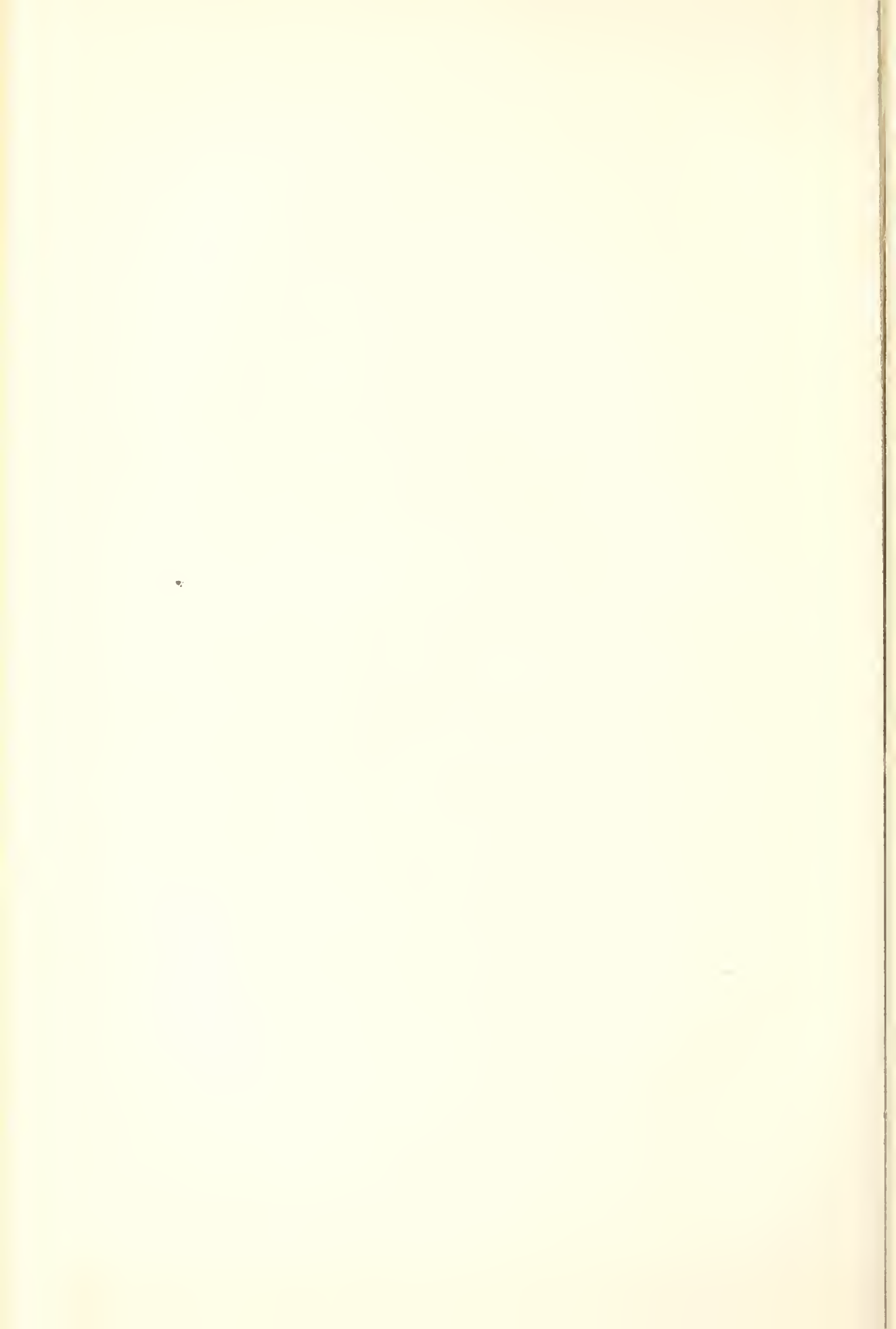
There was not even a smile in that congregation. They knew it was the unfeigned tribute of a heart that was breaking, and so it was, for before the moon had twelve times filled her horn, he, too, went to the undiscovered country to join the man he had loved with more than the love of a brother.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

From his first appearance in the national councils, in 1843, until his death, in 1861, Stephen A. Douglas played a great part in American statesmanship and American politics. He filled the stage even more completely than did James G. Blaine, who came after him. There was much of similarity in the careers of these two extraordinary men. They were, in turn, the idol of young America; they were men of magnetism, with following as devoted as rallied around the white plume of Navarre, or charged with Rupert in the forefront of battle. If Blaine was the "Plumed Knight," Douglas was the "Little Giant"; if Blaine adopted as a child the policy of reciprocity, which was older than he, Douglas adopted as a child the principle of popular sovereignty, which was older than he. Had Blaine been nominated by his party for President in 1872 he would have been elected, and had Douglas been nominated by his party for that transcendent dignity in 1852, or 1856, he would have been elected. When the nomination came to each, it was not until faction had rendered victory in the electoral college impossible. Both Douglas and Blaine were considered our most conspicuous exemplars of what patriots, politicians and editors call "Americanism." Both were Jingos, and both loved to defy England and bait the British lion. Douglas would have annexed Cuba and fought for "fifty-four-forty";



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.



Blaine would have de-Britishized and de-Europeanized the hemisphere. Though Douglas was wanting in the learning and accomplishments of Blaine, he was what Blaine was not, and owing to his mercurial mental temperament, what Blaine could never have become—an enlightened and profound lawyer. Douglas died before he entered upon his intellectual prime; Blaine died when he should have been at the zenith of his intellectuality. Douglas is almost forgotten, and we cannot hope that Blaine's fame will be less ephemeral. A brief review of the career of Stephen A. Douglas might not prove uninteresting to those who take an interest in American political history.

I

Stephen A. Douglas was of Scotch stock, and had many of the characteristics of that wonderful race. For aught we know he was sprung from that black Jim Douglas, the friend, comrade, and lieutenant of the Bruce, and the best blade in Christendom. The family in America is sprung from two brothers, and as they settled among the Puritans of New England in that early day when religion and politics were twin, it is easy to conjecture that they left Scotland to escape the conquests of Montrose or the rigors of Claverhouse. However that may be, the family has been prolific and the Douglas is found in nearly all the States. In them the blood of Cavalier and Puritan is commingled, and it will be as difficult to distinguish between them as it would have been to separate Saxon, Norman, and Dane aboard Nelson's fleet.

The father of Stephen A. Douglas was a physician in rural Vermont, with a small practice and

a slender estate. The son was born April 23, 1813, when the country was at war with England, the glorious culmination of which he was to celebrate so eloquently thirty years later. The father died when the child was less than three months old, and young Douglas was left to the care and affection of his widowed mother. Her maiden name was Fisk, and she was of that race that has dominated the thought of America from the beginning of the last half of the present century.

Like so many of America's first and noblest sons, young Douglas worked on the farm in summer and attended school in winter. Frail as was his delicate frame and tender as was his years, his labor was necessary to the support of himself and his mother. Disappointed in expected aid from a maternal uncle, young Douglas was fain to abandon all idea of a collegiate course, and at sixteen he was indentured to a cabinet maker. He worked two years at the carpenter's bench, and discovered great adaptability and skill. In later years, when he had measured the heights of success and sounded the depths of failure, when he had trusted man and been deceived, as all men must be who so trust, he declared the two years he used the plane and the saw, the hammer and the adz, the most satisfactory and the happiest of his life. And thus it is that disappointment, like death—

“Lays the king's scepter beside the shepherd's crook.”

