Lauton T. Hemans

A Memorial

By the People of Michigan

"My whole life has been guided by a sense of duty which I have met unflinchingly. There have been times, however, that required great moral courage. No other course would lead to ultimate success."—*Last words of Mr. Hemans.*

LANSING
THE MICHIGAN HISTORICAL COMMISSION
1917

To the
State of Michigan
and to the
United States
is dedicated this memorial of a great citizen
by the people of Michigan

Lawton P. Hemans

Preface

IN editing this memorial of my beloved husband my thought turns from his circle of intimate friends to that great company of men and women for whose public good Mr. Hemans spent his life. I am deeply conscious of the great debt he owed to their confidence in him and their love for him, and I could only wish that all might have known him as I knew him in his home. His was a great soul, great in the little things as well as in the larger affairs of public life. If I may be permitted this confidence, I wish you to see how the sweetness of his life is reflected in his feeble dying words to me which were so sweet and helpful, and I will tell them to you. He said, "This is nothing, wife. I am all right with everyone, and all right with my God. This is nothing, don't feel bad. We have had a happy married life. You have been a good wife and always been my inspiration. Don't feel bad, be peaceful and happy." With these last beautiful words of trust in his God and words of commendation to me, I am happy in knowing that he has come into his beautiful noble self in the Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

MRS. HEMANS.

Mason, November 4, 1917.

Crossing the Bar

(A favorite poem of Mr. Hemans', read at the funeral services in Mason, Nov. 19, 1916)

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

—*Tennyson.*

Biographical Sketch

By Mrs. Hemans

Biographical Sketch

LAWTON THOMAS HEMANS was born Nov. 4, 1864, at the village of Collamer, Onondaga county, New York, where his father carried on the business of blacksmithing. He was of a good old sturdy English family. The father, John A. Hemans, came from Banwell, Somersetshire, England, about the year 1835. His mother is of English and Holland extraction, and is still active at the age of eighty years.

When eleven months of age, Mr. Hemans removed with his father's family to the township of Oneida, Eaton county, Michigan, where his father took up the business of farming. Three years later the father came to the city of Mason and resumed his trade as blacksmith; afterwards he moved to a large farm which he had previously purchased in the township of Onondaga.

There on the farm the boy Lawton soon learned to know the life of a farmer's son. Working on the farm during the busy planting and harvest season, and attending the district school, was the recurring routine until his sixteenth year when he entered the public schools at Eaton Rapids. Here his experience was that of the average farmer's boy; working for his board, walking the eight miles to his home every Friday night to spend Saturday and Sunday with his parents, and then walking back again every Sunday night or Monday morning.

Many times I have seen him taking these trips, and have admired his courage. In June, 1884, he graduated from the Eaton Rapids high school, and from that time until the fall of 1887 his time was occupied as a teacher in the district schools of Aurelius township during the winter months, and as a hand upon the farm during the summer, when he sometimes went with threshing outfits.

In 1886 he began to read law. Judge Huntington of Mason kindly gave him access to his library, and when not otherwise employed Mr. Hemans diligently read the books from this library. In the fall of 1887 he entered the Law Department of the University of Michigan. At the close of his work there he was elected one of the circuit court commissioners of Ingham county, and opened an office at Mason. In the spring of 1889 he formed a co-partnership with John M. Corbin, an able attorney of Eaton Rapids, under the firm name of Corbin and Hemans. This firm continued, however, only one year, as Mr. Hemans was advised by his many friends in Mason to return there and re-open the old office of Huntington and Henderson, which had been the leading legal firm of Mason for many years. He accepted this opportunity and practiced law in that city until 1910, when he entered the Railroad Commission.

Mr. Hemans was elected to the legislature of 1901-02 by a majority of 350 over his republican opponent, and again elected to the legislature of 1902-03 by a substantial majority over several opponents. In 1907 he represented Ingham county in the constitutional convention. The following year he was nominated as Democratic candidate for governor, and came within a few hundred votes of

defeating Fred M. Warner. In 1910 Mr. Hemans was again the Democratic candidate for governor, opposing Chase S. Osborn. In that year Mr. Osborn appointed him the Democratic member of the Railroad Commission, as a member of which he proved himself particularly adapted for the work of handling public utilities cases that came before the commission. Governor Sleeper has said that he believed Mr. Hemans better fitted to handle this work than any other man in Michigan. His work in the constitutional convention stamped him as a statesman of high order. In the legislature he made a reputation as a skilled debater, especially on all legislation relative to railroads, corporations and disbursement of public funds. His ability was such that he was conceded leadership on the floor. He was also sent as delegate-at-large to many Democratic conventions, and at gatherings was conspicuous for his aggressive tactics. He could fight, but could not hate, and woe to the adversary who faced him in debate—he was always ready with a twinkling story or a keen epigram, as well as with the logic of wisdom.

He served faithfully and well in all tasks that were assigned to him. He held duty before him at all times to the exclusion of all other things. His farewell words to the State he loved so well were these, "My whole life has been guided by a sense of duty which I have met unflinchingly. There have been times that have required great moral courage. No other course would lead to ultimate success." (These words I caught with my ear to his lips feebly and falteringly uttered, but repeated again by him correctly as at first, word for word. I feel

that he sacrificed his life for the State of Michigan, every inch of which he loved. The last campaign was what undermined his health. He gave his life for the State, and I knew he was doing it at the time. His great love of Michigan is expressed in a few verses, occasionally, in his younger years, but which were usually hidden from others).

When a man spends a lifetime of private and public activity in one community as did Mr. Hemans, his neighbors and friends come near to knowing the real man. He had the active friendship and political and moral support of his neighbors all his life, and passed on amid their sincere regrets. No higher tribute can be paid to any man. One has said of him, "He was a great friend; his personality appealed to the heart as his eloquence and intellect appealed to the head." Humanity was his greatest treasure. He held unswerving faith in his fellowmen, which won him so much support irrespective of party. He suffered keenly from any careless criticism of his public work. (At times I have seen him bow his head in his hands and sob, "They don't understand what I am trying to do. It hurts me so to be so unjustly criticized." Never has there been a time when he would not have willingly retired from any public position if he had been convinced that the public would have been benefitted).

Mr. Hemans held various offices in Ingham county. He was elected mayor in 1892; at that time he was the youngest mayor in the State—27 years of age—and was designated the "Kid Mayor of Michigan." He was mayor of Mason five terms, and city alderman the same

number. For many years he was secretary of the Mason city school board and was then elected its president. For twenty-five years he was affiliated with a literary club of Mason, which has been a prominent club of the State and has had many men as its presidents who have held prominent places in the history of Mason and of Michigan. Mr. Hemans was president of this club at the time of his death.

Mr. Hemans was of a literary turn, and besides his "History of Michigan," which has been in use in the schools of Michigan for some years, has written a book on the life of Stevens T. Mason. Respecting this work I will quote the opinion of its editor, who says, "Mr. Hemans' 'Life and Times of Stevens T. Mason' is an interesting and valuable addition to the historical literature written by Michigan authors. In its facts the work shows thorough preparation, and Mr. Hemans has told me that during many years, in leisure hours, he searched out the materials wherever he thought he could find anything of value, even visiting the Mason homes in Kentucky and Virginia and interviewing descendants of the family. In the evaluation of his evidence Mr. Hemans shows the trained legal mind and an unusually calm and fearless judgment, and in the organization of the book he never confused his purpose, to present the life of Mason in relation to the Governor's times. Nor did he neglect the human side. The "Boy Governor," as he loved to call him, was Mr. Hemans' own ideal of manhood when himself a young man looking fearlessly into the future, both young men of high ideals triumphing over great obstacles and overwhelmed at last by the force of destiny.

The sweet home life of the Masons appealed to Mr. Hemans strongly, and he presents it with great tenderness. The book has the literary charm of all Mr. Hemans' writings, a volume one will take up with interest and lay down with deep regret that his great heart and facile pen are still."

In 1889 Mr. Hemans married Miss Minnie Pauline Hill, a school-teacher of Ingham county and daughter of William J. Hill of Onondaga, and they have one son, Charles Fitch Hemans, a Senior in the University of Michigan. To have known Mr. Hemans best was to have seen him in his home where his wealth of knowledge and his keen sense of humor showed to the best advantage. He made it a custom when at home to spend some hours during the day in reading aloud to his family and whatever guests might be with them. Riley, Field, Burns, Drummond were among his favorite poets, and he would read some pathetic story in a manner vividly real while the tears were streaming down his face, or laughed until he cried over some particularly humorous parts.

His charm of private character is to be envied. When Mr. Hemans delivered the address at the dedication of a monument erected in memory of Douglass Houghton, he used these words, which seem a fitting tribute to the one with whom they originated: "There is an inspiration in the life of Douglass Houghton, as there is in the life of Lincoln, for they come as messages of cheer and assurance that the common abilities and common virtues of life are for the success of individuals and the glory of states."

Tributes

Tributes

AT a special meeting of the Historical Commission held at Lansing December 21, 1916, the following resolutions were adopted on the death of Hon. Lawton T. Hemans, late President of the Commission:

"The State of Michigan and the Michigan Historical Commission have met with a severe loss in the death of Lawton T. Hemans, a member of this Commission since its organization. By his deep interest in the history of Michigan and his unusual knowledge of its beginnings and development, being the author of a short but valuable history of the State, Mr. Hemans possessed unusual qualifications as a member of the Commission. The monument erected in this State to its first Governor, Stevens T. Mason, was largely due to the influence and interest of Mr. Hemans; one result of that interest was the thorough investigation of the Governor's life and the preparation of a most interesting and valuable biography which this Commission hopes to publish soon, and which will be a permanent and honorable memorial.

"While we do not need to speak in this connection of Mr. Hemans' character, ability and value to the State in general, we wish to place upon the records of the Commission our high appreciation of his value to the Commission. His attractive personality, good judgment, persuasive pleasant manner, wide personal acquaintance,

and democratic spirit, combined to make his counsel and suggestions very valuable, and his death brings to each member of the Commission a deep sense of personal loss."

✿ ✿

Mrs. Franc L. Adams

Twenty-eight years of neighborly intercourse with Lawton T. Hemans leads me to believe that no one truly knew the man who was not familiar with his home life. Many people thought Mr. Hemans cold and distant in manner, and only those who knew him best realized that this was the result of an innate spirit of self-consciousness which he found it hard at times to throw off. In his home there was no evidence of this, and it was there that he always appeared at his best.

He was always courteous and genial, full of quiet fun and humorous repartee, despising boisterousness or vulgarity. Whenever at home for the noonday meal, he spent an hour reading aloud to the members of his family and the "stranger within his gates." Riley, Field and Drummond were among his favorite authors, and he would read some pathetic tale in a manner vividly real with the tears streaming down his face, or enter into the spirit of some humorous story so thoroughly that he would choke with laughter as he read. He had that rare dramatic sense which made him one with the characters portrayed in his reading.

He was intensely interested in matters historical, and no one could be in his company and not grow in some measure enthusiastic on the subject. He was for some

years president of the Ingham County Historical and Pioneer Society, and it was his desire to have a permanent record of townships and their formation, also of the pioneers and their work, prepared while some of the pioneers were here to tell the story, and he never ceased to urge upon the members of the society the value such records would be to coming generations.

While secretary of the Mason school board he was a frequent visitor at the high school chapel exercises, and never without giving an instructive talk to the children. He had traveled extensively throughout the United States, and always with a wide and comprehensive vision, and it was a source of enjoyment as well as one of valuable instruction when he told the pupils of his travels and made real to them the wonders he had seen. One who was in school in those days remarked at the time of Mr. Hemans' death, "My, those talks were great! I shall remember them all my life."

Mr. Hemans was for many years a member of the Mason Tourist Club, and was its president at the time of his death. As secretary under him for two years, I was privileged to know something of his helpfulness in the historical work of the club, and to realize his wonderful executive ability. He enjoyed his affiliation with this club, and after ill health became his portion he attended the meetings as long as his strength permitted, though all knew he was continually suffering from pain and weakness.

The melody of the "Divine Lullaby" hushed him to rest, and he "sleeps well"—and sleeps on.

Archibald Broomfield

My acquaintance with Mr. Hemans began on October 22, 1907, when we became seat-mates in the Constitutional Convention. Previously I knew him only by reputation as a capable and conscientious public official, lawyer and historian. In the Convention I came to know him as a man.

Providence was generously kind to me in giving me a seat by his side. I had the rare privilege of absorbing some of his great fund of information,—political, historical, legal, etc. There were few mooted questions entering into the formation of the Constitution which we did not discuss in heart-to-heart talks. There are public men who have one opinion for the platform and another for their close friends. Opinions will be pandered to in public which in private life are despised. But Mr. Hemans was cast in a different mold and belonged to a superior type of statesmen. I never knew him to express privately an opinion or conclusion which he was unwilling to champion in public debate. He never championed publicly any cause which he was unwilling to defend in private conversation. His words were a perfect mirror of his thoughts. Hypocrisy was utterly foreign to his nature. Many times have I discussed with him different phases of mooted questions and watched with interest the processes of his mind. He was neither stubborn nor egotistical and he courted the fullest discussion of every question. But when he reached a conclusion it was the deliberate judgment of a well-informed mind bent only on the discovery of the truth.

Mr. Hemans had courage; not simply physical courage

but rather the courage to do all and suffer all for truth and duty. I have seen him disappoint some of his close friends because he refused to subordinate what he believed to be right to questions of mere friendship. He never asked, Is it popular? Will it win applause? But always he would put in the foreground the inquiry, Is it right? Will it be for the best interests of the State?

I believe he never surrendered a fixed conviction for the sake of winning applause or public approval. Yet he was a firm believer in the common people and he had every confidence in their collective honesty. He had a sensitive, delicate and refined nature. Criticism touched him deeply, but he never allowed it to swerve him from the path of duty, and when his judgment on public questions met the approval of the people it gave him rich pleasure and satisfaction.

He was a thorough and industrious student. His history of Michigan and his biography of the Boy Governor, Stevens T. Mason, revealed better than I can tell, his habits of mind, his thoroughness and the labors he undertook without any hope of adequate pecuniary reward. In the privacy of our conversations he told me of the thousands of miles he traveled in different States of the Union in search of evidence and data for the Michigan History and Biography of Governor Mason.

While he loved the beauties of nature, his devotion to his work compelled him to spend his spare moments within the four walls of his study.

He never craved wealth. To him the richest thing in life was the consciousness of duty well performed.

Life is immeasurably richer to me because of my

association with him. He was a true friend and servant of all mankind. I do not know what his views were concerning the Great Future, but I do know that if unselfish service to others is the best passport to a Life Beyond, then all is well with him.

✿ ✿

Thomas Bromley, Jr.

It gives me great pleasure to add my little to a tribute to my dear friend and counselor, Mr. Lawton T. Hemans. I know of no character that so inspired me as did that of Mr. Hemans. One could not come under his influence without being better for it and saying to himself that to be loved and thought of in the way he was is sufficient riches for any man.

In my business experience with Mr. Hemans I was ever impressed with his unswerving honesty and love of fair play. In his official capacity we all felt when we placed our problems and troubles in his hands that "all was well"; that if the cause was deserving and just, there would be no stone left unturned, no effort unmade that right and justice should prevail; that each side of a case would be thoroughly studied, carefully weighed and finally passed upon in unbiased judgment.

His was a character too high to be affected by prestige or station, too broad-minded and noble to be partial even for the sake of friendship, or touched by political intrigue. His pleasure seemed to be found in doing the right thing, and duty lay a shining path before him which he followed in happiness; to know him was to know that his feet would not stray from the path.

The places that have known him are missing a presence that can hardly be replaced, and the ones that knew him ever so slightly will miss the kindly hand of friendship, for such he was—a friend to all.

I know of no life more fully exemplifying the lines of Shakespeare:

> "This above all: to thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

✿ ✿

A. R. Canfield

A correctly balanced estimate of a public man is one wherein the motive which inspires his acts makes possible an unvarnished delineation of his career without doing violence to justice. Lacking entrenchment behind pure character, fame is short lived. The writer who would contribute to the pages of Michigan history a story of the career of Lawton T. Hemans can with perfect safety predicate his every sentence upon an honestly founded faith in the moral and intellectual integrity of his subject.

My acquaintance with Mr. Hemans covered a period of twenty years, and during most of that time we were so closely associated as to afford ample opportunity for a study of the man from every angle, which study entirely convinced me that he not only possessed exceptional powers of discernment, but that he was also fortified by a character which forbade the utilization of questionable means to an end, no matter to what degree of eminence he might thereby have arisen.

By extended study of the principles of government,

rendered valuable through a constant desire for their correct application, he avoided expression of views upon any subject until he had exhausted every available source of enlightenment, and opinions thus formed were defended with a frankness that invariably excited admiration and to the unbiased mind carried conviction. His candor and homely manner of expression were attributes which greatly enhanced the force of his argument. One of his most delightful gifts was a quaint sense of humor, which he utilized, not in excess, but appropriately to give force and clearness to his deductions, and which aided very materially in rendering his spoken addresses effective.

If reference to a notable occasion in his career is permissible, I invite attention to his first campaign for Governor of his State, which occurred in 1908. Physically unfit for the strain, he entered that memorable contest in response to the unanimous demand of his party and to the limit of his endurance carried his message to the people—not to parade himself, but in the firm belief that he held views upon vital questions that the people should know. He received 26,383 more votes than had ever before been given a candidate of his party for the governorship, while, save in three instances, his total vote exceeded that ever received by a successful candidate for that honor. With such force and conviction did he appeal to the electorate that the result showed his vote to be 77,992 in excess of those received in the State by the candidate of his party for the presidency at that election.

Such a gratifying acceptance of his reasoning and logic admits of but one explanation. Candor, and a belief

in his integrity had won for him the confidence of the voters, and his defeat by less than 10,000 in a total vote greater than had ever before been polled in Michigan was to him a tribute to which his friends ever after pointed with a justifiable pride.

Lovable, always considerate of his fellows, he ever sought an avoidance of expression which would give offense to or injure the feelings of even those opposing him. He despised deception in politics and abhorred the application of expediency in any form to accomplish a selfish result.

His was distinctively a life given to public service. As a candidate for office he ever shunned discussion or consideration of honors or emoluments which might come to him thereby. His concern was ever for the State and an intelligent and honest administration of its affairs. During the two campaigns wherein he led his party as its nominee for the governorship his chief pleasure was in the presentation of his views upon the pending questions, and he always insisted that if his opinions were sound, sooner or later whatever party might be in power would recognize the wisdom of putting them into effect. Happily, he lived to see many important enactments of which he was a pioneer proponent.

He held in profoundest veneration those founders of the republic whose teachings made possible the establishment of a government of, by, and for the people, and his chief joy was with his books, learning more and more of those principles which were enunciated for the freedom of mankind. Probably Michigan has never been honored with a son more thoroughly conversant with the funda-

mentals of political economy than was the lamented Hemans, and surely she could not count within her scores of eminent scholars a man whose soul was more surely in consonance with American ideas of democracy.

His life was an inspiration, and his activities were ever directed along lines which would serve the public good. In his passing, Michigan has lost a citizen whose memory will be revered, and whose example may well be emulated by the generations to follow.

✿ ✿

William L. Carpenter

Lawton T. Hemans had a charming personality, and this he showed to every one, but particularly to those who had the privilege of meeting him intimately in private life. His presence was restful and comforting. He was a sympathetic listener. He was never disputatious and never commonplace. His conversation was always adapted to his company and was always interesting.

His work as a member of the board which controls our public utilities should make his reputation an enduring one. For there is no office in the State more important than this, and no man in the State could have better performed its duties than they were performed by Mr. Hemans.

Indeed, he was peculiarly fitted to perform those duties. He was able, alert, honest, courageous and fair minded. He loved his work, and had no inclination to use his office as a stepping-stone to another position.

He had a just sense of his relations to the public. He knew that it was his duty to render public service rather than to win popular applause, and when he had to choose between rendering such service and winning such applause, he had the courage to render the service. And he found too, as strong courageous officials always find, that by making that choice he had increased his enduring popularity.

Courage to do what was right rather than what was popular was, in my judgment, his distinguishing characteristic and the explanation of his remarkable success.

✿ ✿

Augustus C. Carton

To know Lawton T. Hemans personally was to love him, and to know him intimately in public life was to honor him as the highest type of public servant.

It was my great privilege to know Mr. Hemans through a period of many years as a friend and as a servant of the people. There was a charm in his personality that distinguished him from all others. He seemed to be set apart and to look over and above the commonplaces of life and to be in touch with something serenely noble which his presence conveyed.

As a party leader Mr. Hemans absolutely disregarded considerations of personal advancement, and despised in others all political trickery and expediency to gain selfish ends. He was always "four-square" to the world, and one always knew where he stood. He always informed himself carefully before he expressed an opinion, but

when convinced he was right he met the issue with absolute courage. He was by nature a student, a clear thinker, and an effective speaker. His frank manner of defending his views and his quiet humor never failed to win an audience. His audience sensed at once the sincerity of the man.

In public life he was a generous friend even to those who opposed him, and was held in profound esteem by all leaders of the opposing party. He loved the "square deal." This was shown not only in all his work as a jurist, but on the Michigan Railway Commission, where his special knowledge fitted him to be a great champion of the people. His was a life devoted and finally sacrificed to the public welfare.

Mr. Hemans was not only an individual, but a type. In his life we have an inspiration to the youth of this country and an example to all men in public life. Mr. Hemans proved that under our form of government it is not needful for a young man to possess either influential friends or wealth in order to reach high position in the public service and esteem, but that the greatest reward comes from doing honestly and well the things entrusted to one's care. His life will be a benediction if the example he set to men in public life shall cause us to emulate him, and so to conduct ourselves that we can say, as did he, when the final summons shall come: "My whole life has been guided by a sense of duty which I have met unflinchingly. There have been times, however, that required moral strength. No other course would lead to ultimate success." In the death of Mr. Hemans,

Michigan has lost a noble son, and the people a sincere and powerful friend.

✿ ✿

Mrs. Harriet Casterlin, Mr. Hemans' first school teacher and lifelong friend

Morley, the English essayist, said, "Life is to be—to do—to do without, and to depart," and in these few words is condensed the life story of even earth's greatest men.

Mr. Hemans was not content "to be" in any but its fullest sense. Life to him meant reaching out and touching other lives, knowing what others were thinking and doing, keeping abreast of the world's work, and he was an inexhaustible mine of information to all who came to him seeking knowledge.

It was sometimes said that he was a dreamer and visionary. Certainly! He was. All great thinkers dream dreams and see visions. Visions are the foundations of all doing, for "Where there is no vision the people perish."

But beyond just to live, just "to be," Mr. Hemans desired "to do," and now that we are missing him from his many activities we begin to see how varied were those doings.

He was intensely interested in all that had to do with the history of Michigan and with putting into permanent form the life story of those pioneer souls who evolved this great State from its primeval forests and swamps. With pen and voice he pressed this duty upon all—the necessity of conserving the utensils and household fur-

nishings as well as the history of those so rapidly passing away, and today as we stand with bowed heads mourning our loss let us resolve to carry out his plans for the benefit of coming generations. He was in sympathy with all work for the uplift of mankind in town, county or State, always ready to help, for "he was a friend to man, and he lived in a house by the side of the road."

It has been said that it is easy to give but not so easy gracefully to receive a gift. In the same way it is much easier "to do" even hard things than to "do without" the things one wants. Mr. Hemans had solved even this hard problem, and when he could not have the things he desired he put the wish aside and went his even way without grumbling or complaining of his hard lot and the "injustice" of the world. While by no means a fatalist, he accepted the philosophy of another great soul who declared, "The things that are mine I shall have and what is not mine I do not want."

Just when he was becoming so proficient in the three great lessons of life, "to be—to do—and to do without," and when it seemed we could least spare him, came the call "to depart," the summons to graduate from this "College of Hard Knocks," and enter a higher institution of learning where his powers would have fuller scope, for no one could for a moment believe that such a heart and such a brain were ever created to be blotted out with the passing of a worn-out body.

So we are sure that in some happier clime with ever increasing powers for good our friend stands waiting to bid us "Good Morning."

H. H. Crowell

We remember Mr. Hemans mostly as patient, kind and true, although we knew him to be able, faithful and of an essentially honest fiber.

A naturally loyal man, he did not dissemble. He thought honestly and reasoned soundly. Expediency, that tool of little men, was not fitted to his purpose. His need for artful dealing and specious pleading was *nil*, and those who appeared before him to practice these, forfeited his confidence and esteem.

He loved the open spaces and the distant view. They were symbolical of his character,—frank, clean-cut and clear.

We think of him as a type, and as one who when visioned in the crowd would long be remembered even though others were forgotten. He impressed and won us.

The work he did will appeal more and more to the thoughtful if not to the careless mind; it was truly constructive,—never destructive, and he wrought manfully for the best interests of his State and its people, his greatest ambition being to do the daily task, to do it right and to keep the faith.

I think of him as one who possessed the will and the ability to compass any worthy deed,—a lovable and great man who will long be remembered.

To have known Lawton T. Hemans and to have enjoyed his confidence was a rare privilege, an inspiration. He personified my ideal of the American citizen of today. He was, at the core, more like the men of my father's day, and my grandfather's—a type of man all too rare in these modern times. In him had come down that fine old spirit of colonial days, when men considered it part of their duty to be interested in and to take an active part in the affairs of their town, their county, State and Nation. In those early days, he would in Massachusetts have been a "Selectman," and in New York a "Squire," both humble offices, but marking the respect and confidence of one's neighbors. He would have been a mentor in neighborhood affairs, an arbiter in disputes; and when councillors in the grave affairs of state were needed, he would have been found among them. In the old Greek days he would have been a disciple of Pericles and in Roman days a Senator.

Active as he always was in politics, it was in a way which commanded the confidence of his followers and the respect of his opponents. He was a man to be trusted, whether in agreement with one politically or not. In a political campaign he was ready, quick and keen, and fought hard, but as a General, who had in mind the public good that he believed would follow by winning the battle.

Always conscientious and just, he wanted to do the right thing. He was careful in making up his mind, but once it was made up, he was absolutely fearless in expressing it. Nothing could turn him aside when he

believed he was right. He was proud, but it was a virtuous pride which showed in a dignity that unconsciously commanded the deference due him as a superior, or due the public office that he filled. He was a fit representative of the dignity of the State.

