ADDRESSES AND ORATIONS

WILLIAM F. VILAS

Compliments of

Mrs. William F. Vilas

12 Gilman Street East
Madison Wisconsin

a gift copy to Mrs. Fairchild given me by Mrs Charles Morris her daughter [illegible] 1925

FREDERIC L. PAXSON

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UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
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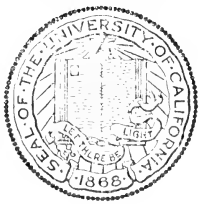

There are others.

Yours affectionately

Brigham.

Feby 1. 12.

This is No. 58 *of an edition of one hundred copies which have been printed for private distribution.*

ADDRESSES AND ORATIONS

SELECTED

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OF

WILLIAM F. VILAS

To seek the power of knowledge for the gains of mere selfishness, is criminal debasement; to accept its investiture for increase of usefulness among men, exalts and ennobles the soul.

— From the Jubilee Address.

MADISON

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1912

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO
THE PERSONAL FRIENDS
OF THE LATE
WILLIAM F. VILAS
BY HIS WIFE

"IN ALL THE POSITIONS TO WHICH HE WAS CALLED, IN ALL THE WORK WHICH HE UNDERTOOK, HE APPLIED HIMSELF TO THE DISCHARGE OF DUTY WITH AN ENERGY WHICH KNEW NO FLAGGING, WITH A DEVOTION WHICH KNEW NO TURNING, SPARING NEITHER HIMSELF NOR OTHERS THAT FAITH MIGHT BE KEPT AND DUTY PERFORMED. THIS CHARACTERISTIC RUNS THROUGH ALL HIS LIFE AND ILLUMINATES ALL HIS WORK. HE WAS, IT IS TRUE, AMBITIOUS; BUT IT WAS THE NOBLE AMBITION TO EXCEL. HE DESIRED PLACE AND POWER, NOT FROM SORDID MOTIVE, BUT FOR THE OPPORTUNITIES THEY OFFERED FOR USEFULNESS. HE SOUGHT TO AID HIS KIND BY TEACHING THEM AND HELPING THEM TO HELP THEMSELVES. HE RECOGNIZED THE TRUTH THAT INDISCRIMINATE CHARITY IS HURTFUL BOTH TO THE GIVER AND TO THE RECEIVER, AND THAT THAT IS THE TRUE CHARITY WHICH AIDS TO BUILD UP INDEPENDENCE OF CHARACTER AND SELF-RELIANCE. WITH WISE STATESMANSHIP, HE SAW THAT THE BEST REMEDY FOR THE ILLS OF GOVERNMENT, THE TRUE SAFEGUARD FROM THE EVILS OF PASSION AND PREJUDICE, THE SURE FOUNDATION FOR MANLY INDEPENDENCE OF CHARACTER AND GOOD CITIZENSHIP, THE ANCHOR WHICH CAN HOLD THE SHIP OF STATE IN THE STORMS WHICH BESET HER, THE MAIN ESSENTIAL OF SUCCESS FOR THE INDIVIDUAL, IS EDUCATION."—*From the Memorial Address by the Honorable James G. Jenkins.*

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PREFATORY NOTE

The addresses and orations contained in this volume have previously appeared in scattered publications, not easy of access. They are here gathered under one cover with the especial hope that the collection may prove welcome to the personal friends of Mr. Vilas. A glance at the contents will make it evident to those who knew him that there has been no attempt at anything like completeness. Thus it has not been thought desirable to include any of his purely political speeches,—rather those things only which seem the choicest of his more formal addresses—efforts possessing something more than ephemeral interest and value.

Nor has it been found feasible to present, at this time, a comprehensive biography of Mr. Vilas. That must remain a task of the future. Only the main facts of his life have been given. Yet it is hoped that these may, in a measure, prove elucidating merely by calling to mind the numerous interests and activities of his life, of which the varying spirit and characteristics of the addresses are, in a sense, an index and expression.

In the preparation of this volume I have had the editorial assistance of Professor Julius E. Olson, of the University of Wisconsin. It is a pleasure to make grateful acknowledgment of his sympathetic co-operation.

ANNA M. VILAS.

MADISON, WISCONSIN,
December, 1911.

WILLIAM F. VILAS

William Freeman Vilas was born at Chelsea, Vermont, on the 9th of July, 1840, the son of Levi Baker Vilas and Esther Green Smilie. In 1851 the family came west, arriving at Madison on the 5th of June. At an early age he entered the University of Wisconsin, graduating in 1858. During the whole of his college career he was particularly interested in the Hesperian Society, of which he was one of the charter members. Here he laid the foundation of his later forensic achievements. He pursued his legal studies at the Albany Law School, New York, from which institution he received the degree of Bachelor of Laws, in 1860. He then returned to Madison, where he entered upon the practice of the law, forming his first partnership on the twentieth anniversary of his birthday. A year later he received the degree of Master of Arts from his alma mater, to which, in 1885, was added the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

As is evidenced by his addresses, young Vilas was profoundly affected by the outbreak of the war; and, despite the allurements of his profession, he felt compelled to offer his services to his country. As Captain of Company A, Twenty-third Regiment of the Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, he joined the Army of the Tennessee under General Grant, in August, 1862. In February, 1863, he was promoted

to the position of Major, and in the month succeeding to that of Lieutenant-Colonel. Owing to the absence of the officer in higher assignment, he commanded the regiment in the battles about Vicksburg, and during the siege and capitulation. After this great victory, the pressure of private affairs called him home, and in August, 1863, he resigned from the army to resume his professional labors.

His work in the law found early recognition. Without relinquishing his private practice, he served as a professor of law at the University of Wisconsin from 1868 to 1885, and, during the period from 1875 to 1878, co-operated with others in the revision of the statutes of the state. Other honors, beyond the pale of his professional interests, came to him from both the state and the nation. He was thus a trustee of the Wisconsin Soldiers' Orphans' Home from 1874 to 1893, and a regent of the University from 1881 to 1885. In 1884 he was elected permanent chairman of the Democratic National Convention at Chicago, and was also chairman of the committee to notify Grover Cleveland of his nomination as candidate for the presidency, on which occasion he made a notable address, included in this volume. During the famous campaign that ensued, Colonel Vilas was elected a member of the state legislature, the only elective office held by him up to that time.

Upon the organization of the Cleveland cabinet, in 1885, he became Postmaster General, serving until 1888, when he was appointed Secretary of the Interior, to succeed Secretary Lamar, who had become

a Justice of the Supreme Court. At the close of the Cleveland administration, he turned again to his law practice in Madison. He was soon to return to Washington, however, as United States Senator, in which capacity he served from 1891 to 1897.

Meanwhile his services were demanded by his home state. In 1896 he was appointed a member of the State Historical Library Building Commission, to which he gave much time, serving until 1906, when the magnificent home of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin was completed. At this time, too, the University again received the aid of his great knowledge and energy, which, as regent from 1898 to 1905, he gave without stint. Moreover, in 1898 he was elected Vice-President of the State Historical Society, and in 1906 he was made a member of the Wisconsin Capitol Building Commission, both of which positions he held until the time of his death, on the 27th of August, 1908. To the construction of the new capitol, he contributed much time and thought, and was actively engaged with his fellow members of the commission until his last illness.

Colonel Vilas also served as a member of the Wisconsin Vicksburg Park Monument Commission, in connection with the labors of which he wrote A View of the Vicksburg Campaign, which was published by the Wisconsin History Commission, in October, 1908.