His health failed and to that circumstance is due some of the richest materials of the future historian of American politics. Had he been strong, athletic,

robust, the chances are that Senates would never have been dominated by the gigantic intellectuality, the sonorous eloquence, the matchless powers of disputation, the magnetic personality of Stephen A. Douglas. All his wealth of genius would have withered at the carpenter's bench.

Leaving off work, he paid a visit to relatives at Canandaigua, N. Y., and there he attended school about two years, reading law at the same time. Like Horace Greeley, he was a veteran and formidable master of political discussion while yet in his teens. Whenever and wherever seen his pockets were stuffed with newspapers, and like the late war governor, O. P. Morton, he may be said to have obtained his political education by the constant perusal of the daily and weekly press. Here is a hint for every man in town or county, the father of a bright and intelligent son. Put newspapers in his way; they can do him no harm, and may make a Douglas, a Greeley, or a Morton of him.

In his school days, as always throughout his career, young Douglas was a universal favorite personally. There was an open, refreshing, engaging, fascinating candor in his presence and conversation that won admiration and cemented friendships everywhere. So pronounced was this loveliness of disposition that it was sometimes shown at the sacrifice of dignity.

"Beverley, I love you; what shall I do for you when I am President," said Douglas one afternoon, in front of Brown's Hotel, in the early fifties, when he was, perhaps, the first personality in America, as he threw himself into the lap of Beverley Tucker, of Virginia. Such abandon was not evidence of

lack of dignity so much as the possession of the most pronounced democratic spirit. He was of the people—as much so as Abraham Lincoln himself. He was no Jack Cade—far from it; but a man who loved those who toiled and who suffered, and it was an intelligent love.

At the age of twenty, young Douglas, with a few dollars in his pockets, a scant supply of clothing and a few books in his bundle, left Canandaigua for the West. All he knew was that he was determined to succeed and become one of the elders sitting in the gates. His first stop was at Cleveland, where he was a clerk in a lawyer's office till he was stricken with fever, and upon his recovering, instead of returning East, as he was advised, he boarded a canal boat for Portsmouth on the Ohio, and thence floated down to Cincinnati, where he remained several days undecided as to whether he should take up his residence there or go farther West. It was not many years before that another New England youth, that prodigy of genius, Seargent S. Prentiss, was a neglected and starveling lawyer in Cincinnati. Leaving Cincinnati, Douglas proceeded to Louisville, but there, too, he saw no prospect of success. Thence he went to St. Louis, and was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Dr. Linn, then a Senator in Congress, and Edward Bates, afterward Attorney General in the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln. The latter offered him office room free of charge; but Douglas was not possessed of money sufficient to enable him to wait for clients, so he crossed the river into Illinois, where he was to find friends, fortune and fame. He had less than a dollar in his pocket, and he lacked six months of his majority. His frame

was delicate and his physical constitution was not hardy enough to withstand privation; but there was in him an indomitable will, a glowing and a mighty intellect and a serene confidence in his future. Like that other young man, Norval, of the Grampian Hills, he could boast naught but his desire to gain a name. His battle was already half won.

Arrived at Jacksonville, Douglas subsisted for a few days on the proceeds of the sale of some of the books he had brought from Canandaigua, and seeing no prospect of bettering his condition, he packed all his worldly effects in a small bundle and started afoot he knew not whither. When he came to the village of Winchester in Morgan County, of which Jacksonville was the capital, it was in the early forenoon; the sheriff of the county had advertised for sale that day a stock of general merchandise, assets of a bankrupt merchant. No one present appeared willing to act as clerk of the sale, and as Douglas approached the crowd, it was suggested that he might accept the job. He readily complied and was paid \$2 a day for his service of three days.

It was the Jacksonian era, when every man was a politician and a partisan. No body of Americans could get together that a political discussion did not result. That gathering at Winchester was no exception, and in only a little while the youthful clerk was discovered to be a most formidable champion of the cause of "Old Hickory" and the vetoes. Already he was a statesman and could have taken a seat in either house of the American Congress and proved a leading member. His boyish appearance, his charming urbanity, his instructive conversation,

his persuasive eloquence, his courageous frankness, made every man his friend. Before the close of the auction the old Democratic farmers had engaged him to teach a school and thus it was that Douglas began his career in Illinois as Prentiss did his in Mississippi. While teaching he borrowed law books of a local practitioner and appeared as counsel in justices' courts of Saturdays. It was characteristic of the man that years later, when a Senator in Congress, he secured the appointment of the local attorney who had loaned him the books as one of the Auditors of the Treasury. Gratitude, for other than future favors, is a plant of rare and slow growth, and he is a great man, indeed, in whose breast it flourishes. After teaching two months and studying diligently the State statutes he appeared before the Supreme Court, and upon examination by the judges, he was admitted to the bar. He was not yet twenty-one years of age and did not look to be eighteen. He took up his abode at Jacksonville, where he opened an office.

At that time—1833—Illinois had a population of 157,445, of whom 747 were negro slaves. Among Douglas' cotemporaries and his rivals were Lincoln and Hardin, Lamborn and Linder, Baker and Browning, Breese and Shields. In a few years these were to be reinforced by a younger crop, some disciples of Douglas—like Logan, Morrison, and Palmer; and some to be his antagonists, like Lovejoy, Medill, Oglesby, Trumbull, Yates, Wentworth, and Washburn. It was among these he grew to be what Burke said of Charles James Fox, the most brilliant debater of his day. In a very short time he was a leading lawyer at the bar, but Douglas always subordinated the law to politics.

As stated above, it was the Jacksonian era, when politics was very much like war. What was known as the "money power"—the bank—was against the administration at Washington. The bank fight was raging, and Old Hickory was vetoing charters as fast as Clay, Webster and Calhoun could pass them, and removing deposits in the teeth of all opposition. Benton, who had sought Jackson's life years before in Tennessee, and whose life had been sought by Jackson, and, probably, would have been taken by Jackson had not Benton moved to Missouri, was the champion of "Old Hickory" in the Senate. As Jackson said of him, "He labored like an ox," and hurled ten thousand defiances at that greatest intellectual triumvirate that ever appeared in American statesmanship.