The State of Michigan was fortunate in the selection of Mr. Hemans as a member of its first Railroad Commission, and the Commission itself in having him for its Chairman. It was in this service that I knew him most intimately. Our conferences and discussions of new problems confronting the State are among my most precious memories. It was inspiring to watch him approach a new subject, he was so frank in setting up all sides of the question, that he might see it fairly. He said to me once, in discussing some decision the Commission must hand down which involved a debatable principle in public utility relations: "I cannot satisfy myself that it is just the right thing to do. I have always preached a different policy. But it is perfectly clear to me that not to recognize the justice of the claim would be wrong. All the light I can get points that way. If it is a mistake, we shall simply have to guard against it in the future." Mr. Hemans impressed me as always conscious of the fact that the Michigan Railroad Commission was establishing precedents, and that in the interest of the State the rights of all parties must be carefully guarded.

Mr. Hemans was deeply interested in Michigan history and in historical matters generally. I remember so well the great pleasure he gave Dr. James B. Angell when he delivered the address at the unveiling of the tablet placed

on Mason Hall, now the north wing of University Hall. The Doctor spoke of it afterwards as a memorable address, containing facts in the early history of the State that could be known only through the efforts of the real student of history. He said: "Tell me more about Mr. Hemans. Why haven't I known him better?" It was characteristic of Mr. Hemans that his chief pleasure lay in seeking knowledge rather than in displaying it.

How ready Mr. Hemans was in an emergency, and how willing to render service is well known to all. Seated in my office one day, discussing some problem, a student came in to remind me of my engagement to speak to the Freshman class, already assembled. I said, "Come on Mr. Hemans and meet the class and say a few words to them." He was delighted, and in less than three minutes was introduced and speaking. He made a splendid address. He was like a father talking to his sons on their approach to manhood. I have often wished I could know how many of those young men adopted him at once for their mentor.

His was an untimely death. He was in the full bloom of manhood, the normal span of life barely two-thirds run. How much good he could have done in the other third! These swiftly changing times require the doing of great constructive work in our social and political life. We need to choose the best things from all civilizations—present and past. Mr. Hemans, with his keen insight into modern conditions and knowledge of the old, was particularly well fitted to link the good parts together. To those of us who knew him intimately, there has come a great personal loss; but however great,

it is submerged in his loss to the people of Michigan, whose faithful servant he was proud to be.

✿ ✿

Charles S. Cunningham

In paying tribute to Mr. Hemans, I feel that it will be impossible for me to do him justice.

For upwards of twenty years I knew him only by reputation and yet from what I gleaned in the newspapers and through friends of his and previous to my personal acquaintance with him I became a great admirer of him as a statesman and an American citizen.

I first met him in the year 1911 shortly after his appointment as a member of the Michigan Railroad Commission. At that time I was associated with one of the leading railroads of the State and frequently had occasion to appear before him in his capacity as a Commissioner; and I always found him singularly fair and fearless in dealing with matters that he was called to pass upon.

In the year 1913 I was appointed a member of the same Commission, and no doubt largely through his efforts; and I am glad to say that as I became better acquainted with him I learned to love and respect him more and more as a man and counselor.

As a statesman and jurist he had very few equals. His honor and ability could not be questioned. The entire United States, and especially the State of Michigan, met with a great loss when the final call came.

As a member of this Commission I feel that there never will be another member who will deal with matters

more conscientiously, fearlessly or impartially than did Mr. Hemans. It is to be hoped that when such men as Mr. Hemans come before the public for election to office or as appointees, they will be placed in the executive positions where they can render this government the greatest service.

I was with him a great deal during his several years' illness, and his chief worry was his physical inability to render such service as he felt was due to the State of Michigan.

I have often heard him say, with tears in his eyes: "Oh if I could only have the strength of other men so as to cope with the world as I would like to do!" and he usually ended by saying: "I believe that the majority of the people know that I am doing my best, regardless of some unfounded criticisms."

He paid sincere tribute to his good and noble wife, always saying that she was his inspiration and greatest help-mate.

✿ ✿

Woodbridge N. Ferris

(A tribute read by Mr. Ferris at the annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society in May 1916.)

Hero-worship is as old as civilization, possibly older. Not a few wise men, in modern times, discourage hero-worship. I do not belong to that class, because in my early youth, by mere chance, I was permitted to take a well-worn copy of the "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin" from the remains of a rural school library. I read and re-read this book. As a consequence, I became

a worshipper at the shrine of Franklin. I asked myself, forgetting his inheritance of brains, "Why can't I *do* something?" Franklin furnished me with a "self-starter." During my forty-three years of teaching I have tried to awaken men and women to a realization of their best possibilities by making them acquainted with the lives of great men and great women.

I therefore take pleasure in presenting to the people of Michigan my impressions of the Hon. Lawton T. Hemans.

Mr. Hemans was well born. His ancestors were sturdy, industrious, honest, prudent, loyal God-fearing people. He did not have the misfortune to be born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He was reared in the old-time home, where obedience, self-sacrifice, self-denial, sobriety, integrity, and industry were enduring virtues. No man acquires an education. Education comes through human development, growth, discipline, observation, constructive thinking, assimilation and personal contact with nature and humanity. Schools, colleges and libraries are invaluable helps. There is no school quite like the rural school for developing individuality and self-reliance. From the rural school he passed into Eaton Rapids High School and graduated in 1884. During the next three years he taught rural schools winters and did farm work summers. This experience was invaluable because it stimulated his love for humanity and brought him face to face with the importance of self-control, self-reliance, self-direction, patience and courage.

Mr. Hemans chose law for his profession. He pursued the method for preparation then in vogue by reading law in the office of a practitioner. In the fall of 1887 he

entered the Law Department of Michigan University. In 1889 he began to practice his profession in Eaton Rapids. The next year he opened an office in Mason where he continued his work as a lawyer until 1910 at which time he accepted an appointment on the Michigan Railroad Commission. This position he held at the time of his death. He possessed what is commonly termed a legal mind. His attitude towards his clients was like that of Abraham Lincoln. Law was not a means for securing an advantage, but a means to an end, that end always involving equity and justice. Litigation for the sake of litigation he could not tolerate. He had a special fondness and aptitude for law relating to railroads and public utilities. In this field he manifested extraordinary ability.

In politics he was a Jeffersonian Democrat. In the Declaration of Independence he found the rock on which to build his political philosophy. Whether a candidate for Mayor, for the Legislature, for Governor, he never wandered from his political fundamentals relating to human rights. He was Mayor of Mason, served in the Legislature two terms, was twice candidate for Governor, was a member of the State Constitutional Convention and served on the Mason school board for many years. He was not politically ambitious. Naturally, he was of a retiring disposition. He disliked, possibly loathed a political campaign. He loved Michigan, but it was impossible for him to parade his own qualifications for any office. He was not a politician,—he was a statesman, one of the greatest Michigan has ever produced.

His life and services have established an ideal that the present generation cannot afford to ignore.

As an orator, he possessed none of the characteristics of a western cyclone, none of the characteristics that are solely pyrotechnical, none of the characteristics of the typical "spell-binder." In his speeches he always said something worth while, in plain, simple, forceful English. He was the orator who always commanded attention, who because of his ardent sincerity carried with him the respect and admiration of his listeners. It is needless to say that he hated sham. He worshipped at the shrine of truth. He was never afflicted with the mania for acquiring great wealth. Speculation never fascinated him in the smallest degree. For him money was always a means, never an end. He devoted himself untiringly to the human side of the world's great activities. He was prudent in his expenditures, plain and modest in his dress, generous in his home, and always ready to assist the unfortunate.

His History of Michigan reveals his simplicity and sincerity, his precision and excellent judgment. Had he turned his forces into the field of American historical research he would have achieved high honors. He loved books, he loved nature, and could he have followed his innermost longings he would have found Heaven in solitude, a solitude that centered in home, always open to his friends, surrounded by God's great out-of-doors. In his nature was mingled light and shadow. He appreciated humor, consequently he was at times oppressed by the tragedies of life. He was keenly sensitive to adverse criticism. He struggled to be understood. He

could not quite understand the irreconcilable faultfinder.

His friends loved him because of his frankness, his loyalty, his brotherly kindness and his stalwart integrity. His surviving wife and son have in the precious memories of his noble life a priceless legacy, an enduring legacy. For twenty-eight years Mr. and Mrs. Hemans lived and worked together making the world better. Mrs. Hemans was his tower of strength, his daily inspiration.

Close friends of Mr. Hemans believe that he worked beyond his strength in his first campaign for Governor, in 1908. In his suffering he was heroic. He did not, under any circumstances, disclose even to his most intimate friends his real condition. While the Grim Messenger shadowed him, he kept on working, he kept on serving the people of Michigan. He literally gave his life for Michigan.

Michigan needs more men like Mr. Hemans. In his life and ideals we have the highest type of American manhood.

✿ ✿

C. L. Glasgow

My association with Mr. Hemans began when he served in the House and I in the Senate of the Michigan legislative sessions of 1901-03. We entertained similar opinions on many questions and often worked together for the passage or defeat of the same measure. But when Mr. Hemans came to the Railroad Commission, it was then that I came to know the real man. In the many interesting visits enjoyed after office hours I heard much of the important issues of life in which he was interested,

and I became the recipient of many confidences through which I was permitted to see behind the curtain of reserve by which he appeared to be separated from his fellow men, and to count the many sterling virtues he possessed which shone like sparkling gems set in a crown of solid gold.

He was a man who cared little for public opinion if it were at variance with what he believed to be right, and yet he was most keenly sensitive to unjust criticism.

In his sympathies he was as tender as a woman, yet in denunciation as fearless as a lion; a man of high ideals, clean-cut and true, full of initiative, broad-gauged, yet conservative, one who entertained positive convictions with always a reason he was able to defend; but if you disagreed with him, your arguments always received courteous attention and careful consideration.

He was a man who despised sham and trusted his real friends, and in turn was trusted by them. He was possessed of an abundance of humor; able to tell, also to appreciate, a good story. He was a valuable public servant because of his unquestioned integrity, definite knowledge of State affairs, discerning mind and sound judgment.

In his death the State lost a safe counselor and good citizen, and the writer a warm personal friend whose association will ever linger as a pleasant memory.

Robert M. Montgomery

My acquaintance with Mr. Hemans covered a period of nearly a quarter of a century. We were friends during this entire period, although our duties led us along separate paths. Mr. Hemans was engaged actively in the practice of his profession interrupted at times by legislative or administrative duties or by historical research or writing, while I was during the same time engaged in judicial work as a member of the Supreme Court and wholly removed from the activities of professional practice and politics. The very fact that it was my portion to enjoy rather the position of a friendly critic and admirer enables me now to place a more accurate estimate on his character than might be made by one not having just this perspective.

From this vantage ground I watched the career of Mr. Hemans with keen interest. The impressions which his life and public service made upon me were so lasting and profound that I can not regard him in any attitude less serious than that of a student, a writer, a public servant, a reformer, a crusader.

My special attention was first called to his public services when Mr. Hemans was chosen from the Ingham District as a member of the State House of Representatives. He was at this time a young man, indeed I think nearly the youngest member of the House. He very soon gave such evidences of his ability that his party associates yielded to him the position of party leader of the minority and every member of the majority accorded to him unstinted respect and friendship. During this

service he disclosed the same statesman-like qualities which afterwards brought him greater honors.

Mr. Hemans' next public service was as a member of the Constitutional Convention. In my own appreciation, his service there rendered was most typical of the man and the most enduring of any of his public services. This body was non-partisan in its composition and in my judgment has never been excelled in character or ability by any gathering of corresponding numbers in the State. The circumstances under which the election occurred left the members of the convention wholly untrammeled by party obligations of any kind. The occasion therefore furnished every opportunity for the exercise of Mr. Hemans' constructive ability.

As was predicted in advance by his friends and by all who watched his course in the Legislature and who were familiar with his student habits, his historical research, his general learning and his equipment as a constitutional lawyer, Mr. Hemans at once took front rank in this convention and maintained his position throughout the session.

His commanding ability and his qualities of leadership were so apparent that he was from this time on regarded as the logical candidate of his party for Governor, and he could doubtless have continued such leadership indefinitely had he felt it just to himself and family to bear the financial strain which such candidacy imposed.

In the meantime Mr. Hemans had entered the field of authorship and had produced a History of Michigan which, while designed for a school text-book, was written in his usual lucid style and with painstaking accuracy

and was so extensively read throughout the State as to make his name a household word.

Mr. Hemans as Railroad Commissioner honored the position as he had those he had previously held by the vote of the people. He gave to this position a judicial tone. There was no effort to discriminate for or against the railroad corporations, but to demand obedience to the law; to meet out jealously and fearlessly exact justice was his sole purpose.

Such briefly stated is the record of an ideal public servant. Mr. Hemans' character was well rounded. It is well known that he was intensely human, but my own picture of him does not portray him as being even temporarily diverted by frivolity from the earnest pursuit of the serious business which he felt it was his duty to prosecute. He was a purposeful, earnest, constant and ardent worker and was endowed by nature with a logical acute mind and a healthy imagination, qualities which constitute genius in its best form.

He was under the constant spur of exalted duty. An obligation to the community or the State was felt with a force only equaled by that which controlled him in his most happy family relations. He detested vice and pursued it relentlessly. He was a statesman of the old school, battling for new principles but at the same time insisting upon conserving the essentials of a stable and lasting government. He was among the foremost of his generation to urge and work for practical economy and reform in the State government. He also stood in the front rank of those who have insisted upon divorce of the saloon from politics. I think it can be truly said

that he never paused before taking a stand on any public question to ascertain upon which side the greater number stood arrayed. He always had faith in the people, but his faith rested upon an instructed electorate, not upon a deluded constituency. He was not deceived into believing that the people were always right. Had he entertained any such views his public services would never have been rendered. He was not one to drift with the tide. He believed it to be his duty to lead the people. It is because of this belief that he was able to leave the impress of a great man and a patriot upon the history of his State.

✿ ✿

Louis E. Rowley

(The following tribute, prepared by Mr. Louis E. Rowley and intended to be read by him at the funeral service for Mr. Hemans, was read on that occasion by the minister in charge, Rev. W. H. Simmons, Mr. Rowley being overcome with grief and unable to proceed)

I have come here today to speak a word of tribute to the memory of a man who by his simplicity of character, straightforwardness of thinking, selfless enthusiasm for good public causes, and decisiveness in the presence of responsibility, had raised himself to a first place in the affection and respect of his fellow citizens.

"A great statesman," said a famous English publicist, "is a man of common opinions and uncommon abilities."

This profoundly acute observation applies with peculiar force to Lawton T. Hemans. He had that deeply conservative belief in that most ancient of institutions, the

average man, which goes by the name of democracy. It was not only a strongly held, but closely reasoned creed; it was also an instinct, a vital part of the man himself, the sincerity of which was beyond question. His patriotism was of the good old-fashioned sort, which, like charity, begins at home. He had none of that kind of patriotism which assumes that the sentiment does not exist in other people. There was no sham, no glitter, no cant, in Lawton T. Hemans, but a singleness of purpose, a supremacy of intelligence, and a magnanimity of action which temptation could not influence and weakness never marked with a blot.

High-principled, resolute, modest, free from vanity and pettiness of spirit, no public man in Michigan has ever lived up to a purer or more austere ideal. He was no hasty-spirited reformer, but was endowed with that "divine moderation" which is one of the cardinal virtues of high statesmanship. He was philosopher enough to know that the present is but a link between the past and the future—that "governments have not been successfully and permanently changed except by slow modification operating from generation to generation;" and he put his faith only in realizable ideals.

It requires not an abnormal genius to be a useful statesman. It requires no more than clearness, honesty and courage; and these qualities Lawton T. Hemans possessed in an unwonted degree.

By consequence he became not only the trusted leader of his party, but one of the greatest individual constructive forces of the State. In the Legislature, in the Constitutional Convention, and as Chairman of the

State Railroad Commission, he stood forth a commanding and inspiring figure. "Great men," said Emerson, "have been perceivers of the tenor of life, and have manned themselves to face it." Lawton T. Hemans was a man of truth and facts; he was also a man of intuition and vision. He saw life steadily and as a whole, and he had the seer-like power to comprehend the deeper forces which move it.

In his breadth of human sympathy, his simple probity, and his quiet native humor, he was without a peer among the political leaders of Michigan. He had a fund of illustrative anecdote like Lincoln. His natural gifts and his attainments were such as distinguished him in every circle that he entered, and he had, besides, a rare faculty for attracting other men to him by ties which were seldom loosened by political or other differences.

Although a sufferer for many years from an incurable malady, an inborn force and tranquility of mind bore him up, and amid thick-coming shapes of ill he bated no jot of devotion to duty. His career during this period of his life furnishes one of the lofty and exhilarating public examples of our day.

Happy the State which can stand beside the open grave of a great man, without a cloud upon its pride at having had such a son. Happy the people in whose day and generation such an example of personal and public virtue and of manly life-long fidelity to every obligation has been produced. Happy the age which has possessed a citizen of such generosity and such heroism, in friendship so genial, in integrity so complete. And happy above all, in the midst of their sorrow, are the friends and the

family, the nearest and dearest of the departed, in the consciousness that the one they loved and mourn for was not merely great and potent in the service of his State and his party, but was equally true, affectionate, gentle, sincere and spotless in every relation of life.

✿ ✿

H. M. Nimmo

Mr. Hemans was not only a true statesman, but a great friend. His personality appealed to the heart as his eloquence and intellect appealed to the head.

He thought in terms of public business as most men think in terms of dollars. Like most men, he frequently could have used to advantage more money than he found available, but the mere making of money he held to be "a vulgar talent." Humanity was his greatest treasure, and democracy his instrument for serving it; for democracy he conceived to be the party of the people. It was this unswerving faith in his fellowmen that won him so much of their support irrespective of party, and made him Mayor of Mason, minority leader in the House of Representatives, delegate to the Constitutional Convention, and a candidate for Governor in two campaigns that seriously challenged the Republican tradition in Michigan.

He suffered keenly from any careless criticism of his public work, but he endured it bravely, refusing to be deflected one step from the course he believed to be just, be it popular or unpopular. There never was a time when he would not have retired from any public position if he

had been once convinced that the public would have been benefited. "What they say about me," he once remarked to the writer, "will not hurt anybody personally except me, but I am concerned for the welfare of the institution known as the Michigan Railroad Commission," of which he was then chairman.

He loved every foot of Michigan, expressing his affection in a fugitive verse betimes in his younger days and usually concealing it from profane eyes, or in writing a school history of his State, or in recovering the remains of our first Governor and giving them perpetual commemoration, or in doing battle in the political forum for his convictions on sound public policy. Many of his political opponents will testify that he could fight but could not hate, and woe to the adversary who faced him in debate. He was as ready with a twinkling story, or a razor-edged epigram, as with the logic of wisdom.

He has left to Michigan an example in public life that will bear emulation, and a charm of private character to be envied.

✿ ✿

Rev. W. H. Simmons

(A tribute spoken at the funeral service for Mr. Hemans)

No man can attain and hold the respect of the community in which he lives without the element of real worth in his character. The years have come and gone, and our brother taken from us has lived his life in the surroundings which today know him; and the tribute of respect that is paid in the gathering of this assembly, in the flower tokens with their wealth of messages, speak

to us not only of the respect for but of the real worth of the character. I could wish that a worthier tongue than mine might today at least undertake to voice the sentiment that is in your hearts, and in some way give word to that which you have tried to speak, that there might come in the effort at least some sense that the longing and struggling of your souls had been satisfied.

There is no measuring the worth of a great soul. Everywhere there is a voice, more constant than any human voice, a voice that speaks louder than any word, a voice that is ever expressing itself, speaking in the family of love and companionship, telling over and over again to the dear ones of the family the old, old message of love and appreciation,—standing as the all-powerful and yet silent monitor that reaches down to the boys and girls of the family, and thus speaking calls them to higher living and nobler things, to fulfill the ambition and purpose of the life which is cut off. It has its influence and its power in the community, and reaches out, a constant though silent admonition to stand for the high things that he who has gone has stood for.

I wish this afternoon that I might in some way speak of some of the things that I knew in connection with the life of Mr. Hemans, and possibly of some of the things that some of you may never have had the opportunity of witnessing. Three weeks ago today I had occasion in the preaching of a sermon to use the life of Mr. Hemans as an illustration, without knowing or surmising that this soon I might be called upon to officiate in this capacity. The thing of which I spoke was "trustworthiness." I did not always agree with Mr. Hemans, nor he with me;

but this splendid thing is true that would knit my heart to any individual where I found it, that I never had occasion for even a moment to question the integrity of the man. I knew where I might find him when he had expressed to me his sentiment, and what action I might expect from him on any question. I knew that he would be true to his word, and that I would find him standing exactly where he indicated. He stood with a devotedness of purpose; he stood with earnestness for the things that he believed to be right.

When I was practically a stranger in this community and surrounding country, Mr. Hemans was in the Legislature, the leader of the minority in the House. There were some things on which I was anxious to hear him because of knowing that he was to take a certain stand; and, what might be common to you, I saw the House in seeming disorder; men were speaking their ideas and getting practically no attention whatever. I never heard Mr. Hemans speak in the House but that he had the perfect attention of every one in the House. He commanded the attention and respect of all; and when I tried to fathom the "why," I knew that it was for more than a splendid voice; I knew that it was for more than clearness of logic. I was conscious that underneath it all there was an earnestness of purpose and an intensity of conviction that made him stand for the things which he was standing. His was a voice of conscience; it was a reasoning along the line of truth as he saw the truth.

I wish to give you another picture: One day my telephone rang, and it was Mr. Hemans. He says, "There is a certain family that is in need of such service

as you can render, and if you are at liberty I would like to have you call with me at a certain place." I answered quickly and came to his home here, and then he went with me to this place which he had indicated. I saw the sorrow and I might almost say the despair; I saw the greatness of the need, and as I tried to bring some word of sympathy and some word of help, this man, whose mind was filled with the things of state and things of livelihood, I saw his arm silently steal about the form of the little girl in the home and drawing her closely to his side he spoke to her words of tender sympathy that her child mind and child heart could appreciate, and this if I had never seen anything else would have tied my heart to the heart and life of Lawton T. Hemans. And in that home, as we knelt in prayer, this man concerning whom there have come the tributes from the east and the west and the north and south that he was a great man, showed his greatness by kneeling in that home of need with me, a pastor and minister, while we sought the presence and the blessing of God. His not only was a heart and a life that was trustworthy, but his was a heart that was full of the spirit of sympathy and full of the spirit of kindness, and for the needy he had a kindly thought; for the needy he had the spirit of ministry.

And then I came near to Mr. Hemans in some ways in the matter of personal conversation with him, and it would not be anything out of the way when I say that in his way at least he opened his heart to me about the things of the past, and the worry of a mother for him when he was a boy. He opened his heart to me concerning his anxiety for his own boy, as he said, "He is

passing through the time that is the danger period for every boy and I am particularly anxious to keep him." And so he spoke of these things that were near to his heart; he spoke of the things that were of interest to him as he looked upon the community, and as he looked upon the young life of the community, and, as he said, "The fact that I have a boy gives me a heart for every boy in the community, and I want the best things that I can have in the community for the boys of the community. I want to stand for high things." And so my heart touched his and his heart mine as we talked of some of these things that are the common things of life; that are part of the common heart and common interest, talked of perhaps in a common way, but in the very clearness of time indicating the clearness of the thought, the greatness of the affection.

If I were to try to measure the life and character of Lawton T. Hemans from a political standpoint, it seems to me I might approach this character and still find written in it the elements of greatness. To my mind Lawton T. Hemans was not a politician in the commonly accepted meaning of the term; while he was in politics, and while he had to deal with political questions, he was more than a politician. His work was of the order of statesmanship; his was the mind that loved to grapple not with the methods of political maneuvering, but with clear thinking upon great questions that had to do with the public good, with the building up of government on solid foundations. His was a mind that looked for the good that he might do to others, and for the good that

they might receive from the operations of the best that is in government.

If I were to examine his life and estimate it from the standpoint of his likes and desires, I would have to put upon it the stamp of beauty as well as the stamp of greatness. I would ask you simply to come and look at his books; and looking at his books, to judge the man. Not the frivolous things; not the light things; but the things that inspired; the things that gripped with a sense of nobility; the things that made the man rise to the higher power within him, and to give his life splendidly and earnestly to these great things. He was a great reader, and I was impressed once as speaking of some books which he had just recently bought, he said, "I make it a rule never to buy another book until I have read the last book which I bought"—and if you are to judge him from this standpoint you will marvel at the wideness of his reading, and the wideness of his thinking; for he read splendidly as well as thought splendidly.

If you judge his character from the standpoint of the things that he did and that he tried to do, you will find a great service to the State of Michigan; he prepared a history of the State that has come to be widely used in the schools; he turned the tides of patriotism and loyalty into the realms of service, and was instrumental in bringing back to the State of Michigan for interment the body of its first Governor, Stevens T. Mason, the Boy Governor of Michigan.

Not only may we judge him from the standpoint of his reading, but if we turn to the pictures and judge the man by the pictures that he loved, we find that they embody

the great things of religion, the great things of nature, the great things of literature, and he loved these things with the love that inspires to that which is noble. We turn again to the things of nature,—no man perhaps loved flowers better than Lawton T. Hemans. "Many, many times," his son said to me yesterday, "I think hundreds of times I have seen father stop as he was coming down the street and pick a pink just below here and put it in his buttonhole." He was a lover of flowers. They ministered to him. He found his delight in cultivating these things of nature; and so, as we turn our minds in these various directions, we find that they all speak of the greatness of this man.

I can not cease without speaking of the unselfishness of the man. His last thought was not for self, but for wife and son and mother. I am glad to bring you this word: Just a little before he passed away, when the wife of his bosom, the companion of his life, came into his room and placed her hand upon his head,—calling her name, he said, "This is your hand. I can tell it from all the others:" and in a labored way he said—"Everything is all right between me and my friends," and then waiting, he said, "And everything is all right between me and God." Beautiful testimony! And then he dictated this, which you all have read:

> "My whole life has been guided by a sense of duty which I have met unflinchingly. There have been times, however, that required moral strength. No other course would lead to ultimate success."

And now I shall bring one more word, for an hour like

this would be unbearable were it not that to the heart that turns toward God there comes back a word from Him that holds, that leads, and that makes life more worth living, fills it fuller of joy. Our Savior said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavily laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and lean on me, for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls." And after the weeks and the months that ran on into the years of sickness and pain, our friend was ready for rest. His soul reached out for relief, and blessed experience was it that when the end came it could find him saying, "I am not concerned for myself, I could wish to be at rest."