The many demands, both public and private, made upon Colonel Vilas, left him but scant time for recreation and travel. His three visits to Eu-

rope—the last in 1906—were of only brief duration. Nor did he seek opportunities for prolonged recreation. He found his greatest pleasure in work, the genuine delights of which shine forth from all of his addresses. But he found needed respite from the exacting labors incident to his profession and the public positions that he occupied, by frequent exercise of his powers, on important public occasions, as an orator. Moreover, as a conscientious and life-long democrat, his sense of political duty often impelled him to take the stump in behalf of his party; but his oratorical honors, as this volume of addresses will amply testify, were won in a higher sphere. He was a devoted member of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and as such, gave to this association his ripest oratorical efforts. At a meeting of the society in 1877, he was selected to give the oration at the next meeting of this distinguished body of veterans. The successful accomplishment of the task marked him as the man on whom should devolve the response to the toast, Our First Commander, at the banquet given by the society at the Palmer House, Chicago, in 1879, on the occasion of the return of General Grant from his trip around the world,—an effort executed with such brilliancy as to place him in the front rank of national orators.

In 1866, Colonel Vilas married Miss Anna M. Fox, a daughter of Dr. William H. Fox, of Fitchburg, Wisconsin. They made their first home in a beautiful grove of oaks, a few miles south of Madison. In this quiet spot the young lawyer was en-

abled to give that time to the study of his profession so essential to one who would lay a broad and deep foundation. In 1879, he moved into the city, where, in a beautiful home on the shores of Lake Mendota, at the corner of Gilman Street and Wisconsin Avenue, he passed his manhood's best years and ended the arduous labors of his life.

Of four children, but one remains, Mary Esther, wife of Lucien M. Hanks. With their three children, William Vilas, Sybil Anna, and Lucien Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Hanks reside in a new home near the old homestead, which is still maintained by Mrs. Vilas.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE LAW CLASS

1876

ADDRESS BEFORE THE LAW CLASS

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
JUNE 19, 1876

Gentlemen of the Law Class of 1876:

In that age of the world when the institution of chivalry was esteemed to furnish the noblest occupation of men, its usages required that the youthful aspirant for the honors of knighthood, having performed the probationary services of page and squire to some noble chevalier, should, on the eve of his induction to that rank, maintain his vigil of arms. With intellect eager for preparatory fasting, he repaired at twilight to some holy shrine, and there, through the slow and silent hours of night, in prayerful meditation, he kept his watch. We may fancy what ardent thoughts careered through his enthusiastic brain; with what expectation he looked for the morrow, when he should become a belted knight, and, clad in his bright armor, receive the knightly weapons pledged to the cause of oppressed merit, the service of his lord and the honor of the mistress of his heart. As the hours of meditation passed over him, so revolving the noble character he sought to attain,—then highest in the admiration of men and dearest to the loving glance of beauty—his mind would come to dwell, with an intense hold, on those leading features of character and attainment, by the development and display of which, alone, might

he hope to win the green laurels of fame. A soldier's honor, constancy and courage, a high morality, unfailing faith and fortitude, the most refined courtesy; these to cherish and maintain would bring forth many an earnest vow.

Not infrequently some devotee of holy robes shared the watch with the neophyte of arms; who, with his native spirit firing with sympathetic flame beneath the chilled ashes of a disciplined exterior, was well fitted by his profession and by historic reading, both to heat white the faith and purpose of youth, and temper its ebullitions into the sedate and settled resolutions of manhood.

Thus the morning found the candidate, from the nervousness of abstinence, the excitement of watching, the transports of his meditation, in such an exaltation of spirit, as should serve to forever mark in his memory the principles of his knightly duty, and that era of his life when he assumed its performance. The succeeding ceremony of investiture, when, in the goodly presence of noble company, with sword suspended from his neck, he was dubbed a knight in the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, well finished the work of transition. The lofty cliff rises not more conspicuous from the plain, than were so reared in his life, as an imperishable monument, the elevated aims and high resolutions with which that day he took his departure from the shores of youth.

Knights and esquires, with all their tinselry, have long since passed away. Their glory expired sooner than their race. Unworthy descendants and incapable imitators brought the old form of manly valor

to its final burial amid general derision. The fog of fable has settled on their history, and cast indistinctness and suspicion on its brightest rays. But the warmest emotions of humanity must continue forever to respond to the sentiment of knighthood, and heart and judgment applaud the qualities of mind and body which that sentiment demanded and nourished. It had for its basis the utmost which mankind could then claim of manly virtue, of religion, of morality and honor.

The lawyer, with all his dry reading of precedents and lean study of exact reason, has always found peculiar charm in the story of chivalry. There is kinship between the profession of arms and the profession of the law. Lawyers are the belligerents of the time of peace; and history repeatedly exhibits the striking tendency of their training and habits to send them to fields of physical strife when the laws become dumb in the din of arms. The obligations of knightly duty, the qualities of heart and mind which shone in the cavalier in an age of war, are typical of the obligations of the lawyer's duty, and the qualities which make him illustrious amid the tribulations of peace. An active emulation, in all professional work, of the noble sentiment and highbred courtesy of that departed order, becomes the truest finish of the refined and perfect lawyer.

But I think I may, with peculiar appropriateness, gentlemen, liken this interesting hour of your lives to that special custom of chivalry which was provided for admission to its honors; and, responding to your flattering invitation, attend you upon a pro-

fessional vigil of arms; and, with the rights and freedom of that fellowship of study we have enjoyed together, strive to aid you in giving a permanent solidity to the high conception of our profession, its character and duties, with which a generous enthusiasm now fills your breasts. Instead of attempting any topic from the consideration of which you might derive a temporary pleasure, let me pursue further the simple capacity in which I have enjoyed our intercourse of the year now passed, and endeavor to contribute at its close an unpretending service to your professional career.

I invoke this usage of a former age, especially because it recognized so conspicuously, that admission to the most honorable calling among men, ought to be preceded by the severest efforts to impress, with unalterable fixity, the aims to be achieved and the principles by which conduct should be guided. The opinions or practices of modern life have, indeed, substantially abolished the discipline of fasting and watching. It may be questioned whether with wisdom to the full extent. The deepest impressions are graven on the mind by the profoundest accompanying emotions. And I repeat but the observation of the wisest men of all time,—which ought to be the guiding star of education—when I assure you that to the realization of a high destiny, nothing will so contribute as settled convictions, fixed principles of life; such a clear grasping of the great laws which govern the relations of men and things,—and they are few and unmistakable,—now while temptation does not seduce, nor force or fraud compel, that,

with unalterable steadfastness of mind, action will follow their dictates in all future life, as it were, spontaneously, harassed by no doubt, alarmed by no assault.

The observation may indeed embrace every order of men. But it obtains with peculiar significance in our profession. The successful lawyer must, sooner or later, be plunged into every situation of human suffering, passion, and temptation. In his greatest need, the worse will oft appear the better reason to the mind whose rules of guidance await to be fixed in the hour of exigency. Sometimes beleagured by temptations, sometimes beset by perils, often in quarrel, perhaps in anger, yea, often amidst the distraction and tumult of a very tempest of conflicting passions, he must perceive and weigh the contesting reasons for action, and unfalteringly pursue the wiser course. It is the absolute condition of success. No client pardons, with a full oblivion, a harmful error. He rarely tries it a second time. Circumstances of distress and apology will seldom be suffered to save the lawyer. The client will sometimes have so lost his reason and firmness in confusion and fear, as to be worse than a puling infant, exciting contempt and dispelling sympathy; yet will require a perfect protection by his lawyer, and the world will sustain him. Men judge a lawyer much as they do a general. He must take the true course to victory, under no matter what conditions of choice. Success alone determines the right to it. It is, in good truth, the ordeal of battle, which best puts down the superficial qualities of the pretentious,

and brings to light the deeper-lying temper and prowess of the strong. In such scenes, the scenes of trial, but the opportunities of triumph, the strength of settled principles can alone achieve or support success. The mere shell, though made of iron, must crush under pressure. It is the soul rock-ribbed with principles of strength, secure as nature, whom no external assault can force to yield. I would far rather the man of firm convictions, though the taint of error was on them, than to find them wanting altogether. Better far to have unalterable guides, though some be mistaken ones, than to be a buffeted weather-cock that never points a direction of its own.

