



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Z

733

M9903

All

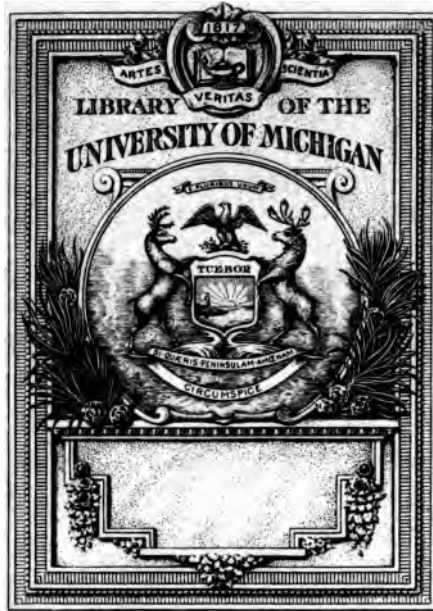
DEDIC.

B

1,020,945

HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY,

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN



Gift of
Thomas R. Barcus

1992



C. H. Hackley

WILEY PUBLICATIONS

NEW YORK

NEW YORK



WILEY
& COMPANY,
1951.



W. H. H. H. H.

THE
HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF
MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN.

DEDICATION, OCTOBER 15, 1890,
ADDRESS OF HON. THOMAS W. PALMER,
OF MICHIGAN.

LAYING OF CORNER STONE, MAY 25, 1889,
ADDRESS OF PROF. ANDREW C. McLAUGHLIN,
OF UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

A FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY AND READING ROOM
FOUNDED BY

CHARLES H. HACKLEY,
MAY 25, 1888.



CHICAGO:
A. C. McCLURG & COMPANY.
1891.



^{Dr.}
Thomas R. Barcus
1-14-43
7

You are cordially invited to attend
the Dedication of the
Hackley Public Library
at the
City of Muskegon, Michigan,
at 2-30 o'clock P. M.
Wednesday, October fifteenth.
eighteen hundred ninety.

Robert E. Bunker. Louis Kanitz.
Matthew Wilson. Frederick A. Nims.
Committee of Board of Education.



HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY

OF MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN.

FOUNDED BY CHARLES H. HACKLEY, - - MAY 25, A. D. 1888.

*The possession of the living;
The heritage of posterity.*

DEDICATION EXERCISES, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 15, A. D. 1890.

AT 2:30 O'CLOCK P. M.

*"He hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber, he hath left them you
And to your heirs forever."*



· · · PROGRAMME · · ·

MUSIC—"Tannhäuser," *Wagner.*
OPERA HOUSE ORCHESTRA.

PRAYER, RT.-REV. GEO. D. GILLESPIE, D. D., LL.D.

MUSIC, All Hail, Muskegon's Jubilee!
MRS. BENNETT. MISS ALDRICH. MR. RENWICK. MR. BASSETT.
MISS JONES. MISS SMITH. MR. McMILLAN. MR. FLEMING.

THE FOUNDING OF HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY, FRED'K A. NIMS,
President Board of Education.

MUSIC—"Jubal" Overture, *Weber.*
OPERA HOUSE ORCHESTRA.

THE BUILDING, NORMAND S. PATTON,
Of Patton & Fisher, Architects, Chicago.

MUSIC—Vocal Solo, Selected.
MRS. DE SHETLEY MISS HAIGHT, *Accompanist.*

ADDRESS, HON. THOS. W. PALMER,
Detroit.

MUSIC—Hackley March, *Koelbel.*
OPERA HOUSE ORCHESTRA.

BENEDICTION, REV. SAMUEL M. CRAMBLET.

*Reception to the Public by the Board of Education, at the Library Building,
from eight o'clock P. M. to ten o'clock P. M.*



DELIVERY ROOM — HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY.



DELIVERY COUNTER—HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY.



READING ROOM — HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY.



ARCHES IN FRONT OF BOOK ROOM—HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY.



REFERENCE ROOM—HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ERRATA.

Page 19, 3d line, "Thursday, the 16th," should be
"Wednesday, the 15th." Page 70, line 21, "O. S.
Spalding," should be "O. L. Spaulding."

DEDICATION OF THE HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THURSDAY, the 16th day of October, 1890, will ever be a notable day in the history of the city of Muskegon. The public schools were closed, all courts adjourned, all banks and places of business closed their doors at noon, flags were displayed in all parts of the city, and the day was devoted to the appropriate celebration of the most important event that had ever occurred within the city. The people turned out *en masse* to testify their gratitude and pleasure at the opening for all time of this beautiful temple of knowledge to which they and their descendants would be forever freely welcome. Many distinguished invited guests from abroad were in attendance to participate in the exercises of the day, which took place at the Muskegon Opera House, the largest and most convenient auditorium in the city for such an occasion.

At two o'clock P. M. a procession was formed at the Library building, and under the escort of Phil Kearney Post, No. 7, G. A. R., proceeded to the Opera House.

Mr. Robert E. Bunker, chairman of the Library Committee, and master of ceremonies, called the large audience to order and introduced the exercises of the day with the following well-chosen words :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : We are assembled to-day to receive, with some degree of formality from the hands of the generous donor, one of the most notable gifts known to the history of public benefactions. As citizens of Muskegon, we shall leave this place the owners in fee and the possessors in fact of the finest structure that stands in the State of Michigan—a library building complete in all its appointments, strong, beautiful and significant in design, luxurious in finish, convenient in arrangement, with broad steps and wide doors, emblematic of the intention of its founder, that all may enter and enjoy its treasures and that none shall be forbidden ; perfect, as near as may be, in its adaptation to the purposes for which it was designed, and withal so wholesome, so light, so airy, so pure, so artistic, that disease cannot lurk within its walls, that darkness shall be dispelled, that comfort shall be ever present, that no evil thoughts may be suggested, and that the true, the beautiful and the good shall alone have sway within its portals. There is no stone in its walls, from foundation to coping, but that, if endowed with voice, would sing the praises of him who caused it to be placed there, a constant tribute to generosity, a standing menace to ignorance and a mute appeal to philanthropy. Its founding and much of its history are known to every city and village and hamlet of this great land. The act which gave it birth has been heralded and applauded in lands across the sea. Men have paused in the hurry of their business, in the press of their professional duties, and in the sweat of their daily labors to pay their tribute of praise to its generous founder, and to breathe a prayer for his welfare during the remaining years of his life. May the gratitude of his beneficiaries

be his full measure of compensation ! May the example he has set give wealth a better meaning and a further significance ! May the deed he has done inspire riches to value not themselves but the good they can do !

But so far we have been looking upon the surface of the block of marble, and have not contemplated the beautiful figure that sleeps within it.

If so much may be said of the building itself, what may not be said of the treasures that lie within its walls ? Neither we who are here to-day nor the generation in which we live may speak with comprehension of the great force for good which this magnificent library shall exert upon the people of this city and those who shall come after them. This we must leave to the generations which shall succeed us. No estimate can now be made of its worth. This much we know, that the hardest stone in its walls will crumble into dust before the influence of the books contained within them shall be lost to those who come after us.

Indeed, it is

"The possession of the living;
The heritage of posterity."

Keeping in mind the quaint and suggestive metaphor of Madame De Stael that "architecture is frozen music," it is fitting that the exercises of dedicating so noble a structure be inaugurated with music, and I therefore take pleasure in announcing as the first feature of the program a selection from Wagner by the Opera House orchestra.

Then followed, in accordance with the program, a selection from the "Tannhäuser," beautifully rendered

by the Opera House Orchestra, under the leadership of Prof. H. Koebel.

The Right Rev. George D. Gillespie, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of the Western Diocese of Michigan, led the vast audience in the following appropriate and feeling prayer:

PRAYER BY RT. REV. GEO. D. GILLESPIE, D.D.

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power and the glory, and we who are made in thy own image, met in thy name and presence, in view of our assemblage in this place, would adore thee for the inspiration of the Almighty giving us understanding; for the men and women in all ages, of great thoughts of mind and heart; of far seeing into the wonders in heaven, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth; of deep search into all the affairs of nations and men; and of broad study of the ages that are past.

We give thanks to thee, that thou hast made us the heirs of the great store of knowledge they have gathered and the wisdom they have garnered,—that age speaketh unto age, and we in these latter days inherit the riches of the ages.

O thou from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed; we magnify thy holy name, for the pen of the writer, the art of the printer, the skill of the painter and of the sculptor; the past that lives on the page, in the marble, and on the canvas.

We thank thee for the right mind and open hand that have placed here amid our habitations this treasure house of wisdom, a goodly heritage for us and for our

children, a monument to the greatness of man and the glory of God.

We pray that this institution may open the minds of those who enjoy its use, to "the wisdom that is pure, peaceable, gentle, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy," the "wisdom that is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it."

We ask for this library the interest and ability that shall increase its stores, and that no destruction may come nigh it.

O Lord, regard with thy favor and visit with thy blessing the schools in our midst. Assist all who are guardians of their interests. Endue all teachers with a sense of their charge. Favor the students with health, and make them diligent and successful in study.

May sound learning and virtuous education and Christian truth be "the stability of our times."

Be gracious unto the place wherein we dwell; preserve and further our material prosperity; fashion into one united happy citizenship those who have come hither out of many lands; give wisdom to our city guardians, integrity in all branches of profession and trade; give sweet peace in our homes.

Bless the President of the United States, the Governor of this State, and all others in authority.

Give plenty, peace and prosperity in all our borders.

Humbly we beseech thee to accept this our sacrifice of thanks and praise, through Jesus Christ our only Saviour and Redeemer. AMEN.

The dedicatory anthem, composed by Mr. I. Edgar Jones, was given by the double quartet, as announced.

All hail, Muskegon's jubilee, brimmed o'er with promises high.
 This gift whose gracious work and great henceforth can never die;
 Whose ample store of priceless lore—free here to every soul—
 Shall work its will on human lives while countless ages roll.
 The people's Temple, dedicate to earnest things and true,
 Where sages of the ages speak their messages anew,
 While thoughts that live to mold true men—untrammelled here
 and free—
 Light sacred fires of thought inspired for millions yet to be.

Cho.—Hail, hail, Muskegon's jubilee! sing praises strong and high!
 Let loud rejoicings fill the earth, glad anthems pierce the sky!
 This is the People's Temple, pledged to knowledge, truth and
 power;
 Proclaim the tidings to the world in this grand triumph hour.

All hail the generous heart and hand whose magic, touched with gold,
 Made possible this glorious boon our glad eyes now behold,
 Its granite walls of massive mould—strength linking hands with art—
 A poem wrought in wood and stone, complete in every part.
 From this shall radiate the lines to intersect the years,
 With flashes yet to glad the gloom of human toll and tears:
 Instruct each sage, inspire each age, mould noblest maids and men,
 And banish fiends of ignorance and darkness to their den.

Thank God, that here is planted deep, heaven-destined to endure,
 This altar to all growth and grace, expansive, full and sure;
 On which the consecrated fires of thought shall ever burn,
 A beacon light for human lives while worlds and æons turn.
 This is a trysting place for souls, where past and future come,
 Exchanging thoughts from minds that neither time nor death can dumb.
 Swing wide the People's College doors, bid knowledge to her shrine;
 All time hath here—in granite gray—her symbol and her sign.