✿ ✿

Edwin F. Sweet

Among the many men of unusual ability and fine character I have known in Michigan, both in private and in public life, no one has more strongly attracted my admiration or personal regard than Lawton T. Hemans.

Himself an ideal citizen, his life was spent in a continuous and successful effort to elevate the citizenship of his State and country. He regarded official position not merely as a public trust but as an opportunity for greater accomplishment. He would have made an excellent Governor. His familiarity with the history of Michigan, his sound judgment, his sympathy with that part of the community which is least able to care for itself, and his burning desire to perform valuable service would have insured an administration of rare value to the State.

He was a party man because he thoroughly believed in the principles of the political party to which he belonged, but he was not a partisan in any narrow sense. In his two gubernatorial campaigns he made the most of his opportunity to educate the public on State and national affairs and to inculcate doctrines and principles which made his hearers better men and better citizens.

If party inequality in numerical strength rarely permits the election to public office of such men as Mr. Hemans who do not happen to belong to the stronger party, it is still worth something to have men of his type candidates for office, for in their discussion of public questions, in their calm and courteous criticism of opponents, and in their avoidance of the tricks and sharp practices of the petty politician, they set the pace for others, and to such men is largely due the credit for the steady improvement in political standards so noticeable in our national life during the past quarter of a century.

In accepting the nomination for Governor the second time, he made a personal sacrifice and a concession to his overmastering sense of duty. He was in no physical condition to enter a Statewide campaign, which he knew from experience would draw heavily upon his vitality.

One of his first speeches in that campaign—I think the very first—was made in Grand Rapids. It was a speech remarkable for its statesmanlike breadth of view, full of food for thought, sound in doctrine, logical in sequence, and vigorous and effective in delivery, in fact one of the strongest and most convincing speeches I ever heard him make.

None except those who knew him well and were sitting

nearby could possibly understand the terrible physical strain under which he labored or the tremendous will-power he was exercising by being on the platform at all. At the close of the meeting I accompanied him to his hotel, and only then did I fully realize the extent of his exhaustion. I have ever since regarded this as the most remarkable demonstration of pluck that ever came within my personal observation.

If my conception of this truly great man had to be condensed into a single word, that word would be "Sincerity." To be, rather than to seem, to deserve rather than to receive, to do good to others without a single thought of securing credit of well doing, to love the genuine and detest the sham—these are some of the qualities which made his character beautiful and which marked him among his fellows as a singularly noble, sincere, and manly man.

Michigan is a better State because his home was here. The young men of Michigan are blessed with higher ideals because he lived and because they have known what manner of man he was. Thousands of Michigan voters, old and young, regardless of party ties, paid tribute to his sterling character.

He was a statesman who elevated the standard of public service. He was a historian who played no unimportant part in making history. He was a citizen of the commonwealth who dignified citizenship and enriched the commonwealth with something money can not buy—the lasting benefit of an unblemished example.

John T. Winship

The best estimate of a public man's character is embodied in the regard in which he is held by his personal associates. These are the men who are qualified to differentiate between character and reputation. What a public man is, and what the general public think he is, are two separate and distinct things, and yet in the life of Lawton T. Hemans we have a record of real character that measures up to the loftiest of reputations.

My intimate acquaintance with Mr. Hemans began during his first campaign for Governor, in 1908, and by reason of the fact that I was Chairman of the State Central Committee that conducted his campaign our relations were unusually close during that memorable contest. It was conducted with the most meager financial assistance, the great asset being the candidate's high character, evident sincerity of purpose, and the manifest unselfish nature of his appeal.

That he overtaxed his physical strength in that campaign I believe all his intimates realize. Day and night he delivered his message to the people with a candor and frankness so plain and convincing that at times the logic of his argument arose to the grandeur of an eloquence that was sublime.

There were none of the tricks of the demagogue with Mr. Hemans. He was as honest in thought as in action. His convictions were deeply rooted, but he was not a narrow partisan, as we know partisans in general. He was a patriot in the highest sense: a citizen with the highest ideals of governmental faith and public service.

Possessed of a lovable disposition, imbued with a

kindly attitude towards his opponents, he could not understand the bitterness and unjust criticism that are so often exemplified in the heat of political strife and in the relations between the public and the State's servants. No man could have had less occasion to fear searching criticism of his course than Mr. Hemans; yet he was keenly sensitive to it, because he was profoundly conscious that it was unmerited.

As Mayor of his city, Legislator, Member of the Constitutional Convention, and Commissioner of Railroads, Lawton T. Hemans contributed distinguished service to his State, and at a time, too, when conspicuous effort could only be rendered by a man of commanding force and exceptional virtues. As a student of Michigan history he probably had no superior, and that gave him an equipment for public service that was unsurpassed. Looking back over the history of this commonwealth, so far as I have personally observed it, I know of no man who has labored more zealously for the uplift of its people or the advancement of its political morals.

It is an appreciated privilege to pen these few words as a wreath of remembrance for one who will always rank among Michigan's really great, loyal, noble and revered citizens.

✿ ✿

Edwin O. Wood, LL. D.

Lawton T. Hemans was born for public service. Had he lived in the days preceding the American Revolution his name would without doubt have appeared as one of the signatures of the Declaration of Independence. He

was of the type of the old-school statesmen and patriots. He believed it his duty to give real service to his State and his country.

Had he lived in a State where his party was in the ascendancy it would have bestowed upon him its highest honors. The United States Senate has room for men of the character and eminent ability of Mr. Hemans. Had he been a Republican in his political affiliations, it is certain Michigan would have used his splendid attainments as Governor or United States Senator, or both. After twenty-five years of close association with him, the writer can testify to his sterling honor, his beautiful ideals of friendship, his absolute candor and intense hatred of cant and hypocrisy, his charity and fairness in passing judgment, his generous nature and forgiving disposition, his love of his home and family, his pride in Michigan and its romantic history, his profound respect for the constitution, the law, and the judiciary, his keen interest in current public affairs, his unfailing loyalty to his party and the principles of its founder, Thomas Jefferson.

As leader of the minority in the Legislature he commanded the respect of his colleagues; as a member of the Constitutional Convention he rendered constructive and lasting service to the State; as a member of the Michigan Railroad Commission he gave to the work conscientious and faithful endeavor, persisting in performing his part of the work for months after his strength had become exhausted. In the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore in 1912 as a delegate at large he was a commanding figure. Despite threats and attempts at co-

ercion he stood manfully by his convictions, voting on several ballots for Judson Harmon of Ohio, and later changing to Woodrow Wilson.

The regard with which Lawton T. Hemans was held in Michigan is shown by the vote he received for Governor in 1908. The number of votes cast for him in that election stands out as a tribute to the man, not only by his own party but by the thousands of independent voters and those of opposite political faith who named him as their choice for the highest office in the State because they believed in him as a man.

As a member of the board of trustees of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society he gave for years his best efforts to preserve historical material pertaining to Michigan, and later as a member of the Michigan Historical Commission he was an important factor during its organization and formative period. His History of Michigan, as well as his Life of Governor Stevens T. Mason, together with his other literary productions have made for him an enduring place as a scholar and authority upon matters connected with Michigan and the Old Northwest.

Alas! What a sad and premature death, just at the threshold of his usefulness. His life should be an inspiration for years to come as an example of the eminence attained by a Michigan boy born in humble circumstances who by earnest study and industry, coupled with a pure life, strove to advance the highest ideals of citizenship. Michigan owes a debt to Lawton T. Hemans who literally sacrificed his life in her service.

Selected Poems of Mr. Hemans

Manhood

In life's fierce contested battle
It is manhood that prevails;
Sterling merit wins in trial
Where less virtue always fails.

With a fixedness of purpose
And a consciousness of right,
We may know the struggle's issue,—
And 'twill help us in the fight.

Men are sometimes given garlands
And their praises fill the land
Though they live for gravest error,
If beside them many stand.

But the lasting, nobler portion,
Highest palm of human might,
Is to him who for his manhood
Stands alone because he's right.

Written page of tragic story,
Cunning art in sculptured stone,
May not always voice his glory,—
He's a monument alone.

Just what it is, for cert'in, I don't know 's I can say;
But sumthin's been a tuggin' at my heart strings all the day.
And now the evenin' cricket and the tickin' o' the clock
Have kind o' started mem'ries that I'd almost clean forgot;
And with them come the wonder, if I haven't reached at last
The time when men go livin' in the joys o' the past;
For seems to me I've noticed, that an old man's day o' joy
Is never now or for'ard: but its always when a boy.
And come to think it over, perhaps that's why I wish
That I was back at Mason, in old Ingham County, Mich.

It ain't because I'm feelin' that it wasn't for the best
When I left the home back yonder and traveled further west.
I ain't no kick a comin', n'r a reason to complain,
F'r life has give me fairly o' her pleasure and her gain.
Tain't been a path o' roses, free from goadin' thorns o' sin,
And the underbresh o' trial that my feet have wandered in.
With me life's been a tussle; but I've made it give a share
O' things that are substantial, 'long with a heap o' care.
I've a hundred fertile acres, countin' plow land and wood,
While with the village banker I'm a thousand to the good;
It's 'bout all I'm entitled to, and surely more'n I'd had
If I'd kept right on a stayin' where I used to be a lad.

For while I wa'n't exactly what the older folks called fast,
I was a trifle spéedy for to keep the pace and last.
I was full o' life and ginger, and I kind'er liked the cheer
That I found at Horton's tavern, behind my mug o' beer.
And there ain't no use denyin' that some reputation went,
A kind o' boon companion, with the money that I spent.
Of course the things I did then I ain't doin' any more,
And it wouldn't be becomin' at my age to live 'em o'er;
But when I stop and listen to the songs we used to sing,
And see again the faces that my mem'ry seems to bring,
I own to the inditement that I can't suppress the wish
That I was back at Mason, in old Ingham County, Mich.

For among the score o' faces that look at me with surprise,
There's one that looks half sadly from a pair of azure eyes;
'Tis a face o' modest beauty, with a form and grace o' pose
That brings to mind the lily, and the blossom o' the rose;
And in her smile o' sunshine there's a glow that seems to start
All the latent buds o' passion in the desert o' my heart,
And makes me yield a captive to a dreamlike undertow,
That bears me swiftly backward to the days o' long ago.
As o' yore, I'm slowly walkin' down an old familiar lane,
While beside o' me's the presence o' my old sweetheart again.
'Tis a day when apple blossoms are like snow upon the trees,
And the freshness o' the meadows gives a perfume to the breeze;

When the sky is clear as crystal, and the heart is light as air,
And the joyous note o' springtime seems vocal everywhere.
And as we walk together, I, in falt'ring words, confess
The passion that is ragin' within my boyish breast.
And though she speaks no answer, still my heart accepts the sign,
As she draws a little closer and puts her hand in mine.
For one swiftly passin' moment, I catch a thrill of bliss,
That must have been intended for a better world than this;
For it only stays an instant, and I 'waken to the day,
When an angel lightly kissed her, and took her life away.
And my heart is torn with anguish, as I see her borne to rest,
With a bunch o' crimson roses, that she loved so, in her breast.
The years since then are many, and they've brought a kindly balm,
A sort o' benediction o' quietude and calm.
Yet, when I get to thinkin', seems like I always wish
That I was back at Mason, in old Ingham County, Mich.

Childhood

Sweet happy hour of childhood's glee,
From trials and cares and sorrows free;
O, that the sunshine of thy spring
Might last through life, and solace bring!

Sweet childhood! bright in nature's beams,
Thy life reflects thy happy dreams;
Thy laugh is full and glad and free
As ever lark's might wish to be.

For thee each dell and shady bower
Is garden for some wild-wood flower,—
Some secret holds alone for thee,
A tribute to thine ecstasy.

From copse and scented hedgerow sweet
Comes trill of thrush, thine ear to greet;
It comes, as music to thine ear,
Such as the older never hear.

So, memory seeks the days long past,
To find the joys too sweet to last;
To live again the days of youth,
Made joyous by fond hope and truth.

Sweet happy hour of childhood's glee,
Elysium thou seem'st to be!
O, that the sunshine of life's spring
Might last through life, and solace bring!

The Harp and the Shamrock

There's a green isle afar in the ocean
  Where men have known sorrow and wrong,
Where the shamrock's the sign of devotion,
  And the harp is the emblem of song.

'Tis the island of Erin, whose fountains
  Are limpid and bright in their flow;
Whose plains and whose valleys and mountains
  Rejoice in the emerald's glow.

But it harbors a race that's been driven
  Like beasts bearing burdens of toil,
The joy of whose life has been given
  For the right to have huts on it's soil.

They've been exiled by want and oppression,
  Thrust out to the ends of the earth;
But the power that stole their possession
  Has never deprived them of mirth.

For the harp and the shamrock have ever
  Been strength for their burdens of care,
And made it the land where forever
  They smile in the face of despair.

This green isle has sent to each nation
  The lad and the lass without fear,
Who have lightened the world's tribulation
  With the laughter and song of good cheer.

They've followed the bright star of empire
  As westward it circled the world,
And patiently guarded each camp-fire
  Where the fair flag of freedom unfurled.

Wherever has freedom demanded
  That men should meet death with a smile,
There,—there! in the fore-front, were banded
  The sons of this Emerald Isle.

And when, after horrors that sicken,
  The quest of the struggle was gained,
On the face of the mangled and stricken
  The smile of the conflict remained,—

To tell that the shamrock can ever
  Give strength for all burdens of care,
And prove that the harp will forever
  Beat back the dark clouds of despair.

A Dark Day

Out of the darkness of human woe
Spring the joys that remain,—that never go.

As when in the distance a dark cloud appears,
Within whose folds hide Nature's tears;

In pity they fall from out the skies,
Like drops of sorrow from human eyes;

The earth seems sad, there is no room
For joys of sunshine in the gathering gloom,—

The thunders roll, and lightnings flash,
The earth seems scourged by an angry lash.

But the heart in faith looks up, beyond,
And sees God's work without despond.

In the glad tomorrow the flowers appear,
And Heaven's realm seems strangely near.

God's message of love man here may learn,
That life's wages are joy in sorrow earned,—

That out of the darkness of human woe
Spring the joys that remain and never go.

To A Faded Wild-rose

Wild-rose of brook-side meadow,
  How changed thy vernal sheen
Since thou wert torn, a trophy,
  From thy bower of leafy green.

Then thy blush was like the dawning
  Of the morning's ruddy light,
When first it breaks in glory
  On the pall of fading night.

Then about thy fragile petals
  A breath of fragrance hung,
While on thy leaves the jewels
  Of the dew in clusters clung.

From thy inner depth of beauty,
  Sweet and pure, there seemed to start
A charm, that woke to music
  Dormant chords within the heart.

But now, in leaf nor petal
  Are retained perfume or glow,
To tell the storied triumphs
  That were thine long years ago.

Yet, for this, shall I discard thee?
  And because no longer fair,
Crushed and torn, cast thee from me,
  Without further thought or care?

Rather, I shall better love thee,
And recall that not in vain
Is the life of rose or mortal
That can soothe an hour of pain.

To the Infinite

Tumultuous rolling years of time!
From out thy mists, a Voice, sublime,
Proclaims Thy name;
Unfathomed, space adjoins with time,
Blending in universal rhyme,
To sing Thy fame.
Great Power, that holds, and onward hurls,
The order of vast circling worlds,
Hail! Lord above!
As is Thy name, Thy fame, Thy plan,
So, mirrored in the heart of man,
Transcendent Love.

Autumn

When, with charm of golden beauty,
Autumn days begin to glow,
And with melancholy music,
Soft autumnal winds do blow,

Forest aisles with whispering murmurs
Lure to ponder and to dream,
And reveal life's wondrous glories
In each leaf, and flower, and stream.

Night, in all her radiant splendor,
Glorious revelation sends;
Star, and crescent of the morning,
Tell of love that never ends.

Pomp of color lavish spending,
Purple mist obscures the hills;
Gold, with green together blending,
Riot runs where'er it wills.

Not for naught this blissful vision,
Caught from some celestial art,—
Leaf, and flower, and dream, are fashioned
From the same great glowing Heart.

The Morning Star

Gem of night's fast fading splendor, smiling o'er the
eastern hills,
Nature with a pean greets thee, and each heart with
rapture fills.
Magic, in thy tranquil glory, turns each dew-drop to a
pearl,
Brighter than the rarest treasure in the casket of an earl.
Song birds swell their matin carols, ecstasies of pure
delight,
When thy beams fall like a blessing on retreating steps of
Night.
In thy light, like vestal radiance trembling from the
eastern sky,
Fondly lovers seal their plightings with a kiss, and last
good-bye.
Ah! full many a fond emotion fans to life, when, from afar,
Eyes behold thy proud ascension, O thou queenly Morning
Star!

You kin talk about your rural scenes, your country seats and sich,
Uv "Brierwood" and "Springbrook" farms, playthings uv the rich,
Where pampered sons uv Standard Ile and Steel Trusts sniff the air,
To tone their constitutions up, and free their hearts fr'm care;
They're surely things uv beauty to the man that's huntin' art,—
But they're far from satisfyin' to the honest country heart.
They're more like grand asylums where men kin ease the shock
That comes to 'em from sellin' their blocks uv watered stock.

I've roamed about full many a day these gorgeous play-thing farms,
But I've always left confessin' they are destichute uv charms;
Because, I know what real farms are,—and there's always in my eye
A farm that's to my likin's same's a piece uv azure sky.
It's a tidy bit uv valley, same's in a picture fills
Up the space between the forests and the farther rollin' hills;
There are fields uv crimson clover, uv wheat and rustlin' corn,
With pastures fresh an' fragr'nt with the nectar uv the morn.

There's a cottage by the orchard, roses climbin' o'er the door,
Through which sunshine and shadow fall in checks across the floor.
And from out that open doorway, if y'r only standin' near,
A song same's like a bird song comes a floatin' to your ear.
It's the singin' uv my Maggie, who through the livelong day
Keeps a singin' while she's workin' just the same's though 'twas play.
There are children fresh and ruddy out a-playin' on the green,
And there's sure no need to tell you they're the jewels uv the scene.

There's an air uv home and comfort there, wherever you may look,
From the barn, where nest the swallows, to the babblin' meadow brook.
E'en the well-sweep, with the bucket tilted on the mossy brink,
Is a temptin' invitashun to a cool refreshin' drink;
And the dinner-bell seems sidelin' so's 'twas 'bout to give the peal
That would call the men and horses up out uv the distant fiel'.
Now from what I've been a tellin', I've no doubt that you kin see
That this farm, so nigh perfeeshun, is one that b'longs to me.

And you may be likewise thinkin' that its beauty and its charm
Is because it keeps and shelters all my loved ones out uv harm;
But your thinkin's at your pleasure,—I'm as sure as I can be
That no "Springbrook" rural palace would be quite the thing for me.
For the comfort that's the real thing I have found beyent a doubt
Depends more on what's within you than on what you've got without.
So I'd ruther have an acre, and a heart kept full uv mirth,
Than to waste with cares oppressin' as the price uv all the earth.

Life

As I sit alone by my office window looking into the night, from the street below comes the subdued sobbing of a child. Some sorrow has touched a young heart, and my sympathies go out to the little one who is being made acquainted with one of the great facts of life. The thought comes to me, What is life?—and the answer,

To hope with a hope never failing,
And struggle with might and with main;
To hear the world cheer when you're winning,
And laugh when you struggle in vain.
To fall, and to rise and press onward,
In quest of earth's bounty and cheer,
To find at the end of the journey
You look through the mist of a tear.

What is life?
To hope with a hope never failing,
To struggle with might and with main,
Unswerved by the cheer when you're winning,
Or the laugh when you've struggled in vain;
To fall; but to rise and press onward,
With a heart ever buoyant with cheer,
Ever lured by the bright star of duty,
Though the eyes may be dimmed with a tear.

The Falling Star

In autumn nights I wander oft alone,
Eyes cast to Heaven with my heart's desire;
For, while a star falls, if our wish we own,
We gain the gift to which we may aspire.

Dear, 'tis but one wish my heart can frame,
When falls a star; I only think of thee.
I long that thy pure love remain the same,—
That in my exile thou shouldst think of me.

Alas, this fancy I would fain believe,
For naught have I to comfort me beside;
But Winter's bitter winds begin to grieve,
And his dark clouds the star's soft glory hide.

—*Translated from the French.*

IN ANSWER

Yet shall I doubt that stars in glory shine,
Because dark clouds the constellations hide?
Or fear thy ardent love's no longer mine,
When fate of exile takes thee from my side?

No, dear; though clouds of winter hide the light
Of stars that swing like censer lamps on high,
I still shall know, beyond the pall of night,
They jewel the milky baldric of the sky.

And by this token, from the stars of night,
My faith shall span the leagues of wintry sea.
And I shall know the sum of love's delight—
That all is well between thyself and me.

To A Faded Violet

Crushed and fragile, dead and faded,
Still I love thee,—better far
Than when thou wert sprightly growing,
Blithe, and young, and debonair.

Not because a woodland flavor
Lingers in thy trace of blue,
Which once vied, a jealous rival,
With the heavens' royal hue;

But because red lips have kissed thee,
And though faded now, and old,
Still, for memories' sake, I love thee
More than wealth of yellow gold.

Love's Token

Sweetheart, know that I remember,
Though the fleeting days of time
Bring no message to thee, saying,
"All the love I have is thine."

And when Spring shall wave her banners,
And the Morning Star shall burn,
I'll remember, by the token,
That, unsaid, my love's returned.

To A Wild Rose

No longer the breath of the meadow
  Is thine, my bonnie wild rose;
No longer the blush of Aurora
  In the depth of thy chalice glows.

But still in thy ashes there lingers
  A charm that is dearer to me,
Than any thy beauty exerted
  When thou wert the queen of the lea.

For a kiss once made thee a token,
  Of a love that should never grow old,
That should live in the golden hereafter,
  When the lips that had breathed it were cold.

A Rift in the Cloud

From clouds of lead the rain drops down,
In the lonesome streets of the drear old town.
In withering gusts it strikes the panes,
And I say, in my sorrow, "It rains! It rains!"

The clouds of sorrow roll over my heart,
While as from a fountain the tear drops start,
And I long for childhood's days again,—
For a mother to come and to soothe my pain.

When lo! a rift in the cloud I see,
A little bird sings his song of glee,
The sun peeps out in the brightening sky,
And the cloud from my heart has been lifted high.

As the Moon Shines in at the Window

How our thoughts at random fly,
Guarded keep them though we try,
When alone we sit and listen
As the moon's soft haze and glisten
Chases with its mellow light
Lowering shadows of the night.

The splashing wheel down by the mill,
The bellowing kine upon the hill,
Silent as if half in fright
At the silver sheen of night.
Only cricket's chirp is heard
Trilling love song, in a word.

Nature seems all hushed and still.
E'en shy laughter of the rill
Comes in muffled quiet tones
From its bed of moss and stones,
While the moon with beaming pride
Glints the mirror of its tide.

Pensive, peaceful, each thing seems,
Clad in raiment of her beams,
Resting tranquil in her ray
At the close of toilsome day.
Quiet reigns o'er moor and mart;
Joy is here,—save in my heart.

At the casement bathed in light
By the gorgeous Queen of Night,
In revery sad and fancy free
'Mid bygone years I seem to be.
And this, a scene where all is glad,
Stills my heart, and makes me sad.

Vain hopes I see, of other years,
The blasted fruits, and present tears;
I view the joys of days long past,—
Dear joys, too sweet to live and last,—
When the casement's bathed in light,
By the gorgeous Queen of Night.

The Closing Year

'Twas the closing of December; in the night alone sat I,
Watching all the shadows deepen, and the embers slowly die.
Listlessly I'd watched the firelight dance upon the darkened wall,
Hardly conscious day was passing, and that night had spread its pall.

A delicious languor seized me, and, yielding to its tow,
It seemed to bear me backward through the days of long ago.
And as I held communion with those happy days of yore,
There came a feeble rapping, rapping at my outer door.

Still I lingered, till the tapping was repeated once again,
And my ear caught up the moaning of a feeble word of pain;
Then I flung the door wide open, and in the failing light
Saw the bent form of a stranger, outlined against the night.

His aged form seemed yielding before the winter's grief,
That whirled his tattered mantle like a dead and withered leaf.
"Welcome stranger!—welcome!" said I, to the aged sire;
"Come within my modest chamber, sit thee down beside the fire."

Spectral like, he slowly entered, moving with a halting pace,
While I marked his shrunken figure, silvered locks, and kindly face.
Not a word had yet been uttered by my strange nocturnal guest
Telling from what bourn he traveled, or the object of his quest.

"Ancient Sage," at last I queried, "tell, what cause of mortal woe
Sends thee like a hunted wildling through this night of wind and snow?
Does some tragic memory drive thee aimless on from place to place,
Or does some thought of evil lurk beneath thy kindly grace?"

"Child of mine," he slowly answered, "let my presence bring no fear;
I am but the shade of Winter; I'm the closing of the year."
Then from memory he a story told of sorrow and of joy,
Reaching back from Age's evening to the days when yet a boy.

'Twas as though I saw before me vernal Spring in human life
Changing to voluptuous Summer, manhood days of hope and strife;
Ending in the haze of Autumn and the wintry chilling blast,
As the sands of life were running with the last turn of the glass.

Like faint distant strains of music, in this story I could hear
Youthful shouts and boyish laughter full of hope and void of fear;
Words of love and passion mingled with discordant strife for fame,
And the ceaseless labored battle after power and worldly gain;

Till at last, like evening vespers, faintly borne upon my ear,
Came the murmur of the twilight of life's yellow leaf and sear.
When he ceased, we sat in silence, till the bells rang loud and clear,
Telling, in their tones of silver, advent of a glad New Year.

Then it was, my guest of evening faded from my mortal sight,
And was gone, and gone forever, in the darkness of the night;
But the bells still rang the louder, and they said in sweet refrain,
"Though the year grows old and sterile, bud and bloom will come again;
Bud and bloom will come again."

The New Year

The night wind whispers a requiem,
  A sigh for the old, dead year;
And my heart is moved with pity,
  As I join with the worth of a tear.

My grief, it wells deep and real,
  When the night wind whispers low,
And tells me how, out of sorrows,
  Life's purest and best joys grow.

So I turn from the bier of the old,
  Where I've laid my wreath of rue;
I turn with the smile of peace,
  And welcome the birth of the new.