There is an instability in our republican life which, in some aspects, has become terrifying. It is not alone that the accidental favorites of a capricious fortune, the boorish possessors of sudden wealth, are sometimes our social aristocrats. Too often the unprincipled adventurer has secured possession of our seats of statesmanship, and unbred upstarts have been upheaved from the social depths to become our rulers. The minds of the people have become poisoned by these sudden and marvelous accessions to place, and accumulations of unearned wealth. They have lost their heads, like children witnessing Harlequin in the pantomime, and scout the security of doctrines which are the corner stones of social liberty. The fearful threat, though not expressed, is heard muttering, of the mutiny of social chaos against social order. The land cries out for the service of men of

principle; and its desire is as the craving of a dry and thirsty land, where no water is.

On no profession, calling or pursuit, rests a higher duty, and on none, more than the profession of the law, can be better placed an expectation of safe resistance to the dangers that threaten the structure of our free society. The nature of the profession, its veneration for settled order, its principles of devotion and justice, must, if anything shall, be a chief security of the state. Would that every pupil of the law might sufficiently pause in his ardor to mix with the affairs of manhood, and with long and profound meditation, survey the character and aims of the career he undertakes, and ponder the guides by which he will pursue it, until, unmixed with baser matter, the high possibilities, the security of the principles, and the noble usefulness of a well ordered life, might rule his mind in unquestioned dominion; while to his awakened soul should glare, in brighter lines than flashed on Belshazzar's wall, the peril and warning of incertitude and indifference.

We shall derive renewed inspiration, and elevate our views, gentlemen, by a glance, though necessarily a swift and imperfect one, at the nature of the profession. Whether regarded in theoretic abstraction or in the reality of its actual existence, you shall find it justly to occupy the noble place it has ever maintained in the civilized world.

Two ultimate sources of law are recognized—no more—the Almighty God of the Universe, and Human Society. Law, as emanating from both these fountains, is most truly defined to be, simply, rules

of action, the principles of conduct, by which all things and beings, within their purview, are regulated.

The law of God we become conscious of in our earliest observations upon the world; our profoundest study but intensifies our delightful repose upon it. We observe it first in the grosser surroundings of our being; the periodical recurrence of times and seasons, the regularly repeated rise, succession, and decay of the vegetable and animal world; the movement of the wind and the marvelous transitions of the elements. With increased and prolonged attention, we discover it to be equally vital in every place, from the mountain's top to the caverns of the sea, in everything, however small as well as however great; in every movement of matter, from the bursting of the smallest germ to the convulsions of an earthquake. In the infant ages of the world, God was evidenced to men in the mysterious and striking phenomena of nature. He called to Moses from the burning bush; and he answered Job from out of the whirlwind. But with the accumulated information of centuries of recorded observation, the greater manifestations of His power become no more marvelous than those of infinitesimal dimensions. The ancient sage adored a mysterious providence in the great ocean. The modern philosopher worships his infinitely perfect law in the atom. The ancient beheld the working of His mighty forces in fear and dread. The modern contemplates the blissful harmony of nature in love and repose. No longer do the heavens, in their occult changes, appear charged

with fearful portents of human disorder. Man has come to know that these unnumbered worlds swing their flights with no less security and order, than the sunshine comes to warm the fields which give him bread; a sure expression of infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite beneficence, which carry with equal efficacy to a minute particle of matter and to a planetary system, as all within a single jurisdiction, the strength, safety, and peace of unfailing law. Such is the perfection of the Divine Order in nature.

But strangely interwoven on this plan, within a limited place, is the dominion and free will of man. Except man, all things and beings on the earth seem sufficiently provided for by this scheme of natural law. No other animal is permitted or required, by any exigency of its being, to establish society voluntarily, and enact laws for self-control. There are other gregarious animals, and there are the laws of their communities, of more than human adaptation to their ends. What models are the bees, the beavers, the ants, the wild fowl! Yet their association is instinctive, and their laws are not of their own establishment, but unalterably decreed unto them; as conclusively testify their identity in all communities of the same sort, and the unfailing certainty of their observance.

But men establish and change society by concert and at will. Their societies are composed not alone of one race or kind, but often inextricably commingled. They enact forms of government and decree observances, social, religious, and political, as

variant as anything in nature. The variance is not of kind or species, but the fruit of dominion and free will, combined, alas! with human imperfection—and error is the highest evidence of free will.

Heaven has not dealt with man as with brutes. No unerring instinct guides his daily life. No faculty of mind discerns, unconscious of effort and without the possibility of error, the conduct desired by nature. The universe has been spread before him and beneath him. He is given the powers to observe and comprehend it in some sort, to read of its history upon its surface and his own records, to forecast somewhat of its action. The existence of an infinite benevolence, and the perfect order of nature, are manifest unto him for a guide, and he is left to develop his own destiny and devise his own law.

It has thus become incumbent on human society to decree its own organization and fix every particular of its action; to prescribe the principles by which men shall go forth to possess the earth and its productions; by which the rights of property shall be known, enjoyed, and transmitted; by which the family and relations of kindred shall be guided; by which life and person shall be secure; by which speech and thought shall be unrestrained, except from doing evil; by which state, associate, and individual enterprise shall be carried on, and the race developed; and by which laws shall be enforced and infractions punished. It cannot be supposed that any, not the least of all the rules of our law, is without a perfect pattern in the mind of deity, whose omniscience has not failed to conform the law of the

invisible molecule to the order of universal good. But no revelation of this divine wisdom has been given. What was sometime in an early age claimed to be His command to men, is now acknowledged for their fallacious handiwork; and the code which demanded an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, is no longer imputed to the justice of heaven, or observed among civilized men. Nor did the gospel of Christ announce social laws to men. He delivered rather the spirit of law, than the law. He uprooted the stern and false severity which deformed the Mosaic code and displayed the spirit of infinite love as the true source, the touchstone, guide, and end of all law.

Thus it is seen to have been awarded to mankind to pronounce the specific canons of their social conduct. Human society is charged with the agency of heaven. It undertakes to speak the social laws, the divine pattern for which has been retained within divine keeping. It speaks with an authority dependent only upon its own perfection. In nature, the perfection of law is seen in the absence of effort for its enforcement. No inquiry is there requisite to ascertain its infraction, or provide a compensation. The result inevitably follows. So, indeed, may perhaps be the mysterious and perfect working of the moral law of heaven.

But municipal law is far different. Not only is the true law to be discovered and formulated, it must be administered and enforced. This duty inheres with the great agency of declaration. Law is nothing in the abstract. It is an existence only in its

effects. And with humanity, investigation must precede punishment or compensation. This is administration.

In early ages, the inquiry was summary, but the results were capricious. It was not the action of society, so much as the rude sense of justice of some strong member of it. With time, came the special agents, the magistrates. With accumulated experience and growing wisdom, came the settled establishment of the judicial department, as one of the three original and co-ordinate divisions of the powers of all human government. The administration of law has place as a necessity to the existence of law, of society, of mankind.