The Titanic debates of Congress were echoed in every town and village throughout the land, and Douglas at once became the leader of the Jacksonians in the town of Jacksonville. The Democrats were not united in support of Jackson. In many communities there were Democrats who advocated the re-charter of the bank and opposed the removal of the deposits; but these resided in towns and cities. The Democratic farmers were for Jackson to a man. Like the family embalmed in the history and romance of Scotland, Douglas was aggressive to the verge of rashness. In order to ascertain just who were for and who against Jackson, among the Democrats of Morgan County, he concerted with the editor of the Democratic county organ and other Democrats, sterling Jackson men, and as a result a public meeting was called and every Democrat invited to participate. Douglas drafted

resolutions indorsing the Federal administration, sustaining the vetoes, and approving the removal of the deposits. The meeting was largely attended; some old Democratic farmers traveled half the night in order to be present early in the day. Douglas, protesting in private that he was too young and too strange to that community to take a leading part, vainly sought to have some other and older man present and advocate the resolutions he had drawn. When he saw, however, that if he did not present them, no other would, he boldly came to the front and offered them with a few modest and pertinent remarks in advocacy of them. In the audience was Josiah Lamborn, an able lawyer, a veteran politician, a captivating, popular orator, a conspicuous Democrat, but a bank man. He took the floor in opposition and attempted to overwhelm Douglas, as much by means of his overshadowing personality and large experience as by his conceded capacity as a debater and powers as an orator. He made no doubt but that day would be the last of Douglas as a politician in that community. After he had eviscerated the young man to his own satisfaction and to the satisfaction of his partisans, he closed with a few remarks of sarcastic advice to his youthful adversary. Douglas rose with the spirit of "old Bell-the-cat," raging in his bosom—another Norval:

"Never till this hour
Stood I in such presence; yet, my lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me bold
To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favor."

He delivered a speech such as had rarely been heard in that community before. It was Paddy

pleading against the parsons over again, so triumphant it was. Young as he was, he knew more of American history, he had a keener conception of the issues of American politics than any other man there. His speech would have done credit to the Senator Douglas of twenty years later. The crowd was with him, and the enthusiasm was infectious. Those old farmers knew they were for Jackson and against Nick Biddle, and now they knew why, and knew why for the first time. While he was in the midst of one of those plain, simple statements that rendered him so formidable in debate, an old countryman in the audience, in an ecstasy of satisfaction, cried out: "He is a little giant," and "Little Giant" he was until the end of his days.

The resolutions were adopted in a whirlwind of unanimity, and Lamborn left that court-room crest-fallen and defeated. When Douglas laid his head upon his pillow that night his fortune was made. Already he was one of the first men of that section of Illinois. This was in March, 1834, when he lacked more than a month of his majority.

II

From now on Douglas' career in Illinois was one continued triumph. The next year he defeated the brilliant John J. Hardin, who was to meet the death of Dundee on the bloody field of Buena Vista, for State's attorney, and in 1836 he was chosen a member of the State Legislature, in which body, young as he was, he bore a leading and conspicuous part, earnest of the greater part he was destined to play on the broader stage of the national councils. In

1838 he made a phenomenal race for Congress in a district having a large Whig majority. His opponent was elected by a majority of five after the throwing out of hundreds of votes cast by mistake for Stephen A. Douglas for the State Legislature, others cast for Steven Douglas, without the initial "A.," and others yet cast for Steven A. Douglass. He was too poor to engage in an expensive contest, and it was to this fact that Stewart, the Whig candidate, owed his seat.

After this triumphant defeat Douglas settled down to the practice of his profession, and it rained retainers. His clientele was found in all parts of the State, but busy as he was in the courts he yet found time for political disputation. It is a curious fact in view of the history made the third of a century last past that in 1839 Douglas advocated the principle enunciated in the famous Virginia and Kentucky resolution of ninety-eight. It was in the campaign of 1840 that he and Lincoln first met. In those days throughout the West, and as far south as Tennessee, joint political discussions similar to those theologistic debates in which Alexander Campbell used to delight, were held at central points and ofttimes were continued for a week. It was at one of these that Douglas and Josiah Lamborn, mentioned above, for Van Buren, and Lincoln and Edward D. Baker, for Harrison, met. It was a battle of the giants, and immense crowds attended every day. The State campaign was continued for seven months, and at the elections Illinois was one of the seven States of the Union, and one of the two States of the North, to cast her vote for Van Buren and Johnson that year of such tremendous disaster to the Democratic party.

It was about this time that Douglas became one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Illinois. While sitting in that capacity the notorious Jo Smith, founder and head of the Mormon Church, was before him for trial upon indictment charging some crime or misdemeanor. The mob spirit was raging and threats were openly made that the culprit would be taken from the custody of the court and hanged. Proceedings to this end were on foot when Douglas ordered the sheriff to clear the court-room. That functionary was a timid man, and made but a feeble effort. The judge took the law into his own hands, and calling to a strapping six-foot Kentuckian in the audience, let that astonished individual know he was appointed sheriff of that court with orders to clear the room of spectators. This that worthy instantly proceeded to do by knocking down half a dozen rioters and pitching as many more out of the windows. Smith's life was preserved, and from that time the "Latter-day Saints" were friends of Douglas.

A few years later a regiment of Illinois militia, of which John J. Hardin was colonel and Douglas major, was ordered to the scene of action to arrest the twelve apostles, then in open revolt and intrenched at Norvoo, with garrison fully armed and equipped and strong enough and fanatic enough to whip four such regiments. Douglas was ordered by Hardin to take 100 men, storm the works, and arrest the twelve. At his request the colonel permitted him to go alone, and in a little while he persuaded the apostles to surrender.

In 1842 Douglas narrowly missed being chosen United States Senator, Sidney Breese beating him

by very few votes for the Democratic caucus nomination. We have seen how it was that he did not secure a seat in the National House at Washington the year he was of the requisite age, and had he defeated Breese he would have become a Senator the year he was of the age nominated in the Federal Constitution. "Old Bill" Allen was the only man who became a Congressman at the age of twenty-five, and followed it up by becoming a Senator at the age of thirty.

In 1843 Douglas was elected to Congress, defeating O. H. Browning, and it is a coincidence that Browning was chosen to fill Douglas' unexpired term in the Senate in 1861.

III

And so, at the age of thirty years, after a struggle of ten years, he paid a visit to his relatives at the East with his certificate as Congressman in his pocket. He had grappled with and thrown the world, and thenceforth he was to take his place among the elders sitting in the gates and shaping the destinies of millions.

Douglas took his seat in Congress in December, 1843. It was the first session of the Twenty-eighth Congress, and a period of intense party rivalry. The Whig party had scarce begun to decay and the Republican party, of ten years later, was scarce an embryo. The country was just ready to adopt free trade, and the South was casting about for new territory to maintain the balance of power between the free States and slave. It was the golden age of American parliamentary history; it was the age of

Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, Wright, McDuffie, Evans, Allen, Corwin, Crittenden, Prentiss, Wise, Marshall, Adams and Mangum. Douglas served no novitiate. Before a single moon waxed and waned he made a most triumphant debut. It was January 7, 1844, that he delivered his maiden effort, and even at this late day, when the issue has been dead half a century, that speech will thrill every student of political history who will take the trouble to read it. For several years there had been before Congress a bill appropriating money to reimburse General Jackson the sum, principal and interest, he had paid in discharge of the fine imposed upon him by Judge Hall immediately after the battle of New Orleans. The matter had been debated over and over again. The Whigs were especially bitter in their hostility, and the Democrats painfully apologetic in their advocacy of the measure.