ADDRESS BY F. A. NIMS, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF
 EDUCATION.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It has been deemed fitting
 that as part of the opening exercises of this memorable
 occasion there should be put before you in brief detail
 a recapitulation of the events which have brought into

being the beautiful and enduring structure to be this day dedicated, and forever set apart to the promotion of learning, culture and good morals, as a free public library and reading room.

On the twenty-fifth day of May, 1888, Mr. Charles H. Hackley, of this city, sent to the board of education a communication which read as follows:

“To the Board of Education of the City of Muskegon:

“I hereby offer to give to the public schools of the city of Muskegon the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, in trust, for the following purposes, and in the following manner:

“I propose to erect on lots seven and eight, block 70, in this city, a suitable and commodious building for a public library and reading room, and deed the same to your corporation. Should such building and site cost less than fifty thousand dollars, so much of that unexpended amount as remains will be given to your board to be expended in the purchase of books and other suitable literature for such public library and reading room. The sum of fifty thousand dollars shall be placed in your hands to be permanently invested by you in some good, safe, interest-bearing securities, forever, the income from such investment to be applied by your board, in its discretion, in the acquisition and purchase of books and other literature for such library and reading room.

“It is possible, however, that the site and building may cost in excess of the sum of fifty thousand dollars, and in that case the remainder of the one hundred thousand dollars will be given you to be invested as above and for the purposes last stated.

"I make this donation upon the condition that the public library and reading room so established shall be forever maintained as a public library in the city of Muskegon, having a reading room in connection therewith, under the control of your board, and under such rules and regulations as you may from time to time prescribe, having in view the use of said library and reading room by the public in the most liberal manner; and that the same shall be open to the public each day (Sundays and legal holidays excepted) between the hours of nine A.M. and nine P.M., and on such other days and during such other hours as you may see fit; that the same shall be kept in good order and repair by your board, which shall likewise employ a competent librarian and assistants to take charge of the same and serve the public as may be necessary; and that your board shall annually provide for and defray all ordinary and incidental expenses of maintaining the same.

"I also make this further condition: That the ground upon which said building is erected and the building and books and material therein shall be and forever remain the property of said corporation, excepting, of course, that worn-out books and material may be disposed of in such manner as you may see fit. And I ask you to deliver to me your formal acceptance of the proposed donation upon the terms and conditions above specified.

"I leave it to you to give an appropriate name to said building.

"Very truly yours,

"CHARLES H. HACKLEY.

"MUSKEGON, May 25, 1888."

It is now well understood that Mr. Hackley had for some time prior to the date of his letter determined upon carrying into execution this great work, and acquired the present site of the building for that purpose, and it is but justice that it should be here stated that the securing of the site was effectively promoted and accomplished through the coöperation of another citizen, Mr. John Torrent.

The communication which I have read to you was received with unbounded joy and gratitude by the people of this city, and speedily became a matter of almost national interest and importance, calling forth inquiry, commendation and approval from the most influential journals of the country.

At a meeting of the board of education, held on the 25th day of May, 1888, Mr. Hackley's letter was formally submitted, and thereupon the following preamble and resolution, offered by Mr. Robert E. Bunker, were unanimously adopted:

“WHEREAS, Charles H. Hackley has offered to the board of education of the city of Muskegon the munificent gift of one hundred thousand dollars for the maintenance of a public library in the city of Muskegon, a part of which sum is to provide for a suitable site and the erection thereon of a suitable library building, and the balance to be held in trust by said board of education, and the income therefrom is to be applied in the purchase of books and the maintenance of said library, other than the current expenses thereof;

“*Resolved*, By the board of education of the city of Muskegon, that the gift of the generous donor be and

the same is hereby accepted on the terms and conditions of his proposal tendering the gift (which said terms and conditions the board of education hereby obligates itself to carry into effect), and that the thanks of this board and of the constituency by it represented, be and the same are hereby extended to him for his magnificent benefaction, and for the broad, liberal and unselfish spirit in which it was made, and the unrestricted condition of its use.

“ Resolved, further, That in commemoration of the magnificent benefaction, said library shall be known and designated as the ‘ Hackley Public Library ’ of the city of Muskegon, and that a suitable slab or other monument be conspicuously placed in the library building to commemorate the gift.

“ Resolved, further, That in further commemoration of the founding of said library, the 25th day of May in each and every year hereafter be and the same is set apart as a memorial day by the public schools of the city of Muskegon, and that the ordinary exercises of the schools shall on that day be suspended, and there shall be substituted therefor exercises of a character suitable to such commemoration.”

Immediately thereafter Mr. Hackley delivered to the board a duly executed conveyance, vesting in the corporation known as the Public Schools of the City of Muskegon the title to the proposed library, in trust, for the purposes of his gift. The board immediately took action in the matter, and on the 29th day of May, 1888, decided to adopt the following method for obtaining studies, sketches and plans of the proposed

building: Six architects of good reputation and ability were selected, each of whom was invited to submit a competitive design, with the understanding that each should receive one hundred dollars for his work, except the successful competitor (if there should be one), who would be compensated in accordance with the usual standard for first-class professional services, as should be agreed. All of the architects invited accepted the invitation, with the result that several designs of great merit were sent in. On the 20th day of July, 1888, after a careful consideration of all the plans and designs submitted, the board rejected all but two, the authors of which were invited to submit further and amended sketches upon the same terms as originally proposed. This proposition was accepted and the new sketches in due time submitted.

At the annual election of school trustees for the year 1888, held on the 9th day of July, Mr. Hackley was elected trustee for the term of three years, and thereafter became officially and directly interested in the work, and has given it the benefit of his best thought and judgment.

It had already become evident, however, to all the members of the board of education, and to none sooner or more clearly than to Mr. Hackley himself, that to establish such a building as would meet his views as to size, elegance and permanence of construction, the fund which he had provided would be practically exhausted. He did not intend that when the building was completed and ready for occupancy the public should be invited to an unfurnished structure, sparsely supplied with literature. It was his desire that it should be i

every respect liberally adequate to the needs of the public, and therefore, on the 30th day of July, 1888, he sent to the board of education this further communication:

“To the Board of Education of the Muskegon Public Schools :

“GENTLEMEN:—It is already apparent that the sum I have devoted to the erection and maintenance of the public library and reading room will be insufficient to accomplish that purpose and at the same time provide at the outset for the furnishing of the building and a sufficient number of books for the library to be at all commensurate with the size of the building and character of the institution.

“I feel that the matter should not be left in uncertainty or insecurity, but that we should have from the beginning a thoroughly comfortable and inviting library building, well supplied with good literature.

“I therefore propose to donate the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars additional, to be furnished as needed, and used under your direction in the furnishing of the building and the purchase of new books.

“Very truly yours,

“CHARLES H. HACKLEY.

“MUSKEGON, Mich., July 30, 1888.”

This met with that response of gratitude from our citizens which might naturally have been expected, and added to the debt we already owed. This communication was laid before the board at a meeting held on the 31st day of July, 1888, referred to the library com-

mittee for appropriate action, and at a special meeting of the board held on the 3rd day of August, upon motion of Mr. Robert E. Bunker, chairman of the library committee, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

“WHEREAS, Charles H. Hackley has supplemented his munificent gift of one hundred thousand dollars for the erection of a library building, and a permanent endowment of a library, with the further sum of twenty-five thousand dollars for the furnishing of the building and the immediate equipment thereof with new books ; and,

“WHEREAS, The sum so donated constitutes a gift without precedent in the history of philanthropic benefactions in this State, the magnitude and importance of which can only be appreciated with the lapse of years, a gift which secures to the people of the city of Muskegon a magnificent library at the outset, which reaches every home and every inmate therein, not alone of the present, but of ages to come, and which constitutes an imperishable monument to philanthropy and to the donor's generosity ;

“*Resolved*, By the board of education of the city of Muskegon, that the princely supplemental gift be and the same is hereby accepted in the terms and on the conditions incorporated in the donor's proposition of May 25, 1888, and that the thanks of this board and of the constituency by it represented, be and the same are hereby extended to the donor therefor.

“*Resolved, further*, That the cards displayed in the books of which the library shall be made up, shall con-

tain some suitable recital to commemorate the entire gift, to the end that the public, for whom the library is designed, shall have a constant reminder of their obligation for the generous gift."

On the 15th day of August, 1888, the two amended sketches called for by the board were taken under consideration. Both showed great study, beauty and originality of design and architectural adaptation, and, after full consideration, the board, by an unanimous vote, accepted the design of Messrs. Patton & Fisher, of Chicago.

The preparation of the specifications and working plans involved great expenditure of time and study, and it was not until early in the year 1889 that any of the work was ready for letting to contractors. The first contract was awarded on the 12th of February, 1889, to the Hallowell Granite Company for furnishing all the granite used in the building. And in March, contracts for the mason-work, carpentry, etc., were awarded to John Griffiths, and the firm of Grace, Griffiths & Hyde, of Chicago. Ground was broken on the site on or about the 1st day of April, 1889. The corner stone was laid on the 25th day of May, 1889—the first anniversary of the gift—which occasion was observed by appropriate exercises, the chief feature of which was a scholarly and masterly address by Prof. Andrew C. McLaughlin, of the University of Michigan. The work thenceforward proceeded uninterruptedly until the building was completed, and accepted on or about the 18th day of July of the present year.

The building itself testifies to the genius and study

of the architects, and speaks more in that regard than I am able to express.

From beginning to end the work has had the immediate, careful, thorough inspection and supervision of Mr. Louis Kanitz and his associates of the building committee, Messrs. Wilson and Hackley, and under them, of Mr. Timothy Cramer, superintendent of buildings.

The following contractors and sub-contractors are represented in the work, furniture and fittings: Henry Furst & Sons, John Griffiths, Grace, Griffiths & Hyde, The Low Art Tile Company, Winslow Bros. Company, Clark, Raffin & Co., The Almini Company, The Northwestern Terra Cotta Company, The Hallowell Granite Company, Healey & Millett, and Burke & Co., of Chicago; The Ketcham Furniture Company, of Toledo, Ohio; The Muskegon Hardware Co., John J. Howden, Kelly Bros. Manufacturing Company, William Schoenberger, Fred Engle, and The Muskegon Electric Light Company, of this city.

It is believed that in every respect the workmanship and material have been honestly and faithfully conformable to the plans and specifications. For the past twelve months, or nearly that, the work of furnishing the library and reading room with suitable literature has been going forward under the immediate charge of Mr. Robert E. Bunker, chairman of the library committee, and his associates, Messrs. David McLaughlin and Louis Kanitz, and under them, of Mrs. Sarah H. Miner, librarian, and her assistants.