For the discharge of this high duty in its behalf, society has set apart the profession of the law. It is constituted as an order of men charged with the practical performance, in the greatest share, of that function which nature has left to mankind, alone of all her creations. Beginning with the beginning of human judicature, the profession of the law has risen, in character and usefulness, with the growth of perfection in the law. As justice is more exactly administered, its administrators increase in honor. As human law approaches more nearly the discovery of its divine pattern, its ministers come to wear the livery of the servants of heaven. Thus its chart of honor lies in its very position. Whatever else may be good, whatever dignified, whatever honorable, it cannot be denied to this profession, that all the affairs of men yield no pursuit which can surpass it in the excellence, the dignity, the honor, which its very

nature demands. In the comprehensive eloquence of D'Aguesseau, "it is an order as ancient as human magistracy, as noble as virtue, as necessary as justice."

These considerations increase in weight when we regard the manner in which the law itself, and therewith the safety and rights of men, are in actual fact dependent on the profession. It is indeed a theory that in the partition of governmental powers, the agents of the state who make the law, are a distinct and independent class from those who administer it. It is a theory true of statute law alone; as to the rest it is a fallacy. And little, very little, comparatively, of the law of the land is defined on the pages of the statute book. The legislature there provides for the political machinery of the state and municipal government, the administration of public trusts and charities, police regulations, the organization, powers and modes of practice in courts, and the punishment for crime. With the exception, besides, of real estate and the domestic relations, and somewhat of corporations, no topic of the law touching the intercourse and rights of individuals in their complex business dealings, receives from the statute any treatment beyond an occasional partial touch.

Where rests the remainder? To what repository has the state committed the custody of those principles, so delicate of application and infinitely various in circumstance, by which the contract obligations of men are upheld, and the infraction or neglect of duties to one another, imposed by nature, by situation or convention, shall be restrained or redressed?

Where lie, securely placed, the foundations on which repose millions in property and many of the dearest privileges of the citizen? In the knowledge of the profession of the law, the wisdom and integrity of its members at the bar and on the bench! In the unwritten law!

And the unwritten law is the elevated philosophy, the *summa ratio*, of the profession of the law. No legislature established its canons. No form of enacted words has given unyielding rigidity to its principles. It has expanded with the increase of occasion for its service, from a beginning in the simplest usages of new-born society. It has witnessed every form of disorder, wrong and fraud, in which "man's inhumanity to man has made countless millions mourn." It has improved by an experience of the folly and the wickedness of men. It has reformed its own heresies, and purged itself greatly of error. It has put away old things and put on the new. It has grown great on the rich soil of noble brains. It is to-day perfected beyond, far beyond, other moral sciences, but its development to new and greater uses is perhaps more active than ever. Flexible and adaptable to every emergency, it is stronger than all the written constitutions of men. Hoary with age, it is quick with young and eternal life. It is, indeed, the best human semblance of the law of God.

The servant and the minister of such an exalted philosophy, the aid and dispenser of terrene justice, the lawyer undertakes to become. In the language of old Sir John Davys, the professors of the law are but conduit pipes, deriving and conveying the streams of justice unto all the subjects of the state.

It is manifest from thus considering its place in the world, that you are permitted, gentlemen, no opportunity for error in determining the aims with which the profession ought to be embraced. Its appropriate function lies in its usefulness to men. To attempt this calling is, therefore, to become a candidate for the esteem of your fellow men, by becoming valuable to them in it; to challenge the approbation of heaven by an attempt to exalt justice on earth. It is a sin against its nature to take it up in mere selfishness. It can be rightfully put to the selfish uses of neither lawyer nor client. No client has the right to a lawyer's service to prosecute an object forbidden by law and justice.

I do not mean by this to deny professional assistance to any citizen called upon to defend himself in the courts. Without delaying to enter into that much disputed question, I content myself that the fair presentation of such points of defense as every case affords, in an honorable manner, has been found necessary to the safe administration of justice, as well as long established, after much denial, to be the clear legal right of every defendant; and that it is a duty—often highly onerous, generally the most unpleasant—which the lawyer is bound by his profession to undertake, leaving judgment to them on whom the burden of judgment falls.

But this duty is to be wholly distinguished from the conscious prosecution of false and unjust ends. No lawyer has the right to defame his profession by willfully prostituting his efforts, his talents and learning, to such a cause. It is, I am happy to add,

a course that brings forth, inevitably, the abhorrence of the profession.

It is equally a debasing ambition which puts on the professional robe as a cloak to cover other objects of desire. Whoever fixes his hope on the mere acquisition of wealth, or on the expectation of political preferment, or the stepping into the seats of power, by putting into subserviency to such ends this grand old profession of the law, has already dishonored it, and begun to debauch its usefulness and defile its glory. Such abuses have been its reproach. And though somewhat successful, the false desire has turned awry the career of thousands, and wrecked them on the lee shore of life. To put the practice to the mere getting of money, destroys all hope of making a great professional character. It is to see in the unhappy affairs of mankind only the possibility of profit, to watch the flames of anger with a pleasurable hope to pick molten metals from its ashes, little better than to rob the dead upon a battle field. Mankind soon see through such disguises, and do not commit the delicate and intricate affairs of great moment, on which alone professional greatness can rise, to one who has no care for his duties but to get the money they may yield. Men of talents in the profession do not always escape the *auri sacra fames;* but few yield to its vigor without destroying, or greatly lessening, their professional tone and character.

I mention the pursuit of politics only to point out its dangers. The desire for public place not infrequently becomes a mental disease. The doctrine of

rotation in office, sets more heads whirling than those on the shoulders of the office holders. It is pitiably ridiculous to see how small a height sometimes makes men giddy; not generally so much from the present altitude, as that which their spinning fancies promise, when they shall "swing around the circle" they believe to have been so begun upon. When this mania possesses the lawyer's brain, it utterly unseats the dominion of professional devotion. He not infrequently becomes a skilled politician, rising, perhaps, to an absolute control of party, and eats the hard-earned bread a public salary will buy. But he is a lawyer no longer. Clients shun him as if he had a legal small-pox. Often they lament him, with an amusing tenderness of regret for a good lawyer gone, and sighing, seek new counsel. Happy the advocate, when struck with such frenzy, if the people shall discard him and his party. The cold water of defeat, suddenly and repeatedly dashed, may providentially restore him.

But, although I raise you the cry of "breakers ahead," it is no warning never to approach a shore. The lawyer is bound, perhaps more than other citizens—and the duty unmistakably rests heavily upon all—to understand politics, and have his convictions upon questions of public policy. He ought to be a student of, nay, accomplished in, the principles of statesmanship. It is a part of his education as a jurist. He should be capable of giving sound counsel here as elsewhere. It may become justly obligatory upon him, too, to perform public service in political office. It is, of course, peculiarly incumbent

on the profession to discharge public duty in the legal departments. He should not be denied, nor his children, all the honor which the well-earned esteem of his fellow men may bestow.

Draw the line about his profession as the field of his ambition, the mistress of his desires; denying to him to seek, to its dishonor, the spoils of office, or to engage in petty partisanship; but commending that upright participation in public affairs, which belongs to enlightened citizenship and harmoniously accords with professional labor. Insist, too, on his right to every dollar of wealth, an upright professional conduct and a temperate life honestly produce him. I seek only to declare his true over-ruling ambition to endeavor, in whatever field of action, however limited, and to the utmost of his powers, to become a learned, wise, upright, and independent lawyer; believing steadfastly that nothing can be more worthy ambition, as no pursuit is more useful to mankind.