Selected Essays and Addresses

Michigan

"Si Quaeris Peninsulam Amoenam Circumspice," is the appropriate and suggestive legend chosen to grace the great seal of the State of Michigan. To all who come within her borders, seekers of a beautiful land, Michigan says, "Look about you," and surely his quest must be satisfied if he but obey the injunction. If men live forth their environment, if they draw a subtle influence from the land in which they live, appropriating nature's beauties, the ruggedness of her outlines and the variety of her charms, to transform and reflect their very essence into life and thought, then was the land we know as Michigan in the beginning predestined as the home of a great and mighty people.

The world presents few if any localities of such restricted area where nature has been more lavish in the variety of her gifts. In its extreme north it presents a landscape telling the story of earthly tumult; there, in jagged rocks, and mighty hills, and dark ravines, have been written the imperishable record of earthquake and glacier and the mighty forces that contended in the building of a world; there, in mountains whose feet are bathed in that tideless ocean, the mighty Superior, have been stored nearly every mineral of prime necessity to man; there, men stubbornly contest for the treasures of Nature's hoarding, while their hearts grow strong as the crags, and as free as the waves.

A Fourth of July oration delivered at Onondaga some thirty-five years ago.

To the southward stretch great forests, gray and primeval, full of their silent life and mystery. In their quiet depths the noble stag takes his morning drink from fern-fringed lake or stream, where the finny tribe sport well-nigh unmolested, making it the sportsman's paradise.

Again southward, and the landscape changes. We pass from pine and hemlock wood whose aromatic odors are pleasingly blended with the perfume of the arbutus to a land where the elm, the oak, the beech and the maple were the giants of the forest in the days before the sound of the woodsman's axe was heard. Now we look out upon a rich pastoral scene stretching away mile upon mile to the State's southerly border. The southern half of the Lower Peninsula is unreserved in the exhibition of its agricultural opulence. Here hill, vale and woodland are gathered together in picturesque commingling, over which summer throws its mantle of emerald. The land may be said to be gently undulating; appropriate seasons show blossoming orchards, fields of billowy grain, meadows rich in perfume and promise, while innumerable flocks and herds dot the hillsides. Placid lakes and smooth flowing rivers rest the eye of the beholder and add the charm of variety. Thriving villages, whose people are at one with their rustic neighbors, are common; cities and more pretentious marts of trade, alive with the whirr of industry and busy with the schemes of trade are yearly adding to their populations.

Surrounding this great State, within a day's travel of its every inhabitant, roll the great unsalted seas. The Great Lakes! While time shall be, and men shall marvel at Nature's grand displays, these mighty inland waters

shall stand, second only to the ocean, in the hold which they have on the imaginations of men. Storm-tossed or placid, they are ever the same. One stands upon their shores, and looks off across their restless blue, and there comes the feeling of the insignificance of self, mingled with the inexpressible thoughts of the grandeur, the might and the power of nature and nature's God, whose handiwork we can behold and yet fail to understand. In many places, the waters are buttressed by bold and rocky headlands; but more often, their force is spent upon the inclined stretch of glistening sand. A mighty commerce plows their surface, with its fleets of white sails and blackened funnels moving in almost constant procession through the passes at the Sault, Mackinac and Detroit. To the dwellers upon a thousand miles of these rugged shores, there comes from the watery waste a spirit, a sentiment and an inspiration, known only to those who "go down to the sea in ships." If these great waters exert an influence upon the minds of those who daily live in their contemplation, they have still a greater influence upon the temper of air and clime, so softening and modifying their rigors that on these shores are ripened in perfection both the hardy apple and the luscious peach. Small wonder there is soul and heart in the schoolboy's song when he sings,

Home of my heart, I sing of thee,
Michigan, my Michigan.
Thy lake-bound shores I long to see,
Michigan, my Michigan.

The First Judicial History of Michigan

The transmutations that have taken place since white men first took up their abode within our borders have been such that the history of Michigan forms one of the most unique chapters in the history of our common country. To write of the first supreme court would be to write of a matter within the memory of men now living. But the limitations of my subject are far broader. They permit of a commencement and termination of the judicial story anywhere within the past two centuries; since, when the constitution of 1850 was adopted, for more than that length of time civilization had struggled for a foothold upon our soil.

With the founding of Detroit, La Motte Cadillac was invested with all the power belonging to the highest feudal lordship which then obtained in France. During the period of French control over the soil of Michigan, there was nothing to stimulate the growth of local self-government, even had the germs lain dormant in the nature of the Franco-Canadian. The reputation of the French colonist was far from that of being litigious, and his civic regulations and requirements were quite sufficiently discharged by the *cure*, the commandant and the deputy intendant, with legal formalities furnished by the duly commissioned notary. In the Territory of Michigan, which embraced Detroit and Michilimackinac, the lives of the *habitants* were in the hands of the commandant; and while upon one or two occasions this officer resorted to extreme penalties, as a rule the simple

From the *Michigan Historical Collections, XXXV, 537.*

lives of the people called for little or no interposition of judicial authority.

In November, 1760, the cross of St. George was raised over Fort Pontchartrain and later over Michilimackinac, and by the treaty of Paris in 1763 Michigan, as a portion of Canada, passed under the dominion of the British Crown. In the interim between possession by force of arms and treaty rights, the government was purely military, as would be expected. It would have been much better had General Gage, in its exercise, at all times followed the judicious counsels of Sir William Johnson, a sterling character of wisdom, honesty and integrity. While the constitution may not always follow the flag, it has always been supposed that courts of justice followed Anglo-Saxon civilization and control; yet Michigan Territory under British possession was to form an exception to this rule. Upon the assumption of sovereignty under the treaty of Paris, the king of Great Britain, by a proclamation under date of October 7, 1763, established four separate governments, known as Quebec, East Florida, West Florida, and Grenada. Into these provinces were introduced the civil and criminal law of England, but neither Michigan nor any part of the Territory north of Michigan, under the provisions of the famous Quebec Act, was to come within the pale of civil government, and then in name only.

The commandants of English authority changed but little the rule of their French predecessors. If they did not exercise authority themselves, they delegated it to others. Under some such arrangement, one Gabriel LaGrand seems to have exercised some of the functions

of a justice of the peace in 1765. Later, and in 1767, the commandant, Captain George Turnbull, commissioned one Philip Dejean a justice of the peace, with powers to make inquiry but not to render judgment, except upon the joint request of the parties. Later in the same year Robert Bayard, the major commanding, granted Dejean a further commission as "second judge" to hold a "Tempery Court of Justice to be held twice in every month at Detroit, to Decide on all actions of Debt, Bonds, Bills, Contracts and Trespasses above the value of five Pounds, New York Currency." The first judge, it is presumed, was the commandant himself, who continued to administer judicial proceedings, as was customary with the deputy intendant of the French régime. In the annals of Wisconsin for about the same time we are told the story of one Judge Réaume, who acted under similar authority, but more distant from the source of power, at Green Bay; who, in lieu of process, summoned the delinquent before him by sending his jackknife as warrant of its possessor's authority. If we may credit the traditions that come to us of this pioneer wearer of the ermine, we may believe that his judgments were as original as his process, for he turned the short-comings of those who came under the ban of his decrees to his own account by requiring them to hoe in the judicial garden and replenish the judicial woodpile.

In 1775 Lieutenant Governor Hamilton, of unsavory memory, arrived in Detroit, clothed with well-nigh unlimited powers, both administrative and judicial. Under his sway Dejean continued to exercise his powers as a justice of the peace. They soon brought the authorities

at Quebec to a realizing sense of conditions at the distant post by proceeding, in 1776, to try by a jury of six English and six French, a man and a woman on the joint charge of arson and larceny. The jury found that they were guilty of the larceny, but of the proofs showing arson they had some doubts. The verdict was, however, considered warrant for the execution of the man, the woman acting as his executor, she receiving her freedom. For this unwarranted act, warrants were issued from Quebec for the arrest of both commandant and justice; and while both escaped, by reason of the public attention being engrossed with the events of the Revolution, it had the effect nevertheless of making both more circumspect in the discharge of their judicial functions.

In later years, the Lieutenant Governor seems to have tired of the routine of judicial procedure, for we have the authority of Judge May, who came to Detroit in 1778, to the effect that in 1777 the Governor "getting tired of administering justice, proposed to the merchants to establish a court of trustees with jurisdiction extending to £10, Halifax;" that eighteen of them entered into a bond that three of them should be a weekly court in rotation, and that they would defend any appeal that might be taken from their decision,—the appellate body being presumably the Governor. They rendered judgments, issued executions, and imprisoned in the guard house. This proceeding seems to have given satisfaction, for I have in my possession an old document which shows that the plan was later inaugurated at Michilimackinac, and in 1788 the examination of Mr. Robertson before Lord Dorchester at Quebec on the memorial of "divers in-

habitants of Detroit" asking for better judicial facilities, disclosed that in his opinion the court of arbitration worked so well that it would quite meet the needs of the post if it could be clothed with legal power and authority. This memorial from the traders and citizens of Detroit was brought out by the fact, that in the same year Lord Dorchester had by proclamation created four districts in Upper Canada, with a court of record for each,—Michigan, being still under British control, fell within the district of Hesse. The court was known as the court of common pleas, and from its decisions there was no appeal, except to the Governor and Council. The Hon. William Dummel Powell was the first judge of this court, assuming his duties in 1790. Subsequent legislation by the council of Upper Canada brought the people of our territorial limits the rights to general quarter sessions of the peace, the jury system, later a court of probate, and later still a superior court of civil and criminal, and other courts of higher, jurisdiction. The last term of court held at Detroit under British authority was concluded on January 29, 1796. Before the holding of another term, another event had transpired, whereby the cross of St. George was supplanted by the stars and stripes, and British dominion by the rule of a free people.

On August 18, 1796, Winthrop Sargent, Acting Governor of the Northwest Territory, by letters patent created the county of Wayne, whose limits contained the lower peninsula of Michigan and the greater portion of the present States of Ohio and Indiana. Its county seat was fixed at Detroit. He likewise created a court of common pleas, with powers similar to those of its Canadian

predecessor. Judicial appointments to the bench of this court were made by the executive, and Louis Beaufait, James May, Charles Girardin and many others served in that capacity. The supreme court of the Northwest Territory held one session yearly, at Detroit. At the time of the creation of Wayne County, Rufus Putnam, John C. Symmes and George Turner constituted the court. This court was regular in the holding of its sessions at Detroit until the creation of the Territory of Ohio in 1803, at which time our soil became a part of Indiana Territory. Our connection with Indiana was of short duration, and merits little more than notice. Some legislation was enacted, but its nature is not now known. In 1805 Michigan Territory was created, and the Act creating it contained all the essential features of the Ordinance of 1787.

From 1805, in Michigan, dates the rule of the Governor and Judges. William Hull was appointed Governor and Stanley Griswold was made his secretary. Augustus B. Woodward, Samuel Huntington and Frederick Bates were named and confirmed as judges. Mr. Huntington wisely declined the appointment and John Griffin was appointed in his stead. The Judges were appointed for life or during good behavior. Had the last provision been enforced, the term of Judge Woodward would not have exceeded six months; as it was, he served for more than twenty years. As there were no counties then organized in Michigan other than the county of Wayne, the Governor and Judges, for judicial purposes, divided the Territory into three districts, known thereafter as the districts of Erie, Huron and Detroit, the district of

Mackinaw being of somewhat later creation. Their names sufficiently give their locations. The Governor and Judges soon adopted a code of laws, and provided for a judicial system. Matters of small importance were left to the disposal of justices of the peace; a court of intermediary jurisdiction was created over all land cases, and concurrent jurisdiction over civil causes involving, at first, two hundred dollars, and later five hundred dollars, with the general powers of an appellate court.

The long career of Judge Woodward upon this bench is one of the most picturesque in the history of our judiciary. He was a strange combination of wisdom and turbulence. His conduct in attempting to punish Major John Whipple as for contempt of court in his use of disrespectful language upon the public street, his almost constant quarrels with Governor Hull and other members of the court, created scandals that have lasted to this day. The district courts survived until 1809. By 1820 the counties of Wayne, Monroe, Mackinac, Macomb and Oakland had been organized, and in that year a system of county courts was established, to be presided over by a chief justice and two associate justices in each county. They had original jurisdiction in all civil matters not cognizable by a justice and not exceeding one thousand dollars, and of crimes and offenses where the punishment was not capital. The supreme court retained original jurisdiction in all civil causes where the matter in difference exceeded one thousand dollars, all causes of divorce and alimony, all actions in ejectment, trial of criminal actions where the punishment was capital, and concurrent jurisdiction with county courts in trial of criminal

causes generally, and appellate jurisdiction in all matters of a civil nature where county court had original jurisdiction.

Congressional action in 1823 revolutionized the Territorial government. It provided for a legislative body in the territorial council and changed the tenure of judicial officer from life to four years. Three judges still constituted the supreme court, and one effect of the act was to drop Judge Woodward from the number. County courts were still retained and the judges of the supreme court were authorized to hold court in given circuits, the places of holding being designated as Detroit, Monroe, Mount Clemens and St. Clair. The judicial system was a subject of frequent legislation, and in 1833 the Territory of Michigan east of the lake and outside of the present county of Wayne was created into a judicial circuit, to which the Hon. William A. Fletcher was appointed as circuit judge; this circuit embraced the counties of Monroe, Lenawee, Branch, St. Joseph, Cass, Berrien, Kalamazoo, Calhoun, Jackson, Washtenaw, Oakland, St. Clair, and Macomb. For riding this circuit and dispensing justice, Judge Fletcher received one thousand dollars per year. Two side judges lent their dignity to the court and were a quorum for the transaction of business, but no person charged with an offense above the degree of a misdemeanor could be asked to stand trial in the absence of the presiding judge; but no one escaped trial for this reason, for the journals in each of the counties of the circuit will show that Judge Fletcher was generally on hand to discharge the duties of his office. The supreme court continued to exist as such, and its functions as a

circuit court were likewise retained and exercised under the name of superior circuit court in the circuits formed of the counties to which they had first been appointed and the counties attached to such counties for judicial purposes. Provision had been likewise made for a judiciary in that vast territory under Michigan jurisdiction embraced within the bounds of Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, the Mississippi River and the southern limits of the present State of Iowa. Such were the conditions of the judiciary of Michigan when her people adopted the constitution of 1835. Under the provisions of that instrument one of the first acts of the legislature of 1836 was the passage of an act to organize the supreme court and to establish circuit courts. It received its approval on the 26th day of March, 1836. It was concise and direct in its terms. The supreme court was to be composed of three judges, the first named of whom was to be the chief justice. The State was divided into three circuits and one judge of the supreme court was assigned to each of the circuits, while in each county provision was made for the election of two associate judges for the term of four years each. Two judges of the supreme court and two judges of circuit court in each instance formed a quorum, but in the circuit courts no person could be tried for an offense of greater degree than a misdemeanor, in the absence of the presiding judge. The supreme court was given the jurisdiction of the supreme and superior circuit courts and the circuit courts the jurisdiction of the circuit court of the former Territory, except equity jurisprudence, which was given to the care of a chancellor's court. In a general way our circuit

and supreme court still exercise the same jurisdiction as the pioneer courts of Michigan.

In the creation of the circuits, Wayne, Macomb, St. Clair, Lapeer, Michilimackinac and Chippewa, and the counties attached to each for judicial purposes, constituted the first judicial circuit. The second judicial circuit was composed of the counties of Monroe, Lenawee, Washtenaw, Oakland, Saginaw, Jackson, and Hillsdale, and likewise the counties attached to such counties for judicial purposes; and the third judicial circuit was formed from the counties of Branch, St. Joseph, Cass, Berrien, Kalamazoo, Allegan, Calhoun, and Kent, and the counties that had been attached to them for judicial purposes. The law made provision for two terms of court a year in each county, while the supreme court held its session for the first circuit at Detroit, on the first Monday of September; for the second circuit, at Ann Arbor, on the third Monday of December; and for the third circuit, at Kalamazoo on the first Monday in August. The meager records of the early court would seem to indicate that *certiorari* was the most popular means of reviewing questions in the supreme court, although writ of error and case made were frequently employed. In the later years of the court a practice, not without merit, seems to have grown up of reserving the more intricate questions and cases of importance in the circuit courts for reargument and submission to the full bench.

By another Act, chancery jurisdiction, including the power to grant divorces, was conferred upon a separate chancery court, presided over by a chancellor who was

required to hold two sessions annually in each of the judicial circuits of the State, the clerk of the supreme court in each circuit being likewise a register in chancery. From the decrees of the chancellor an appeal could be taken to the supreme court.

Most State officers under the constitution of 1835 were appointed by the Governor, and the judiciary was no exception. The first appointment for member of the supreme court, made by Governor Mason, was given to William Asa Fletcher of Ann Arbor, who had taken up his residence there to comply with the law of 1833 under which he had been made the circuit judge for the circuit east of Lake Michigan; being the first named, he thereby became the chief justice and entitled to sixteen hundred dollars per year, whereas his associates, George Morrell and Epaphroditus Ransom, who respectively occupied the circuit benches in the first and third circuits, received but fifteen hundred dollars each; which sum was likewise the compensation of the chancellor, the office so ably filled by Elon Farnsworth.

Judge Fletcher was born June 26, 1788. He was the son of an intelligent New Hampshire farmer, who frequently filled the pulpit of the Congregational Church of his native town of Plymouth. His mother was of a prominent family of the State. Judge Fletcher received a good education. His service at the bar of Detroit dated from 1821, and before being appointed to the circuit judgeship, in 1833, he served three years as chief justice of the Wayne County court and as attorney general of the Territory. He was the author of the first compilation of the statutes of the State, and until 1842

served with honor and fidelity in the high position of chief justice. He died at Ann Arbor, September 19, 1852; and it is not to the credit of Michigan that his ashes repose in an unmarked and perhaps an unknown grave. A few years ago, as laborers dug a sewer through what was once a cemetery, but what is now Felch Park, in Ann Arbor, they discovered a casket which an aged lady recognized as the one in which Judge Fletcher was consigned to earth; where this was placed I have not learned, but wherever it may be, the bench and bar of Michigan can do a valuable service by seeing that the fate of William A. Fletcher shall not be added to that list which, it is claimed, shows the ingratitude of republics.

Hon. George Morrell was two years the senior of Judge Fletcher, having been born at Lenox, Massachusetts, March 22, 1786. He was given the benefit of a liberal education, graduating from William's College in 1807. His legal practice began in 1810, and before his removal to Detroit in 1832 his attainments were such as to cause his elevation to the federal bench. His death in Detroit, March 8, 1845, was a cause of profound regret to a circle that was wider than the limits of the State of his adoption.

Epaphroditus Ransom was likewise a son of New England, having been born at Shelbourne Falls, New Hampshire County, Mass., in 1797. It was his own exertions that made it possible for him to graduate from Chester Academy, and in 1832 from the law school of Northampton, Mass. He died at Fort Scott, Kansas, in November, 1859. His long service upon the supreme bench of Michigan and his subsequent election to the office of Governor of the State, are sufficient evidence of

his attainments and of the nobility of his life and purposes.

Of the early judicial quartet, Elon Farnsworth was the younger, he having been born at Woodstock, Vermont, in 1799; he also was the recipient of a college training. He came to Detroit in 1822, and before the formation of the State constitution he had served with distinction in the Territorial Council. Of his administration of his judicial office, the great Chancellor Kent said: "The administration of justice in equity in Michigan under Chancellor Farnsworth is enlightened and correct and does distinguished honor to the State."

Perhaps no higher compliment to his service can be stated than to restate what was said of him at the bar service in his honor at Detroit on the occasion of his death, March 27, 1877; which was, that during his long years of service as chancellor no decision of his had ever been reversed.

These men deserve our highest praise; amidst trials and hardships they blazed the pathway where it has been easy for others to follow. Through weary miles of trackless forests, astride the ever faithful horse, they took their way to the crude settlements to hold court in the pioneer schoolhouse, sending the jury to deliberate under the shelter of a near-by oak, or perhaps vacating the building for their comfort. They laid the foundation of our judicial system in honor and integrity; they were sturdy characters, in every way worthy of our present-day emulation.

Michigan's Debt to Stevens T. Mason

The debt which a commonwealth owes to any individual must ever be a question difficult of determination. The world will ever owe a debt of gratitude to that army of men and women, who, deterred by no obstacles, with faith in their convictions, with courage and intelligence, do their duty. The man who, in the full view of the multitude, directs the affairs of state, has no better claim to honor and distinction than the man who, in the lower walks of life, uncheered by the shouts of the people, does his duty. Duty should ever be our guide, the claim, and duty knows no path of preeminence or distinction. It is not given to men to measure, with any degree of certainty, the ultimate value of actions and events. The world has seen men who have walked the earth amid a blaze of glory but who, in death, have left nothing of value to the race; it has known others who have wrought in want and obscurity to leave an influence growing brighter and more potent with the passing years.

The debt which the great State of Michigan owes to the "boy governor" is the debt due for duty faithfully performed in the sphere where circumstances called him, and according to the light which he had.

Stevens Thomson Mason was born at Leesburg, Loudoun County, Virginia, on the 27th day of October, 1811. He died in New York City, January 4, 1843. Between these narrow limits his life was lived, the greater part of it for the State of Michigan; and yet, until now, no-

From the *Michigan Historical Collections*, XXXV, 244.

where has there been made a record within the State of even the place of his birth, or an acknowledgment of gratitude for the services which he rendered.

The reason for this is not difficult to find. It has its origin in the political animosity which was a part of his time, and which constrained political opponents to withhold the meed of praise while time held the memory of their contests. It is a matter of congratulation that those days are passing, and that the great State of Michigan is about to bestow a deserved tribute to his memory.

It was the fortune of the Boy Governor to be born to the heritage of a good name, to have back of him a line of men who had achieved great things for their State and nation. George Mason, as the author of the "Bill of Rights," and the first constitution of Virginia, the friend of George Washington and Patrick Henry, left a name that is still large in the old commonwealth of Virginia. His son, the grandfather of the Boy Governor, had served with distinction as the first United States senator from his State, and his own father, General John T. Mason, had all the characteristics of his blood. When John T. Mason closed his college days at the historic college of William and Mary, he brought Elizabeth Moyer a bride to his Loudoun County home. Stevens T. was the first son of this union, and we may well imagine the scene which was enacted in the old manor house which still stands at Raspberry Plain, when the numerous army of kinsfolk gathered to bless in baptism the name of this infant son.

But little more than three years of the boy's life were to be spent upon Virginia soil. Kentucky was then the

land that beckoned to the ardent spirits of old Virginia, and thither John T. Mason and his family bent their way. Before 1815, he had become one of the leading figures in the business and social life of the then famed city of Lexington. For a time fortune smiled upon his efforts and he soon held a high place in the legal profession, being connected in no small way with the financial life of the community, while many a broad acre of the charming blue grass country was his. About 1820 he became associated with others in the iron business in the vicinity of Owingsville, Bath County. In a few years business depression and failing fortune swept away the greater part of his considerable estate. The education of Michigan's future first Governor had not been neglected. At first by private tutor, and later as a student in Transylvania University, his time had been well employed; but with the closing days of the twenties the young lad left his books to become the helper in the family harness. As a grocer's clerk in the then village of Mt. Sterling, although but a lad, he learned some lessons that are not taught in books.

Enough has already been said to indicate that it was financial adversity that turned the attention of General John T. Mason towards a political appointment, and which brought him to the Territory of Michigan. It was to repair, if possible, his shattered fortune that he left his office as Secretary of the Territory and journeyed to Mexico, after first obtaining the appointment for his son, who as yet lacked some weeks of his nineteenth year.

The story of the opposition that was occasioned by the

appointment has passed into history. It was to the credit of the young man, that under opposition his conduct was such that he soon won the hearts and confidence of those who were his most vigorous opposers.

It was the Toledo War, of course, which gave to the Boy Governor his first great popularity. Fortunately only the humorous side of that bloodless struggle now remains to us; but it was a far different matter in 1835. It was an issue then in which there was the most tense and earnest feeling, and no one voiced that feeling in Michigan with more zeal and fervor than did Stevens T. Mason. So insistent did he become in championing the rights of his feeble Territory, that President Jackson, who had been his fast friend and supporter, was constrained to remove him, and appoint a more pliable gentleman, John Horner of Virginia, in his stead. Had a man of less energy and less insistence occupied the position of chief executive of the Territory, we may well presume that Michigan would have been admitted without the Upper Peninsula as a Territorial compensation for the wrong she suffered.

As has been already shown, aside from the refining influence of a cultured home, the educational advantages of the young Governor had not been extensive. His boyhood had been passed in a State where free schools and universal education were unknown, and yet one of the greatest services of the young man to the State of his adoption was to be in the cause of free schools. He appointed John D. Pierce to the important office of Superintendent of Public Instruction and ably championed his every effort. There is scarcely a message to the

legislature in which he does not urge the need of universal education. In many of them are expressed sentiments that might well adorn the walls of every schoolroom in the land.

"If our country is ever to fall from her high position before the world, the cause will be found in the ignorance of the people; if she is to remain where she now stands, with her glory undimmed, educate every child in the land."

Again he says:

"Public opinion directs the course which our government pursues; and as long as the people are enlightened, that direction will never be misgiven. It becomes then our imperious duty, to secure to the State a general diffusion of knowledge. This can in no wise be so certainly effected, as by the perfect organization of a uniform and liberal system of common schools. Your attention is therefore called to the effectuation of a perfect school system open to all classes as the surest basis of public happiness and prosperity."

He once interposed his veto in a manner to save a considerable part of the present endowment of the University. It was an institution even in its infancy that was strong in his affections. Speaking of it in its days of want and poverty, he once said: "With fostering care this (the University) will become the pride of the great West." This prophecy of the Boy Governor has long since become true; and had he left to Michigan no other token of a watchful care, his efforts for the great University of Michigan should gain for him our everlasting gratitude.

In the establishment of our penitentiary system, when the doctrines of vengeance were still carried out in penal institutions, Governor Mason wrote into the records of the State:

"Common humanity forbids that we should adopt the rigid system of solitary confinement without labor, for experience has shown that the imprisonment of the offender without occupation destroys the mental faculties and soon undermines the constitution."

"The reformation of the morals of the corrupt and wicked, the enlightenment of the ignorant and the employment of the idly disposed, are cardinal objects not to be overlooked in your system of discipline."

Governor Mason early accepted the situation which gave to Michigan the Upper Peninsula, and with rare foresight his first message asked for an appropriation for the construction of a ship canal around the falls of the river Sault Ste. Marie. Work was actually begun, and stopped only because of complications with the National Government; and yet, many years later, Henry Clay and many men of national prominence were declaiming against the expenditure as being upon a work beyond the farthest limits of human habitation. The procession of black funnels that now steadily pass this great waterway are a monument to the young man who blazed the way.