Douglas took different ground. Indeed, throughout his career he never defended where it was possible to attack. So far from apologizing for General Jackson, he vindicated him. Perhaps no speech he ever delivered was more characteristic of the man, and not even his memorable argument in the Senate March 3, 1854, better illustrates his wonderful powers of debate. General Jackson was yet living in retirement at the Hermitage. His was then the most illustrious name in our history after Washington's. He was the hero, the sage, and his home was the Democratic Mecca. Just as the man and the hour sometimes meet, as in the case of Paul Jones and the battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, to cite a single example of a hundred, so the hour and the man were in conjunction when

Jackson met the British January 8, 1815. Perhaps no other man born of woman—not Hannibal, nor Napoleon—could have done what Jackson did at New Orleans. It was the man, not the general, who triumphed. Douglas pictured the scene with the cunning of the master, and then he spoke like a lawyer, and like a statesman, too. One could see the battle and the slaughter and feel the difficulties of the occasion, where the commander was confronted with the most serious of military problems, and the most delicate of political problems. Jackson, with the promptness of genius, cut the knot, assumed the responsibility, imprisoned the Legislature, transported Judge Hall, whipped the British, and saved the city. It was one of the most brilliant and the most signal victories in the annals of war; it was one of the most glorious occasions in American history.

Here is an extract taken at random from this most successful of maiden efforts. It admirably illustrates Douglas' style as a debater:

But, sir, for the purposes of Gen. Jackson's justification, I care not whether his proceedings were legal or illegal, constitutional or unconstitutional, with or without precedent, if they were necessary for the salvation of the city. And I care as little whether he observed all the rules and forms of court, and technicalities of the law, which some gentlemen seem to consider the perfection of reason and the essence of wisdom. There was but one form necessary on that occasion, and that was to point cannon and destroy the enemy. The gentleman from New York (Mr. Barnard), to whose speech I have had occasion to refer so frequently, has informed us that this bill is unprecedented. I have no doubt this remark is technically true according to the most approved forms. I presume no case can be found on record, or traced by tradition, where a fine imposed on a general for saving his country at the peril of his life and reputation has ever been refunded. Such a case would furnish a choice page in the history of any country.

The bill was passed by both Houses of Congress and received the approval of the President.

That same year of 1844 Tennessee was a battleground upon which Whig and Democrat contended. It was Jackson's State, therefore the Whigs assaulted viciously, and the Democrats defended tenaciously. Polk, a Tennessean, was the Democratic candidate, and Clay, Jackson's bitter rival, was the Whig candidate. The Whigs carried the State by a few hundred votes, and it went far to compensate for their loss of the Presidency. The State was contested as Indiana has been contested the past thirty years in national campaigns. The Whigs gave a great barbecue at Nashville, which was attended by tens of thousands and addressed by the foremost orators of that party from every quarter of the Union.

Of course, the Democrats, too, gave a barbecue at Nashville that year, and Douglas was one of the leading and most effective speakers. Before the close of the meeting, which probably continued two or three days, the distinguished visitors were taken to the Hermitage, where all were introduced to General Jackson. C. C. Clay, of Alabama, made the presentations, and when in the center of the long line Douglas appeared and his name was called by Mr. Clay, the old hero straightened up, the fire of former days enkindled in his eyes, his pale and shrunken cheek flushed, and, grasping the hand of Douglas, he asked:

"Are you the Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, who delivered a speech in Congress last winter on the bill to reimburse me the fine Judge Hall imposed on me?"

"I made a speech on the bill," was the modest answer.

“Then take a seat beside me on this lounge,” said the General. “I want to thank you; these other gentlemen can wait.” And then the old hero told Douglas how that speech had removed the only doubt that had ever oppressed his mind, and made smooth his pathway to the grave; that his friends, good lawyers, had always contended that he could not have acted other than he did, but they admitted that he had violated the Constitution of his country, though it was necessary to save the city. “I never could understand it,” he continued; “it was a mystery to me, and I was in great doubt until I read your speech, completely vindicating my action and setting my mind at rest. I have it here preserved between the leaves of my Bible. Young man, I thank you. You have given me happiness.”

Douglas' eyes were suffused with tears, his heart was filled with emotion and he was incapable of utterance. He could only press the old hero's hand, and this was the only meeting and parting of Jackson and Douglas. It was meet that Douglas, of all other men, should have been chosen as the orator upon the inauguration of Clark Mills' equestrian statue of Jackson, which was unveiled in Lafayette Square, opposite the White House, January 8, 1853.

The next appearance of Douglas in Congress was when the questions of the Texas boundary and the Mexican war were discussed. It was then that he ran a tilt with John Quincy Adams, and greatly discomfited that theretofore victorious gladiator in that theater. Mr. Adams was a wonderful man, with a wealth of experience that none of his contemporaries enjoyed. He entered public life in 1782, at the age

of fifteen, when he became secretary to the American envoy at St. Petersburg. Except short intervals, when he was attending colleges, or was one of the faculty at Harvard, he continued in office until his death in 1848. He had been President of the United States, Secretary of State in Monroe's Cabinet, minister to England and other European nations, and commissioner to negotiate the Treaty of Ghent; but he was never so great as in the latter years of his long life, when he dominated the House of Representatives of the United States. Parliamentary history contains no more brilliant page than his fight for the right of petition. But touching the questions out of which grew the Mexican war, and touching that war itself, Adams was of the opinion of Hosea Biglow, and a rank blue lighter or rank copperhead, as one chooses to designate him.

The speech of Douglas on the Texas boundary was a powerful effort, and at once became the keynote of the war party. In all his printed speeches, this is the only one the writer recalls in which the "Little Giant" dropped into declamation:

Patriotism emanates from the heart; it fills the soul; it inspires the whole man with a devotion to his country's cause, and speaks and acts the same language. America wants no friends, acknowledges the fidelity of no citizen, who, after war is declared, condemns the justice of her cause and sympathizes with her enemies.

These are only a sample of his fervid sentences. The whole speech will well repay reading, though the issue is dead and gone these fifty years.

In 1846 Douglas was again elected to Congress, but before the assembling of that body he was chosen as one of the United States Senators from Illinois,

and took his seat in that body December, 1847, when a few months less than thirty-five years of age. Among his colleagues were Bradbury, Calhoun, Cass, Crittenden, Jeff Davis, Daniel S. Dickinson, Reverdy Johnson, Mangum, Mason, "Old Bill" Allen, Benton, Berrien, and Tom Corwin. Though so young, he soon proved himself worthy any man's steel in that body of giants.

There were many matters of jingoism discussed in those days. It was the age of "Young America," when all intelligent boys and many grown-up men felt toward England as Cato felt toward Carthage. Nearly everybody wanted to whip England, and wanted to whip her right off. Allen, of Ohio, sounded the keynote in his inspiring "Fifty-four, forty or fight," and in the Senate and House it was the daily practice to twist the British lion's tail and make the Eagle scream. The discussion of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, in which Douglas was more than a hand-and-a-half, gave ample scope for jingoism, and Douglas was one of the leading jingos in that debate, as he was later when "Young America" thought we wanted Cuba and all Central America. No arraignment of Great Britain by John James Ingalls surpasses the phillipics Douglas hurled against the England of Exeter Hall and the England that encouraged the circulation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He it was who coined the phrase "Ocean-bound Republic," and on his lips it was no impotent and empty vapping. It was not strange, then, that Douglas was the idol of such men as George N. Sanders and William P. Corry; it was not strange that every ingenuous young Democrat enrolled himself as a partisan of the "Little Giant." It was pub-

lic opinion, molded by him, that occasioned that grave and ridiculous conference of James Buchanan, American minister to England; John Y. Mason, American minister to France, and Pierre Soule, American minister to Spain, the result of which was the "Ostend Manifesto." It was a stealing of young America's thunder; it probably made Buchanan President, came near involving us in a war with France, and nearer bringing on a war with Spain.