Do not fear thus, gentlemen, unduly to "magnify our office." It was the fatal error of the contending knight, who sped from the barrier to the shock of mortal encounter in the tournament, if he dropped too low the point of his lance. The more dreadful the adversary, the fiercer, the more desperate the fight, with the superior firmness should he summon his faculties to bear a high and unerring aim. It is the elevated ambition that drops not its point in any distress of sudden temptation or fear, which will secure the highest fruits of life. Unless, also, you shall find the end to be so great and justly desirable,

you will not endure the conditions by which, alone, the eminent character can be won and supported. It results from its nature, as we have considered it; from its uses, so inestimable to men; it results from the inadequacy of human faculties, so far short of the infinite prototype whose perfection they look up to; that the profession of the law demands an exertion of intellect, a fortitude of character, and a tenacity of pursuit, required in no greater degree by any other human avocation. Who is incapable to appreciate the glory of the accomplished character, who cannot practice the self-denial, and submit to the tasks, necessary to rear a good and learned lawyer, let him stop at the threshold. He will begin in discouragement, he will proceed either to fail or to soil the lustre of the order.

The prime necessity of a successful professional career imposes a life-long task—the acquirement of solid learning. The law is not an art to be first learned, and thereafter practiced. It is a study from infancy to age, and life is too short to compass its possibilities.

The advocate sometimes secures a local distinction by sheer force of native talents, without sound education. But his sphere is limited, and his success temporary. Youth are dazzled by occasional flashes of such unusual light, and an impression finds root that they may rely upon talents, without the severe discipline and protracted toil which are demanded to secure a sound learning. The notion is false and dangerous. The gifts of quick perception and fluency of speech often mislead their self-complacent pos-

sessor to contemn the toiling student whose results are only wrought from persistent labor, and cheat him with the hope to step lightly along the path the toiler plods so wearily. The inevitable end is mediocrity or total failure. No lawyer ever was, or ever will be, so reared to eminence. The learning of the law is far beyond the invention of any one man, or generation of men. It is not the product of mere genius, nor capable of grasp by mere genius. It has been evolved from the experience of ages, by the superadded labor of generation after generation of men of the greatest abilities. Its history must be known, in order that its principles may be understood; and barely to read history, with intelligent appreciation, puts the best genius to toil.

But not alone from its slow growth is it an arduous and intricate science. The multitudinous objects to which it must be applied; the infinite variety of expression which must be given to its precepts; the continual changes in social affairs, as civilization advances, which demand new adaptations; all combine to render its administration dangerous, if attempted without profound learning. The errors begotten among the hurried affairs and vicissitudes of life are perpetuated, rather than relieved, if they be corrected by the temporary expedients of inexpert sciolists. Both society and the law have been occasional sufferers at the hands of such intermeddlers. It is a comprehensive science, embracing within its jurisdiction every society of men, from that which is the greatest, the family of nations, to that which is least, but the basis of all, the circle of the hearthstone; its

principles permeating every other science, and entering every art; supporting magnificent enterprises, as well as protecting the humblest rights. Petty causes must be resolved upon principles which descend from a common source, and consist with the harmony and advantage of the entire system. Hence it happens, in special instances, that doctrines appear arbitrary and severe to the hasty and partial view of the ignorant, which rest in sound wisdom and are approved by long experience. How should any man be able to know of his own ability, if never so great, the rules governing the enjoyment and disposition of real estate? He cannot even read the written statute with understanding, until prepared by a thorough mastery of the English law, and its long and involved history. Ah! if ever in the effervescence of spirits over some particular success, or from any natural swelling of the blood, you suffer egotism to whisper self-assurance in legal knowledge, go to that statutory title on the nature, qualities, and alienation of estates in land; you shall not be without justification in your vanity, if you do not then confess it, with "a penitent and contrite heart."

The just necessity for patient study is not to be misinterpreted, however, and the devotee converted, by mistaken zeal, into a mere absorbent of legal formulas. It is a grave error, too often committed by the eager and untiring laborer, to read too much and think too little. It breeds the case-lawyer; a character deserving of compassion in his very success, because his errors in acquisition deny him the

full measure of glory, which ought to reward his indefatigable industry. His reading of precedents is unremitting. His memory is retentive, sometimes to a marvelous degree. He gathers and retains an amazing array of legal propositions, and appended to each the case or cases wherein it was ruled; the latter its more essential part. His mind is a great storehouse of poorly assorted legal wealth. Like the writings of many modern pamperers to the book-publisher's greed, every statement of his information begins with "So where," and ends with a citation. He knows the law only as he knows decisions. He resolves every doubt by finding a reported case. So, in truth, the case-lawyer, though he may never be a profound jurist, is apt to be by no means a contemptible adversary. He may not be inventive in strategy, but his ammunition will always be dry.

The wisdom of the profession has denounced that mode of study. It is jejune and withering, forbidding the highest advancement. It is not so that the greatest lawyers are bred. Details may well be observed with care, and precedents attentively examined. But they should be read as aids to reflection and the search for principle. The student makes sound advancement only as he unfolds the reason of the law. Such study is a real enlightenment to the mind, and fills it with a pleasure which is a continual reward. Perhaps earth affords no keener delight than his mind enjoys, who, in whatever science, is able to catch the sound from everything he touches, of the harmony of that order with which divinity has filled the universe.

A great advantage afforded by the established schools in legal education, over the methods formerly pursued, lies in giving this direction in the beginning. The experience of intelligent practitioners may best afford this valuable lesson, so as to enable their pupil to thread an intelligent line through the multiplied volumes, in which the lore of the profession is garnered. It is a matter of great regret, which I believe you share, that the eager haste of our customs has not suffered the period of such preparation to be at least doubled. I sometimes fear we are jeopardizing the permanent supremacy of professional usefulness, by committing its education too largely to unaided individual effort. I am happy in the confidence that this apprehension will find no justification in the future work of this class.

It follows from the nature of our profession, as we have seen it to be, that not less on learning, the lawyer must be founded on an exalted morality. Such a proposition may need no enforcement by argument. But, assuredly, every dictate of policy lends a hand to sink it with immovable fixity in the mind.

First, because the lawyer must rest, for any worthy results, upon the confidence and esteem of his fellow men. He must be their counselor in many emergencies, where he can derive little aid from the rules of municipal law. His authority cannot long endure, or rather, it will never come into a lively existence, unless the springs of counsel be pure and undefiled. It should be a rule which never finds an exception, that every disclosure of his judgment be

made with unfailing truth. It is a frightful error, happily confined in practice to an unworthy few, to give counsel alloyed by self-interest. Humanity is so perverse that clients will occasionally apply, with a fierce demand, for advice in accordance with their wishes. Better send such a man away, in a hot anger, but carrying the truth which will, with time, convert it to friendship, than pander for a moment to such a vice. If you yield to him, you put yourself where, in the end, he can and will belabor and cudgel you with just complaints. Never bring a lawsuit which your judgment does not approve as the client's interest, to gratify any passion of his. The bitter fruit of such sowing, you cannot afterwards reject from your lips.