It is not to his discredit to say that he sometimes made mistakes, but it is to his credit to say that such as he made were never the product of a vicious design.

"Tom" Mason, as he was familiarly called, never arrogated to himself the possession of superior abilities. He was a young man of spirit and pleasing personality.

Although fate took him to a distant State, his continuing affection and last thought was the land of his heart beside the great lakes of the North; and the great State of Michigan has done well to place his ashes where they will mingle with the soil of her metropolis, amid the familiar scenes of his fondest hopes and aspirations.

Removal of Governor Mason's Remains

Stevens Thomson Mason, the first Governor of Michigan, died in the city of New York, January 4, 1843, and the body was interred in the vault of his father-in-law, Thaddeus Phelps, in what was known as the Marble Cemetery, located in the block bounded by the Bowery and Second Avenue and Second and Third Streets.

For many years the surviving sister of the deceased, Miss Emily V. Mason of Washington, had entertained a desire that the mortal remains should be removed to Michigan soil. This desire was conveyed to the authorities of the State, and the State Legislature of 1891, by concurrent resolution (Public Acts 1891, Page 329), made provision for the transfer of the body to the grounds of the State Capitol at Lansing. A change in the administration of State affairs, in 1893, distracted attention from the project and nothing resulted from the legislative action.

In the winter of 1904-05, Mr. Hugo A. Gilmartin, while representing the Detroit *Free Press* in the city of Washington, met and became acquainted with Miss Emily V. Mason, then in her ninety-first year. He learned of the desire of the surviving relatives of Governor Mason that his body be removed from its resting place in New York, and through Mr. Gilmartin and Mr. Lawton T. Hemans, of Mason, who had done some work of a biographical nature on the life of the Boy Governor, the matter was brought to the attention of the Michigan authorities. The legislature then in session, as soon as

From the *Michigan Historical Collections*, XXXV, 32.

apprised of the willingness of the relatives that the body should be removed, unanimously provided for the removal (Concurrent Resolution No. 1, Public Acts 1905).

In pursuance of the authority given by the resolution, Hon. Fred M. Warner, Governor of the State, appointed the Hons. Daniel McCoy of Grand Rapids, Arthur Holmes of Detroit, and Lawton T. Hemans of Mason, as commissioners to carry the resolution into effect. Repairing to New York City, they with the assistance of Mr. Edward H. Wright, Jr., of Newark, N. J., and a grandson of Governor Mason, had the body disinterred. The indentity of the remains was clearly established by a silver plate on the casket, which bore the inscription, "S. T. Mason Died Jan. 4th, 1843."

This commission, accompanied at the special invitation of the State of Michigan by Miss Emily V. Mason, of Washington, D. C., the sister; Mrs. Dorothea Wright, of Newark, N. J., the daughter; Edward H. Wright, Jr., the grandson, and Stevens T. Mason, of Baltimore, Md., a grand nephew, then acted as escort to the remains on the journey to Michigan, arriving at Detroit Sunday morning, June 4, 1905.

At once, upon action being taken by the State authorities, Hon. George P. Codd, Mayor of Detroit, sent a special message to the common council of that city calling attention to the action of the State Legislature, and the common council took appropriate action providing for the interment of the remains in Capitol Park. When the work had been executed and the grave excavated, it was found to be in the very foundation of the Territorial and first State Capitol building, a fitting

resting place for the ashes of the State's first Governor.

The Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society extended an invitation to the Mason family to attend its annual meeting, June 6 and 7. This was accepted, and a memorial service was arranged for Thursday evening. The common council of the city of Lansing passed a resolution of welcome to the State's guests, and an informal reception in their honor by the legislature was held in the House of Representatives.

On June 7 the Mason party, at the request of the common council of the city of Mason, paid a visit to the city named in honor of the first Governor, where they were entertained at the home of Mr. L. T. Hemans, and cordially welcomed by the leading citizens of the place.

REINTERMENT OF GOV. STEVENS T. MASON

The Detroit *Free Press* and Detroit *Tribune* give the following report of the obsequies at Detroit, June 4, 1905:

Detroit, which was in a very real sense the first, last and greatest joy of Stevens Thomson Mason, has, after the lapse of more than six decades, received the mortal remains of the man who left her only to mourn in that he was separated from the scene of his trials and his many triumphs.

Today the casket containing the remains of Michigan's first Governor lies beneath the foundation walls of the building which saw the greater portion of those victories—the old State Capitol. Both the man and the structure are crumbled into dust, but neither are forgotten, and their influence is still felt in the every-day life of Michigan.

From the depot to the Light Guard armory, from the armory to the stone-lined grave in Capitol Square park, was but a few steps, nevertheless the hearse that bore the remains of Gov. Mason through the streets that afford passage between these points, traversed that which was not only the heart but the greater portion of Detroit in the days which saw the beginning of things as the people today know them.

"It was a remarkable thing about Gov. Mason that he was as popular when he died as when he was first elected Governor."

These were the words of C. M. Burton as he looked upon yesterday's solemn pageant, and if there were many who had never before heard the name of Stevens Thomson Mason, there was also a goodly company that paid real reverence to the remains of the man who was the leader of their forefathers.

The Michigan Central train that bore the remains of Gov. Mason from New York to Detroit arrived in this city about 9:15 yesterday morning—and, here may be noted a significant fact, that it was Gov. Mason who did more than any other one man to procure for the road which brought back his ashes, its first charter.

MET BY GUARD

The party of relatives, with its precious charge, was met at the depot by Company "A," of the Detroit Light Guard, as representatives of a body of which the dead man was once a member, by a platoon of police under command of Sergt. Jacques, and by Gov. Warner and his staff and Mayor George P. Codd.

The military and the police acted as an immediate escort for the remains, six members of the "Broadway squad," Patrolman F. J. Clark, James J. McCarthy, Thomas J. Reardon, Peter McHugh, F. J. Stahl and Julius Kling, serving in the capacity of active pallbearers.

It was the intent of those in charge to have the casket removed from the outer oak box in which the coffin was shipped, but it was found that handles were absent from the casket, and it could not, in consequence, be lifted from its covering.

As the casket was taken from the train, a national flag was thrown over it, and this was, in its turn, half hidden under a wealth of ascension lilies and smilax.

BORNE FROM STATION

The casket was borne out of the station between long lines of spectators and was placed in a hearse and immediately carried out Jefferson avenue to the Light Guard armory.

In the meantime, the Governor and his staff, the mayor and the members of the local committee had met the party from New York, consisting of relatives of Gov. Mason, and these two parties followed the remains to the armory, after which they breakfasted together at the Russell house.

In this company were Emily V. Mason, sister of Gov. Mason; Mrs. Dorothea Mason Wright, of Newark, N. J., daughter of Gov. Mason; Ed. H. Wright and Capt. William Mason Wright, grandsons; William Mason Wright, Jr., great-grandson; Stevens T. Mason, a grand nephew; Hon. Daniel McCoy, of Grand Rapids; Col.

Arthur L. Holmes, of Detroit, and Lawton T. Hemans, of Mason, of the Gov. Mason commission; Gov. Warner, Mayor Codd, Miss Carrie Godfroy, of Detroit; Miss Kittie Barnard, of Detroit, and Ald. D. E. Heineman, chairman of the local committee.

From the time of the arrival of the remains in the armory until they were removed to their last resting place, strict military guard was maintained by the members of the Detroit Light Guard. The casket, still covered with the banner and flowers, rested upon a catafalque of purple, which stood just below the big platform. Surrounding it on all sides rose a mass of palms, evergreens and smaller plants, while above it a canopy of black emphasized the idea of mourning. A huge national flag served as a general background.

Such was the scene that greeted the 2,000 or more persons who entered the hall between 1 and 2:20 p. m. At the close of that period a burst of military music of peculiar solemnity announced to the people that the services were about to open.

HEAD OF PROCESSION

The procession was headed by Mayor Codd, who first of all escorted Miss Emily V. Mason, the aged sister of Gov. Mason, to the platform. In spite of her very advanced years, Miss Mason walked with a firm step, in which was visible the joy of accomplishment, for it has been her lifelong dream to see the body of her distinguished brother placed to rest within the State over which he ruled.

Following Miss Mason and the mayor came the other

members of the family and their friends, then Gov. Warner, Senator R. A. Alger, former Gov. Rich, D. M. Ferry, Gen. Henry R. Mizner, Maj. Arthur P. Loomis, Gen. McGurrin, Col. Bates and Gen. Kidd and representatives of the State Legislature.

The services were opened by a short prayer from the lips of Rev. Dr. D. M. Cooper, pastor emeritus of the Memorial Presbyterian church. There was considerable of thanksgiving in the petition, chiefly for the good wrought by the man whose remains lay before the assembled company.

MAYOR'S OPENING ADDRESS

"In all those few years of life that were given to Gov. Mason after he left the State of Michigan he had one earnest desire—to return to that State which had so honored him, and which he had so honored," said Mayor Codd, in opening the service. "Fate, however, decreed otherwise and this is his first home-coming since leaving Michigan shortly after the expiration of his governorship."

GOV. WARNER SPOKE

At the close of this brief talk, the presiding officer of the occasion, Gov. Warner, told in an eloquent manner of the many praiseworthy qualities of former Gov. Mason, referring to him as one of the men to whom the State of Michigan owes its splendid foundation.

"He was a man of character," said Gov. Warner. "He was a man possessing great mental strength, great virtue and unusual geniality. He stood for right and

had the courage to express his convictions, no matter what forces opposed him. Stevens Thomson Mason was a statesman of the highest type.

"I believe Michigan is doing herself a great honor in providing for an occasion of this sort," said his excellency. "For in this manner, the ancient patriotism is instilled into the minds of our children.

"Our first Governor had to begin with the fundamentals. There was no public school system, practically no railroads; things were in their beginning, and if Michigan has prospered it is because of the foundations laid by her first Governor. The State has done well; it has done its simple duty in bringing the ashes of Gov. Mason home."

C. M. BURTON'S ADDRESS

President Burton, of the State Pioneer and Historical Society, delivered the principal address. He told of the public life of Mason and what the latter has accomplished, saying in part:

"We are here to pay tribute to the memory of one of the men who made our State; whose hand and brain guided our Territory through its last years, and who helped to lay the solid foundation of the commonwealth over which he was the first to preside.

"He was the last Acting Governor of a Territory nearly as large as the combined areas of the thirteen colonies, and his power was as great as that confided to any man in this country.

"His sway extended over more than 250,000 square miles of land, and the territory under his management

as Governor reached from the Detroit River on the east to the Missouri River on the west, comprising the present States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa.

HIS VAST TERRITORY

"Over this vast empire he was chosen to preside as Acting Governor before he had reached his twenty-first birthday. He was elected Governor of the State at the age of twenty-four years.

"In person he was of a slender, flexible and elegant figure, with small, aristocratic hands and feet. His face was full, his forehead was not high, but rather broad, and his brown, waving hair fell in rich clusters about his head.

"His blue eyes beamed brightly and were radiant with sympathy and geniality, but when aroused and animated showed their owner was a man of will, of courage and decision. His nose was prominent and with his well-shaped chin and jaw betokened force and determination.

"He was born, the son of John T. Mason, of Virginia, in 1812, but was educated in Kentucky, whither the elder Mason had removed while the son was still a lad.

A POLITICIAN'S SON

"The father was a politician of considerable note and was appointed secretary of Michigan Territory in 1830, succeeding Judge James Witherell. The elder Mason removed to Detroit immediately after his appointment, bringing with him his family of one son, Stevens, and four daughters, Emily, Catherine, Laura and Theodosia.

"Young Mason conducted the affairs of his father's

office as clerk for nearly a year and thus became familiar with all the duties of secretary. His father subsequently resigned to accept a private commission, and Stevens was appointed by President Jackson to succeed him.

"The appointment of a minor was received with disfavor, and a mass meeting protesting was held, but a calm, dispassionate and temperate reply made by young Mason served to allay the excitement to a large extent.

WON OVER OPPOSITION

"In the end, the unchangeable appointment of President Jackson stood, for 'Old Hickory' never flinched in any contest, and it became the duty of the people to submit.

"Almost at the time of Mason's appointment as secretary, Gov. Lewis Cass accepted the portfolio of secretary of war. Thus the boy secretary became the governor of the territory, pursuant to the law.

"George B. Porter was appointed governor soon afterward. On the last day of the following October, 1831, Porter left Detroit and was absent for several months, leaving young Mason at the helm.

TIME OF GREAT THINGS

"The council was occupied with much important work. Many bills were introduced. Among them were: The grant of the upper peninsula to the State of Michigan, the formation of the State of Michigan, the abolition of imprisonment for debt, incorporation of the Lake Michigan Steamship Company, the enlargement of the city of Detroit, location of territorial roads to Chicago and

Grand Rapids, prohibition of the sale of lottery tickets, establishment of State banks, establishment of common schools in Detroit, and the incorporation of the Detroit & St. Joseph Railroad Company, now the Michigan Central.

"By this time the people had learned to repose as much confidence in 'the boy Governor' as in the Governor himself.

BECAME GOVERNOR

"In 1834 cholera visited Michigan, and among other prominent men who succumbed was Gov. Porter. From that time on, during the remainder of his life in Detroit, Mason was Governor.

"The tide of immigration set in strongly in 1835 and the territory thrived wondrously, for wealth came with labor and population. Lake traffic increased, and it was estimated that during the summer months 1,000 strangers landed every day on the wharves of Detroit.

"What was commonly known as the Toledo war took place at about this time. It was a war without much bloodshed, and one that is frequently referred to with a smile of derision, but it resulted in greater gains to the State of Michigan than the wisest statesman of that day could foretell.

THE GREAT EXCHANGE

"Michigan claimed its southerly line reached the western extremity of Lake Erie. Such a line would have included within the State limits the city of Toledo.

"Ohio disputed Michigan's claim, and under the

leadership of Gov. Mason, Michigan resorted to arms, but congress finally settled the controversy; in lieu of this small tract, Michigan accepted the northern peninsula as now outlined.

"In this exchange Mason builded better than he knew, for it was the laying of the foundation of the immense lake traffic that we now have.

URGED SHIP CANAL

"Mason advocated the construction of a ship canal around the falls of St. Mary's river and the granting of charters to railroads where the grant was made for public good. He also desired to connect the great lakes with a ship canal across Michigan.

"He asked that gold and silver be used as the circulating medium for money, and that the issue of paper money be curtailed as much as possible.

"In his message to the Legislature advocating the establishment of a common school to be free to all children and supported by public revenues, and, in further advocacy of a State university to be built on the broad lines that have made the institution one of the greatest in the world—an honor to the State and to the nation—he displayed his great foresight.

REMOVAL AND DEATH

"Governor Mason remained in office until the close of 1839, when he went to New York City to take up the practice of law. A few years later he died from scarlet fever in that city.

"Separated for more than half a century from the land

he loved so well, he has been returned to us today, and his ashes will repose on the spot where the greatest achievement of his life took place—the site of the first Capitol of a mighty State.

"Let there be erected above him a monument with suitable inscription, so that the present and future generations may truthfully say Republics are not always ungrateful."

The last stated speaker of the afternoon was Hon. Lawton T. Hemans, of Mason, resident of a town which bears the name of the "boy Governor."

Mr. Hemans' talk was eulogistic and eloquent and he referred in a touching manner to a letter written by Gov. Mason to his sister a few weeks before his death, in which the writer expressed the hope that he might, in future, spend his summer vacations in this city.

Then followed what was probably the most touching incident of the whole day. Scarcely had Mr. Hemans taken his seat, when Rev. Dr. Cooper rose, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, asked permission to add his personal tribute.

DR. COOPER'S REMINISCENCE

"I remember so well the day when I, as a lad, saw Gov. Mason descend from the capitol steps, clad in the white blanket which was the style of the day, a gold headed cane in his hand, and, altogether, the handsomest man, with perhaps one exception, that I have ever looked upon.

"Yet, just then, the impulse came upon me to insult

him and, as he passed, I shouted out a taunt with reference to an increase in his salary.

"In fear of his big cane, I climbed up the capitol steps —I was brave enough not to run away—and the Governor turned and followed me. I was astonished when he walked up to me, put his arms around my neck and, for five minutes, gave me the sweetest, most fatherly talk imaginable. I cannot remember one word of what he said, but that impression has remained with me ever since, and I have never ceased to love the man and his memory."

The speaker's eyes were filled with tears and his emotion was reflected in the countenance of Miss Mason when he stepped to her side as she sat on the platform and shook hands with her, expressing his satisfaction at being able to bear so sweet a testimony to the lovableness of her dead brother.

DEPARTURE TO ARMORY

The First Regiment band played, "Come, Ye Disconsolate," the order to ground arms, followed by that to fall in, was given, and the "Broadway squad," consisting of the six giant policemen of the Detroit force, carried the remains of the First Governor to the hearse.

Following the remains came Miss Mason, sister of deceased, who, under the escort of Gov. Mason's grandson, William Mason Wright, and his great-grandson, William Mason Wright, Jr., stepped into her carriage, her way being lined by officers of the First Infantry.

Literally packed was Larned street with persons of every walk in life, and a deathlike stillness prevailed as

the venerable lady entered the carriage provided for her.

The cortege, which formed on Jefferson avenue, was made up in the following order:

THOSE IN COLUMN

Mounted police, under Capt. Lemuel Guyman; police on foot from the First precinct, commanded by Capt. John T. Spillane; Chief Marshal George W. Fowle and staff; Gen. W. S. Green, chief of staff, and aides; John P. Kirk, of Ypsilanti, colonel of the First Infantry, and staff; First Regiment band; First Infantry; Michigan State Naval Brigade; the hearse; family in carriages; Gov. Fred M. Warner and staff, accompanied by United States Senator Russell A. Alger and Mayor George P. Codd; State commissioners; committees of the House of Representatives; members of the common council and the board of estimates; members of the board of education.

The line of march was from Jefferson to Woodward avenue; up Woodward to Michigan avenue; on Michigan to Rowland street; on Rowland to Capitol Square.

Along the line of march thousands of persons covered the sidewalks, and a remarkable crowd it was. Everybody seemed to appreciate the solemnity of the occasion, for hardly the sound of a voice was heard as the procession marched slowly to the place of interment, taking twenty minutes to go that short distance.

CITY HALL BELL TOLLED

Meanwhile the bell on the city hall was tolled at intervals of one minute.

The procession presented an inspiring sight as it

marched up Woodward avenue and past the city hall, headed by the mounted police. No cavalry that ever paraded the streets of Detroit presented a grander sight than did this handful of mounted policemen, with their well-trained and magnificent looking bays, led by Capt. Guyman on a jet black animal. Only the solemnity of the occasion kept the immense crowds from breaking out into applause.

As it was, the people simply looked on in admiration of the well-drilled men and their well-trained horses.

"MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN"

Upon the arrival of the remains at Capitol Square, the police on guard over the last resting place of the first Governor, presented arms, and the officers of the First Infantry lined up on either side of the path. Following the casket came the immediate relatives, the band meantime playing, "Michigan, My Michigan."

The venerable Miss Mason, with tears in her eyes, led the little great-grandson of the first Governor to a seat under the pavilion. The other relatives followed, and then came the remainder of the distinguished party including Gov. Warner, Mayor Codd, Hon. John T. Rich, Hon. Lawton T. Hemans and many others.

Simple were the services at the grave. As the body was slowly lowered into the earth, Rev. D. M. Cooper pronounced the benediction, and the band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee." All this time the color-bearers held the flags of the Union and the State above the tomb—the silent flag salute.

Miss Mason and her little great grand-nephew cast

flowers upon the casket as it slowly sank out of sight, the former retaining one rose from the bouquet, which she held back as a cherished souvenir of a moment which was, probably, the proudest of her life.

THREE VOLLEYS AND "TAPS"

Then followed the parting salute to the dead from the firing party, the bugle call, "taps," and the ceremony was over.

Capitol Square park was filled from one end to the other, and as the distinguished visitors moved away there was a general rush from all sides by curious persons who wanted to look down into the tomb. It was with considerable difficulty that the police kept them back, thus preventing, perhaps, serious accidents.

But still the crowd remained and it was fully three-quarters of an hour before Capitol Square resumed its normal conditions.

As to the number of persons who turned out to honor the memory of Gov. Mason, suffice it to say that the street cars were taxed to their capacity and emptied their human freight by the carloads into Cadillac Square for two hours before the funeral cortege passed.

SOME OF THOSE IN PROCESSION

Following is a list of some of the men in official capacity who marched in the funeral procession: Hon. Fred M. Warner, Governor of the State; Hon. George P. Codd, mayor of Detroit; ex-Gov. John T. Rich, Hon. Daniel McCoy of Grand Rapids; Col. Arthur L. Holmes and Hon. Lawton T. Hemans, of Mason, members of the

Gov. Mason State commission; Hon. Charles Smith, Hon. Orlando C. Moffatt and Hon. John D. McKay, committee of the State Senate; Hon. James S. Monroe, Hon. Junius E. Beal, Hon. Archibald F. Bunting, Hon. Martin Hanlon and Hon. David Stockdale, committee of the House of Representatives; Ald. David E. Heineman, Max C. Koch, George Ellis, Richard M. Watson and Louis E. Tossy, committee of the Detroit common council.

Douglass Houghton

We are assembled here today to do honor to the memory of a man who during his short earthly career was an exceptionally forceful influence for the progress and development of our commonwealth. In the erection of a monument to his memory we are performing a service to the generation of the present and to those who may succeed us in generations yet to come; for states and people are great only as they look with confidence to the future and with inspiration drawn from the lives and history of the past.

The name of Douglass Houghton will ever remain inseparably connected with the development of this great region of upper Michigan, for here in a true sense he was a pathfinder and a pioneer, intelligently blazing the pathway and recording accurate observations on the physical characteristics of the country for the guidance of those who should come after him. Indeed, there is justification for the belief that he was a potent influence in the train of events which brought this great northern country within the territorial limits of our beloved Michigan.

Douglass Houghton was born at Troy, New York, September 21, 1809, the fourth child in a family of seven born to the parents, Jacob Houghton and Mary Douglass Houghton. The training and environment of Douglass Houghton were such as admirably to fit him for the great work which he ultimately accomplished. The father, Jacob Houghton, was a lawyer of more than

Address at the dedication of the Douglass Houghton monument at Eagle River, October 3, 1914.

average culture, while through the mother he inherited the sturdy blood of the New England revolutionary period. While Rochester was still a village on the western frontier of the Empire State, Jacob Houghton in 1812 immigrated to Fredonia, to become the willing partaker of the hardships and privations of pioneer life. Young Houghton thus had open to him from infancy the advantages of a cultured home where good books and refining influences abounded, while courage and love of adventure were ever stimulated by intimate contact with a life in which the need of such elements is daily required.

In his tender years, Douglass Houghton was frail in body and diminutive in size; but coupled with these characteristics, as not infrequently happens, was promise of unusual precocity and brilliancy of mind. Advancing years brought him bodily vigor, but he always was small in stature.

The years that have intervened since his death, naturally obscure the incidents of his boyhood career, but from the past there still come the stories that show him to have been a lad keenly alive to all of the wonders and mysteries that surrounded him in the physical world, and that marked him as the scientist of unusual attainments which he ultimately became. He was a chemist before he knew the chemical elements; a botanist while his only textbook was the wealth of the forests; and a geologist with the rocks and cliffs his only teacher. Before he had arrived at his sixteenth year, in company with a neighboring lad he had perfected a mill for the manufacture of a coarse quality of gunpowder. It was here,

while engaged in the work of compounding materials, that he was severely injured by an explosion, the effect of the burns which he received being such as to place his life in jeopardy and to mark him with permanent facial disfigurement. A lad so eager for all the learning which the great field of nature opened about him, was not long in completing the courses of study afforded by the schools and academies that were close at hand. His strong bent for the natural sciences caused his father to place him as a student in the Van Renssalaer school in the city of Troy, at that time one of the leading scientific schools of the country. From this institution he graduated in 1828, and when not twenty years of age he had already been admitted to the practice of medicine by the medical society of Chautauqua County.

The Detroit of 1830, needless to say, was far different from the Detroit of today. At the earlier period, the closing of navigation isolated the metropolis from the outside world and for a period of four or five months threw the inhabitants upon their own resources for the means of culture and entertainment. Among the institutions of the place which contributed to both of these purposes, were the lecture courses which annually were given under the patronage of General Cass, Major Biddle, Henry Schoolcraft and others. It was these gentlemen who, in 1830, applied to Professor Eaton of the Van Renssalaer school to recommend a gentleman to give a course of public lectures on the subjects of chemistry, botany and geology at Detroit during the ensuing winter. Hon. Lucius Lyon, later the Territorial Delegate of Michigan at Washington, was commissioned by his

Detroit friends to call at the Van Renssalaer institution and personally arrange for the employment of the gentleman to be selected for the position. Lucius Lyon was himself a young man, being about thirty years of age at the time; but he was much surprised when he was presented to a youth, both in appearance and years as the candidate thought equal to the instruction of men of mature culture on abstruse scientific subjects. But Lyon was soon convinced that the young scientist would be equal to such a mission, and soon concluded the arrangements that brought young Houghton to Detroit, from which time his life was to be intimately identified with the development of the Territory and subsequent State. Time will not suffice to say more of the course of lectures in which Douglass Houghton delighted the people of Detroit, other than that they formed the basis of an enduring regard in which he was held by the people of that city. That Lucius Lyon and Douglass Houghton were thus thrown together was a fortunate incident for Michigan, as will be later seen—for it was the inception of a bond of friendship and confidence between two men who had it in their power to do much for the aspiring commonwealth.

Only a few months following the advent of young Houghton in Detroit, Henry R. Schoolcraft then on the threshold of his distinguished career, was organizing the expedition which he later conducted for the exploration of the source of the Mississippi River. In his search for a physician and trained scientist to accompany the expedition, his choice was almost confined to Douglass Houghton, to whom he proffered the position. Houghton

gladly accepted the position so fully in line with his talents and inclinations. The expedition proceeded by way of the upper Lakes, and thus early did the great upper Peninsula pass under the eye of a trained scientific observer, who later from intimate knowledge was able to give to at least those connected with the official life of the Territory a knowledge of the great northern country, and a glimpse in prophesy of what it might ultimately become.