Douglas was one of the leaders in the compromise measures of 1850. Mr. Clay, who had returned to the Senate, disavowed the monopoly of credit for that great battle—the credit history has given him—and declared that to Douglas more than to any other individual, was due the fact that secession was averted and quiet restored to the land. His constituents appear to have been of Clay's mind, for upon his return to Chicago after the passage of the compromise, he was assailed in all quarters by those who condemned the fugitive slave law, one of the compromise measures, and a mob attempted to howl him down when he appeared to make a speech giving account of his stewardship. That spirit of fair play, found in every gathering of Americans, prevailed, however, after a time. Douglas made his speech, and at his close resolutions of confidence in him were adopted by acclaim.

IV

We now come to that epoch in the career of Douglas when he was not only a leader, but the leader of his party in Congress—the Kansas-Nebraska period.

Though forty-one years old—not yet by a double lustrum of that age when the human intellect is supposed to enter upon its zenith—he was the most conspicuous statesman in America, the leader of a Senate which, for intellectuality, for learning, for statesmanship, for eloquence, for character, would compare favorably with any body of men who ever deliberated on matters of state in either hemisphere of the globe.

Of Douglas, Horace Greeley, a competent, if hostile, critic, said: “If he were only a student he would be the greatest debater the world ever saw.” And he might have added that Douglas in the forum was what Horace Greeley was in the sanctum. For vigor and clearness of expression he was what Webster would have been had Webster never been graduated from a college and had Webster roughed it in the West; for strength and simplicity of statement John G. Carlisle is one of the few statesmen in our history who rivals him. Take any one of half a dozen of Douglas’ greatest speeches, and not even John Marshall himself would have stricken out a word. No man, not even Carlisle, ever had less use for an adjective. Compare Douglas’ speech to reimburse General Jackson the fine imposed on him by Judge Hall with Gov. J. Proctor Knott’s eulogy of Jackson, itself an English classic and one of the most eloquent, ornate, and scholarly productions in American letters, and note the radical contrast of style. Douglas wields the mace of Richard; Knott cunningly severs with the scimitar of Saladin.

Judged by his speeches, Douglas must have been a very ignorant man, except in two lines—he knew American history, political and eventful, as few

other men knew it, and he was profoundly versed in law principles. We cannot tell if he knew whether Plantagenet or Tudor first sat on the English throne; whether Edward the Third or William the Third first wore the English crown. We cannot tell if he ever read Shakespeare, or Swift, or Bolingbroke, or Scott. We search in vain for a historic allusion other than American. He was a magnificent diamond in the rough; had he possessed the erudition, the vast stores of knowledge Caleb Cushing acquired, the diamond might have been ruined in the cutting. One of the most fascinating of the Edinburgh Review Series of Essays is that on Franklin, in which Jeffrey ventures to speculate, that, had Franklin been a collegiate, he would never have amounted to anything; whereas he stands alone the wisest, though not the greatest, or most intellectual, of Americans. But this is only speculation. In one of the numerous introductory chapters in "Tom Jones," Fielding indulges the opinion that a writer would be no less successful and entertaining in his field if he acquainted himself with the subject in hand, and so, few men are worse off for being licked into shape by the faculty of a college.

To illustrate Douglas' powers as a debater, the following estimate of his heroic lieutenant by Napoleon happily serves:

Massena generally made bad disposition previously to a battle, and it was not until the dead began to fall about him that he began to act with that judgment which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, and of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, Massena was himself, and gave his orders and made his dispositions with the greatest sang froid and judgment. It was truly said of him that he never began to act with skill until the battle was going against him.

And so Douglas in the Senate. He frequently appeared in debate unprepared, but when prodded with questions and criticisms by Seward, Chase, Sumner, Trumbull, or later by his Southern adversaries, Toombs, Mason, Benjamin, Green, he became himself; a single hint became a volume to his luminous and glowing mind, and when finally fully roused he was greater than any of them.

Whoever first suggested the repeal of the Missouri restriction by a clause in the Kansas-Nebraska bill, Douglas became responsible for it. Probably the first man to conceive the idea, and certainly the first to offer it in the Senate, was Archibald Dixon, of Kentucky. Mr. Dixon was the last of the Whigs, and at the time he proposed the repeal of the Missouri restriction his party was dead, and though he was a very able and forceful man, of exalted character and fine attainments, he was without a party, and in the very nature of things it was impossible that he should conduct a great and innovating movement. There are those who assert that repeal was first suggested by Senator Atchison, of Missouri, the "President of a day," and however that may be, certain it is that Douglas was the man who imparted virility to the movement and became responsible for its accomplishment.

The late Harvey Watterson, probably as good authority as any man of his day, used to relate that when Douglas was perfecting the Kansas-Nebraska legislation, he called at the White House one morning and in casual and general conversation with President Pierce, Secretary Marcy, Secretary Davis, and, perhaps, others, the discourse naturally drifted

to politics. The Dixon amendment was mentioned, and some one—probably Mr. Davis—remarked that it would be a brave man who would champion that proposition in Congress. Instantly Douglas spoke up and said: “If this administration will sustain me I’ll put it through.” The administration did sustain him, and he did put it through.

The repeal of the Missouri compromise hastened, but it did not cause, the war between the sections. That war was inevitable, and would have come had there been no slave and no negro on the American continent. There was an irrepressible conflict between the idea of Jefferson and the idea of Hamilton that could be settled only by the sword. It was inevitable that the debates between Webster and Hayne, Seward and Toombs, should have their sequel in the battles between Grant and Lee, Sherman and Johnston. The wars between Leaguer and Huguenot were not more logical than the war between Unionist and secessionist. The English revolution of 1640 was bound to be supplemented by the American revolution of 1860. America was bound to have her Jarnac, her Moncontour, her Ivry, her Edgehill, her Marston Moor, her Naseby, and bloodier they were in the New World, and more bravely fought, than in the old.

Not in the history of parliamentary government in the Western world can be found account of a more brilliant debate than Douglas fought in 1854 when he had charge of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. He led the Southern forces, but that was not all; he fought the Northern conscience. It is not my purpose to discuss slavery and secession. There were two sides

to both, suffice it to say. Both have been finally settled—settled against slavery and in favor of Union. The forces Douglas contended with, from the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill till the debate on the Lecompton constitution, were Northern intelligence, Northern wealth, Northern religion, as preached by the Northern clergy, and the overwhelming voting capacity of the Northern people. The decree had gone forth that not another slave State should be admitted into the Union, and even if the Union could have been preserved without war and without emancipation—Chase's plan—there would have been no more slave States and the District of Columbia would have been made free territory.

But Douglas was that most potent factor in a free government—a brave and able man with convictions. He believed his dogma of non-intervention would at once settle the slavery question and cement the Union between North and South. He regarded the negro as an inferior being, whose proper sphere was a state of bondage. Indeed he declared that nobody but a fool or a knave would contend that Jefferson gave the slightest thought to the negro when he wrote in the Declaration of Independence that all men were created equal. There is no better way to illustrate his view on this subject than to quote a passage from Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors." In the life of Thurlow he narrates the following:

A body of Presbyterians made application to Lord Thurlow to assist in repealing certain statutes which disqualified non-conformists from holding civil offices. He received the deputation with great civility, and hearing them out, said: "Gentlemen, I am against you, and for the established church, by

G——. Not that I like the established church a bit better than any other church, but because it is established. Whenever you can get your d——d religion established, I'll be for that, too. Good morning to you."