Again, I mention a sound morality as the only buckler to safely turn innumerable temptations, which the events of a professional career will present in seductive assaults. There is no honorable profession which leads to greater familiarity with the vices of humanity. The opportunity to make an ignoble profit from vice, and folly, and crime, seems constantly recurring to his reach. If he stoop to take the spoil, he is unfit to wear the robes of a servant of justice. His fault is not only a sin against his profession, it is a stab against his own prosperity. The gains, which for the moment he seems to make, are losses ten-fold greater than they seem to be gains. No investments return the practitioner such liberal increase, as those which leave untouched the money a vicious opportunity holds to his hand.

But a still higher reason commends uprightness

of character to him who embraces these engagements with that exalted aim with which, alone, he can justify accepting them. His shame defiles the law itself. The law must speak, through the profession, to other men. They depend upon the lawyer, when they depend upon the law. He is identified with it. Its character, as a useful and noble science, depends upon the character of the profession. So, as men see the profession in individuals, rather than in the whole, it has happened that much unmerited reproach and obloquy has fallen on the law. If the scorn of society could but roll up the vermin that breed upon its surface, like worms curled by heat, it would be a happy consummation.

In this country the sphere of duty, and the difficulty of performance, is in some respect much greater than in Great Britain, the mother of our common law. The *morale* of the profession there, limits the labor of the advocate to service at the bar, and through solicitors, forbidding direct communication or dealing with the client. But recently, two of the Irish bar, one with the rank of queen's counsel, attempted to establish a system of direct communication in general business out of court, without intervention by solicitors. But they met ignominious failure, and the attempt was so stamped upon by the profession, as to bring the authors to condign apology.

The contrary has always obtained on this side of the sea. Here we bring the lawyer into immediate contact with the client, combining attorneyship and advocacy; multiplying his labors and difficulties.

He must not only discharge the duties of an advocate in court, but meet at his office the applicant for counsel or business. Unmoved by the passions, yet profoundly sympathizing with the misfortunes and griefs, he must distinguish the duties and the rights of his client, and while he obtains the one, must not suffer the other to be despised. It is, indeed, in that business which makes no display, quite as much as in advocacy, that the American lawyer discharges his function as a minister of justice. His value to society cannot be rightly estimated by the causes he tries in court, nor always by the success he there obtains. In his office he should not only have his workshop, but erect his altar. He may not there achieve his most shining victories, but there may do his best deeds. There he so guides the incipient controversy, that strife is averted. Or when strife arises, he may, perchance, supercede both court and officer, if, with calm discrimination, he shifts the true relations of the parties, and, with firm integrity, exhibits their true duties. It was a sentiment to be treasured in the heart, which once fell from this place to a body of young men, that "every good lawyer's office is a court of conciliation."

Based in part upon his learning and morality, and in part on native temper, perhaps to some extent on his bodily constitution, there must stand another attribute to make the great lawyer,—a fearless courage. Many an ardent candidate for the honors of knighthood, in many a night of watching in the olden time, has implored the support of heaven to his constancy in the hour of peril. You

may with equal need invoke high fortitude for the trials which shall beset your career. The soldier has hardly higher need of valor than the lawyer; although somewhat different in kind, and differently displayed. I have heard an experienced practitioner, a sound philosopher withal, declare, as the result of the observation of his life, that lawsuits were lost and won according to the quality of the lawyers, oftener than the merit of the causes. Superior industry, more careful habits of preparation and higher skill may, in part, account for this, if true. But I should appeal unhesitatingly to the profession to say, that mere superiority of courage has not infrequently secured triumph. All the world will bear witness to the stern necessities, which often call for its conspicuous exhibition at the bar. When Cicero defended the Roman senator, Milo, charged with the murder of the profligate, but popular Clodius, he well appreciated that the occasion, the cause, the client, and the tribunal provided the opportunity, and justly provoked the expectation, of a masterpiece of forensic power. He prepared accordingly. But losing presence of mind amidst the threatening surroundings which the vicious popularity of the deceased had gathered at the Forum, he faltered, and failed. His courage was not of the temper of his understanding; and his client was convicted and banished. In exile, the noble Milo read the oration in his defense, then published by Cicero—which has descended as among the most splendid specimens of ancient oratory—and recognizing its power, while he lamented its author's

weakness, he cried, "Had Cicero so spoken, I should not now feed on figs at Marseilles." That oration is not more beautiful as a model, than its history is valuable as an example to modern advocates.

Closely kin to this attribute is the quality of independence. The nature of the calling, the aims with which it should be pursued, the lofty learning which adorns it, every sentiment of morality, alike demand a manly independence of character and conduct in every aspect of the lawyer's life. He owes it as a duty to society, whose law he attempts to administer; he owes it as a duty to the court, whose officer he is, and whose honest friend he ought to be; he owes it as a duty to himself, and the honorable fame he should bequeath his children.

As a support to such independence, as well as because it is the just return of a laborious life, the lawyer is well entitled to a fair and adequate compensation for his service. The old Roman lawyer esteemed it a stain upon independence to accept payment for his advocacy; but he expected an *honorarium* from the generosity of the client, and usage readily made the client's liberality more profitable to him as well as his counselor, than parsimony.

A similar sentiment denies the British barrister a title to any fee. But the resulting etiquette, between him and the solicitors, converts this paraded independence into a most convenient and inexorable facility for securing a liberal *honorarium* in advance. We, on this side, meet the subject with plain directness, and pay the laborer his worthy hire. In the simplicity of republican customs, it is the inde-

pendent way. The right ought not to be abused, nor exorbitant exactions imposed.

But from the fair returns of devoted toil, the lawyer owes it to his family and to his independence of character, to provide a competence. Put from you that false counsel—generally a covert apology for the vices of illustrious spendthrifts—that forbids to the lawyer to take that care of his own, which it is his constant duty to exert over the property of others. It is a most pernicious teaching. The habits of his vocation and business sufficiently tempt to an unhappy lavishness, and too often leave his wife and children his sole legacies to an unfeeling world. It is an unpardonable sin to reinforce such usages by false doctrine. It saps the foundations of manly independence. Sordid greed may well be reprehended. But not less reprehensible is the negligence or vice which keeps the wife and children in uncertainty, and the husband and father in servility to clients who have money to bestow. It is a most humiliating spectacle to see a lawyer, of professional learning, first-rate talents and achieved position, fawn with sycophantic and debasing obsequiousness on some lord of the dollar, paying lavish homage that a profitable cause may be vouchsafed him. Let temperance rule the life, and honest integrity keep the respect of the butcher, the grocer, the tailor; while, with advancing years, the just increase is gathered into honorable store, to support the elegant repose which, like the mellow richness of a glorious sunset, should bathe the parting hours of a well-spent life.

There was yet another accomplishment which

made the cavalier illustrious, and which adorns the lawyer with not less becoming grace,—a refined courtesy of demeanor. Affability in discourse with whom you deal, urbanity to the court and to the adversary, civility to the witness on the stand, and a generous temper in argument, not only gild the character but lend strength to the faculties of the advocate. Alas! how many of us fail in the elegant accomplishments whose excellence we so readily recognize. Sometimes the heart is wanting; but more often, the eagerness and heat of controversy are falsely suffered to distract attention from what are thought minor points of conduct. Some relic lingers, too, of an old-time fashion of coarseness and brutality. In days which are now passed away, it was thought to be a source of rude glory, even a part of duty, for the advocate to amuse a boorish auditory by buffoonery, and a sort of bear-baiting of opponents. There were a class, then unrestrained, who could not endure the coming forward of a young man; but with feelings made by practice about as tender as rhinoceros hide, delighted to impale on their coarse banter the callow sensibilities of the timid beginner. They were rough beasts, some of those old fellows, barely tame enough to go uncaged. Some few imitators, already gray, who saw in youth the old stock and remember successfully nothing but their vices, yet

Lag superfluous on the stage.