To properly expend twenty thousand dollars in the selection and purchase of suitable literature is not an

easy task. It involves not merely the selection of good books, but a proper distribution amongst the many classifications of literature so that all may be proportionately and fairly represented, in accordance with the needs and demands of the community. The library committee were enabled to make a very fortunate arrangement in this regard with the great publishing and book house of Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, Illinois, by which lists were prepared and submitted by Mr. H. H. Cooke, the able manager of their library department, thus very much facilitating the work of the committee in selections to be made. None of you can adequately realize the work involved in the reception, examination, classification, and cataloguing of the twelve thousand volumes which have been acquired during the past year. It involves the examination, analysis, and digest of nearly every volume received, with the exception of the literature known as "fiction" and "juvenile," including, however, many of these. The work has been carried on in the most thorough, comprehensive and intelligent manner by Mrs. Miner and her assistants, Miss Julia S. Wood, Miss Jessie Beals, Miss Lulu Miller, Miss Maggie Clark, and Master Robert Livingstone, and latterly, Master Frank Trott. In addition to the reception, classification and cataloguing of the new volumes, the librarian and her assistants have also had imposed upon them the work of re-cataloguing and classifying the volumes of the old public school library, which have become part of the Hackley Public Library. It will take several months yet to complete this part of the work, but it is already so far advanced that many thousand vol-

umes after this day will be ready for public use. The reading room from now on will be supplied with all the prominent English and American periodicals in literature, science and art.

In compliance with the wishes of the founder, the building will be open to the public for use every day in the year, during reasonably appointed hours.

And now, in conclusion, fellow citizens of Muskegon, it may be said that it is in your power to do much to add to the value and utility of this great public benefaction. It will be an appropriate depository for rare books, prints, manuscripts, autographs, photographs, pamphlets, files of papers and magazines, preserving them for use and inspection years after they would otherwise be lost to use or destroyed.

Mr. Griswold T. Jones, one of our citizens, has set a most laudable example by tendering us an almost complete file of the New York *Daily Tribune*, commencing April 1, 1844, an invaluable historical record of the period covered.

May we not rely upon your hearty and efficient coöperation in making the collection worthy of the structure?

ADDRESS BY NORMAND S. PATTON, OF PATTON & FISHER,
ARCHITECTS, CHICAGO.

It is a somewhat threadbare criticism of the architectural profession, that however complete the specifications may seem, the owner must be prepared for the inevitable "extras." The committee on this building seem to think that "it is a poor rule that does not

work both ways," and after I supposed my last official visit had been paid they requested me to deliver this address. This is clearly an "extra," and I begin to realize that the "extras" appear more formidable than the original contract.

Most of you have seen the building. You have formed your own opinion as to its utility and beauty. Many favorable comments have been expressed ; those of an opposite nature will, out of kindness, be postponed until a future date. I will therefore not weary you by a minute description of what you can see for yourselves, but shall limit myself to a few suggestions explaining the architectural significance of the building.

And first let me define the position which an architect should occupy in regard to the design of such a building as we dedicate to-day. An artist, with a small outlay of money, may purchase canvas, paints and brushes and produce by his unaided efforts a masterpiece of art.

The architect may, in a similar manner, produce a design for an imaginary building, and then wait in vain for a client to build it. The picture will avail him little ; nothing but the completed structure will bring him fame or money. When the ambitious architect at last secures a client sagacious enough to appreciate his genius he discovers that the man who proposes to pay for the building has ideas of his own which he expects his architect to carry out. Sometimes there is a building committee, each of whom is a man of ideas, and the architect is expected to please them all. This is but natural and proper. The architect is often called upon to originate the plans as well

as the design, but his first duty is to develop and give form to the ideas of his clients. Thus it often happens that the thoughts of many minds are embodied in one building. It is the place of the architect to give unity and symmetry to these thoughts. As the ideas converge towards the architect, so they again diverge from him. One man only may appear to the public, but there are skillful helpers who contribute each his share to the complete result. Whatever compliments may be bestowed upon the designs of this building, I must share them with the partner who has given abundant evidence to the building committee of the important part he has borne in this work. And there are the draughtsmen, who have done their part faithfully and well. Nor does the division of honor stop here. The contractors and mechanics, many of them your own townsmen, take a just pride in the beauty of their work. Without their skill the best of plans would have been marred in the execution. Nor is the work of various artisans confined to mechanical execution. Under the suggestions and directions of the architects the beautiful decorations and the glories of the stained glass were designed and wrought by those whose skill is the result of years of practice. The carving that adorns the entrance, and which is represented on the programmes before us, was designed by an architect, but it would have had no value had it not been executed by an artist.

It will be a convenient division of our subject if we consider the building under the two aspects of utility and beauty, or the plan and the design. This building should be of more than ordinary interest, for we

are now in the midst of a period of library building, and this means not simply the erection of so many buildings a year; it is a time of development of new types of building. There is probably no more active professional association in the country than that of the librarians. They meet in convention each year and discuss every detail of library administration, and one regular topic of each convention is "Library Buildings." Indeed, I know of no other association of men, other than of architects, that regularly discusses the subject of architecture. Whatever the public may think of the libraries of a decade ago the librarians are practically unanimous in their condemnation. The objection is that the convenience of the public has been considered, but that of the librarian overlooked. Now the librarians, following the tendency of the age, have organized and demand their rights. They say, not without reason, "You come into the library to draw books and stay ten minutes once a week, but we spend here six days each week." It is little wonder that the president of the American Library Association should have said, "It is a pity that there should be such an antagonism between utility and beauty in architecture that we cannot have a handsome library building without sacrificing the comfort and convenience of those who occupy it most."

I need not argue to prove that there is no real antagonism between these two inseparable qualities of a good design. The perfect building must unite beauty and utility. If this building has been made beautiful at the expense of its utility, then it has so far failed of the highest excellence. If on the contrary we find

that the wants of every one have been met, so as that the librarian will think the building constructed for his special benefit, and at the same time the public will see that none of their rights have been curtailed, and that the design is a natural development of a convenient plan, we will have the only form of beauty that is lasting and satisfactory in architecture, a beauty that is the expression of the character of the building—that can be compared not to the handsome clothes and jewels with which a lady of fashion may adorn herself, but rather to that beauty of countenance which is the reflection of the soul within.

To see a library of the olden time one would think that it had been built for a museum, and that afterwards books had taken the place of minerals and stuffed birds. In a museum it is pleasant to wander in and out of alcoves, climb pretty corkscrew stairs to galleries and meet quaint surprises as we turn each corner; but suppose that each specimen were a book and had to be brought down to the desk one at a time, it would soon tax our patience and the librarian's breath.

The question for a library of moderate size has been settled that all the books must be on one level, and compactly arranged so as to be most easily reached from the delivery desk. The librarians have accomplished this by their united efforts, and architects and building committees alike have been converted; but some librarians, emboldened by their success in gaining recognition, have gone to the other extreme, and think that the books must be kept away from the public as much as possible. Said one able librarian to me: "If I had

my way I would have the book room shut off by a wall from the delivery room, and have doors between. The public has no business to see what is going on in the book room." I protested against this view, and said that in any library whose arrangement I could control, the books will be in sight of every one who enters. When you, citizens of Muskegon, enter the building erected for your benefit, a door from the vestibule will lead you directly into the central hall. Your eye will first meet the hospitable fireplace and the tables of catalogues. If the view stopped with the catalogues it would seem rather dry, but you will instinctively turn toward the end of the room. There you see row after row of shelves, each filled with volumes that seem ready to leap from their resting place if you will but put forth your hand and take them. Can such a sight fail to whet your appetite for a taste of their treasures? The arches between you and the books are widespread, as if to say, we are not to keep you from the books, but to let the books come to you. The counter is no barrier against you, but is rather the refreshment table upon which you are served with whatever viands you may order.

You advance a few steps and your eye is attracted by another scene. Did you ever pause of an evening opposite a home where the window shades have been left up, revealing the family seated around the library table, reading by the lamp-light? Did you ever view such a scene without wishing that you could be admitted to the circle? The glass that separates you from the group gives that sort of halo to the scene that often makes a picture seem more wonderful than

nature itself. Not unlike this will be your first glimpse of the reading room through the windows on the right.

Every building material is good in its place, but the best and noblest material is bad when out of place. On the stairway, where there is no need of a strong light, and where you do not care to look through the windows, you will find stained glass of the richest colors. To put such glass between the reading room and the central hall would be an impertinence. You would say to the glass: "Take your gaudy self away; you are less worthy than the view you hide." Therefore it is that you find the clear plate that gives you a glimpse of the books and magazines and the group of readers, and you yield to the impulse to join this home circle to which you know you are welcome. The reading room should be made to look homelike. Even in a public library there should be some place where the reader may have privacy. Whether the nook marked on the plans "ladies' alcove" will be reserved for ladies I do not know; but when a lady shall stray into the building some morning or afternoon, when the readers are few, she will be most likely to find her way to this corner.

As you leave the reading room you see directly opposite you the reference room, and enter. The mahogany finish seems to indicate that here are kept treasures too costly to be handled by the public. You are right as to the treasures, for there are ponderous encyclopædias and dictionaries; but see them on open shelves! Seat yourself, draw the volume from the shelf above and read. You help yourself as if you were at home, remembering only to treat the books as

well as you would your own. If any one should enter with other than good intention he will not be long in discovering that the same plate glass that gives him a view of the reading and reference rooms also gives the librarian the same opportunities, and this is not the result of accident, but rather a wise precaution to prevent "accidents."

But to pass over the large reading room in the second story and the various smaller apartments and come to the subject of *design*. If there is to be any meaning to the architectural forms in which the structure is moulded they should express something. Here modesty forbids that I should be too positive. I will describe what was the intention of the designers. You will judge whether their efforts have been successful.

First, the general form of the building expresses its character. You would not need the inscription over the entrance to tell you it is a library. If no other feature should give the clue, the high windows on the sides of the rear wing would hardly be adapted to any apartment except one for book storage. It is not always possible, or desirable, to make each external feature reveal its purpose to strangers; but those familiar with the plan should recognize in the design an adaptation of the external forms to the uses of the interior. Thus the corner tower contains the main stairway. The tower was not intended to shout "stairs" to every passing stranger, but to those who know the location and arrangement of the stairs the tower is an appropriate expression of their existence. The entrance to a public library should be prominent and inviting. The tower serves as a beacon to guide by day or night

to this entrance. In like manner the smaller tower indicates the private stairs and entrance. The style of architecture, which may with propriety be called "American Romanesque," is of interest as being preëminently the American style for important buildings. It would seem as if the Romanesque of the olden time had been arrested in its development, that after the lapse of eight centuries it might be taken up by the people of this great republic. When we speak of Romanesque we do not mean the dead style by that name, but the style of the present and the future. The true significance of the building we dedicate cannot be understood unless we consider it in its relation to the progress of the age. If this building has made any step in advance along the line of library development, then all who have labored in any way for its success have wrought a benefit not for Muskegon alone, but for the world.

The interior would be unmistakably a library, and not a museum, if there were no vestige of a book or bookcase in sight. Perhaps it is not as handsome as a museum, but the vista from the front to the great window behind the books, a hundred and eight feet in length, is certainly no mean sight.

The fireproof character of the building would hardly be evident in the interior were all the finish of wood and plaster. Therefore we have the marble floor, great stone fireplace, and stone columns in the central hall to give expression to the solidity the structure justly claims.