And so it was with Douglas on the question of slavery. He cared not whether a Territory voted slavery up or voted it down. If slavery were voted up he was for it because it was voted up; if it were voted down he was against it because it was voted down. Almost his very words were that if the Territory could be depended on to legislate on matters of property in live stock and inanimate chattels the Territory could be intrusted with legislation touching property in slaves.

If the student of parliamentary eloquence is curious to read a triumphant speech, a speech which ranks with that almost unrivaled reply of Charles James Fox to the speech of Pitt, explaining his rupture with Bonaparte, let him turn to the volume of the Congressional Globe containing Douglas' memorable speech of March 3, 1854. He was at his best, his theme was altogether and entirely political, and that day he proved himself to be the foremost debater in the American Congress. In turn he paid his respects to Bell of Tennessee, Seward, Chase, Sumner, and Fessenden. It was Ivanhoe in the lists of Ashby de la Zouche. I quote a single passage to illustrate his force in a purely and altogether personal discussion:

'I wish the Senator from Maine (Mr. Fessenden), who delivered his maiden speech here tonight, and who made a great many sly stabs at me, had informed himself upon the subject before he repeated all his groundless assertions. I can excuse him for the reason that he has been here but a few days, and having enlisted under the banner of the abolition confederates,

was unwise and simple enough to believe what they had published could be relied on as stubborn facts. He may be an innocent victim. I hope he can have the excuse of not having investigated the subject. I am willing to excuse him on the ground that he did not know what he was talking about, and it is the only excuse which I can make for him. I will say, however, that I do not think he was required by his loyalty to the abolitionists to repeat every disreputable insinuation which they made. Why did he throw into his speech that foul innuendo about a Northern man with Southern principles? And then quote the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Sumner) as his authority? Ay, sir, I say foul insinuation. Did not the Senator from Massachusetts who first dragged it into this debate wish to have the public understand that I was a Northern man with Southern principles? Was not that the allusion? If it was, he availed himself of a cant phrase in the public mind, in violation of the truth of history. I know of but one man in this country who ever made it a boast that he was a "Northern man with Southern principles," and he was [turning to Sumner] your candidate for President in 1848.

The Kansas-Nebraska bill became a law, and the dogma of non-intervention was the central idea of the Democratic platform of 1856 upon which Buchanan and Breckinridge were elected President and Vice-President. But the Kansas-Nebraska bill did more; it vitalized the Republican party and organized its future victory of 1860.

Douglas was one of the chief agencies in the destruction of Know-Nothingism. He, Henry A. Wise, Andrew Johnson, Elijah Hise, and Joseph Holt were the men who throttled that most formidable of all the mushroom organizations in our politics.

He may also be said to have been the father of the Illinois Central Railroad. He it was who secured the land grant, not to the corporation, but to the State of Illinois in aid of the road's construction. His action in the matter, his defiance and

defeat of the corporation was in radical and absolute reverse of the miserable Credit-Mobilier legislation of scandalous memory. Every bantling in Congress should read this chapter of Douglas' history, meditate on it, and, above all, follow his example.

It was now that Douglas, the leader of the Northern Democracy, and Jefferson Davis, the leader of the Southern, came to the parting of the ways. The Dred Scott decision was approved by both, but each construed that memorable construction after ideas of his own and they were antagonistic. This it was that disrupted the Democratic party and precipitated the war of 1861-65. The North and South were face to face in Kansas, and both played unfairly, as well as sought to wrongly win. "Emigrant aid societies" and "blue lodges" recited the prologue of that tremendous tragedy upon which the curtain finally fell at Appomattox. The Leecompton constitution was a "snap convention" affair, founded on violence and fraud, but having the sanction of legal forms. The Buchanan administration and the Southern leaders upheld that constitution, while Douglas denounced it, and this was the signal for secession and war, to be followed by the emancipation, citizenship and enfranchisement of the negro. The debates in Congress at this period show Douglas to have been as great when resisting Southern aggression as when battling against Northern higher lawism.

In the summer of 1858 he returned to his home in Chicago, and though four years before, upon the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, he was refused a hearing in that city, in 1858 he was greeted with

an ovation. A few days before his return the Republicans in State convention had nominated Abraham Lincoln to succeed Douglas in the Federal Senate, and he had accepted in a speech that was one of the most remarkable productions of that extraordinary man. It was in this speech Lincoln gave the famous quotation of a house divided against itself, and declared that the Union must become all slave or all free. "That young man believes what he says; he will go far," said Mirabeau of Robespierre. The same might have been said of and predicted of Abraham Lincoln. The fact is that Lincoln was one of the greatest politicians this country ever produced. It was his mastery of the game of politics that saved the Union. Perhaps any other Republican leader in his place in 1861 would have lost the Union.

Douglas was a candidate for re-election to the Senate, and he was also a candidate for President. He at once entered upon a canvass such as even he had never before made. He delivered over seventy speeches, seven of which were in joint debate with Lincoln, who challenged him to engage with him.

At the first of these discussions Lincoln propounded four questions to Douglas, only one of which was vital, the others being mere surplusage. That question was this: "Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wishes of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from their limits prior to the formation of a State constitution?" When Douglas read that question he realized that it forever closed the doors of the White House upon his ambition. If he answered in the affirmative he lost the South and the nomina-

tion of 1860; if he answered in the negative he gained the South and a barren nomination in 1860. Affirmative answer saved him the Senatorship; negative answer lost it. Lincoln knew that his question made himself either Senator or President, and probably both.

Douglas was not only courageous, but brave. He answered frankly, and as he had answered a hundred times before—yes. From that day he was a free lance tilting against Northern abolitionism and Southern secession. He was chosen Senator over Lincoln by eight votes on joint ballot, but the joint debate made Lincoln President of the United States.

The next appearance of Douglas in public was his denunciation of John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry, and no Southern man went further than he in that behalf.

In the spring of 1860, just before the assembling of the ever memorable Charleston convention, Douglas disclosed the plan of his own campaign in a two days' speech in the Senate, of great force and power and characteristically aggressive. It was the completest history of the slavery issue that had theretofore come from any man. It was during the delivery of this speech that he attacked Jeff Davis, announcing that he would give him no quarter, and thereupon Davis sprang to his feet, with all the pride of all the Vere de Veres in his heart and all the blood of all the Howards in his face, and haughtily exclaimed: "I scorn your quarter!" This speech of Douglas was not exactly a bid for Southern support, but an argument addressed to the Southern people. It was of no avail. Yancey, Benjamin, and Wigfall had fired the Southern heart and prejudiced the Southern intelligence against the "Little Giant."

Only a mere mention need be made of the Charleston convention of 1860, perhaps the most momentous assemblage of a political character since the convention that formed the Federal Constitution. Suffice it to say that convention was disrupted after numerous stormy sittings, and a few weeks after the greater faction nominated Douglas at Baltimore and the smaller faction nominated Breckinridge.