You may fancy now the morning to dawn upon your tedious vigil; and as the early sun lifts his bright disk in an unclouded sky, so may there rise in

promise of glorious day the fire of a noble devotion in your souls. Your reward shall be rich as the harvests his beams beget on earth. You shall have it in the regard and esteem of neighbors and friends, in the communities where you shall pass honorable lives. You shall have it in the proper honors, a gratified people may worthily bestow. You shall have it in a well-earned competence, sufficient to supply all the wants a temperate life should desire. I trust you shall have it, richly granted, in the tournament of the forum, which most excites the ambition of youth. Here may you gain the laurel chaplet, here win a dear renown.

You should worthily complete your meditation, by pausing to view the splendid track, illuminated by illustrious names, which the march through the ages of the profession you are now to join, has left on the pages of history. Did time suffice, I should joyously expatiate on the theme. It is a stream of true glory, on which the order of advocates has come down the course of time. The parade and glitter of arms have pleased the vanity, the great achievements of the soldier have awakened the fancy, and his intrepid daring provoked the highest admiration, of every age. The poet has sung in his honor, and cast the glamour of imagination over the realities of his career. But his fame has been watered by the blood of his race, and thriven upon the desolation of society. His glory shines with a dazzling brightness, but, as it touches, it withers the beautiful things of earth. The just renown of the profession of the law holds its place in the hearts of

men, undisturbed by the criticism of reason, and unalloyed with compassion. Its triumphs have been the triumphs of humanity; its victories, social blessings. The radiance of its glory has not been as the fierce light of a city's conflagration, but has warmed to life and growth like the nourishing sunbeam. In the happiest periods of every century, great lawyers have held high control in the state and over the hearts of their fellow men.

Now, for those who have borne the labor of your instruction, and, in parting, raise the fond hopes imagination so pleasingly builds—and which may heaven grant shall not be wrecked—for your future greatness and renown, I bid you, God speed. Fight the true fight, and keep the faith.

And on behalf of that profession which your labors have prepared you now to enter, I extend to you the hand of fellowship, and greet you with a cordial welcome.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

1878

ADDRESS BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
OCTOBER 30, 1878

Mr. President and Companions of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

We are met again, in this season of the falling year, as men of a time already left well behind in the rapid sweep of a hurrying age—the surviving participants in eventful scenes which are fast receding from the foreground of an engrossing present into the quieter light of history—to answer the call of our names from the roster of an army many years disbanded and scattered, whose ranks can never again be reformed, whose banners are kept as the emblems of a glory achieved, whose arms are preserved only for transmission as honorable legacies to other generations. The tie that binds us is the memory of companionship in a mighty struggle, when side by side we trod the weary steps of the line of march, or shoulder to shoulder faced a threatening foe. We are gathered in no convention to revolve the problems of an uncertain future, or discuss the questions which agitate the turbulent present. We pause in the busy life which surrounds us, to renew the greetings of former friendships and cherish the recollection of old association, to sit again

around a common camp-fire, and, with social cheer, review the scenes in which we acted a part. The lights and shadows of a day that is gone, flit again before our view, all the lights more grateful to the vision, the shadows all softer, from the healing touch of time. Mingling with all, the memory of honored dead breathes a holy calm upon our hearts, and shades the joys of reunion with the sadness of our treasured sorrow. At such a meeting it would be wrong to awaken, by any topic of discussion, differences of opinion or feeling which might range us in divided ranks, or to strike a note to sound discordant in any ear. Obedient to this sentiment, I shall ask you to listen to no discourse upon any theme of present agitation, but, relying on the spirit that animates your gathering for your interest in my remarks, I shall simply essay to draw some lines from the character and actions of the American soldier, which distinguish him among all who have borne arms on the battle-fields of the world, and display his just title to the gratitude of his country and the admiration of mankind. I shall, in this, attempt nothing new. His deeds were done in open view, seen and known of all men. Bright and clear as sunlight, they shone at the rising, and have illuminated the forenoon of our national day. Yet the mind never tires upon the inspiring strains of an epic poem, nor does the blood cease to flow swifter from the animating glow it continually imparts. So the heart of mankind is swelled with thrilling emotion by the repeated story of the soldier of the republic. Especially in such a presence, we may recur

with renewed delight to the springs of our national glory, to be filled afresh with the enthusiasm of patriotic devotion, with renewed hope for the happy future of the land we love.

That type of soldiership which the discriminating historian will paint as distinctively American, he will not find in the discipline, habits, and warfare of any standing army. It does not live in the perpetuated traditions and practices maintained through successive ages by a renowned school of arms. Twice, only, has the peculiar soldier of the republic taken the weapons of war and entered the arena of battle. In both instances he was a sudden apparition, born of the great circumstances of the time, and disappearing so soon as he had fulfilled its high demands. In both instances, he came of a people unused to arms, but was put to do, and gloriously achieved, results of warfare as mighty in themselves, and momentous in consequence to mankind, as any which were ever accomplished.

First, he tore his new world from the grasp of its masters in the old, and, having won it, at once laid aside his arms and devoted it to the fraternal enjoyment of mankind, in political liberty. His entry on the stage of action created a new nation with a new order and system of government so humane and benevolent, so equal, just, and free, that within a single century the continent, which for ages had been a wilderness, was transformed into the happy abode of millions of his race in the fruition of a prosperous and enlightened civilization.

And his second advent was like unto his first. That beautiful frame of freedom and order tottered

with the almost overwhelming blow of unexpected and terrible revolt. But the later soldier of the republic was potent to save what his ancestor had been able to build. His struggle was intense and protracted, but the event was complete. Again he disdained all claims as a conqueror, restored the enemy he had subdued to his former place as a fellow-countryman, quietly laid down his arms, and disappeared from the scene.

Thus, in war for its creation, and again in war for its salvation, the champion of American liberty has twice appeared in arms, and twice performed a great part in the drama of human destiny. The prayer rises involuntarily from the heart: In the gracious providence of God, may he never be required more!

I claim for the men of the last great army of freedom the characteristic features of noble distinction which history has accorded the soldiers of the Revolution; some more, some less conspicuously displayed, as their circumstances varied. Submission to discipline and obedience to authority, skill and dexterity in tactical training and the use of arms, fortitude and steadfastness in privation and extreme trial, courage and valor in conflict, the royal sentiments of soldierly honor—these are attributes of all succesful warriors in a greater or lesser degree. But in the men who created and the men who saved the splendid fabric of our independence, higher characteristics were found. Their peculiar glory rests on their personality, springs from their distinct individuality of understanding, character, and action.

Their cause was, indeed, the noblest that ever led men to war. But their title to honor is not alone in the cause, nor their victorious vindication of it. Far more, it is founded on their complete understanding of its nature as a personal duty to free men, and their manly performance of all the peculiar demands which that duty imposed. Out of this they are distinguished among all men of war, in the motives of their action, the spirit of their patriotism, their self-denying demeanor in the hour of victory.

And I hold up to your view to-night the individual soldier of American liberty—familiar spirit in the emotions of our earlier manhood. I hope, though but with quick and hasty touches, to portray the marks of his independent personality—to display his cause and the impulses of his conduct in honorable contrast with the purposes of historic warfare—to discriminate his deeds from the bloody course of rapine and slaughter which war has inflicted on mankind—to show him the intelligent friend, not the savage destroyer of humanity—and to find a generous and noble patriotism in the simple rewards which he claims for his achievements. We may be told we dream of an ideal, rather than an actual, soldier. But I present him as an ideal realized, a noble ambition accomplished; as you have seen him in many a moment of fervid devotion, when, in hardship or in battle, you have supported your constant minds by his clear image, and have striven, and seen your comrades strive—as none can know but who have felt the trial—to fill the measure of his character. Call him up again, the idol of old enthusi-

asm, to fill this passing hour with the pleasing memory of glorious duty done; and realize in the accomplished facts of time the solid work of his arms!