I have already suggested that the use of stained glass is purposely avoided in some of the windows of

the interior. There is none in the reading room. Where a good light is of the first importance, and in the large interior transoms, the glass is arranged in decorative forms, but without color, as that would detract from the wall decorations. At the sides of the book room the glass is purposely white, while the end windows, which alone are prominent from the standpoint of the public, and which are located where there is light to spare, are made rich with color.

Thus with all details of this or any building we should consider each in its relations to the demands of utility and as subordinated to the effect of the whole.

But this building expresses more than the bare fact that it is a library. It speaks in a language hardly less definite than that of words of the character of him to whom it owes its existence. When on my first trip to this city a fellow traveler remarked: "Muskegon is all right as long as the lumber lasts, but what will it be when that is gone?" As I walked your spacious streets I could not repress a certain feeling of sadness at the thought that in a few years the prosperity then apparent might decline—that perhaps before the library then proposed would be filled with books the readers would grow less in number. But those thoughts were soon dispersed when I learned that it was Mr. Hackley's special desire that the library should be of granite. Here was one man at least who had faith in the future of Muskegon, and this building stands as a monument to that faith. There is nothing accomplished in this world without faith. The men who have faith in God, in their fellow men, and in themselves, are those who move the world.

Citizens of Muskegon, you doubtless feel due gratitude for this magnificent gift, but do not forget that it conveys a compliment to you of the most unmistakable nature. A man is not apt to prepare a costly gift for a recipient who cannot or will not appreciate it. Princely gifts are reserved for those worthy to be princes, and to judge from this gift this must be a city of princes. Whatever service the architect may perform, if he be wise, and withal modest, his part will not disguise or obscure the personal expression of the man who calls the building into being. If it had been the desire of the donor to make a great display at small expense, you would have seen what glories could be made with galvanized iron and paint. But if you find the building to have an unpretentious worth and dignity—if you find that cheap shams and tricks have there no place, then know that “By their works ye shall know them ;” that the kind of building a man erects often speaks his character as plainly as his words.

I cannot close these remarks without a reference to the board of education and the building committee. Honored by the people as their chosen representatives, they were again honored by Mr. Hackley when he committed to them this trust. They have held the helm that has guided this enterprise to the end. They have shown a wisdom and a fairness that may well serve as a model to other committees.

I can pay the citizens of this city no higher compliment than to say that I judge of you by those I have met in the board of education.

And now in conclusion I have only one thing to say.

It is no secret that the cost of the library has far exceeded the original limit. This is a great and grievous fault, and is usually laid at the architects' door. I pray you do us no such wrong. Would you know who it was that changed the wooden floor to marble, the wooden stairs to marble and iron, who said when future enlargement was suggested, why not enlarge it now? who for every dollar asked gave two? Then know that it was he who first put his generosity and his faith on record when he directed to build with granite that will last for ages.

The following selection was beautifully sung by Mrs. H. A. DeShetley, a niece of Mr. Hackley.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by STEPHEN ADAMS.

It was the eve of Christmas, the snow lay deep and white,
I sat beside my window and look'd into the night:
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw the bright stars shine,
And childhood came again to me, with all its dreams divine.

* * *

Then, as I listen'd to the bells, and watch'd the skies afar,
Out of the East, majestic, there rose one radiant star;
And ev'ry other star grew pale, before the heav'nly glow,
It seem'd to bid me follow, and I could not choose but go.

* * *

From street to street it led me, by many a mansion fair,
It shone thro' dingy casements on many a garret bare;
From highway on to highway, thro' alleys dark and cold,
And where it shone the darkness was flooded all with gold.

* * *

Sad hearts forgot their sorrow, rough hearts grew soft and mild,
And weary little children turn'd in their sleep and smil'd;
While many a homeless wanderer uplifted patient eyes,
Seeming to see a home at last beyond those starry skies.

And then methought earth faded, I rose as borne on wings,
 Beyond the waste of ruined lives, the press of human things;
 Above the toil and shadow, above the want and woe,
 My old self and its darkness seem'd left on earth below.

* * *

And onward, upward, shone the star, until it seem'd to me,
 It flash'd upon the golden gate and o'er the crystal sea;
 And then the gates roll'd backward, I stood where Angels trod;
 It was the star, the star of Bethlehem had led me up to God,
 The star, the star, had led me up to God.

MISS HATTIE B. HAIGHT, Accompanist.

HON. THOS. W. PALMER'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Palmer introduced his speech by a brief, off-hand prelude full of happy references and appropriate observations. He doubted if any other invitation but one like this would have sufficed to call him at this time from a very busy life. But he could not decline this invitation. When he knew that a particularly good thing had been done, when a man in the active pursuit of making money had paused to draw from his working capital so vast a sum to be devoted to purposes other than money making: when he had set so illustrious an example, so contrary to the ordinary run of mankind, and so full of blessing for the people, he (the speaker) believed it was time for the farmer to leave his plow, the mechanic his workshop, the merchant his counter, the lawyer his brief, the lumberman his gang-saw and lumber piles, and all come up as one man to celebrate the occasion. This is the first bequest of its kind in Michigan, and it is the largest ever made by any citizen of Michigan, living or dead. It has been made by one who knows how to make money, and who, if he did as most men, would have wanted this money to keep on using it to make more.

For these reasons, Mr. Palmer said, if he had had to walk all the way here, at the rate of ten miles a day, he would have been here on time. He believed this was the beginning of a new era. It would set men of wealth to thinking about spending their money for such purposes while they were living.

Mr. Palmer expressed his delight with the architectural beauty of the building, and said that in all his travels he had never seen a more fitting and beautiful structure for its purpose than this one, and he had traveled a good deal. He thought he knew good architecture when he saw it, and he could not say enough in praise of the architectural beauty and richness of this building. With these remarks Mr. Palmer proceeded with his formal address, which is here given in full.

WHAT PER CENT.

When a proposition is made to a business man to induce him to invest his money, the first question to the exploiter and to himself is, What per cent. will it pay? The parable of the talents is nothing more than the application by the Great Teacher of mankind of an economic truth to spiritual things. The servant who buried his talent in a napkin was condemned because he had not applied it to proper uses, that it might have grown withal. In that parable is involved man's obligation to his Maker and his fellows.

All men are trustees—the poorest as well as the rich. We all hold in our hands means which may inure to the good or ill of mankind and ourselves. The rich have wealth, which, if rightly applied, encourages virtue, promotes reforms, rewards industry and

concentrates ten thousand hands at a given point, at a given time, for a given purpose, which otherwise might have slept undeveloped and unaccomplished. Gold can relieve suffering, allay anxiety, stimulate enterprise, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, nurse the sick, raise the despairing eye, smooth the wrinkled front, garnish the home with things of beauty, educate the ignorant, and make glad a thousand hearts. It can do all of these things; but how seldom is it done in any one benefaction!

The poor have their talents, for which they are equally as responsible as the rich. The good order of society, the security of government, the training of children, the selection of the right men for public trusts, the daily help, which, I am sorry to say, is more general among the poor than among the rich; all these, which they hold in common with the rich, they are accountable for.

The query which must assail every contemplative soul—as to the inequalities of human life—has never been satisfactorily answered. Why one man of merit, having every quality, apparently, which should command success, should meet with continual reverses and die poor, if not discouraged, and another should arrive at the goal of his hopes, every breeze wafting him to the desired haven; and still another may beat his way, against adverse winds and under stormy skies, triumphant to the gardens of the Hesperides, has never been told, and probably never will be.

The invisible forces are the potent ones, and we probably shall never have the data from which we may draw correct conclusions. It is enough to know that

such is the case, and will be as long as the right of private property is conceded. The most unpropitious beginnings have led to Fortune and to Fame from the time when Joseph passed from the pit to sit upon the steps of a throne and feed an Empire, down to Jack Whittington and his cat, and still farther, to Jay Gould and his mouse-trap.

In most cases, however, fortunes have been the result, not only of favorable conditions, but of certain qualities of the possessor, good judgment, fair dealing, steadfastness of purpose, economy—not stinginess, but that ability to adapt the means at hand to the end desired—imagination restrained by reason, the quality which enables one to see into the future and accurately judge of the relation of things, and an appreciation of values; but, with all these, the deflection of half a degree early in the process may render fruitless all the above-named aids, and end a career, often on the rocks of a financial lee shore.

Men, however, like generals, are judged by their victories or defeats; so that the unfortunate undertake no explanation of their reverses, and the successful, as a rule, admit of no factor in their success save their own personality. Successful men generally assume that the world is and has been their oyster, and with their own good swords they have opened it, forgetting—conceding all their merits—that an accident in direction might have rendered them the oyster, and others the fortunate ones. In acknowledging no responsibility and conceding no obligation, they are unlike the men of 2,000 years ago, who, returning laden with booty, their chariot wheels heavy with the chains of captives,

made sacrifices to Nemesis the first act of their home-coming.

Men starting out in life with an ambition to be rich, almost always want money as a *means*. Their object pursued too closely becomes an end, and soon, instead of being master and commander, they become sentry and slave to that which should be their servant.

No man that I recall has become immortal by the volume of his wealth, and if it has been transmitted intact through more than two generations, it has owed its safe keeping to a dynasty wherein the interests of outsiders held it together. I believe it will be found that the successful pursuit of wealth, with the intensity sometimes seen, unrelieved by giving—from generous impulse or sense of duty—projects the mind so far in one direction that mental balance is lost, and the succeeding generation shows physical or mental decadence, and perhaps both. I think this will be recognized as a physiological fact by scientists before long, and the careful observer will wonder at the number of coincidences of very rich fathers and weak-minded children. This does not apply where men, in their hot pursuit, stop at times to do a beneficent thing, or distribute blessings from their overloaded wains as they pass, or keep steadily in mind, like Stephen Girard, the aim he had in view, of founding an institution which would confer blessings on a commonwealth. And yet I believe it would have been better for mankind, and better for Girard himself, if, in that hard, relentless life, he had stopped to create smiles, had lifted burdens from the weary, inspired hopes, and given away one-half of the six millions which he left, thus receiving

the reflected sunshine he could have dispensed. To him the six millions brought nothing—but a tomb, prouder in architecture and more beneficent in purpose than the Taj Mahal, or that of Cecilia Metella—but it is left the world to wonder—as in their cases—whether it was a monument of his philanthropy or his pride. George Peabody did well, but how much better for him if, earlier in life, he had enjoyed the pleasure of giving, instead of at threescore and ten, distributing his nine millions. Johns Hopkins did well, but he held the purse until death released his grasp.

I would not say one word in derogation of these benefactors of the race. I only regret that they, individually, could not have experienced the pleasure of giving, and not have made death their almoners.

It seems to me that a man who waits for death to prompt him to give is very much like a strong man on a heavy road, who desires to benefit his fellows laboring through the sloughs, by putting up a big house of entertainment for them at the end of the road, which he or they may never reach, when he might have helped many a poor fellow sure to fall by the way unless aided.

Ptolemy Philadelphus left three hundred millions; no one knows what became of it, or cares; but the library he founded and the scientific experiments he made, which were one of the factors in inspiring Columbus to seek a western pathway to the Indies, have made his name immortal.