It was characteristic of Douglas that he took the stump and was the first Presidential candidate to "swing 'round the circle." He went South and made a tremendous impression. It required all the commanding eloquence of Davis himself to dispel the effect of Douglas' speech at Vicksburg. The steamer from below, with Douglas aboard, arrived early in the afternoon. An immense crowd had assembled at the wharf to see and hear him. He addressed them from the hurricane deck and for two hours the crowd was all his own. His great name, his personal magnetism, his stentorian eloquence, his superb audacity, and the recollections of a hundred battles he had fought for the South—all these conspired to extort from that most Southern of all Southern communities admiration, applause—even sympathy, and, in many cases, approval. As the boat steamed up the river on the way to Memphis cheer after cheer was given for the "Little Giant." The late train in the afternoon brought Jeff Davis. The same crowd that heard Douglas in the afternoon heard Davis that night. He was of their household; the other was a stranger in their gates. He was the hero of Buena Vista and the proudest, the bravest, the greatest of Southern leaders. A few stately sentences from his lips, a few imperious gestures from

his arm, a few haughty poises of his classic head, and all that Douglas had done was undone. One who was present and heard both speeches said to the writer: "I was always opposed to secession; I always loved the flag; but under the spell of Davis' personality I was ready to do his bidding regardless of all consequences."

When Douglas arrived at Nashville an immense concourse greeted him. He began a most powerful appeal with the words: "Sixteen years ago today, fellow citizens, I visited the city of Nashville, then, as now, battling for the success of the National Democracy and contending for the correct construction of the National Constitution. Then I advocated the election to the Presidency of an illustrious son of Tennessee, and on that same day received the plaudit and the benediction of the hero of New Orleans, the Nestor of the Democracy, and the sage of the Hermitage." Perhaps this was the most florid language that ever fell from his lips.

But his ambition, like that of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, before him; like that of Seward, Chase, and Breckinridge, contemporaries with him, and like that of Morton, Blaine, and Logan, after him, was fated to be thwarted. Though he received a splendid popular support, nearly as great as Breckinridge and Bell combined, his vote in the electoral college was insignificant.

Douglas and the Presidency would make an interesting chapter if space afforded. In 1852, when under forty years of age, he was the contending candidate for the nomination, in the later balloting receiving greater support than Cass, Marcy, Bu-

chanan, or Houston. The same is true of the convention of 1856, and on either occasion he would have been nominated and elected had his whole heart been set on it as it was in 1860. He thought he was too young, and preferred to add to his already overshadowing reputation as a Senator. That the Presidency would come to him he never doubted until blood was shed in Kansas.

V

Little more remains to add. The election of Lincoln was the signal for secession and war. During the winter of 1860-61 Douglas labored as he never had before to avert the inevitable struggle. He was an earnest supporter of the Crittenden compromise, which the South could have had, but refused to accept unless tendered by the Republicans in Congress, and this the Republicans refused to do. Zach Chandler was only one of many who believed "blood-letting" was the remedy for the ills of the Union.

When war became inevitable Douglas cast his fortunes with his section. He added incalculable strength to Mr. Lincoln's administration in its earlier days. He was the greatest of the war Democrats. Unfortunately the herculean labors of the twelve months preceding compassed his death in June, 1861, a few weeks after he had completed his forty-eighth year. He died with the spirit of battle on his lips, and had he lived a few weeks longer his death might have been in reality the death of Claverhouse. That he would have had high command in the Army there is no doubt; that he would have become a superb soldier there is just as little doubt. An abler man than Logan, equally brave, and with

more magnetism, Douglas would have been the volunteer hero of the war had he survived.

But what would his political future have been? Douglas was a born Democrat, and "once a Democrat, always a Democrat." Would he have become a Republican and burned the bridges behind him like Logan, Butler, Dickinson, and Holt? Would he have returned to his father's house like Andy Johnson, Trumbull, and Palmer? Would he have adhered to his party like McClellan and Buell? Who can tell? Revolutionary times thwart all predictions. Chase, Greeley, Seward, Sumner, and Blair died outside the Republican fold. Julian and Curtin again became Democrats. In view of these examples it is idle to speculate as to what Douglas would have done. But had Douglas lived and proved a successful soldier, he would have exercised a greater influence in his latter days than in his earlier career. There is small doubt that the measure of his ambition would have been filled by an election to the Presidency, whether nominated by the one party or the other.

He had never been so popular as the day he died, and he was just entering upon the prime of his great powers.

THOMAS C. PLATT

Some ten years ago, in a city of the Ohio Valley, on a distressingly hot day, when the scorching rays of an August noonday's sun made the heat arising from the granite pavement almost unendurable, there was a disastrous wreck of a street car. It was a busy hour in a busy street, and at a busy season. Soon there were long strings of cars to the east and to the west of the wreck. Enormous drays, heavily laden with enormous hogsheads of tobacco, and intermixed with other vehicles, filled the space. Though traffic was not completely suspended, it was in great confusion. Teamsters were shouting and cursing, and horses and mules were backing and jumping. Men and women going along the street stopped to contemplate the disorder. Policemen came on the square to investigate and to restore order. A dozen men gave a dozen contradictory commands, and weak efforts were made to execute them.

Now it was that another street car came on the scene. The driver came down, took command, issued his orders and was instantly obeyed. The crowd instinctively saw in him its master for that occasion. He laid hold himself and caused others to lay hold. His mien and his voice were imperative, and in an incredibly short time the track was clear, order was restored, and traffic was resumed. Had that man been a politician he would have been



THOMAS C. PLATT.



a boss. He can do things. He can get others to do things.

In the "Western country," as our sires and grand-sires called it, the forests were cleared, and hence the "log-rolling." It was the heaviest of labor, and, viewed in connection with our present lines of transportation, a vandal waste of wealth. At every log-rolling, in every neighborhood, there was a leader, something after the order of that street car driver, who took command and by his strength of mind and force of will saved his fellows much sweat. He was a boss according to his opportunity. Stop at the corner of a vacant lot and see the boys at play, and surely you will discover a leader whose commands his fellows instinctively obey. That boy is a boss and will make his way in any calling to which he may lay his hand.

It is the economy of human life—the law of human nature.

Thomas Collier Platt is what is designated in our political nomenclature a boss—that is to say, a leader of his party in the nation, and the leader of his party in his State. Bosses, so called, are as necessary to parties as generals are to armies. A bad general is a bad thing for an army, and a bad boss is a bad thing for a party. In both cases the test of goodness and badness is success, for war and politics are selfish games, and victory the goal all strive to reach.

Perhaps "Tom" Platt has not achieved in full degree the measure of success that came to Thurlow Weed, and perhaps Weed would not have achieved the measure of success that has come to Platt had his field been as vast, his constituency as intelligent,

and mugwumpery as prevalent and defiant. Weed studied and knew men, their ambitions, their vanities, their loves, their hatreds, their capacities for public life, and Weed could plow with the Democratic heifer. These are tricks of the trade that Mr. Platt comprehends thoroughly, and can employ dexterously. Weed studied politics in a maple sugar camp; Platt studied politics at Yale College. Weed was editor of an organ; Platt was county clerk of Tioga County. Weed loved power, but refused office; Platt loves power and has not disdained office. Weed was the friend of Seward; Platt was the friend of Conkling. Weed went down in defeat at Chicago in 1860; Platt suffered defeat at national conventions himself. Weed had an enemy in Horace Greeley; Platt had no very enthusiastic friend in Horace Greeley's successor. Weed made Zachary Taylor President of the United States; Platt made Benjamin Harrison President of the United States. It would not be very difficult to extend the parallel.