Houghton returned to Detroit in 1831 to take up the practice of the medical profession, which he continued until 1836. His practice is said to have been the most extensive and lucrative enjoyed by any physician in Detroit. The people of Detroit, who had theretofore admired Houghton's youthful genius and ability, now added to it the warmth of intimate affection. Through the cholera outbreak in 1834 no character in the city of Detroit stands out with more courage, loyalty and devotion. Through the dreary days of that fatal summer, Douglass Houghton was one of a noble band who through their professional and humane ministrations earned the gratitude of the people of that community.

The summer of 1835 is eventful in the history of Michigan. This is not the time or place to recount the incidents leading up to and growing out of the bloodless conflict of the "Toledo War," further than to say that as compensation for the enforced relinquishment of the seven mile strip upon her southern border, the State's northern boundary was enlarged to include the Upper Peninsula. Historians have named several individuals as being entitled to the honor of compensating Michigan

territorially for the loss of Toledo, but the honor unquestionably belongs to Lucius Lyon, who had been chosen to the United States senate in anticipation of Michigan's early admission to the federal union.

During the winter of 1835 and '36, Lucius Lyon, in company with John Norvell and Isaac Crary, the other two members of the Michigan delegation, were in Washington anxious to assume their duties while Congress delayed the State's admission. A letter from Senator Lyon, under date of Feb. 18, 1836, discloses that the senator already saw the inevitable and was preparing to obtain such compensation as could be acquired. With facetious resignation, he writes: "The corruption and management of the delegation in Congress from Ohio and Indiana is about to deprive Michigan of the country claimed by the former States; and to compensate us in some measure, the committee will probably give us a strip of country along the south shore of Lake Superior, where we can raise our own Indians in all time to come and supply ourselves now and then with a little bear meat for delicacy."

That the senator had knowledge that the country to be acquired had far more value than as a hospitable region for bears and Indians, is evidenced by the fact that three days later, in a letter to Colonel Andrew Mack of Detroit, he urged the desirability of the acquisition of the upper country upon other considerations. "My own opinion is" said he, "that within twenty years the addition here proposed will be valued by Michigan at more than forty millions of dollars, and that even after ten years the State would not think of selling it for that

sum. When compelled by the strong arm of power most unjustly to give up and yield to the gigantic State of Ohio a part of our territory on the south, I can conceive no good reason why, under the circumstances, we should not receive all Congress are willing to give us elsewhere. If we lose on the south and gain nothing on the north or west, we shall be poor indeed."

Years later in a written communication, Senator Lyon says: "Having, when in Congress, when the limits of Michigan were about to be unjustly curtailed on the south, first proposed and taken an active part in procuring the extension of our boundary to the northwest so as to embrace a large tract of country on the south side of Lake Superior, a principal object of my inquiry was of course to ascertain the character and value of the country thus added to our State. The result of these inquiries were, I am able to say, more favorable than I had ever anticipated." The remaining portion of the letter might even now be used in the prospectus of the development bureau of the so-called clover lands. Said he: "That portion of our State lying beyond the Straits of Michilimackinac, and bounded on the north by Lake Superior, contains probably about 25,000 square miles, or about one-third more land than is contained in the States of New Hampshire and Vermont together, and it is capable of sustaining and will sustain at some future time as great if not greater population to the square mile than either of those States. Its soil is good; better than that of New England States generally, and the country is well adapted to the production of wheat, rye, barley, oats, potatoes, wool and flax, while the fisheries in the

lakes on either side of it, and the rich mines of copper and iron ore will afford sources of profitable employment to thousands of persons who will need those products, so that the farmer there will always have the advantage of a good market at his own door. The land is well wooded with sugar tree, beech, ash, lynn and black cherry, and in some places forests of pine. The country is rolling and well watered. It contains but little swamp, and the proportion of waste land in it is probably less than in the Lower Peninsula, though the proportion of waste land here is much less than is generally supposed. The climate of the country is said to be quite as mild as that of the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and the northern part of New York, the severity of the winter season being moderated by the waters of Lakes Superior and Michigan, which are so deep that they never freeze except at and near the shore."

That the greater part, if not all of this information, still so accurate in its general character, was received from Douglass Houghton there is no doubt, for no individual possessed a larger and more discriminating knowledge of the Territory, and bore to Lucius Lyon a more intimate friendship than Douglass Houghton.

Governor Stevens T. Mason was even a year the junior of Douglass Houghton, and his warm personal friend and coadjutor. Governor Mason, the enthusiastic friend of every measure which the State undertook for the promotion of education and institutions of learning, lost no time in tendering the position of State geologist to Doctor Houghton when legislation had created that department of State activity. A somewhat superficial

survey of the State was made under a small appropriation of 1837, while a more comprehensive plan was contemplated by the action of the legislature of 1838. Scientists have generally regarded the plan perfected by Doctor Houghton for the geological survey of Michigan as one that might well be considered as a model. The plan comprehended four departments, namely: Geology and mineralogy proper; zoology, botany and topography; each having its official head and assistants, all to work under the general supervision of the State geologist. It was the plan of Doctor Houghton to have the work of all departments prosecuted simultaneously. Those in charge of the topography department were to furnish skeleton plats, into which the other departments were to work the peculiar features coming under their observation, with more than ordinary accuracy.

The State was not able to benefit to the full extent of the creative genius of the State geologist because of the unfortunate financial calamities which came with exceptional severity upon the youthful commonwealth, but the failure of the State in no manner detracts from the genius of the scientist who pointed the way.

The season of 1840 was spent by Doctor Houghton and his assistants in exploration and geographical researches on the south coast of Lake Superior, then an unbroken wilderness, inhabited only by bears and Indians to which Senator Lyon had called attention. The report made by Doctor Houghton to the legislature the following February disclosed that the great sources of mineral and other wealth had not escaped his observation,

although their existence was stated with commendable caution and modesty of detail.

Doctor Houghton's report, published in 1841, was the last one made by him to the legislature of the State. It treats of the geology of the Upper Peninsula, and Professor Winchell, so long eminent in the field of science, speaks of it as a masterly discussion of the mineral veins of the trap, conglomerate and other rocks, and further says, "It furnished the world with the first definite information relative to the occurrence of native copper in place on Lake Superior, and the mining interest now rapidly growing up in that region has been to a great extent created by the attention directed to it by the report of my late predecessor."

Subsequent to this time and during the life of Doctor Houghton, the meagre resources of the State made further prosecution of the geographical survey inexpedient, but the State's poverty did not stop his activities in scientific discovery. Even before this time, the keen observation of Doctor Houghton had discovered the indications of possible saline deposits within the State, and by subsequent legislative authorization he conducted borings in the vicinity of Grand Rapids and on the Tittabawassee, near the present city of Midland, later to become one of the points of extensive salt production. Immediate success did not crown his efforts. The State's resources were limited; supplies and equipment required transportation through miles of trackless forest, but he pointed the way, and as one writer has said, "demonstrated that the work was one of no slight magnitude."

In 1842 Doctor Houghton was elected to the position of mayor of the city of Detroit, and at about the same time served as president of one of the leading financial institutions of that city. He had been made professor of chemistry, mineralogy and geology in the newly created university of the State, and on occasions delivered lectures on these subjects, while he perfected plans for still further prosecution of geological researches in the mineral regions of Michigan.

It did not require his tragic death to impress the people of Michigan with appreciation of his individual worth, and the value of his service to his State. On the 19th of March, 1845, the county of Houghton was created by act of the Michigan Legislature and named in his honor. Counties in liberal number have been named for men eminent in the political life of the State, but Douglass Houghton shares with Henry Schoolcraft the unique distinction of being one of the two men thus honored from the field of applied science.

Douglass Houghton at the time of his death had barely completed the thirty-sixth year of his life, but years of exceeding value to his State. Today his name is perpetuated in the name of one of the State's greatest counties; in one of its townships; in one of its most charming cities, and in the largest inland lake within its borders. His portrait adorns the walls of the legislative chamber of the State capitol, and a cenotaph tablet to his memory can be read upon the campus of the great university at Ann Arbor. It is to small purpose that we do further honor to his memory unless we learn and give vitality to the principles that were the active elements of his

life and achievements. Could we see Douglass Houghton here today, we would see a man small in stature, of less than five feet six inches in height; a man of modest and affable demeanor; a man who found pleasure in poetry and in the music of the flute, upon which he was an accomplished player; a man who combined with these lighter accomplishments the sterner qualities of indefatigable industry, thirst for knowledge, and moral and physical courage. These qualities were the basis of his achievements, which in themselves emphasize that into the keeping of most men has been given the elements that make for lives individually successful and helpful to humanity.

The demand of the example of the life of Douglass Houghton is not to be satisfied by the answer from any man, that he wrought in a time of exceptional opportunity and promise. It is true that Michigan no longer has a frontier; no longer is it necessary for the pioneer to clear the way through fen and forests; but Michigan from a thousand fields of human effort beckons as never before to the men and women who have the wisdom to plan, the courage to dare, and the industry to do. There is inspiration in the life of a Houghton as there is in the life of a Lincoln, for both come as messages of cheer and assurance that the common abilities and the common virtues of life make alike for the success of individuals and the glory of states.

Private Ownership and Governmental Control of Public Utilities

Ladies and Gentlemen: Dean Cooley, with a sincere purpose of compliment, has told you that I was once the candidate of the Democratic party for Governor. That you may draw no false conclusions, perhaps I should tell you the whole truth,—that I have been a candidate twice; that running for Governor has become somewhat of a habit with me. Once upon a time in my first campaign, at the conclusion of an address, a man came up to the platform and put up a hand that indicated its possessor was familiar with physical toil, and said, "Mr. Hemans, I want to shake your hand, and tell you that you will at least get every Democratic vote in my township. I am the only gol darned Democrat there." So you see, running for Governor on the Democratic ticket in Michigan may indicate no quality greater than courage in the candidate.

It is for me an exceptional pleasure to view so large a body of young men and women on the threshold of careers in engineering, for while most of us no doubt are looking forward to the financial and material rewards that are to come from professional effort, there is another side which to my mind is of equal if not greater import both to you as individuals and to society as a whole.

It is a matter of frequent comment that this is an age of wonderful development, but in no field is it more true than in the field of the so-called public utility. Our great railway systems, illuminating gas from destructive

Address to the Freshman engineering class at the University of Michigan in 1914.

distillation, water under pressure, light and heat and power from electric energy, the telephone and the telegraph, are the product of the inventive genius of little more than a life time. The public utility has almost transformed our civilization, and its management has become one of the greatest of our social and economic problems.

With the introduction of the first utilities, nothing was more natural than that they should have been left to the individual creation and control of the interests which promoted them; but society very soon learned, that the business of the utility, whether it was in the furnishing of transportation, in the transmission of intelligence, or in the furnishing of water, light, heat and power, had characteristics which made it fundamentally different from the ordinary business which individuals had prosecuted for all the centuries of the past. In the business of the ordinary merchant there is an appeal to a variety of tastes and the financial ability of the purchaser, which invites competition. This is a characteristic wholly lacking in the product of the public utility. The very nature of the service which public utilities render, removes them from the field where efficiency and economic considerations are promoted by competition. In other words, public utilities are natural monopolies. Because they are monopolies serving the public, they cannot safely be intrusted to private control. We have, then, the two alternatives: governmental or political ownership and control, or private ownership and governmental supervision and control. The issue between these two systems is of tremendous importance.

The Michigan Railroad Commission, as you know, passes upon the stock and bond issues of all public service corporations. During the past four years, for the public utilities of the State, and for the railways that cross its borders, it has authorized stocks and bonds to the amount of between six and seven hundred millions. This enormous sum is needed simply to keep pace with the growth of our commonwealth. Shall the institutions which expend these vast sums become a part of our political machinery, or shall they be left as a part of the industrial activities of society, with unrestricted power in government to investigate, regulate and control?

It seems to me that before governmental ownership and control can be effectively urged, it must be demonstrated that political activities are superior to those found in the business world. They should show that our cities are run more efficiently and economically than our vast industrial institutions, which is notoriously not the case. We all know that the power successfully to manage and administer, is superior to the power to create. There are a thousand men who have the power to conceive an enterprise where there is one that has the ability to conduct it to successful issue. We cannot have in the lines of public utility the impetus of individual desire to achieve, if as soon as the utility is created it is to become a function of government; and we have not yet come to the end of our public utility creations. Our government was founded on the idea of developing the individuality of each citizen, providing the greatest scope for the exercise of his abilities and powers. All of these considerations point to private

ownership and governmental control as the solution of the great problem of the public utility. It gives free exercise to the individual initiative. It restricts opportunity only by the ability of him who strives. It gives the public the benefit of the superior thrift, energy and capacity of individual business, while it preserves to the public the power to regulate, restrict and supervise, necessary to protect the public interest.

But efficient supervision and control necessitates thorough and exact knowledge, and it is here that society looks to the men of the profession upon which you have entered. That the regulating body may properly prescribe the rate of return and the quality of service, it must have extensive knowledge, as to original cost, as to depreciation, and as to current maintenance, as well as to many other elements that enter into a proper adjustment of the rate. Many of these elements are still unknown, with anything like definiteness, even by the men who promote the enterprise.

So large a body of young men and women as I see here before me must be an important factor in the solving of the problems presented, and it is here that your greatest work is to be accomplished. You will go forth from here to achieve the material and financial successes that are always an important consideration, but the greater success will be in the service which you will contribute to society and to government through high, lofty and disinterested effort in the solution of one of the greatest problems of this State and Nation. With these things in mind, I cannot do otherwise than congratulate you upon the auspicious field that lies before you.

A Monument of Progress

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens: The occasion that has brought together this body of our people is one worthy of the interest and enthusiasm we are giving to its celebration. It is the vaunting of no vain-glorious pride to say of the county of Ingham that it has become great in all the essential elements of modern progress, and that it represents in its citizenship the ingrained traits of the best traditions of this Republic.

In the dedication of a structure such as this, in reality a temple of justice, a building set apart to civic virtue, surely we should find in reverent thankful hearts the spirit that has brought us hither to become participators in an event calculated to stimulate the elements that have made for past successes, and that in themselves are our best guaranty of the perpetuity of free institutions.

Two years ago, on the 5th day of this present month, we met, and with imposing ceremonies, laid the corner stone of this building. It was a day prophetic of the beautiful structure we now behold, for even then we knew it was to be a monument marking the progress of our people, a progress that has been unfolding and expanding since the day when the first hardy pioneer reared his rude cabin within our borders. There is pleasure and satisfaction in the completion of a good work, but thrice pleasurable and satisfying is the completion of a work that combines utility with the elements of symmetry, and architectural beauty, and which in its completeness bespeaks a lesson and a meaning. Within these walls

Address at the dedication of the Ingham County court house at Mason, 1904.

the skill of the artisan may be visible for ages to come; but if the children of the future shall see in it nothing more than spacious halls and an imposing exterior, then shall more than half its cost have been wasted. This edifice is more than rooms and apartments where the treasured records of the people find safe deposit and public servants do official bidding. It is more than trusses of iron, beams of wood, and carven stone, it is a monument to the genius of our people, representative of their past, their progress, their patriotism and their intelligence.

It is told of President Harper of Chicago University, that once, as he contemplated the magnificent buildings of that institution, perfect in appointments and pleasing in design, he said, "All that Chicago University now needs is a past." To the citizen of Ingham County who is filled with love for its people and its fertile soil, this structure will lack no such endearing association, for, though new in point of time, it is none the less indicative of all that has gone before. The county of Ingham has been a partaker in no small degree in the progress and development which form the chief marvel of the time. More wonderful than our ultimate achievement is the fact that it is the achievement of scarce a life time, equalling if not surpassing in its total accomplishment the slow growth of former centuries.

It was not until the fall and winter of 1825 and 1826 that John Mullett, Henry Parke and others tore their way through tangled swamps and primal woods to set the governmental limits of our townships; a section which was then a remote quarter in the trackless wild

within the then county of Wayne. By an act of the Legislative Council of Michigan Territory bearing date the 29th of October, 1829, the sixteen townships of the county were given territorial entity as the county of Ingham.

If an illustrious name has power to stimulate those who live under it to emulate the virtues of its giver, then it was rare fortune which gave us the name we honor in perpetuating. Samuel D. Ingham, of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, had reached his fiftieth year when his name was given to our county. He was a man of broad culture self-acquired, the heir to a name already honored in his State. On his own merit he had already won distinction in his native State and as a member for many terms in the federal Congress his commanding abilities had received national recognition; in the year of the county's formation he had entered to serve with distinction in the Cabinet of Andrew Jackson as Secretary of the Treasury. To the end of a long life, which did not close until the year 1860, he exemplified to a high degree those traits of character which have ever made for the honor of individuals and the greatness of states.

A few days after the county's creation, and on the 4th day of November, 1829, it and the newly formed county of Jackson were made to form a part of the township of Dexter, and attached to the county of Washtenaw for judicial purposes. Later its territory was attached to the county of Jackson, and not until June 1838 did it become an organized county, with the rights and privileges of the then other twenty-eight counties of the State. At this time less than nine hundred souls had found homes

within our borders, but the hardy pioneers had left behind the blazed trail over which increasing numbers were soon to follow. With alacrity the widely scattered settlers organized the congressional townships to participate as such in the new political rights thus bestowed. Although but seven townships had been organized at the election of 1838, eleven were in existence by March 1839. Of the eleven, Alaiedon continued until some years later to comprise the present four northwest townships, while Phelpstown comprised the present townships of Williamston, and Locke, and Brutus, embracing the present townships of Wheatfield and Leroy. Although at the date of the organization of the county, Mason had had an existence of but three months as a platted town, still its few inhabitants, alive to the injunction of the Ordinance of 1787, that "the means of education should forever be encouraged," had made the erection of a schoolhouse their first duty after providing shelter for themselves. It was to this schoolhouse, through weary miles of trackless forest, astride his faithful steed, with saddle bags filled with the legal lore his head did not contain, that on the 12th day of November, 1839, came the Hon. William A. Fletcher, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, and then and there organized the judiciary of Ingham; a task in which he was assisted by Amos E. Steel of Onondaga, father of the present Sheriff of the county, and William Child as Associate Judges, while Peter Lowe, still remembered by the most of us, officiated as clerk.

The bar of Ingham County may well honor itself by honoring the name of William A. Fletcher. He brought

to the trials and hardships of a frontier life the culture and training of an able jurist. At one time his circuit comprised the whole of Michigan outside of the then limits of the county of Wayne. He rendered signal service to the Territory and the State as Chief Justice and Attorney General, and lived a blameless life, a fit example to every man who would prosecute his high calling in the court he organized.

When we recall that the pioneer schoolhouse still stands and that of those who then lived within the county limits and were then of sufficient age to know something of the interest the event occasioned some have been spared to join in the pleasures of this day, we may justly feel that the event of 1839 was essentially modern. Yet from that time some years were destined to elapse before the township of Lansing was even organized or the Indian disturbed in his possession at the junction of the Cedar and the Grand.

Although the county seat had in the beginning been located and established at a blazed tree at the quarter-post between sections one and twelve in what is now the township of Vevay some three miles east of this city, the business of the county had always been transacted at Mason, because its buildings were those nearest to the established seat of justice. To this place it was eventually removed, by legislative enactment, on the sixth day of March in the year 1840. The first location was upon lands entered by Charles Thayer of Washtenaw, who at once upon the establishment of the seat of justice financed the future prospects of his holding by erecting a windowless log structure and creating on paper the

ephemeral City of Ingham, which showed school sites, public parks and broad avenues; while it was not destined to become the actual county seat, yet if we are to believe the recitals in early conveyances it was not a losing venture, for several undivided interests were sold in Chicago and other places for considerations aggregating some seventy-five thousand dollars. Surely the lamb and the promoter were abroad in the land back in the days when the honest pioneer found spiritual consolation within the leafy aisles of God's first temples.

At the first general election, 260 voters exercised their franchise, and the county could then boast a full $700,000 of assessable values. A county so pretentious could not be expected long to be satisfied with the cramped accommodations of an 18 by 24 schoolhouse, especially when it was required to do duty as a meeting-place for the board of supervisors, local meeting-house on Sundays, and general gathering place for all other local as well as county events. The records disclose that in the year 1840 the County Clerk and Register of Deeds were housed at an outlay of $325, and that at the October session of 1842 by resolution duly adopted, each supervisor was made a committee to sound his constituency on the proposition of erecting a new county building. The agitation bore fruit the following year in the erection of the first county building, the building committee being authorized to contract for a building that should be twenty-eight by thirty-four feet, with eighteen foot posts, and that should not cost to exceed the sum of $800, with the proviso that if so large a building could not be obtained for the sum stated, that they advertise

for bids for as large a building as could be built for the money. The committee had the good fortune to meet the requirements of the Board and in due season it stood completed, south and across the street from this edifice. Six hundred dollars of the contract price was paid in State bonds and two hundred dollars in the form of a conveyance of some village lots that had theretofore come into the possession of the county.

It was an imposing structure, surrounded by the halo of a yellow fence, to which James Turner, Hiram H. Smith and John Coatsworth did not put the finishing touches until the board of supervisors had exhausted upon it much serious discussion and earnest effort. When completed, the building was accepted by the narrow margin of 8 to 7. Whether the Board split on the color of the fence, or on the question of columns for the front of the building as proposed by Supervisor Skadan, is a question that may never be settled. For twelve years this building served the needs of the county for the purposes for which it had been constructed.

Not until 1848 had the county found need of that adjunct of civilization known as a county jail. In this year the first one was constructed. Whether there was any connection between this fact and the location of the State capital within the county the year previous, is perhaps a question too delicate to be discussed.

It was at the April election of 1856 that the voters of Ingham County voted the appropriation for the building of what is familiarly known to us all as "The Old Court House," endeared to most of the members of the Ingham bar by many a tender memory and happy association.

It was in the old frame court house that John W. Longyear, Orlando M. Barnes and others began their careers of honor and distinction. While the date of its erection is comparatively recent, still in that day we could claim no more than fifteen thousand of population and less than three millions in assessed valuation, and of the funds required for the building of this twelve thousand dollar structure the borrowed portion was obtainable only in New York, where a three-thousand-dollar ten per cent bond was of necessity exchanged for twenty-eight hundred dollars in cash. After the negotiation of the loan the Board of Supervisors, as though there might still be some question as to the risk of the loaner, passed a resolution to the effect that the county would pay both principal and interest when due.

The Old Building saw the making of Ingham County. For forty-two years it was the center to which our people came in their civic relations; here people from the more distant townships met, matured and kept alive those warm friendships that were a marked characteristic of the older days; within it young men came to the bar, and by patient judges were enabled to acquire the experience and develop abilities, which in some instances have given to Ingham County names high in the service of the State and nation. Time considered, the Old Court House stood to witness the most far-reaching social and industrial changes that have taken place in the history of the world. It witnessed the inception and growth within county limits of great State institutions bestowing the blessings of a liberal and Christian civilization upon the unfortunate. It saw the great State Agricultural

College, and schools less pretentious, come into existence and under a wise State policy enabled to extend their influence to the uttermost parts of the earth. Its brief life went back to the days when Lansing, the capital of the State, was little more than a rude clearing, its population not above the limits of a country village reached only by the stage-coach lines that crossed its bounds from the south and east. It has lived to see it a beautiful city filled with every requirement made necessary by modern life, its thousands of population comfortably housed and sustained by the multiplicity of its industries, and an honor to the State whose capital it has proven worthy to be. The old building lived to be the silent witness of the growth and development of thriving cities and villages within the county limits. It saw the forests melt before the settler's axe, to be replaced in season by blossoming orchards and fields of golden grain, the landscape resplendent with its mantle of emerald, studded with flocks and herds that rejoice the heart of the husbandman. The Old Court House saw the cabin of the pioneer give way to the modern home whose owner owned the soil upon which he bestowed his effort, the fullest realization of free government. The county's valuation of $2,932,857 in 1857 is now exceeded by the amount of a round half million in the second ward of the city of Lansing alone, while the county as a whole shows assessable values close to twenty-six millions and a total population of 43,607 as contrasted with the 15,000 of the earlier date.

As the children of Israel under Joshua threw up a rude monument of unhewn stones beside the river Jordan as a

memorial of Divine favor, so this building may be in some measure our monument and memorial to the blessings of our own retreating past. Into it we can truly say there have been built the hardships and privations of former years; that it stands as the memorial of a rough road safely traveled, a monument in which every ward and township of a great county has its part, from which every individual may draw the stimulus of gratitude for what has been so nobly achieved and inspiration for still greater hope and effort; for if this edifice breathes the spirit of our past, it equally enjoins that we as individuals put that spirit into the future. A monument that does not inspire to future glory is wasted effort. The Pyramids, the Parthenon, the Colosseum, mark the past and height attained by the civilization of Egypt, Greece and Rome, but it is a melancholy fact that they mark as well the depths to which they fell. The past of Ingham County teaches a lesson that can not be too often reiterated, a story that can not be too often told, it is the great truth that the rewards and successes of life are the fruits of homely virtues; that temperance, industry and frugality make for collective as well as individual well-being; that the strength of counties and of states rests upon the integrity of their citizenship and the jealousy with which they resent encroachments upon their honored rights and institutions.

If this beautiful building shall stand as a fitting monument for the future, it will be because into that future we shall have as a county and a people projected and transmitted the virtues born of industry and want, and not because upon the fruits thereof our children are

content to live in luxury and ease. The lesson of this occasion is individual as well as public in its application. To each and all there comes the injunction that to the altar of civic need we bring the best fruits of our wisdom and our conscience. It enjoins upon every individual that amid new and changing conditions, both social and industrial, we hold to those great basic principles that have brought us the glory of our past.

My friends and fellow citizens, let us not seek the wealth that enervates, nor the power that tempts to wrong. Let us so live and learn that in the building of character, both individual and public, each achievement shall be only an incentive to still further effort; then will our monuments of the future be as have been those of the past, stepping stones from which the children of the future may look to the brighter fields that lie beyond.

Self-government has its tremendous responsibilities as well as its compensations. If each generation shall manfully grapple and solve its problems, then the summit of human achievement lies only beyond the veil; if, in luxury and indolence, we fail in the task assigned, then no matter how grand the monument with which we mark our present, the coming centuries may tenant them with people to whom their true meaning and significance is as foreign as is the mighty temple of Ramesses to the humble Fellah that by chance may wander through its ruined vestibule.