Haroun Al Raschid left four hundred million dinars; no one knows or cares what became of the money, but his name is associated with the Arabian Nights, which

have fed the mental cravings of childhood and gilded the last hours of expiring age by their creations. Although he was a brute, those stories have cast an atmosphere around him that have made him appear a kind and beneficent ruler.

Not one of the Roman proconsuls who plundered provinces and brought home to the Eternal City the spoils of kingdoms, has left a name, save Verres, who owes his rescue from oblivion to his prosecution by Cicero for extortion.

The Medici, who laid the foundation of their fortunes in Florence by dealing in wool, owe their fame to their patronage of art and letters.

In Athens a rich man was of no account unless he utilized a portion of his wealth for the public good.

Now, I do not wish to convey the impression that I deprecate money making—money making is as pleasant to me as to any other, but I think the most of us forget the uses to which money should be applied, save the one of making more money.

The intelligent use of money is the part of a child's education most neglected. Some are permitted to be lavish, others are taught to save without reference to anything to be accomplished, and others have to pick up their education in the school of necessity. A child should be taught that so many pennies mean so many hours of the work of a strong man; so many dollars, so many days. Money should be rendered into barrels of flour and works of art, miles of fencing, and the comforts of home, and thus the relative values of these things impressed. These lessons, when brain and heart are in the plastic state, make lasting impres-

sions, and money when gotten will be interpreted accordingly, and stand for, not a big bank account, or the old-fashioned horde—a heap of gold to gloat over—but, rather, for uses to make happy his fellows.

Now, the question comes, how may mankind best be benefited by the expenditure of money? There are instances of suffering which come to all of us and appeals for help to which most of us feel bound to respond—and we are happier thereby. Unintelligent aid, however, does but little good—it pays a very small per cent.—just the same as money thrown into a business which has not been investigated and which receives no care.

Hospitals endowed do good work, although I believe that the present time should take care of its present ills, and that money given for public use by private individuals, save what common humanity demands, should, to have its fullest fruition—in other words, to pay the biggest per cent. in its highest sense—be given to education, to elevating the ideals of men, women, and children, and then giving them aid, or showing them the way to draw near to those ideals. This is civilization.

The unrest, the struggle for a new environment, the protest against present surroundings, the effort for readjustment of conditions, is nothing but the impulse of the soul that labors and lives, and the changes born of it are the ever-varying processes which, when on the upward trend, lead to what we call civilization, and when downward, to barbarism.

How can this best result be accomplished? In my opinion the world has not as yet discovered any means

equal to libraries open to all. Picture galleries certainly contribute to that end, and are a valuable auxiliary, but they do not and never will reach all conditions of our people as libraries will, where all may enter, and whose external lines all are compelled to see.

When, as in this case, the library is the generous act of one man, who has made his money in their midst, it serves a treble purpose. It speaks to the people of struggles, trials and anxieties common to all, and then of sympathy—that God-given gift that makes the world akin. It brings the millionaire and the poor close together, although they may never clasp hands or speak to each other. The fact that this building and these books are for them and their children, and that it was given by one who has struggled as they are struggling, brings a ray of sunshine into every household. Secondly, the sight of its books stimulates curiosity—the mother of progress—and creates a desire for knowledge. It helps the imagination to paint fair pictures of the future. Thirdly, it shows the way to their attainment and realization.

We are all painting pictures on the canvas of the future. With books to inform and stimulate, we have the whole universe for a background. Books to the young are a means of development; to the old they bring consolation and repose. In that exquisite story of Paul and Virginia the old man says: "Literature, my dear son, is the gift of Heaven, a ray of that wisdom by which the universe is governed, and which man, inspired by a celestial intelligence, has drawn down to earth. Like the rays of the sun, it enlightens

us, it rejoices us, it warms us with a heavenly flame, and seems, in some sort, like the element of fire, to bend all nature to our use. By its means we are enabled to bring around us all things, all places, all men, and all times. It assists us to regulate our manners and our life. By its aid, too, our passions are calmed, vice is suppressed and virtue encouraged, by the memorable examples of great and good men which it has handed down to us, and whose time-honored images it ever brings before our eyes. Literature is a daughter of Heaven, who has descended upon earth to soften and to charm away all the evils of the human race."

In another town where a library had been donated, a friend said to me: "That library has fallen dead; few persons ever go there, and few books are drawn out." I replied: "My friend, that building is an educator if no one ever goes in. It sets people to thinking, and the dullest mind is stirred to wonder why so much money is put into books—what purpose is to be subserved." That very thought may be the birth of a new life. Should he enter, he sees rows of books on the shelves; he wonders what they contain which is so powerful to rivet the attention of men, and further, that buildings should be built for their lodgment. He commences to read; he may be interested and he may not. If yes, a new world is open to him—the wealth of recorded time, the triumphs of heroic virtue, the achievement of earnest effort, the unselfish sacrifices of martyrs to the truth, the accomplishment of beneficent ends through patience and long-suffering. His being is quickened and he feels a new life within him.

It may not affect one in twenty in this way, directly, for all men cannot get mental food at first hands; but enough will be affected thus in every community. Through those who read, as through a prism, will the light be transmitted, in rays of different colors, so that each member of the community will receive a modicum of light.

Education has been defined as "the development of the faculties or germs of powers in man, and the training them into harmonious action in obedience to the laws of reason and morality." It is also the means by which every rising generation is put in possession of all the attainments of preceding generations, and becomes capable of improving and increasing this inheritance.

There are many agencies essential for the accomplishment of the first, but, in the absence of traditions and monuments, books are the only agency capable of supplying the last; and even with traditions and monuments, books are absolutely necessary.

Histories of men and of science are the stepping-stones on which we advance. The imagination, controlled and inspired by those factors, furnishes the beacon light toward which humanity steers, whether the wind over the quarter fills the bellying sails, whether it beats up against the storm or buffets the billows.

The efforts of the race are to that end, although individuals may seem to work on diverse courses. The sailors meet at the masthead, although they leave the deck at different points. The mission of books is not only to show the way, but also to give correct maps to the mariner—man. As I have seen many pilots, after

getting their bearings, steer the ship by taking landmarks astern, so is humanity pushing forward on a boundless and unknown sea, kept on the course by the pilot watching the peaks and landmarks behind.

As to what people should read, I believe no one but the individual can decide. It would be as difficult to give general directions as it would be to prescribe a line of diet for all men under the sun. The man at the equator must have a different regimen from that of the Esquimaux, and a man on the desert a different one from a man in the forest.

To the young, it seems to me that biography is most instructive, because events are utilized and made impressive by being grouped around a man or a woman like themselves. Their sympathies become involved; they march with Xenophon and his ten thousand through a hostile and unknown country to a happy deliverance; they ride with Sheridan down the valley of the Shenandoah, or meet him when he arrives to turn disaster into victory. Around Moses as a central figure they weave the bondage of the Israelites, the court of the Pharaohs, the spoiling of the Egyptians, and the drowning of the hosts in the Red Sea; with Washington and Nathan Hale they associate the martyrdoms and the triumphs of the revolution; with Peter the Great building ships at Saardam, they connect the rising greatness of Russia; with Ericsson the monitor appears, revolutionizing the naval warfare of the world. They couple the downfall of the Roman republic with Cæsar crossing the Rubicon; and Lincoln, the immortal, with the great civil war and the emancipation of four million men and women.

Biography is to me the framework of history and the life of literature. Interlaced among these pillars, the first to catch the rays of the rising sun, musical as Memnon to the youthful ear, the less dramatic and sympathetic parts of history became the warp and woof of a fabric which has life, interest, and proper relations.

The one fault to be found with biography is, that in the great majority of cases, the lives are written by friends and admirers; that being the case, characters are stilted and unnatural, and the young feel that such characters are beyond their emulation. They must remember, however, that the stock subjects of biography are on parade, and that, until late years, it was considered due to posterity, and to their heroes, that faults should be suppressed and blemishes concealed. Although I regard that fact as unfortunate, no one can blame the writers for a weakness we find in everyday life—the concealing or condoning of the faults of friends. It is creditable to human nature that hate and bitterness are not transmitted, and seldom appear in literature.

To me the biographical in poetry has a great charm, and has given me landmarks which have been of great assistance, because of their metrical charm and heroic attitudes. The last battle of the Tarquins for the throne they had lost, when Titus, the best of the race, was killed, was early and eternally imprinted on my memory by the fight of Mamilius of Tuscany and Herminius of Rome, on the horses black and gray. The two horses seemed to me to represent the crowning act of the day—Both riders killed, the horses became the heroes.

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
 The dark gray charger fled ;
 He burst thro' ranks of fighting men,
 He leaped o'er heaps of dead.

His bridle far out streaming,
 His flanks all blood and foam,
 He sought the Southern Mountains,
 The Mountains of his home.

The pass was steep and rugged,
 The wolves they howled and whined ;
 But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass
 And left the wolves behind.

Through many a startled hamlet
 Thundered his flying feet ;
 He rushed thro' the gate of Tusculum,
 He rushed up the long white street.

He rushed by town and temple,
 And paused not from his race,
 Till he stood before his master's door
 In the stately market place.

And straightway round him gathered
 A pale and trembling crowd,
 And when they knew him, cries of rage
 Brake forth and wailing loud ;

And women rent their tresses
 For their great prince's fall ;
 And old men girt on their old swords
 And went to man the wall.

But like a graven image
 Black Auster kept his place,
 And ever wistfully he looked
 Into his master's face.

The raven mane that daily,
 With pats and fond caresses,
 The young Herminia washed and combed
 And twined in even tresses,

And decked with colored ribbons
 From her own gay attire,
 Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
 In carnage and in mire.

Works of fiction which were once ruled out of houses, fearful of their effect upon children, have great and lasting uses. No one can read Dickens or Thackeray without being better for it. The curriculum of colleges is generally considered impractical in character, and calculated chiefly for mental exercise. I do not see why the *emotions* should not have their exercise. The fact is that education hitherto has conduced to suppress the emotions and not to regulate them. I believe it is just as essential to exercise them as the mind.

It is from the emotions that we get our happiness, and, when properly regulated, the motive power to impel us forcefully forward. Hitherto, in most of our colleges, the course of study has been the same for all aptitudes, all tastes and all inclinations. Children have been made up, educationally, six to the pound, and the result has been short weight, poor wicks, and imperfect light in many cases.

I am not myself prepared to say how the system shall be remedied, but I believe in the matter of reading each one can select the pabulum best suited to his or her needs. Advice should be given and then taste should be permitted to determine the mental diet, subject alone to the censorship of good morals. Dieteticians say that food which is not relished does but little good—that the osmazone is essential to nutrition. I believe it is so with mental food. There is no use in taking literary food which is not agreeable. It may be said that if this discretion is allowed the young will only read trash. As to that I would say that if they do not grow out of it, then trash, so-

called, as long as its tendency is not immoral, is the best that they can assimilate.