Platt expected to be Secretary of Treasury, and give Tom Platt that office, with a complaisant man in the White House, and he will make the nominations, whoever makes the Presidents. John Sherman was a superior politician, but with all the patronage not only of the Treasury, but of all the departments, he could not nominate himself for President. Ben Bristow failed. Daniel Manning did his political work before he entered the Cabinet. "Manning, you mortgaged me to the lips at Chicago, and I have paid the debt twice over," is the tribute Grover Cleveland is said to have paid the political work of his Secretary of Treasury. It would be worth the having of Platt for Secretary of Treas-

ury if only to read what the Mugwumps would have to say about his appointment and his administration.

It is impossible to write of Thomas C. Platt without taking a glance at the extra session of the United States Senate convened in March, 1881. General Garfield had been elected President after one of the most brilliant and desperate battles the Republican party ever fought. There were "Stalwarts" and "Featherheads." Conkling was the leader of the former, and Blaine was the leader of the latter. General Garfield was one of the most accomplished men who ever appeared in public life in this country. In a parliamentary debate he was Ajax; in the White House he was "Samson in a wig." It was inevitable that Blaine would dominate him. It is a long story—that campaign of 1880—and a many-tongued story; but there is as little doubt that Conkling elected Garfield as there is that Blaine nominated him.

Grand and magnificent as was the Republican party, there was not room enough in its front rank for Roscoe Conkling and James G. Blaine. The issue was simple. Blaine was bound to reward William H. Robertson for his work at Chicago; but Mr. Blaine could have shown his gratitude without gratifying his revenge. The appointment of Robertson to the office of collector of the port of New York was as much an assault on Conkling as it was a reward for the service rendered Blaine at Chicago. A dozen places could have been found for Robertson, to either of which he might have been appointed without serious demur from Conkling. Giving him the patronage of the New York custom-

house was notice served on Conkling that it was a fight to the finish. The tree of hate planted in 1866 was yielding a harvest of revenge in 1881, a harvest that was completely garnered in 1884.

The extra session of 1881 opened with a tactical blunder on the part of the Republicans. William Mahone, one of the fiercest fighters of Lee's heroic army, had been chosen a Senator by the Democrats of Virginia because he was both a Democrat and a repudiator, for appearance sake styled readjuster. A Quaker meeting would become hilarious hearing the utterances of the Republican Senators in exposition of that term "readjuster." The argument was that it was bound to be respectable if opposed to the Democratic party, even if it was only another name for repudiator. Had Hancock been elected President, Mahone would never have thought of becoming a Republican. The thing was a trade, and a very bad trade for both parties to it.

There were mutterings—ominous mutterings—in the great business circles North and East. Conservative business men did not look with favor on this liaison with repudiation. If the party would go so far for the insignificant patronage of the Senate, how far would it not go for the boundless patronage of the whole Civil Service?

Several sittings of the Senate were spent in the attempt of the Democrats to smoke Mahone out. The party that should receive his support would gain control of the Senate, and Mahone had not yet spoken. The Republicans confidently announced that they would organize the Senate—that they had the requisite votes—and this after David Davis, of

Illinois, had declared he would not vote with them. Thomas F. Bayard was the Democratic leader, but for this occasion Benjamin H. Hill came forward, and never a better man for such work. Sir Walter Scott makes John Balfour, of Burley, say that he had never met his match in single combat. And of Ben Hill it might be said he never met his master in parliamentary debate.

That was a grandly eloquent oration—Robert G. Ingersoll's presentation of Blaine's name at Cincinnati in 1876. It was a thrilling period—the plumed knight throwing his shining lance full and fair against the brazen face of treason, and all that. Perhaps Ben Hill was the "treason;" certain it was he was most of it. If one will take the trouble to cull from American oratory all the treason denounced by American orators, doubtless he will have on his hands the largest and completest assortment of patriotism and respectability that the Western Hemisphere could possibly show. And if one will take the pains to consult the "Life of James A. Garfield," by A. G. Riddle, he will discover that, in the opinion of that author, intense Republican as he was, on the occasion to which Ingersoll referred the "plumed knight" was thoroughly and completely unhorsed by Hill. If you are of an inquiring mind, get the Congressional Record, first session of the Forty-fourth Congress, read and judge for yourself. That debate was in the grand old days of the bloody-shirt and the outrage mill. Of a famous lord chancellor it is written: "In the history of the universe, no man has the praise of having effected as much good for his fellows as Lord Elden has thwarted." The evil that Thaddeus Stevens visited on the South

was tenfold more than all the good ten times ten Eldens could have thwarted. Hill was a protest against that evil—the strongest, and one of the most eloquent.

Hill uncovered Mahone. He was not very delicate. Party spirit was high. Mr. Teller was then an intense Republican, and Hill put him in a rage. John A. Logan, the mad bull of debate, plunged forward, head down, admirable for his courage and ridiculous for his ignorance. Mr. Hoar bore a hand, and as a bloody-shirter he was second to none. Conkling repeatedly crossed swords with the great Georgian, and with

The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.

But now something occurred that made the Mahone episode forgotten. Garfield sent in the nomination of William H. Robertson for collector of the port of New York. The country was startled. The time had come when Conkling and Blaine were face to face. The contest was unequal. The administration was new—in its honeymoon. Patronage was powerful. The issue was in the hands of the Democrats. The result is history. There is a story that Ben Hill served notice on Garfield and Blaine that he would have Mahone's head, or Conkling should have Robertson's. It may be true or false. It is certain that Mahoneism died of inanition, and that Federal patronage would have kept it alive.

Conkling and Platt resigned as Senators, and the shot that killed Garfield changed events. Had the President lived, one of the most interesting political chapters of all history would have been that devoted to his administration.

Senator Platt is a politician—not the orator in politics, but the executive. He knows the state of the party pulse. His finger is on it always. He knows New York city and State. He knows what men hope and what men fear; what men love and what men hate. He is the head of his party in the Empire State. If there are Mugwumps there he can reckon with them. Awhile ago he gave them Tracey and they were not. Later he humored them with Low. They say it was a “sexless administration, lacking in virility and fertility.” Be that as it may, Platt can be depended on to do the right thing at the right time from the standpoint of the stalwart partisan. He has fought Tammany, has beaten it and been beaten by it, and will again beat it and again be beaten by it. He is a successful business man, and it is inconceivable that such a man is in politics to put money in his purse.

Doubtless he loves power, but it is altogether probable that he loves the game of politics best of all. That was an unique dinner—that “Amen Corner” affair. If some Boswell should give us the conversations of the “Amen Corner” it would be the most valuable and the most interesting contribution imaginable to our political history of the last third of a century.

Republics must be governed by parties, and it is a misfortune to our country that we do not have party government in the complete sense that England has it. Perhaps that will come. As long as ours is a republic we will have parties. As long as we have parties we will have Tom Platts. And as long as we have Tom Platts we will have Mugwumps. Politics is not an exact science, and until it becomes so there will be bosses.





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