The Need of the Commonwealth

For a century and more, our Government has withstood the assaults of foreign foes and triumphed over the internal dissentions of its own people, and today it lives on, a grand and we trust imperishable monument to the memory of its founders. Our material prosperity is and has always been the marvel of the people of every clime. As we stand in the effulgence of modern achievement, contemplating the realities of the present and the possibilities of the future, we are lost in a revery of wonder and admiration from which we are hardly roused by the kindly admonition that present success is no assurance of future prosperity. So used have the world's favored and fortunate ones become to the complication of industries, the successful termination of prodigious enterprises, and the ease with which inventive genius has overcome the obstacles of nature, that great ethical, social and political problems are forgotten in the delirium of prosperity. Wisdom sounds the warning and bids her votaries make firm and abiding the foundations upon which that prosperity rests,—none other than her manhood, stalwart in its honor and integrity. It is the incredulous who decry the warning, and with their eyes covered from the foe, ask, where and in what section is the danger.

"Surely," say they, "it can not be in the lion-hearted North, for the nation's success was sealed and made possible by the blood of her heroes. Verdant hillsides, blossoming orchards and fields of billowy grain bespeak the prosperity of her husbandmen, while the clang of

An early Fourth of July address.

anvils, the clatter of shuttles, the whirr of spindles and the screech of whistles, all sing the song of contented labor." It is not in the South, says the champion of that section, for there lies the fairest land of all our broad domain; in the words of one of Georgia's gifted sons, "There is centered all that can please or prosper humankind; there, by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and by day the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf. In the same field the clover steals the fragrance of the wind and the tobacco catches the quick aroma of the rain." She is awake from her lethargy to renew her youth at the fountains of her own prosperity, and nowhere throughout the land has Hamilcar sworn young Hannibal to hatred and vengeance but everywhere to loyalty and love. The danger is not here, comes a voice from the West, protesting that the strange wild beauty of that country fills them with love for home and native land, and that their children breathe in the spirit of liberty with the mountain air.

Thus do dangers to the individual and the nation lie hidden and unobserved. But the man who can penetrate to the bedrock of principle, who can discern tendencies and accompanying incidents as well as the substance from which they spring, comprehends the danger, sees the need that some fair proportion of the nation's energy be rallied from the race for gold to the thought of the individual, to the improvement of his temporal condition by the growth of his manhood,—the ennobling element of civilization and the constant and continual need of the commonwealth. In these days, when the mind is full of the strife of business, it is well to consider

the man, for by him, and through his instrumentality, are national dangers to be surmounted, and the glory of the age to be achieved.

Where in all the realm of thought or in the wonders of the material world is there a more worthy subject of consideration than the creator of thought himself; man, the highest order of creation,—the vegetable and the animal world dying that he may live, and all subservient to his will. The elements of nature may take his life, yet he is greater than they in that he knows wherefor he dies. All institutions, laws and inventions reflect the wonders of his mind and the mystery of his being. Fashioned in the image of his God, he has from that eventful day when the morning and the evening stars first sang together, been the one being of Divine favor, the light of history and the beauty of song. There is much in this world of beauty that allures us by its charms and furnishes food for contemplation and reflection along most pleasing lines. There is a fascinating power in the beauty of a landscape, when from the brow of some grand old mountain the eye turns earthward to behold the gorgeous panorama of nature with its picturesque commingling of hill, vale and woodland, tinged with the gold of setting sun, whose last rays streaming through the tree-tops give them the appearance of mighty bands of lace work, hung as if to drape the earth in mourning for departing day. Could we have explored the wealth of the mines of Ophir, from whence the great Solomon of Israel brought forth the gems of his mighty temple and the treasures of his kingdom, we would willingly have attested to the richness of nature's bounty; but what the one is for beauty and

the other was for worth, that and more is manhood.

To be a man, is to be ordered by the everlasting principles of truth, to be actuated by the honor that sells for no price and compromises to no necessity. A dying father never left to an ambitious son a more Divine injunction than did David of old, who with his last breath faltered, "Be thou strong therefore, and shew thyself a man." And now, after the centuries have rolled away, the same injunction comes to us with renewed force and application, enjoining upon us that the questions which have been kept for our solution be handled by us in a way that becometh men.

In these days of great activity, when it is more than suspected that corruption has intruded into high places, when the causes which lead to degeneracy and decay are thought to be found working at the foundations of government and society, when society by reason of new conditions begins to feel its way along new and untried paths, problems are presented that try the souls of men, the solution of which demands a manhood conscious of its own worth, moved to action by the loyal devotion it bears to the cause of our common humanity—demands it for the two-fold reason that thereby mankind is bettered and his institutions saved.

Today the nation and the world is perplexed and beset with the great problem of capital and labor, which thrives and grows as a fungus on the very prosperity we admire. In this nation, twenty million workmen, strong in arm and in the powers of intelligence, are demanding, with an earnestness that admits of no misunderstanding, that the wrongs of agelong standing be adjusted, and that to the

workman be awarded the fruits of honest toil. Capital cannot with safety to itself ignore its demands, for these demands come from men impelled by want of bread,—motive that will make of a man either a hero or a knave. Just at present, there may be quiet along the line; but mistake it not for the quiet that comes either from adjustment or despair. It betokens the lull that precedes the fury of the storm. How will the trouble be adjusted? Not by a repetition of the scene of Chicago's Haymarket, nor by the use of the bludgeon, nor yet by the adoption of the numerous visionary schemes of the demagogue; but by the exemplification of the golden rule in business, by the growth of that philanthropic spirit of manhood from which comes charity and confidence and the culmination of perfect works. Through whatever troubles this and kindred ills may lead us, the ultimate adjustment will be had upon the broad and comprehensive platform of equality and fraternity.

Great as the question is, and far-reaching in its consequences, yet it would be cause for congratulation if no other exceeded it in magnitude. But away to the south there lies a country that is all and more than has been claimed for it. Its mines and forests are stored with well-nigh inexhaustible treasures, and its quickening industries are prophetic of better things; yet she holds within herself the greatest question of the hour, a problem that has become mighty in its proportions and national in its character. Upon her soil, by force of circumstances, are commingled two separate and distinct races, made equal by statute, but woefully unequal in intelligence and responsibility; the one justly proud of Anglo-Saxon

lineage, their ardor kindling at the mention of the great names of that greatest race, apt in the science of government, proud in the position of conscious superiority which it enjoys; the other weak, vacillating and dependent, without history, tradition or experience, and for centuries in servile bondage; and each repelled from the other by a prejudice as old as man. The adjustment of their difficulties is the great social problem of the hour; how and when it will be settled, is within the mind of the future. Whether in separate commonwealths the black man works out his own destiny and forms for himself a history, or reaches the race's full measure of attainments in the land to which he came a forced and unwilling subject, surely the one great element now needed is a manhood that can rise above the prejudice of race and condition, a manhood that can with patience and sympathy grasp the hand of a struggling and benighted people and guide their wavering footsteps in the paths of knowledge; this alone would ameliorate present conditions and would hasten the day when from the Lakes to the Gulf the hearts of men are bound together by the love they bear their common country.

The dangers that beset us are not limited to these, but like the fears of darkness they multiply as we proceed. Could the heroes of Concord, Lexington or Valley Forge awake from their long and peaceful sleep to behold the scenes of a modern election day, surely their cheeks would crimson as they should behold the fountains of the nation's life and honor polluted by the foul hand of bribery and corruption; should see the hopes and aspirations of the intelligent and patriotic thwarted, the needs

and necessities of good government defeated, by the herd to whom the dollar comes as a potion that makes a man forget his country, by a rabble that Judas-like will for the paltry piece of silver betray their country's hopes and debase their nation's honor. This is not a party crime, confined to any State or section, but a poison that like foul malaria has permeated the whole body politic. Surely here is a great danger, not only to the nation but to the individual man. It dwarfs his moral nature, impairs his self respect and exposes him to the just hatred and contempt of his fellowman. Legislation that aims toward the purity of the ballot is to be commended. A law that forever would disfranchise the man who should dare to sell his vote would be salutary; but not until the combined forces of good in this nation arise in the independent richness of their own manhood and place the seal of their condemnation upon this practice can the dark stain be effaced from the name of the nation.

These are some of the dangers to which we are subjected; and as if they were not sufficient to obstruct the path of progress, section is arrayed against section and faction against faction, all living for a common purpose and controlled by a common destiny, but each holding the other in perpetual distrust and estrangement, seemingly lest in the peace of the present the sorrows and the conflicts of the past should be forgotten.

Thus while we are lulled into a feeling of security by the activity of the business world, while we boast of our marvelous achievements and partake of the bounties of a favored soil and a genial clime, the old ship of state moves on; nor will she falter or turn aside though the

dark cloud threatening rise more and more to human view, for on its front is hung the bow of promise. And assured with its presence, supported, maintained and defended by men whose manhood is the crowning glory of the age, she will outride the storm, saved from all dangers that surround her; but to do this she demands, and must receive, brave defenders, men and women filled with high purpose, and leaning for support upon their own integrity.

There have been times when this great people have turned with anxious faces to the men who were to defend her honor in the council of the nations; there have been times when her bugle has sounded the call for men to go forth and decide her problems by an appeal to the arbitrament of arms; but never did she stand in greater need of men than she does today, not with sword and buckler to go forth in the smoke of battle, for the world is beginning to believe, with Whittier, that "Peace hath higher tests of manhood than battle ever knew." She has found such men in the past; they will not be found wanting in the future. There are those who believe that the places of past greatness can not be filled; that present dangers presage the certainty of destruction. But, for me, I would rather believe that there are no fixed stars in the firmament of mankind, that each does its duty for a season and then goes out. Thanks to the richness of human nature, the heavens are never wholly dark; fitly has it been said, "When one great light fades, flickers and is extinguished, another appears in an unexpected quarter." While great men die, their places are somehow always filled, and while there may be counter marches

and retreats in the line of progress, yet the trend is always upward. These views may be Utopian, and national ruin and disaster not without the range of possibilities, still, to my gaze, there comes a brighter and a fairer vision, and vision though it be, still do I cherish it. I see a nation standing forth in the fullness of the coming man, freed from her turmoils and dissensions; a Republic compact and indissoluble in the bonds of love, the wounds of war forgotten, and peace reigning in the hearts of men. And as I look, the splendor brightens, as the gates of glory open and the light of Divine favor flashes down the way of progress, making clear the pathway over which all the nations of the earth must come that would cast their anchors in the haven of tranquility.

Getting Rich

Mr. President, members of the graduating class, Ladies and Gentlemen: As you may know, my platform experiences have been confined to efforts incident to my profession, and to the discussion of questions of a political nature. In departing from a familiar path, there is always danger both in a literal and a figurative sense; danger both to limb and to reputation. In addressing my thought to subjects foreign to my more common expressions, I realize that I may be inviting the situation which once faced an old judge in the State of Indiana.

Judge David Quaintance was a jurist of the old school; his pre-eminence in his community was attested by a courtliness of bearing and superiority of mind that were both innate and gracious; but he was, withall, a man of positive opinions, and nowhere was he more positive and uncompromising than in his politics. In the campaigns of forty years the Judge had championed the principles of his party, the party of Jefferson and Jackson, in every county of the Hoosier State. In the excitement of the hustings he could meet fire with fire, and steel with steel; the weapons of satire, derision and denunciation were ever ready at his hand, and were generally used even upon small provocation. Once in the early 80's the Judge was the principal speaker at a Democratic barbecue. The crowd had gathered from far and near, and numbered into the thousands. After the minor festivities were passed, the Judge mounted the platform and faced the sympathetic host. With voice

Address at the Mason High School.

somewhat enfeebled with years, he began by saying, "Mr. Chairman, and fellow Democrats, I need not tell you that my heart rejoices at my being here, for as you know, in the log cottage that once crowned yonder hill, I was born, and this afternoon beneath the pines that point heavenward from just beyond, are two mounds, that mark the last resting place of my dear old father and mother." As he halted for an instant, with a tear-drop glistening in his eye, from the confines of the crowd beyond the limits where his voice could carry came the shrill voice of a native, "That's right, Judge; give 'em fits." (The man did not say "fits," but the time and occasion do not permit me to come any nearer to the language employed).

I trust that my strength of voice will protect me from any such misguided friend.

I am to speak tonight upon a most important subject, namely, "Getting Rich." It must be an important subject, for since that far-off time when man first fashioned a war club, and woman wove for herself a mantle of bark and palm leaves, up to the time when men turn rivers of water into corporate stocks and corner the produce market, more thought has been expended on getting rich than upon any other thing in the world. Today there are ten men and women thinking about how to get rich, to one that is thinking about how to be good; ten men seeking the glitter of gold, to one that is seeking to bless mankind. The man who today could discover a chemically produced substitute for rubber, would have untold millions of material wealth at his command; the same man could give to the race a specific for tuberculosis,

and go in want for bread. Today a man may gain a palace, with an army of servants to run at his beck and call, by inventing some means for saving a cent a ton in the handling of ore from mine to furnace; he may die hungry, on a pallet of straw, if his labors have been for men's moral regeneration. Today a man may become rich beyond the dreams of avarice by cornering what others have produced; or he may write the imperishable poems of a Goldsmith and remain as poor as was that wonderful genius. Now, for fear some multi-millionaire in the audience may begin to think that I have designs against the stability of his fortune, I wish to say, notwithstanding the financial returns of the professional prize-fighter are larger than the financial returns of the teacher, preacher, humanitarian and scholar, and notwithstanding the fact that there are young ladies who regard a man with an automobile with more favor than a man with only a high character, I still believe that the material development of these modern days is to be counted among the mightiest and most beneficent forces that have influenced the history of the race.

The student of history has discovered that progress has been characterized by development along special lines, rather than by a simultaneous development along all the lines of human effort. The Nazarene led the world in a spiritual awakening whose force and power is still the most potent factor in human life, as it is likewise the most reasonable assurance of the life to come. Art and architecture have likewise in their time been the engrossing subjects of human thought, and the handwork of the early Greeks, of Michael Angelo, of Raphael, and

of Sir Christopher Wrenn are models not yet excelled by modern effort. Although the age of letters may be said to be still with us, no modern production can surpass the classics of the olden days, when the names of Shakespeare, Johnson, and the other writers of the great Elizabethan Age were carved at the top of the list of the heroes of literary attainment. It is likewise true, that in the science of government, and in the ideas of personal liberty, the world owes more to the years in which Washington's soldiers starved at Valley Forge and Napoleon's cannon thundered on the battle fields of Europe, than to any other ten centuries in the history of the world.

Great as was the progress of the world in the domain of pure religion, in art, in literature and in the ideas of liberty and government, it remained for this century to seek out the wonders of science, to develop the inventive faculties, and to stimulate activity among material things. So extensive has been this development, that the marvels of invention no longer startle us, and the prodigies of enterprise no longer surprise us. It is a development that has transformed, not only our activities, but our very thoughts and aspirations. It is visible in every field of human effort, from the farmer following his plow and tending his herds to the mighty steamships that buffet the wind and the waves of old ocean; it has given to the peasant opportunities and means of comfort and enjoyment beyond the limitations of the prince of two centuries ago. Our material progress has fostered universal education, and education has in turn promoted material development. In Michigan alone, the schoolhouse doors are daily swinging open to an army of boys

and girls more than five hundred and fifty thousand strong; more than eighteen thousand more are in her higher institutions of learning. Within the memory of men still living, for it was in 1837, the first locomotive awoke the echoes in the Old Northwest, the third one to make its advent west of the Alleghany Mountains. The railway construction of the world has been done since that recent date. We travel across the leagues of ocean waste and desert sand to view the mighty pyramids of Egypt; and yet the ballast on American railroads is greater than one hundred and fifty-six great pyramids, while the ties used in their construction would build others to the number of twenty-four. From the railroads of the world built since the pioneers blazed a pathway through the forests of Michigan, trackage could be taken sufficient to build a double track to the moon, and more than one half the trackage could be taken from the roads of these United States. To this lunar railway we could furnish from our own systems 39,729 locomotives and 1,409,472 freight cars; equipment sufficient to maintain a train of one locomotive and thirty-five cars on every twelve miles of the road; and if upon such a railroad the first train should leave this place tonight and should speed at forty miles an hour without stops for fuel or water, it would be October 25, 1909, before the first train could complete the round trip and the last crew could call, "All aboard for the moon." In every car of the forty thousand trains upon this lunar railway we could place a thousand dollars worth of merchandise and produce and then only touch the volume of our foreign exports. We could give to each train 5,000

bushels of corn, 2,500 bushels of wheat, 15,000 pounds of bacon, 7,000 pounds of hams and 4,000 pounds of pork, and not disturb the amount required for domestic consumption.

As late as 1844, when William A. Burt was surveying in the vicinity of the present city of Negaunee, the great variation of the magnetic needle led to the discovery of the great Jackson iron mine. Other discoveries followed, and now this prime necessity of human progress is being torn from the mines of Michigan and Minnesota and sent down the Lakes in a mighty fleet of steamers, by the side of which the Spanish Armada would be as toys. From the mines of Michigan alone, is being taken annually, not far from twelve million tons of ore, worth more than twenty-six millions of dollars. We can better realize the immensity of this production if we stop to think that this amount of ore, if sixty per cent pure, would make more than one hundred thousand miles of steel rail weighing eighty pounds to the yard.

In 1859 the Michigan Legislature offered a bounty of ten cents a bushel and freedom from taxation to promote the manufacture of salt. The spirit of the times touched the industry, and last year our output would have filled the barrels that could be placed on end between the city of Jackson and the Straits of Mackinac, while it was selling as a profit to the manufacturer at a price but little above the bounty of a half century ago.

In 1794, about the time of the birth of the grandfathers of some of the older persons here, Eli Whitney was inventing the cotton gin, which was to become one of the most important factors in the history of the nation.

At that time we were producing about 8,000 bales of 225 pounds each. Now we are producing about twelve million bales annually of five hundred pounds each. That is sufficient to cover the county of Ingham with a quilt of compressed cotton one foot thick. At four yards of cotton cloth to the pound, that is sufficient raw cotton to cover 7,741 square miles with the product of the loom, or to wrap a bandage five hundred and forty-five times around the earth at the equator.

Modern history tells the story of the sale of Manhattan Island for the sum of twenty-four dollars. Today, six square miles in the neighborhood of Central Park has a greater assessed valuation than all the real estate in the great commonwealth of Missouri. While the assessed valuation of the land of the city of New York exceeds the valuation of the entire State of Pennsylvania including improvements, such has been and still is the marvelous growth of this wonderful city, high authorities now estimate that by 1925 the daily water consumption of this city will be equal to a body of water one square mile in extent and five feet deep.

We might recount, with profit, the colossal enterprises being prosecuted by the Government upon the Isthmus of Panama, where a mountain is being pierced for the marriage of the oceans; to the erection of the mighty dams in the West, some of them a hundred feet in thickness and from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet in height, that are to transform canyons and valleys into vast inland seas whose stored waters are to quench the thirst of the desert and make the barren waste respond to the efforts of the husbandman. It is this spirit of

material progress that has made it possible for man to register his thoughts across the trackless seas with no connection save the mysterious forces of the universe; it is the same spirit that impels men, co-partnerships, and corporations to combine in still larger organizations to facilitate production and increase profits, to conceive and perfect the mighty enterprises that in magnitude and wonder surpass the imaginings of the kings who built the pyramids of Egypt, threw up the walls of Babylon or laid the foundations of ancient empires.

My purpose tonight is to acknowledge, rather than deny, the reality of the progress that has come through the material development of the century. That the race will profit from this wonderful development, is certain; but, as we contemplate the wonders of our creation, there is need that we consider that which is greater and more exalted than the creations of man's hand, greater than the railroads which gird the earth, greater than the mines which pierce its foundations, greater than the ships which plow its seas,—man himself. View the illimitable universe from whatever standpoint we may, contrast man with it or with the vast and overpowering forces of nature, both visible and mysterious, still man remains the most wonderful subject of his own thought. Though of feeble strength, yet man harnesses the lightning to his use, while wind and wave become obedient to his will. The eye looks out to behold the mighty mountains, whose foundations were laid in the making of the world; to behold vast rolling seas, distilled from the mists of chaos, that lie in calm, or rage in storm; forests wide and primeval; hill, vale and mighty plain

gathered together in picturesque commingling; such scenes startle the imagination, by their magnitude and stupendous grandeur, and yet from the innermost depths of the mountains, from the caverns of the sea, from field and forest, man appropriates the elements conducive to his life and pleasure. The crushing power of the winds, the tiniest rill, or the inanimate clod, may take the life of man; but even in death he may exult in his pre-eminence, for, with the old Greek poet, he can exclaim: "I have lived a day." Well might the Psalmist, in a burst of inspired ecstasy exclaim, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? For thou has made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with honor and glory. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hand. Thou has put all things under his feet." Where shall we look for language more expressive of the dignity of man's place or the greatness of his capabilities? Truly, little more than the secret of life seems hid from his view. He traverses the waste of abysmal space, and calculates the magnitudes and motions of other worlds. He reads the earth's history from the rocks, and from a ray of light tells the composition of the stars; and to him, through heart and mind, comes that wondrous vision,—the immortality of the soul. If such be a correct characterization of man's place in the world, then is his chief glory to be found, not in his possessions, but in what is wrought in and through him; his true wealth and worth is measured, in the last analysis, not so much by what he has, as by what he is. It is in this connection that

our material development has wrought its harm. Men are glorifying stocks and bonds, lands and possessions, forgetful of the truth of the Hebrew proverb, which says, "There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches."

There are men who insist that in the case where a man was allowed to vote because he answered the property qualification by being assessed for a jackass, that when the jack died the man was rightfully barred from his franchise because it was the jackass that had been voting.

That great genius, Henry David Thoreau, was not so far wrong in his philosophy as one might at first think as one stormy night while snugly sheltered in his hut near Walden pond he mused of his wealthy neighbor who at that moment was facing the darkness and the storm piloting an ox team to a distant town, "I am richer than he, for instead of his owning the oxen he is owned by them." The true mission of wealth, in its generally accepted sense, lies in increasing the powers and capabilities of men, not in dwarfing their powers from luring men to its worship. Great and mighty as have been and now are our material conquests, the richness of life has ever been, now is, and ever will be, in the heart and life, and not in the wallet. The acquisition of money is not a virtue of intrinsic merit, it evolves no joy within the heart, it brings to life none of the sweeter melodies of hope and faith, it was never the spark that fired a human life with a martyr's zeal, a hero's courage, or a Christian's love; but to the zeal, the courage and the love once born it may give a power a thousand fold. It

may become the handmaid of industry, the mentor of progress and the power of civilization, or it may paralyze industry, stop progress with corruption, and in civilization plant the germs of degeneracy and decay.

Individuals have lived to bestow the blessings of mighty lives, though to material wealth unknown, while others have wasted in useless magnificence in the palaces of pomp and power. In the later years of the eighteenth century, two babes were born whose lives were destined to be mighty forces in the world, but along ways that were to have nothing in common. One, from the Isle of Corsica, went forth as a modern Caesar to be the master of Europe, to place the coronet of France and the iron crown of Charlemagne upon his brow, and his relatives upon the thrones of Holland, Spain, Naples and Westphalia; to wed the daughter of the proud emperor of Austria, and to plan for his son the succession of his glorious dynasty; to win success with the blood and tears of half of Europe, and then to lose it all, and be chained like fabled Prometheus to a barren rock in the lonely sea, to be the central figure in the mightiest tragedy of time. The other went from the humble mud cottage of a Scottish peasant, to give melody to the passions of the human heart, to know poverty and sorrow, but with the power to catch and make vocal the most glorious impulses that prompt to human action. A wounded hare, the field mouse and the daisy were the objects of his solicitude and love. Although he was destined to penury, and was never to pass beyond the restricted limits of a few Scotch counties, to him was given a knowledge of the universal heart; and as Lockhart has said, "Short

and beautiful as were his years, he has left behind him a volume in which there is inspiration for every fancy, and music for every mood; which lives, and will live in strength and vigor, to soothe the sorrow of how many a lover, to inflame the patriotism of how many a soldier, to fan the fires of how many a genius, to disperse the gloom of solitude, appease the agonies of pain, encourage virtue and show vice its ugliness, a volume in which centuries hence as now wherever a Scotchman may wander he will find the dearest consolation of his exile."

Such were the lives of Napoleon Bonaparte and Robert Burns. Beneath the gilded dome of the "Invalides," in the city of Paris, is one of the most magnificent sepulchres that was ever erected for the ashes of the dead. From a circular balcony, the visitor looks upon a crypt, twenty feet deep and thirty-six in diameter. From the center of the mosaic pavement rises the tomb of the great Napoleon, a sarcophagus carved from a sixty-seven-ton block of porphyry brought hither from Finland. About the crypt are twelve colossal statues of Victory, with groups of battle flags intervening. On the pavement are inscribed the great victories of the dead,—Moscow, Rivoli, The Pyramids, Merengo and Austerlitz. The subdued sunlight falls through the stained glass windows of the roof, and invests the scene with ineffable solemnity; but it is a solemnity that can not enlarge the influence of the silent tenant. View the character of Napoleon from whatever standpoint we may, either as the embodiment of ambition, cruel and insatiate, or as the iconaclastic spirit of reform, still the richness of his life was as poverty

to the influence of him who in life and in bitter want could sing,

> The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gold for a' that.

A few years ago a criminal warrant was sold in the city of London for the sum of $1,525. What was the secret of its value? Not its age; although its date went back to the reign of Charles II, thousands older can be had for a shilling. Not because it bore the signatures of thirteen Justices of the Peace, six Baronets and seven Esquires, for while they are the names of men who stood for the dignity of the state, still they have been forgotten these centuries. The secret of its value lay in the fact, that it had been issued for a Bedford tinker who had dared to think; because upon it John Bunyon was once brought before an English court that sent him to an English prison as an offender against the law; because it was the letters patent, as it were, of a man who was poor in money but rich in soul. Without this warrant, perchance this sturdy tinker would not have spent twelve years in an English prison and the world would have lost that wonderful allegory of the Pilgrim's Progress. Men were willing to bid a fortune for a document because the life of the man for whom it was issued had demonstrated that the power of kings, of wealth, of bolts and bars, was weaker than a wealth of soul.