It does not follow that individuals who prefer light reading may not develop by other methods and become good and useful members of society any more than that judgment would apply to persons who do not read at all. Many good and great examples have been given to history of men who did not read at all, or very seldom. It merely shows that the storehouses of the past are not to their taste—that they would rather deal with live issues and active surroundings. I have sometimes thought that compulsory education should go no further than reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. That gives every child the means whereby the education best suited for it can be obtained.

I believe the State should maintain a great university, like ours, where those who hunger and thirst after knowledge can find an opportunity to satisfy their craving. Without this craving, this hunger, knowledge is of but little use. Knowledge is but a mass of undigested food; wisdom is knowledge in grain or worked into the fibre by mental assimilation. Bacon said, “Knowledge is power.” It is in some cases; wisdom is power in all. Proverbs hath it, “My son, with all thy gettings, get understanding,” and this should be the aim of education—not to make men’s heads storehouses, but workshops—to give them understanding to know approximately their relative position among men and things, to teach them where they can best apply their faculties, for their own happiness and that of their fellows. If every man, woman and child

could only find the place the Great All-wise intended them for, there would be no more discord, no more friction. That will be the quest of the race for many generations; whether it will ever be attained is doubtful. We may no sooner come near that point than new agencies will appear which will require another cycle of aspiration and effort; still we shall ascend and life will be happier and more restful on each succeeding plane. It is the effort and the pursuit which make life worth living.

How to read is as difficult to advise as what to read. Some are voracious readers; some, like Dr. Johnson, read with their fingers' ends, skimming, swallow-like, over page after page, having the bird-like faculty of picking up their food upon the wing; some, like the ruminating animals, take only mouthfuls at long intervals, and then, in quiet, masticate, digest and assimilate. I have seen oxen in a field of verdure take a mouthful, sleepily survey the landscape, and then, espying a tuft some distance away which appealed to the eye, walk to it and secure it, never in a hurry, and never apparently eating much, and yet they were the fattest oxen in the herd. They had the instinct of selecting the food best suited to their taste, and to them the most nutritious. They did not worry; they made no mistakes in selection.

I have often observed men who read as these oxen fed—getting what was conducive to their growth, and yet apparently reading very little.

Then, too, I have seen men who read as a hungry horse eats his oats—plunging his nose into the grain, taking in mouthful after mouthful and swallowing them

before they were properly masticated. It always seemed to me as though neither horse nor man got the full value of what he was taking in. This matter of reading much or little, slow or fast, is for each one to determine for himself, or rather, I might say, it is a matter of constitution. It is deeper than rules or regulations. It is in the nature of the individual.

There are some who read continuously, never stopping to analyze or compare ideas advocated with their own. This kind of reading always seemed to me like intellectual gormandizing, which must lead to mental plethora. An hour a day, from good authors, I believe better than ten, unless one is engaged in special work. I believe the hour is better for mental growth than the ten, which may lead to mental distension, but not to muscle. I have heard men laugh at the uncut leaves of a book which had been ten years in a private library. The laugh was uncalled for. A thousand books, the entire contents of a library, with leaves all uncut, create an atmosphere which refines and elevates. Children should be taught that books are a necessary adjunct, and a small case of them should come before the carpet in every house.

They are silent agencies, but more powerful than an army with banners. The very labels on their backs are teachers whose influence will be felt when those children shall have come into the sere and yellow leaf.

When libraries originated no one can tell. The first writings were monumental, and as the name hieroglyphics implies, originated with and were under the control of the priests. The library of Sardanap-

alus, at Nineveh, comprised ten thousand distinct works and documents on tables of clay burned to hardness like brick. Sardanapalus is about being sent by scholars to join William Tell and Roland of Roncesvaller in the land of myths, but the library on tablets remains. Some of the cuneiform characters are so small as to require a magnifying glass to decipher them. The names of the writers and their contemporaries, the history of their peoples, owe their rescue from oblivion to these silent witnesses unearthed from the debris of centuries and now within the walls of the British Museum.

The great libraries of Alexandria, the Bruschium and Serapion, were destroyed by accidental fire, and probably by the fanaticism of the monks, although it has been reported for centuries that the Caliph Omar destroyed them when he took the city. It would appear that literature and art received greater damage at the hands of the early Christians than from the Saracen or Barbarian—a damage they in part repaired by preserving the classics in their monasteries through the dark ages and assisting in the revival of learning.

As strange as it may appear, the followers of Mahomed were always great patrons of literature, and Bagdad, Damascus and Cordova were the seats of polite learning when Christian Europe was in the densest ignorance. The only hope of scholars for the recovery of the lost books of Livy, and possibly other classics, lies in the libraries of Fez, Morocco, and other Mohamedan cities, for all works of ancient learning were translated into Arabic when the Moors

were in the ascendant. They were distributed along the north coast of Africa, and were undoubtedly augmented by additions from Spain on the expulsion of the Moors. Cordova, at the time of the Moorish occupation, contained forty-five colleges, and students flocked to it from all parts of the then known world. There is now in Spain an immense amount of material, connected with the early history of America and of the Moorish wars, which is unclassified. As the government is now completing, in Madrid, a very large, imposing and elegant building for the National Library, it is hoped that these books and manuscripts will be arranged, catalogued and shelved for reference.

France has, it is said, in her National Library over 2,000,000 books, and in the British Museum there are 1,600,000 volumes. The library of congress has 396,000 volumes and 130,000 pamphlets. The latter library is increasing very rapidly by purchase, by exchange, and by the provision of law that every American publisher of a copyrighted book shall contribute two copies for its use. Our government is now constructing a library building which will contain 2,000,000 volumes.

The refinement of peoples may be measured by the interest they display and the care they exercise in the accumulation and custody of books.

An incident showing the humanizing effect of books occurred during the first French Revolution. M. Bartolome, an assistant librarian under the Duc de Choiseul, and a highly educated man, had written a work called the "Travels of Anarcharsis," a Scythian, who jour-

neyed through Greece 2,000 years ago. The travels were supposititious. Bartolome, having all the classics at command, created Anarcharsis and visited in fancy all the famous places, and talked with all the famous men of the golden age of Greece or with friends who knew and described their characters and traits. He fortified all he said by citations from works of undoubted authority. It reads like a veritable book of travels, and its tendencies, like all good books, are humane. Bartolome was at his post, the client and protege of the Duc, when the revolution broke out. The Duc fled from France to save his life. Instead of beheading Bartolome, however, during the reign of terror, when any one suspected of attachment to a ducal house was hurried to the guillotine, a committee of those sanguinary men in charge of his section waited upon him, complimented his erudition, eulogized the high humanity allied to so much learning, and begged his acceptance of the high office of National Librarian, which he held for many years thereafter.

It seems to me an evidence of man's immortal destiny, and to establish the distinction between and the preëminence of spiritual over material things, that men will labor for a lifetime, suffer contumely, neglect and penury, being fed and sustained by a hope that mankind will read and cherish some idea which they have developed, some figment of the brain which they have outlined, some prophecy they have penned. Unlike the man who works for and hoards his wealth, and who tries to surround it with every safeguard, the man who makes lasting literature only asks that men will read without price what has cost him so

much labor, and possibly what has given him in turn so much anguish and delight. When superadded to this, men who have, through toil, worry and anxiety, made money, who have capacity with that money to make more money, cheerfully and largely give, from generous hearts or from sense of duty, that their fellows—their kind to untold generations—shall enjoy more, live better, have a wider horizon and higher hope for this world and the next, we have two object lessons to enlighten and bless mankind—the store of mental food to educate the mind and the act of a generous soul to educate the emotions.

The act of giving wealth is just as educational as the tomes which that wealth may purchase.

The story of a boy, denied the resources which in after years he was able to tender to others, coming to manhood through adverse surroundings, unconscious himself, possibly, that the germ of a great benefaction lay dormant in his soul, the working of his way, friendless, to a town where the surroundings then were not propitious to the development of that germ—how the growth of his fortune did not suppress, crib or confine its exfoliation, how it grew and expanded in summer's heat and winter's cold like the sighing pines under which its bearer had slept and whose whispering he had heard—how, finally, the ripe fruit of a great purpose fell unheralded and unexpected into the laps of 25,000 men, women and children—the story of that life, my friends, will educate more than many books. It will inspire the souls of boys and girls, and, that done, the means for their education is at hand. It will stir and warm the blood of

the old, and give a brighter tint to the sunset of their lives.

I said 25,000 men, women and children. Ah! more than that—more than that five-hundred-fold! Generation after generation will drink at this fountain and be filled. A library is like a fixed star, which even if destroyed to-night would send its light down to brighten the world, charm the eye and give the mariner his bearing for a thousand years to come.

We might envy the man who had done this thing, were not admiration a far sweeter sentiment. He stands, modest and without ostentation, in our midst at that point of time which we call the present, while shadowy hands from the past wave their thanks that he has given them a perpetual audience, and adown the future generations are coming to keep his memory green.

Many to-day may ask what was the motive of the gift. There can be but two motives—one the desire of doing good, the other the desire for increased regard and affection among his fellows. Both are equally laudable. The man or woman who does good to mankind is entitled to affection and respect, and the world, sooner or later, gives it ungrudgingly and unstinted. The venture will be profitable, and the returns from this investment, though the donor may not ask it, will be large. Neither the capital nor the profits will come in the coin of the realm. It will be something far more precious, and of which he cannot be robbed.

The merchant who sends his ships with gold and silver to the Orient does not receive gold and silver in

return, but an exchange of far more value. The ships bring back the silks, the cashmeres, the spices of Cathay. So will it be with him who sends out such an argosy as this. It will not return in material wealth, but it will in "jewels richer than all his tribe"—regard, affection, and the consciousness of not having lived in vain.

The services closed with "Hackley March," by Prof. Koelbel, and benediction by Rev. S. M. Cramblet.

Letters of regret received and read from the President and Vice-President of the United States, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of Agriculture, Judges J. W. Champlin, A. B. Morse, C. B. Grant and J. W. McGrath; Charles Merriam, Boston, Mass.; Rev. L. R. Fiske, Albion, Mich.; Hon. W. O. Hughart, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Hon. B. M. Cutcheon, Manistee, Mich.; Hon. H. C. Potter, Saginaw, Mich.; Hon. C. A. Kent, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. J. Potter, Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. David Swing, Chicago; Hon. O. S. Spalding, Washington, D. C.; Hon. Wm. L. Webber, East Saginaw; Hon. Hugh McMillan, Detroit, Mich.; Hon. I. M. Weston, Grand Rapids, Mich., and many others.

HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY.

EXERCISES AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ON the afternoon of Saturday, the 25th day of May, 1889, the first anniversary of the founding of the Hackley Public Library, the corner stone of the structure was laid.

The exercises were in the immediate charge of the Board of Education, and were participated in by the officials of the city and county, the teachers and pupils of the public schools, the members of Phil Kearney Post, No. 7, G. A. R., and citizens generally.

They were opened by prayer by the Rev. J. N. Rippey, followed by an anthem by the High School choir. The address which follows was delivered by Prof. Andrew C. McLaughlin, of the University of Michigan, himself a graduate of the Muskegon High School and of the University, and formerly principal of the High School. Prof. McLaughlin is also the youngest son of Hon. David McLaughlin, of Muskegon, who for upwards of a quarter of a century was a member of the Board of Education.

The address was followed by a song and chorus by the pupils of the seventh and eighth grades. The exercises concluded with the placing of the corner stone by the President of the Board of Education.

ADDRESS BY PROF. ANDREW C. MCLAUGHLIN.

It is a well worn saying of Talleyrand's that words were invented to conceal ideas. And every one must think that on this occasion there will spring involuntarily, into the mind of each one of us, ideas, so many, so clearly defined, so instructive, that any words of mine will serve only to conceal my ideas from you, or to obscure your own from your inner vision. And yet if words can express ideas, on no occasion would one rather call them to his aid than on such a one, when he is asked to give utterance for himself and for others to some of those thoughts that inevitably will come to him. Words of thanks to the benefactor I need scarcely repeat; they will but conceal the gratitude and the satisfaction that this very assembly makes known more clearly. Words of congratulation seem but to repeat an idea that loses force and grace by repetition. Words of warning and admonition it would be unbecoming to speak when all recognize that the future is planned by those who have done so much for education and culture within our city, by men whose names are but synonymous with careful management of our highest interests. Words of auspicious prophecy would but conceal the idea of the beneficent influence of free books, whose coming is more surely augured by the stone and mortar below us, than by flight of singing birds or the twisted incantation of Delphic priestess.

May I not more fittingly call your attention to past and present in the development of our country on lines of thought that this occasion naturally suggests? The

ordinance of 1787, for the organization and government of the Northwest Territory, has among its immortal clauses this sentence :

“Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged.” Who was the author of this ordinance may be still greatly a mooted question. North and South have vied for the honor of its authorship. But whoever it may have been, he was one who accepted the teachings of our early history and was anxious to establish those teachings as the foundation of commonwealths to come.

From the revival of learning, when the mists of the dark ages were rolled aside at the awakening of knowledge, republicanism and intellectual vigor have gone hand in hand. The advocates of the New Learning were the opposers of absolutism. Scholarship in the person of Milton guided the footsteps of opposition to Stuart Tyranny, and pleaded for unlicensed printing and freedom of expression. It was not alone Cromwell, the man of iron if not of blood, or the Ironsides of Lincolnshire, who battled for freedom, but Vane, the political philosopher, pointed to heights of popular sovereignty not yet attained and showed vistas of popular control not yet reached. It is a task calling for truthless invention rather than historical research to prove that the book-learned have at all times been leaders in the progress of liberty, or that their voices have at all times called for the recognition of the people's privileges. But it requires no invention and very little research to see that popular education, popular

enlightenment, popular breadth of view and firmness of grasp have in the past been the prerequisites for lasting constitutionalism or progressive liberty. England is the creator of the tenets and doctrines of modern constitutional government. Her constitution slowly developing has formed the model, more or less slavishly and consciously copied, for every constitutional state in the world. And even where the night of absolutism still shrouds a stagnant and oppressed people, there is occasionally seen the faint glimmering from the borrowed lamp of Anglican constitutionalism. A view of English history will teach that premature liberty, premature popular control, is unhealthy liberty, is unhealthy popular control. The spirit of liberty is not a jealous one. She takes advantage of every opportunity; she transforms a seeming calamity into a permanent advantage; she stands in readiness to encourage the faint-hearted, to strengthen the weary, to place a martyr's crown on an Eliot or a Hampden who has fallen by the way. But she gives her votaries one inflexible commandment. The recipients of her bounties must be consecrated to receive them, prepared for an intelligent conception of the rights and duties to be assumed. If this commandment be not observed, liberty can find no abiding place, her favor is withdrawn, and the last stage of that people will be worse than the first. I say that the whole course of English History will prove the truth of this statement. When the people have not been enlightened, vigilant, thoughtful, liberty has bestowed her gifts in vain. The laws of Alfred and Edward the Confessor are followed by the absolutism of William the Conqueror and William the Red. The

constitutionalism of the Lancastrians is followed by the oppressive and repressive surveillance of Edward IV and Henry VII. It is because these lessons are old and oft repeated that we forget their ever forceful presence. Absolution cannot exist where education has freed the mind of man from the mists of superstition which would see in a crowned king a descendant of Woden, or deify an Octavianus into a divine Augustus. But an affirmative capacity is as necessary as this negative enlightenment; and this can come alone from thought in self government, practice in self government, an appreciation of the dignity of freedom.

I have said that English liberty is the liberty that has guided the world. But the foundation of the Republic of the United States put the capping stone on the growth of English liberty. Representative government given full expression in our political system is the ideal of freedom. Our country's mission is a definite and a necessary one in the growth of the consciousness of freedom till there is a complete freedom in a harmony with the divine will. It remains for me and for you to determine what impetus we will add to obtain this desirable consummation. Popular enlightenment, I repeat, is necessary for actual popular sovereignty. Every aid to popular enlightenment, every help to popular appreciation of the needs of government, of the state, is an aid to the realization of complete and ideal freedom.

Between 1620 and 1640 some 21,000 emigrants from England settled on the eastern coast of America. These men were the founders of New England. The fact that New England has influenced our politics and moulded our history is too palpable for statement. Union, self

government, constitutional liberty, local education, are the bequests of Puritan New England to our country. Were these men ignorant and superstitious who laid the foundation of free states so broad and so deep? Can you so much as imagine the noble political inheritance of New England descending from ignorance, vice, atheism, recklessness and thoughtlessness? They were men of thought as well as men of action, graduates of the English universities, students of law, of medicine, and of metaphysics, practiced in political controversy, skilled in the arts of peace; "they revered the symbols and instruments of learning." Hardly had the streets of a village been cleared or the commonest comforts of civilization secured, when preparations were made for the founding of an university. Means were provided for the education of all. They deplored that learning should be "buried in the graves of their fathers." On such a foundation grew up political equality. The town meeting of Boston was a reasonable result. When education was common, the right to rule became common. Those who recognized intelligence and learning as the emblems in the coat of arms of a real nobility might well hope that self-government would be a reality, and liberty a present good. Not in the forests of Germany, nor in the mountains of Switzerland, have democratic ideas more completely prevailed than in these town meetings of New England. The sturdy citizen studied the science of politics and practiced the art of statesmanship. He did not simply vote for bridge or school house, or accept some humble office. He interested himself in abstract questions of law and politics—theory and practice were happily commingled. But

these wise builders, who were laying slowly and securely the foundation stones of American independence and of American democracy, never forgot that the school house, the library, the debating society, were necessary elements in the evolution of the popular state. These founders of our commonwealth were thinkers—energetic thinkers. He was first among those whose reasoning was most logical, whose thought had the broadest basis, the most penetrating power and influence. Learning, I have said, was the true title to nobility. But so general was education that class distinctions were impossible, and a democracy, a fellow feeling, a common rule, a common interest in the affairs of state characterized these settlements in the rocky, stumpy wilderness of New England. On such a basis were New England institutions reared. Is it not our duty to ponder these things well? To worship an old civilization, or an old custom, simply because it is old, is to make a god of senility and a demi-god of decay. But every advancing year has added force and vigor, youth and vitality to the truth that common education is the rock foundation of free political institutions.

Turn your attention for a moment to another portion of our country. The first settlers in the southern States were, with few exceptions, of what rank and character? Were they men filled with a noble idea, imbued with a definite and inspiring purpose, hardened to endure bodily suffering from nature and from man, in the forests of America, by spiritual hope and satisfaction? They were broken down tradesmen, ruined gallants, exiled convicts, gold hunters, adventurers, the lawless and the lazy. Happily for our country, later

immigrants had other characteristics. The later settlers in Virginia came from the middle class of English land owners, from those in whose veins flowed the blood of the English nobility. The course of English history proves no fact more clearly than the capacity of the English nobleman for government. Virginia's history shows the same capacity in the men of this descent who became the great land owners and slaveholders in the fair Mother of States, quickly spreading their vast and hospitable plantations from her blue and beautiful mountains to the sunlit sea around her.

Few in Virginia, or in the other southern States, were qualified to rule. The few ruled. An aristocracy was established as complete, and nearly as definite, as if the title of landgrave and cacique, duke and earl were in constant use among them. An oligarchy, not a democracy, was the natural result of Virginia's settlement and development. The slave was there, the background of the picture, not always abject, not always beaten and distressed, but degraded and dehumanized. But even with slavery as a formative element, the history of the South might have been different had there been a basis of equality among the whites. We hesitate, in this centennial year, to lament at all over the past conditions of a State that gave us Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Monroe, and Henry, and Mason, and Marshall, and Richard Henry Lee. But true democratic institutions found an uncongenial soil in Virginia. Common education was unknown. The rich planter, in early days, could send his son to Europe; the poor white saw no gleam of learning's light. Forty years after the

founding of Harvard College, Governor Berkeley, of Virginia, thanked God there were no free schools in Virginia, or likely to be for a hundred years to come. And, down to our revolution, the education of the common people, in the colonies south of Virginia, was even more neglected; in South Carolina not a free school existed, not a college. The rich were educated in Europe, and returned to live dissipated and unsympathetic lives on the products raised by their degraded serfs.

I have said that the town meeting was a possibility where there was a common education. No town meeting, no local democracy, no development among the people of the highest concepts of government and of the spirit of the laws were possible in the South. The township system and the town meeting were impossible. The farther south one goes, even at the present time, the larger becomes the unit of government. The county takes the place of the township; local pride is enveloped in state pride. But the district school is making its way into the southern States. Its influence is felt at once. It is becoming a center for local self-government, a centralizer of local influence, and a developer of local intelligence. Of local vanities and piques our country has enough. Of local selfishness and greed, of local assertiveness and prejudice, of narrowed perception and dwindling sympathy no patriot would pray for more. But local pride, local generous emulation clustering around local schools and libraries, at whose fountains young and old drink in broader conceptions, wider sympathies, less restricted thought-intercourse and nobler ideas, of such local influences

we have all too few. And so we see the dawn of a new morning in the introduction of the district school as a center for local pride and progress in the States of the South, still blighted as they are by the history of the past, by oligarchy, by slavery, by popular ignorance.

Turn to the wooded fields of Canada, and see another example of the truth I am repeating. At the very beginnings of American history, Canada received in her cold embrace the explorer and the trader. The French with gracious ease seemed to insinuate themselves into the country, and permanent settlements were quickly made along the yawning banks of the St. Lawrence. A new France was established in America at the very time when the hard and cunning hand of Richelieu was crushing from Old France all the vapors and juices of popular sentiment. Louis XIV could say with truth that he was the state; and the state-absorbing monarchy stretched itself over the forests and lakes of France in the New World. A feudalism which lacked the vitality of its early youth was forced on a repellant country. Power was centralized. Tyranny reigned supreme. A French Canadian peasant could scarcely sow or reap or fold his hands to slumber without special permission from the king-appointed intendant. His eyes continually turned toward France, the Mecca and the Jerusalem of his hopes; he took no interest in his surroundings, had no hope for a better, purer and free France on the banks of the Ottawa or Saguenay. He had no ambition to rule the state himself, but called upon the king for aid in the smallest matter of industrial interest. One need not say that the people were

ignorant. The common school was unknown. Ignorance was looked upon apparently as undoubted bliss. Self-government could not exist, and resistance to tyranny was impossible. Lawlessness, drunkenness and carousal were frequent figures in a panorama of evils. The Indian was laden with brandy and his beaver skins bought for a song. And without schools and without books the overgoverned French Canadian was the lawless, the abject and the degraded.