I hold that that man or woman is rich who has developed his or her talents to the full. The stars differ one from another in brilliancy and hue, the flowers of earth have each their color and perfume, but they do not differ in dignity or honor. If the school system of the day is

deficient in one thing more than another, it is in not teaching boys and girls the dignity of helpful service. Whether we have designed it or not, our schools have inculcated the idea that there is a special dignity and honor in intellectual attainments, and society emphasizes the pre-eminence of financial ability. We have proceeded upon the assumption, that there is time for the boy and girl to learn the lessons of manual industry in the great world-school of experience, after fifteen or twenty years shall have been spent in the training of the intellect; we are now discovering that the two types of schooling should go hand in hand. We are learning more and more of the true richness of human life, more and more of the true dignity of all helpful service. We need also to learn that the mighty wealth of our modern development is but an incident to the total wealth of human life. The dollars for which men strive with feverish energy are not within the reach of all; but there should be joy in the fact that the treasury of a rich spirit has open doors. Within this treasury are opportunities as varied as man's needs, and rewards equal to every effort,—rewards by the side of which the treasure of the miser is a worthless thing. To the men and women who have made for the true progress of humanity, there is need of a richer recompense than money. Life would be a sordid thing, if the debt due from the race to a Wilberforce, a Florence Nightingale, or a Frances Willard, were paid in coin. The richest lives of the world have been those of the men and women who have labored with the prompting spirit of useful service,—men and women who have gone to the tasks before them with large hearts

and mighty souls, responsive to a zeal that argues the noblest faith of man. Material wealth to them has been, as it must be to every one who succeeds in the larger sense, an incident rather than the aim of effort, a means to an end rather than an end to be gained by any means. We would revolt at the thought that the great Washington led the armies of freedom, that the great Jefferson gave to the cause of liberty the strength of his mighty mind, that others have braved the dangers of hospital and camp and sought to raise the fallen to manhood, with no higher incentive than a time check on a Saturday night. And yet the elements that have made for the success of the great characters of the world, are the same elements that are necessary to win the rewards in life's lesser affairs. In every community more than half of the people say, by their lives if not by their voices, "We would make the effort for great things if we had but the genius to achieve." Yet what is genius, other than the power to give expression to the Divine impulse born with every human soul? It may voice itself through the inspired lines of a Shakespeare, a Byron, or a Poe, the architectural conceptions of a Michael Angelo, or the wondrous art of a Raphael; but it speaks as truly through the best efforts of the man who stands behind the anvil, the bench, the counter and the plow. No man should despair because the best expression of his genius is to labor in life's common ways. The world has more work for plowmen than poets, more need of blacksmiths than orators, more employment for carpenters and masons than for artists and sculptors.

Away with the retarding, dwarfing notion that dignity

attends only upon the labors of the isolated and exceptional. A man may, and indeed should, bring to the tilling of the soil, to the handling of his engine throttle, to the shoving of plane and saw, as exalted notions as ever inspired men who have touched brush to canvass or chisel to marble.

The tools with which men achieve success, are the same in every calling. A natural aptitude is unquestionably given to each human body, and in the language of another: "Blessed is he who has found his work." When a boy has found his work, he will find out that physical health, intellectual vigor, industry, and energy, make for ninety per cent of the world's successes. Shakespeare has put on the docks by the side of the sea of life a large portion of the people of the world, by saying: "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and there they sit, dreamy watchers for the flood of fortune's tide which never comes.

Opportunity and environment may enlarge or restrict the ultimate achievements of men; but the fact is, that the issues of but few lives have been determined by isolated opportunities. The wealth or poverty of most lives depends more upon the use of the days, weeks, months and years that precede the day of opportunity. Young men and women,—build for opportunity, instead of waiting for it. Let no day pass without placing in the temple of your lives some stone fashioned for use and beauty; and when, through the slow processes of the years, you shall have piled one stone upon another, behold the wonder of a structure that in charm and beauty surpasses anything that was ever built in the

day of opportunity. Opportunities are not wanting. What is wanted, is men, who will do with their might what their hands find to do. The fountains from which the masters and heroes of the world have drunk deep, are still flowing. Infinity and immensity are still about us; the heavens still glow with the orbs of night as on the day when the morning and the evening stars first sang together. The wonderful life about us still has all the mystery and charm it had when the Son of Man said, "Consider the lily of the field; it toils not, neither does it spin, yet verily I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Opportunities for richness of life in the great field of science, in the great field of literature, in the great field of industry, in the great field of morals and reform, are pleading for men and women, and yet there are millions of men and women who find their highest pleasure in a game of penochle. In a material, constructive way, divert in this community the energy wasted and dissipated in the never-changing, never-ending, thumb-twirling of social conventionalities, apply it to useful purposes, find relaxation and diversion in constructive things: not only will the lives of the men and women of the community be richer, but inside of ten years, your city will boast a hundred advantages and joys that are now unknown. Many a young man sits idle and in poverty of soul because he feels that he is debarred from the great world-stage of activity, unmindful of the fact that in his township and village there are a thousand conditions calling for improvement, a thousand opportunities to draw the dividends of real life. Many a young man and woman

feels that they are handicapped in life's efforts by the want of some imaginary quality of surpassing merit. Yet it is the knowledge of common things, the inbred tendency to practice the homely virtues, that makes for the richest life. To have the soiled hands of industry, is better than to wear a paste diamond; for the young man who has learned the lesson of labor has a competency already assured. Known honesty and integrity have secured more positions for young men and women than the recommendations of rich relatives. Good habits are a better financial asset for any young man than an unearned legacy; for without the first, he is sure to lose the latter. I have seen more than one young man choose the cigarette and unconsciously surrender positions that in years to come meant affluence and honor. The young woman who takes to the marriage altar a goodly knowledge of domestic duties, is dowered with greater wealth than the sister who can boast of nothing more than a gorgeous trousseau. Poverty in domestic science has been the prime cause of discord in many a home, and much trouble has started in the kitchen that has found its ending in the divorce courts.

The man who cares more for his credit than for his clothes, who is more jealous of his honesty than of his appearance, who can work as well in the absence as under the eye of the boss, who thinks of his work instead of his wages, who hates poverty of soul more than he does poverty of purse,—is in danger of neither.

Young men and women, if you aspire to the greater riches of life, put into your hearts and souls the sentiment which animated the great Phillips Brooks, when he said:

"Do not pray for easy lives, pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers, pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle, but you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you by the grace of God."

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
  Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord,—its various tone,
  Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
  We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly can compute,
  But know not what's resisted.

So, half sadly, but truly, sang Scotland's illustrious bard. Surely, no life was ever more full of contradictions than was the life of Robert Burns. His heart was atune with the Diviner melody, yet he walked at times in life's devious ways and drank from the cup that yields nothing but the memory of bitterness. His inner life was in joyous harmony with lofty ideals; his outer life sometimes touched the bounds of sorrow and despair. And for this, all true men love him, for in their hearts they know that in heights and depths the experiences of Robert Burns are the experiences of humanity.

Who are the good? Alas! who are the bad? The human heart is a strange and inexplicable thing, even unto itself. Rare, indeed, is the man whose mental poise is such, that in his estimate of himself he can say honestly, "This I do, and that I abstain from doing, because of inherent love of the good which is within me; this I do, and that I abstain from doing, because of the thousand influences that are rooted in the centuries gone." Likewise, rare is the man in whose heart there dwells the fullness even of human charity. Daily through the

troubled scenes of human life there strides the Pharisee, in princely pride, gathering his regal robe of self-righteousness about him, while with mingled scorn and affected pity he inclines his head in mock dignity to look upon some brother whom the world has branded with the badge scarlet, and as the multitude gazes, he passes by on the other side, lest the hem of spotless garments be touched by a poor soul torn by passions and temptations and experiences that the Pharisee in his narrowness has never known. O, God of the weak and fallen, thou readest their hearts, thou knowest their trials, thou knowest their weaknesses! What unpitying merciless embodiments of thy form Divine have gained and are still gaining the plaudits of the world for success and goodness; while tonight, how many a loving heart, at times touched by feelings almost Divine, whose nobler passions are fanned to flame by a breath such as might come from the beating of an angel's wing, by the same world are clothed in the rags of shame, because, forsooth, Fate has led their footsteps in the rough ways of life, given experiences reserved as trials for the few, acquainted them with temptations which, but to know, was to fall. A relative thing is temptation. It is never such, in fact, unless it awakens a responsive echo within the soul; thus it is always to the weak, and not to the strong. Poor souls, and how many such there are! If kindly spirits shed their influence and linger near the haunts of men, surely they are watching near to these. How little credit, in the pride of success and goodness, do we give to the favorable environment with which we have been hedged about. Fate leads our feet in rosy ways, and

because we smell the perfume, we claim honor to ourselves. We stand in the forefront of opportunity; it bears down upon us like an onrushing flood; ofttimes we struggle to be free from it and are borne along by its tide against the will until in goodly season we find that we have drifted to a rich and fertile shore; and when our feet press the sunny strand with wealth and the bounties of nature within our grasp, forgetful of the way and mindful only of the possession, we take all the credit to ourselves, dispossess the Almighty, and proclaim our greatness throughout the land.

The goodness of success may, and does, come to some as a gracious benediction; while to others it comes in its fullness as the reward either of patient seeking or of unremitting toil. Who has not seen in vision, if not in reality, a stately temple, grand in its conception, magnificent in its execution, and embellished with every beauty known to the cunning hand of art. Within its sacred precincts we have seen the throng,—the throng ennobled by birth, blessed with culture, and proud in wealth and position, standing in mute and solemn presence, while a mighty organ rolled forth in thunder tones its deep diapason, filling trancept and nave with its wonderous melody, softened and made glorious as in pleasing harmony there floats to them the music of the human voice, breathing the gentle intonations of a grand Te Deum. Listen to the impassioned pleadings for purer life, and the tragic condemnation of sinful things; eloquence that charms, and affrights. Who has not felt, to some degree, these inspirations that lift to higher planes. How they soften the hardness of life! Yet how

often we see this mighty throng pass out and away, proud of conscious power, cold and unsympathetic, their lives conforming to the most rigid rules of worldly statutes, yet each the possessor of a heart that is a stranger and unknown to the wondrous passions of its possibility. The world says, these are the good.

The eyes need not be closed to see another vision, for daily we meet the reality in the highways of life. It crouches in the very shadows of the temple from which comes the music sacred and Divine. Some child of the night is resting there,—fatherless, motherless, homeless, alone. That cruel decree of Fate which visits the sin of the parent upon the innocence of the child, has perchance closed the door of hope in the face of this wandering waif. She may have been as pure as the drifting snow which wreathes about her; within her heart may have burned the vestal fires of human emotion; inspiration may have come at times for grand and noble things; and the heart in its tenderness may have yearned for the fullness of its possibilities. Many a time does such an one succumb to the temptations in life's devious ways and arise with renewed hope only to struggle on until life is embittered and prospect saddened. Inexplicable is the course such a life must run, because the sweet and tender impulses become lost in an unknown way. How different such a life, could its course have been run in sunny happy ways, and the heart have been refreshed by the perfume of life's roses, instead of torn by their thorns. Surely, the day will come when some just judge will say, "The spirit was willing, the flesh only was weak; though the life had blame, the heart was pure."

The Lodge of Sorrow

Exalted Ruler, brothers, ladies and gentlemen:—Our order, like many others of like character, has seen fit to set apart a day dedicated to the absent brother. It is a beautiful custom, appropriate to every organization built upon the great and beneficent principle of fraternity and brotherly love.

How changed the meaning of each recurring Lodge of Sorrow. Year by year we call the names of the absent ones, and the silence that follows the repeated call yearly strikes some heart with a new and strange significance; for yearly our tablet is engraved with the name of some brother, whose life to someone, like the accents of a sweet song, still vibrates in the memory.

The world has ever been lavish with its tributes and memorials for those who have gone down in the full glow of the white light of worldly fame. From Rameses to the fortune-favored of our own day, as the notable have passed from the scenes of life, the world has made haste to write large the story of their achievements and to make enduring the records of their fame; but history has shown that a people may erect triumphal arches and inscribe colossal monuments to deified heroes and departed kings without their own souls being awake to the wonderful truths of fraternity and brotherly love; without the consciousness that the same Divine spark animates the peasant in the cottage and the prince upon his throne, and that in the last analysis the honors of life are to

Address before the Lansing Lodge, B. P. O. E.

those who, in whatever station, do well with the talents given into their keeping.

It is a matter of congratulation, that a day is set apart and is growing in favor, wherein the people gather together and do honor, not to the memory of one man because of his attainments, but to the memory of all men according to their virtues.

This day helps on the full realization of the fact that in life's many calls to duty, honors should be for the manner, rather than the kind, of doing. The world has been slow in realizing that "man's inhumanity" which "has made countless thousands mourn" has arisen in large degree because honors have been bestowed according to the kind rather than the manner of the doing. But a gladder and a better day is dawning on the world, which is coming more and more to understand that they who drag the rock from the mountain's side and they who in the studio fashion it in the similitude and beauty of the human form, are all working to a common purpose; that life calls for more blacksmiths than poets; for more carpenters than artists; and that the army of men who sit with hand to the throttle of the rushing engines, are as important a part of the great transportation systems as are the less numerous general managers. Humanity will have achieved a grand advance, when they who toil honestly in the lowly and hard ways of life can stand unabashed in the presence of wealth and power, and when they who are chosen to the exceptional service are always conscious of the far-reaching claims of fraternity and brotherly love. When this day comes, men will have worked into their lives no new and hitherto un-

known strength and power, but each will have become conscious of the beneficence, the strength, the power, of the virtues which are the charm of common life.

Today we commemorate the humble virtues of men whose fate it was to labor in the multitudinous affairs of life, each in his place doing the work given into his care; of men who brought love into their homes, and loyalty and integrity into their citizenship.

From this it must appear, that the purpose of this day is not that empty honors may be paid to those who have gone beyond, but rather that from their lives we may draw lessons helpful to us who still remain, lessons that the children of men have ever needed to learn and of which they have never had more need than now.

Modern civilization has not only given new direction to, and mightily intensified, the activities of men, but has introduced elements that are changing many a man's ideas of the great problems of life and human destiny.

Today, we are grappling with the mighty problems of empire; we are busy with the larger questions of finance; we are active in the mysteries of invention and discovery. Every scheme that promises an increase of wealth and its attendant power commands the attention of a multitude which is limited as to size only by the capacity of the most distant to see and hear. It is perhaps well that it is so, for we are busy at this time with material development. Humanity seems never to have experienced a symmetrical development at one and the same time along all the lines of human advancement. The rule has seemingly been an advance along individual lines to the exclusion of two or more. The dawn of the Christian

era marks the beginning of an advance in spiritual development that still leavens society with a mighty strength and power. Art and letters entranced the world while Michael Angelo wrought and Shakespeare sang. The cause of human liberty and democracy engrossed the thoughts of men while Napoleon's cannon roared and Washington's famished troops shivered at Valley Forge. Commercialism, in its most intensive form, has been reserved as the program of these later days. It is but stating the general thought to say, that no other line of development along which humanity has passed has been more fraught with dangers to those high ideals which have ever been the beacon lights of progress, than have those which today lurk about us in our present-day activities.

The spiritual development of the race received its greatest force from the life and character of the lowly Nazarene, whose earthly career touched the heights of pure and lofty devotion. His simple life gave to evil a darker tinge, and to virtue a more radiant glow. Through the lowering clouds of doubt and error he opened the bright vistas of hope and promise. Every precept of Christianity was the antithesis of material selfishness and lust of power.

Art and letters were likewise the messages of unselfishness and love. Whether in the carven stone, the glowing canvass, or the printed page, they have ever been attempts to catch and to make intelligible some glorious inspiration that the sculptor, the artist, or the author would give to his fellow. The genius of a Byron, or a Burns, was to the enriching of humanity, not only in their own day, but

for the untold centuries of the future. Even the shock and tumult of a militant democracy was as the bugle note of deliverance and victory to all but those who fattened through injustice and oppression. To millions, the tramp of soldiery and the boom of cannon meant hope and opportunity, the breaking of a brighter and a better day.

In spirituality, in art, in letters, in liberty, the gain and advance of every man has been the gain and advance of every other man. Can the same be said with equal truth of the development which has for its basis the conversion of the powers and resources of nature? Do we not see a vast difference in the moving inspiration of the men who went forth to tell the story of the Man of Galilee, and the men who today combine to control the means of production or transportation? Do we not catch the difference between the inspiration which moved men to associate to declare the great doctrine that all men are created free and equal, and that which may prompt men to associate to exploit the mineral lands of Michigan or the oil fields of Texas? We must all recognize, that great and desirable as is our present-day progress, it has in it elements unknown to the progress of other times and other lines. Today we see a tense and nervous struggle, the prompting of an ambition which, if not controlled by a broad and comprehensive charity and by the higher sentiments of justice and integrity, becomes cruel and insatiate; an ambition that benumbs the conscience and dwarfs the growth of every constructive faculty.

My friends, it is these considerations that make for

the opportuneness and value of the lessons of this day. Every thinking man admits, there is need as never before that we as a race, and especially as a nation, take frequent reckoning of course and currents, and that we keep well in mind the great problems of life and destiny.

To us as a fraternal organization, what day is more suited to this purpose than this our annual day of Memorial? As we scan the roster of our departed, and each unlocks the secret chambers of his heart and looks again upon the impressions made by the life gone out, what are the thoughts and sentiments that seek for expression? Is it that such a friend was a merchant prince, with that magic in his touch which turned the dust to yellow gold and we miss him because the earth has seen none so great as he since then? Do we say of another, that we loved him because of a gift of genius whereby he brought ten thousand men to do his bidding; or do we say yet of a third, that we are unconsoled and mourn his loss because in life he had gathered to himself every luxury that might be the desire of a sensual taste? No; we say none of these things. Genius may claim our admiration, but it is virtue that receives our love. If as we call the names of the absent ones, memory lingers to bestow a kindly tribute, it is because he upon whose memory the tribute is bestowed measured to the full stature of a man; because in life, whatever may have been his station, he wrought with a noble purpose and justly earned the application of Wordsworth's lines,

> That best portion of a good man's life,—
> His little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love.

If thus overtopping man's grandest achievements in the fields of common effort we find the common virtues of life, and count each life a failure unless its material successes are adorned with the qualities of charity, fidelity, justice and honor, how important it is that these qualities find places of utility and strength in the building of our own lives and characters. It is important that we gain the knowledge that these things be built into the structure. Men can not live lives of selfishness and injustice and in their latter days claim merit because they glaze them over with the tinsel of better things. The gold which there is in a life, to give value to it, must have been refined within the crucible of a man's own soul; it must permeate the character, and show in thought and deed, not be reserved to gild a crown to be carried on his bier. Time does not suffice for a man to live two kinds of existence, one in which he may gather the fruits of meanness, and another in which he may reap the rewards of justness. Byron has justly said, that man is as a pendulum between a smile and tear. It is true, that with an eternity upon either hand, for one brief moment it is given to man to fashion the life which is to be his earthly credit for the untold aeons to come.

Today the question comes, What is life's highest purpose? Has it claims upon me above and beyond the satisfaction of my individual needs and the needs of those who by law or blood are dependent upon me? From the tombs of the dead, from every avenue of worthy experience, yea from your very presence here, comes the answer, "It has." Our lives are to be lived, not only for ourselves, but for our fellows.

There is such a thing as the joy of service. Men find it when they so exercise and develop their abilities, their powers, and their talents, that they become, not only of profit and honor to themselves, but to all who come within the circle of their influence.

My brothers! this is no Eutopian fancy. From Moses to our own day, these qualities have been the guiding principles of every life that has been at once both good and great. They are principles that in no way limit or prescribe the talents of men. They have given lustre to the life of Franklin, of Lincoln, of every man who as a national character has gained a place in the affection of the people.

A life may be so lived as to be like unto the rose, which suffers no diminution because of the fragrance which it exhales. My brothers! If today memory recalls the ties that bound departed brothers to us, still stronger than the ties of kinship and fraternity are the ties of their congenial spirits, the ties that proceed from the knowledge that the lives gone out were lives ruled by honor and integrity, sweetened and tempered by love and by the real joy of living; and because as a tribute to each we can say,

> Green be the turf above thee,
> Friend of my better days!
> None knew thee but to love thee,
> Nor named thee but to praise.

Judge Henry P. Henderson

My good friends, I wish this afternoon that I could find words to express the sentiment that is common to every heart here; there are times when the heart feels what words cannot tell, and this is such a time.

I can hardly remember when I did not know Henry P. Henderson, but I knew him scarcely at all in the field in which he wrought so long and achieved so much; there are others here who will speak of Judge Henderson as the lawyer, members of the bar who either with him or against him came to know and to appreciate the strength and vigor of his powers.

Almost a quarter of a century ago I left my country home to become a student in the office of Huntington and Henderson of this city. Soon Judge Henderson was appointed to the federal bench in Utah, while I continued with Judge Huntington and later with my good friend George F. Day. First Judge Huntington was taken, then we followed the mortal remains of Brother Day and saw them lowered to their last resting place upon yonder hillside. Today, I stand beside the casket of Judge Henderson, the last of the three men who prompted my youthful aspirations, my heart filled with emotion that I can find no language to express.

I knew Henry P. Henderson as the young man knows the older, warm-hearted, wise counselor and friend. It is seldom that a man's talents and virtues remain a forceful factor in a community a quarter of a century after

Remarks made at the funeral of Judge Henry P. Henderson, who died in Salt Lake City, Utah, on June 3, 1909, and whose funeral was held from the Presbyterian Church in Mason on June 13, 1909.

he has left its busy scenes, and yet such can be said in truth of our departed friend, and it will continue true for long years to come. Upon the school board of this school district, as an officer in our city government, in county, state and federal positions as well as in the distinguished service he rendered in his chosen profession, Henry P. Henderson proved himself a great man, perhaps the greatest that has gone from among us. There ws real love and affection for Judge Henderson here in Mason, as the presence of this company bears witness. We are not thinking today of the things which brought him position and worldly fame. The love that this community bore him was not the cold admiration accorded to achievement, but the warm, pulsating affection that sets toward the man who has the qualities that make him a loyal friend. If I were to speak of the one characteristic of this good man that ever impressed me as the most prominent in his nature, the characteristic which in my association with him was the most frequently brought to my attention, it would be that trait which is ever associated with true greatness, the trait of modesty.

Judge Henderson brought great abilities to the discharge of his numerous duties, yet it should be said of him that few men approached their tasks with less show or ostentation. His modesty was of that innate and unconscious character which is ever the accompaniment of a great soul. Many a time we know that in the field of political effort Judge Henderson refused to claim his own; many a time he retired from the field and allowed others of less ability but of more vanity to push to places of trust and power. I am stating only what others

know when I say that but for this trait in his character Judge Henderson might once have gained a seat upon the supreme bench of Michigan as he might once have gained a seat in the Senate of the United States. Whatever Judge Henderson gained in the political world he gained through the force of his superb mental abilities and not through his demands or entreaties at the throne of political power.

I have said, and many a tear-dimmed eye bears testimony, that the people of Mason loved Judge Henderson. There is compensation in the knowledge that he in turn loved the people of Mason. His life could almost be said to have been the life of Ingham County. The last time we rode together from Lansing to this city, as we passed the old Benton house he turned to me and said, "As a boy I have driven over this road when that was the last house between Lansing and Mason." So in a measure he grew up with Ingham County, and was drawn to its people by a thousand ties and associations, ties that grow in strength with every true-hearted man. Although he left us long years ago and measured to the full stature of his duties in a distant State, he never forgot the friends of his youthful days nor the scenes of his early triumphs, and hither he returned as often as numerous cares permitted. He returned to us because his heart's desire was here. Here, to him, the fields were the greenest, here the flowers bloomed the brightest, here the birds sang the sweetest. He was loyal to the State of his adoption, but it is still to his honor to say that he loved Michigan best, and that among the proud cities which our State can boast, of all her broad acres and teeming

thousands, the plain people of the little city of Mason were first in his affections.

He went out from among us to extend his influence and make for himself a greater name, a name which is in a measure reflected back upon us. There is a melancholy pleasure in the fact that even in death he has returned to be among the scenes and associations of his fondest years. Could he break the everlasting silence, I am sure he would say, "It is well." He would smile, to know that because of appreciation of the service he rendered and the love he bore his fellow creatures, his grave would be a sacred spot to those who linger in Time's shadowy vale.

This tribute is altogether weak and inexpressive of the sentiments and feelings which prompt my words, but it is all that I can bring. In times like this, the mute eloquence of silence, and the most glowing panegyric, are as one; ineffectual to tell the deeper passions of the heart.

Norris Branch

Since that far off day when the morning and the evening star, first sang together, man has stood with bowed head and sad heart in the presence of the mystery of death. Neither the meditations of the philosopher, the songs of the poet, nor the revelations of the priest and prophet, have been able to give charm to this great unknown and unknowable fact; but there is something in the heart of man, born of a noble faith, that bids the children of earth to enter the valley of the shadow and know that all is well; that bids us know that life, like matter, is indestructible; and that the beneficent Power that holds worlds to their course, paints the rainbow upon the cloud and gives perfume to the rose, is not forgetful of His creatures.

I am glad to be here to speak a word of tribute to my friend. He had defects and he had virtues. It is not my mission to obscure the one nor to magnify the other, for there is strength and there is weakness everywhere. In nature, floods devastate the valleys of peace and plenty, pestilence puts a land in mourning, and sun and cloud dot the same landscape.

I loved our brother for the exuberance of his nature. He saw life through the eyes of youth. I loved him for the loyalty of his friendship. In this I knew him best. He was more than friendly, he was generous and kind. He was not the friend of prosperity alone, but his was the friendship that could stand stress and storm. His generosity was not of the quality that spent its force in well-wishing for his fellow, he was ever willing to give

Remarks made at the funeral service for a friend in Mason.

and to do. If want and suffering came in his way, he did not pass them by upon the other side; for he loved his fellowman, and this busy and sometimes seemingly heartless world can boast no nobler virtue.

Father, mother, wife, children,—we have lost a friend. We shall miss him, but there will be joy in the remembrance of his virtues. The day is dark, but let us fill our hearts with the inspiration of Longfellow's beautiful lines, and feel as we say,

> Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
> Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
> Thy fate is the common fate of all,
> Into each life some rain must fall,
> Some days must be dark and dreary.

But a little while ago, summer clothed the hills and vales with a mantle of emerald, harvests filled the valleys and crowned the uplands; there was song in the copse, and a breath of perfume was borne upon the gale. Now all is seeming dead beneath a winding sheet of snow; but blossoming fields, the nodding flowers, and singing birds, will come again, for they do not sleep the sleep that knows no waking. So methinks, it will be with him who has gone before.

Let us believe, that in the serious moments of his life, with a better knowledge of his strength and weakness, with a better knowledge of his hopes and purposes than we can know, his heart and soul could say in the noble lines of Tennyson,

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.