Such was the condition of early Canada under the iron heel of Louis XIV. Flight from the laws, flight in spite of the laws, was a release from the weariness of imposed obedience. The *coureur de bois*, the bush-ranger, traversed all these northwestern lands, bartering with the Indians, marrying among them, taking on their very habits and appearances, degrading himself to a savage. Michigan, the home of the beaver, was the home of the *coureur de bois*, if he can be said to have a home who runs and stays not. Over these lakes and rivers around us the French *voyageur* and trapper took his way; his only knowledge was wood-craft; his poetry was his boat song. Losing himself perhaps in contemplation of the very trees and hills that we can still see in the distance from where we stand, he lost sight as well of human ambitions, of ennobling ideas, of aims higher than the advantageous purchase of beaver skin or otter.

Against the oppressive rule of France in the new world, ignorance, I have said, could make no headway. When the enlightened English colonists were arrayed against such citizens as these, the struggle was not a doubtful one. But it has taken years and years for

English constitutionalism to find a wholesome abiding place in Canada. Education must precede self government and the bequest of early Canadian ignorance and state oppression is still a problem confronting the wise and thoughtful statesmen of England and of Canada.

Let us see if we can bring the lesson even nearer home. The French were the first settlers of Michigan. Sault de Ste. Marie was taken possession of before South Carolina was settled. Detroit was permanently settled by Cadillac but twenty years after the Quaker Penn was laying out in prosaic squares the fair "City of Brotherly Love." I need not speak of Hennepin, or Marquette, or Nicollet, or La Salle, or Du Luht, or Joliet, who traversed these western lakes and rivers fifty years before an unusually adventurous English Governor forced his way through the wilds of Western Virginia to drink his wine in the heart of the Alleghanies. Detroit, Fort Gratiot, Green Bay, Chicago, St. Joseph, Michilimackinac, Sault Ste. Marie, were centers of French influence and control. And from those early days down to the time within the memory of men now living, the history of Michigan has been shaped and fashioned by French ideas and influences. The early history of Michigan Territory is a history of those settlers of Canada who, having been restrained by tyranny and kept in ignorance from policy of state, had no conception of American education and liberty. Their only conception of liberty was license. Of education they had not sufficient to enable them to support themselves when the game had been hunted from the forests. You may well know that Michigan developed late and tardily entered into statehood. Her inertia was largely due to

un-American, unprogressive bequests of Louis XIV and medieval absolutism. Michigan is proud of her wealth and her progress in industry. The fields about us are green with wheat and maize; vessels are carrying to less gifted states the material for homes of the settlers of the West. Her mines of copper, of iron, and of gold, her wells of salt, the flocks and the cattle on a thousand hills, tell the tale of plenty, of comfort, of happy homes guarded by the Ægis of Liberty. But Michigan is prouder of her schools and her university and her libraries, which open to all the opportunity of becoming intelligent citizens of a free republic. Michigan is proud of all this, and well she may be; her struggle has been upward and onward with magnificent energy. But in no state in the union can you find a surer, truer proof of the statement of that noble ordinance whose words should be as familiar to a Michigan citizen as that of home or country: "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

It is always well to recall to our minds such lessons as these. It has been well said that two things are necessary for the preservation of liberty and free government—hope and fear, trust and distrust. Has America anything to fear? Can we not sleep in calm assurance that the blessings of liberty and enlightenment are ours without let or hindrance? If you are asking yourselves those questions, there is danger. Distrust and fear are the guardian dragons of peace. Inheritors of English law and English constitutionalism, we have presented to us conditions that are unique in

the history of the world. The Anglo-Saxon's reverence for law, his desire for order, and his progressive conservatism have been boons to our country. But we sometimes ask ourselves if in the American people these attributes are to predominate. The American people are not Anglo-Saxons. They are a mixture of English and Scotch and Irish and French and German and Italian and Russian and Swedish elements; they are of all races and of all peoples. In the development of time and in the evolution of society, what new problems are to be presented? Will this new race show itself adapted to our inherited forms and usages, or must new ideas of law and social customs be formed to meet the demands of the occasion? Do not understand that I am laying down a platform for a second "American" party—that would in all likelihood be the most un-American of parties. I firmly believe that this American race, which is being made up of all others on the globe, will be the grand, highly organized, delicately constituted, capable, noble race of the future. But a new race and new surroundings demand new laws, new usages, new sympathies. They offer new dangers and new chances of destruction. We read of "White Caps" and lynchings, of anarchy and redflagism; and we wonder if respect for authority and reverence for law are to be characteristics of this new American race. Statistics show more suicides, more murders, more recklessness of human life in this land of the free than in Italy, the home of the poniard, or in Spain, the home of the stiletto; and we wonder if humanity is to have an abiding-place among us. We read of embezzlements and forgeries, of theft and kleptomania; and we won-

der if utter disregard of the sanctity of property is to be characteristic of this race of to-morrow. We see the law's delays and proud wrong's contumely, many a "corrupted current of this world where offense's gilded hand may shove by justice"; and we wonder if justice is to be noble and free and blind, or truckling and bound, lifting her bandage with one hand while she feels furtively with the other for the heavy purse that is offered to her grasp.

There is cause for fear but not for despair—

"Despair may wring men's hearts and fear
Bow down their heads to kiss the dust,
Where patriot memories rot and rust
And change makes faint a nation's cheer
And faith yields up her trust."

There is no cause for despair when scenes of this kind are presented to our view; when almost under the eaves of a building dedicated to the education of the young, is rising another to contain books freely given to an eager public. There is no cause for despair when schools and the means of education are thus encouraged, assuring us that religion, morality and knowledge, the requisites of happiness and good government, are within the reach of all.

It is an interesting transformation that has taken place in this Michigan. Not long ago the trees of Michigan sheltered, in his wanderings, the ignorant, lawless, fugitive *coureur de bois*. The lofty monarchs of the forest, towering toward the canopy of heaven, were often his only companions; the velvety turf at their feet was his resting place. He has been pictured wandering in the "stern depths of immemorial for-

ests, dim and silent as a cavern, columned with innumerable trunks, each like an atlas upholding its world of leaves, and steaming perspiration and moisture down its dark and channeled rind." But this companion and guardian of the wandering bushranger—this atlas that seemed to uphold the dome of heaven—has been attacked by the energetic American of these later days, has been humbled and brought low, to take to itself new duties and new grandeur, to furnish the roof-tree of cottage and cabin throughout all this western country—the guardian of an American home, of law, order, and peacefulness. And see! in the course of this wondrous transformation, in this marvelous development of western civilization, have come, as well, these rocks and stones around us; the trees of the forest have, at the touch of the magician's rod of business enterprise and civic generosity, transformed themselves into books, free books, blessings bestowed upon a thankful people.

He who has wielded this magic rod is our benefactor. Muskegon brings, I am sure, her gratitude sincere. He may know that he has given an impetus to the development of true freedom. His name will be chiseled into the lasting stone. But more, it will be carried in the grateful memories of all. It will be known and honored on these streets when those who now are grateful are gone to their long home. Free books, thus freely given, perpetuate gratitude. He must have in his inmost heart the quiet and peaceful satisfaction that he, as an American citizen, has given an encouragement to schools and education, which are the necessary foundations for good government and the happiness of mankind.

THE LIBRARY AS IT IS.

A TRIUMPH OF SOLIDITY, CONVENIENCE, DURABILITY
AND ARCHITECTURAL ART.

THE Hackley Public Library building now stands complete, one of the most substantial and beautiful buildings in this country—solid, massive, enduring, and architecturally perfect. Located on the corner of Webster avenue and Third street, its front to the former and its tower rising at the corner like a stone index figure pointing upward to higher things, it is a conspicuous landmark, and one that can be shown to friends or strangers with justifiable pride. Its outward appearance is familiar and needs little description, yet it is worthy of notice and intelligent study as it rises from the green borders within the granite terracing, in stately magnificence and delightful harmony of proportion and effective design.

Inside it is a palace, an artist's dream materialized in wood, metal and stone; a marvel of beauty and convenience, to which modern ingenuity has contributed everything needful and the luxuries of life as well.

Entering the massive portal through heavy oaken doors, ornamented with large oxidized silver hinges and ornaments, the visitor finds himself in a vestibule within

the tower. For a height of about a yard the walls are of finely polished veined marble, with frescoing above. Just to the left the spiral iron staircase winds upward, the steps of marble, the posts and balustrades of bronze, the fine ornamental work of iron cunningly wrought and devised to please the most fastidious eye. High above the dome arises, terminating in conical arches, and frescoed in blue, a small firmament dotted with silver stars, while from it is suspended a bronze chandelier of special design, well supplied with the usual electric light bulbs and gas jets concealed in porcelain candles.

To the right from the vestibule you enter the receiving-room, with windows fronting Webster avenue. In this are large tables of oak, and stands holding the drawers and cabinets containing the card catalogues. In the rear of this room, under the archways leading to the great book-room, are the counters and desks behind which are stationed the librarians and assistants. Under these counters are numerous drawers supplied with card catalogues, duplicates of those kept for the use of the public in the cabinets aforesaid. This is the best and most approved method of cataloguing now used, the cards sliding upon rods, each book having many cards indicating its title, author, etc. In this way a book may be found by either of these, if other points have been forgotten. At one side of this room is a massive fireplace of carved sandstone.

Opening from this room to the right as one enters, and also fronting Webster avenue, is the general reading-room, with a ladies' alcove leading out from it in front. These rooms are also paneled in oak, highly

finished, and frescoed above, the frescoing in the alcove having sprays of roses and other flowers to lighten its general effect. A beautiful fireplace opens at one side of the alcove, and pictures adorn the walls. Around pillars which rise in the center are circular tables, and square tables in sufficient number are disposed at convenient distances throughout the room.

Opening out from the other side of the book-receiving room, its windows looking out on Third street, is the reference-room, paneled in dark mahogany, with a huge mantel of the same at one side. In this room the cases are also of mahogany, and the great arm-chairs are upholstered in dark red leather to harmonize. A huge terrestrial globe stands at one side. The books upon the shelves are for reference only.

Between these larger rooms are doors with panels of beveled plate glass, circular fan-lights of art glass above them, and great beveled glass windows, with similar arches above, flanking these doors on either side.

Running back from these rooms in the rear is the great book-room, reaching from side to side of the rear extension of the building, its ceilings being laid under the rafters and rising high above the floor. This ceiling is laid out in squares, with stucco ornaments and frescoing in simple and chaste designs. The bookcases are arranged in rows, one with its back to the wall around the room; the others in rows having the ends of the cases toward the side walls, with passages between. The cases are of oiled oak, strong, durable, and handsome. Near this room, at one side, is the librarian's room, and another stairway running to the story above, and in the other direction to the basement, the Third street door opening from this passage-way.