If we undertake, in a comprehensive retrospect, to view as a whole the progression of the human race, in the old world, from the earliest period to the present time, what is the history of man but a tale of the rise and fall of dynasties, and the story of their wars? When the student strains his eyes to pierce the dim twilight of remotest antiquity, he discerns the indistinct forms of armies engaged in fight to assert the quarrel of some old king, or gain him some new source of tribute. Descending to a period of clearer record, he continues to read of ambitious conquerors, strewing the fields of earth with havoc and desolation in the vain effort to satiate their greed of dominion. All the great ocean of tears, expressed from the tender eyes of countless women and children by the cruelties of unceasing war, has not so much wet the page of ancient history, as the few drops of unsatisfied bloodthirstiness which welled from the ardent soul of a warrior who had mastered the world.

Through all the earlier ages the hatreds of race, and the rage for conquest, gave humanity few and troubled respites from the calamities of strife, until the success of Roman arms bestowed the peace of subjugation. Nor was the restful blessing of that splendid dominion long enjoyed. Rival Cæsars and emperors tore it with their dissensions; and over the broken members of the empire the fierce barbarians of Scythia rolled in successive herds, more like

beasts of prey than men. Then ensued, for centuries, the struggles of princes to secure their utmost portions of territory and power among the down-trodden people; and in their mutual greed and animosities were the baleful influences of continental conflict. In the midst of all, flamed up another element of human passion and folly, the fury of religious fanaticism; and the known world was swept with its besom of destruction. Humanity has quailed before its mighty power, and philosophy can not fathom its foundations. Like a stream of burning lava, the despised Arabs of the desert poured over Asia and Africa, and even lodged in the peninsula of Spain; and the sway of Mahomet has never passed away from the continents that his disciples subdued. Christianity gained the mastery in Europe, and the companion of civilization has risen to a complete ascendency. By doctrine and precept, gentle in every word and deed, patient of every insult and injury, its teaching has been upheld by the most antagonistic examples. The lamb and dove have led the front of most direful war, and their followers stood to the waist in the blood of human slaughter. Such, in brief, is historic warfare, its springs and causes. Cast back the eye on the dark and bloody scenes through which the people of civilized Europe have risen to their present forms of nationality, and behold their progress to the ends of destiny! The storm of war has, for ages, hardly ceased to blow, or, if intermitting its violence or checked in temporary lull, it has but regained vigor to renew the gale; and, down through

the centuries, the surge and roar of strife falls unceasingly on the ear as the beating of waves on the ocean's shore. Through it all, the philanthropist and philosopher may see the necessities and ambition of princes, the greed and craft of rulers, the red-hot bigotry of fanaticism, to have kept the plains of the old world resounding to the tread of armies and its people sick with strife. And this contention has not ended,—nor ever will end where governments belong to princes and not to peoples. Even in the broad light of this modern noonday, when statesmen profess the welfare of the people to be their chief concern, who can deny that the cause of the cabinet is taken for the cause of the people?

Who will not admit the ambition of rulers to extend dominion; who claim the wars of this century to have been the necessities of the nations? Who cannot strip the cover from the punctilio of diplomacy, assigned in technical phrase as *casus belli*, to see craft aiding ambition, the cant of religion cloaking cupidity for power? Under our immediate observation, the great vultures are picking the bones of the sick man of the East, before he is yet dead. On many a field this year, in farther Europe, the spots of deeper green in the new-grown vegetation have stirred the observer's horror, marking recent blood spilled there in pretext of the Christian's cause.

The character of soldiery cannot rise above the character of the cause for which they contend, and the nature of the institutions under which they enlist. To the trained profession, in every grade and

rank, the be-all and end-all of justification has been obedience to superiors. The rule is, in good truth, the backbone of an army's composition, a *sine qua non* of its power. But in the policy of royalty, it goes beyond the needs of discipline, and bids the subject to cast on the cabinet the solution and peril of all questions of political right and wrong. By the casuistry of kings, it is made the solace of their troops for the maintenance of their own dominion.

In like subservience to their uses, the ministers of monarchs educate and guide the hatreds of race, isolating their people from the common brotherhood of humanity; they inflame and pervert the frenzy of religious feeling, putting the love of God to work cruelty to men; they put out the eyes of patriotism, and the noble instinct blindly follows the cause of the ruler as the cause of the country.

Formidable armies rise on such foundations; the purse equips them with a full panoply; they are instructed with skill and often commanded by genius; and they play the mighty game of war with spirit and fortitude, when the arts or anger of diplomacy are followed by the word of command.

But individuality is utterly lost in the mass; the soldier is nothing more than his rifle and bayonet; the rider and the horse but one implement; all voiceless parts of a great instrument of state, whose direction and uses are governed by a master without and above its own consciousness. Exceptions rise on the rule, and splendid instances of individual renown in soldiership illuminate the records of the past. But, though a Sydney or a Bayard be a comrade

within its ranks, the soldier in such a body cannot but realize that he yields his strength or life to maintain quarrels in which he and his have no concern, to gain results in which they can have no share. To gather fit material for such uses, the recruiting sergeant and press gang might well solicit or compel the idle and dissolute. Nor is it strange that disbanding such an army should scatter apprehension and dismay among the peaceful classes of society.

Against this history and these methods, the American soldier, in purposes of action, in personality, character, and conduct, stands in marked and honorable contrast. The difference is extreme and radical. It distinguishes him in his motives, in his entry into service, in his return to citizenship; to some extent in his discipline and habits; and, peculiarly, in his resolute perseverance to a complete accomplishment of his objects of war. These differences are as great in degree, and the same in kind, as those which divide the institutions of political manhood from the government of kings. The root of all is the personal individuality of freemen.

The soldier of America has taken arms only because he was an independent man, conscious of the rights, willing to abide the duties of a free manhood, and fearless to defend the former and perform the latter. Upon the same foundation rests our free society. Its benign influences educate and improve the character. Its hopes of perpetuity rest upon the steady maintenance of that character by its citizens. If ever that unhappy day shall come,

when her people shall want the manhood to be such soldiers, or to prohibit other forms of armies in the land—which may God forbid—in that day our republic must fall!

The experiences of our forefathers were singularly adapted to beget individuality in their soldiership, as well as to instruct them in the rights of humanity. They were forced to wage many a hard conflict, and to fight an uncommon foe. They had no teaching in civilized warfare, nor would it have much availed them. Their trials were beyond the forecast of military art, outstripping the fables as well as realities of previous war. Their march was in the primeval forest, a toilsome passage forced with stealthy watchfulness, the silent threat of unseen peril ever present to the mind. Their battle was a series of personal conflicts, each fighting severally according to his temper and skill; their corporation the result of individual intelligence, with little of generalship to guide it. At home, and in the fields of their labor, constant vigilance and courage were indispensable to preserve their families, and continual alarms disturbed their repose. By insensible degrees, and almost unconsciously, there rose among them a new order of fighting men. And when Braddock's brilliant array was routed, and the men of forest training saved, by their intrepidity, his flying thoroughbreds from destruction, the glamour of invincibility fell from British discipline, and the birth of the American soldier became known.

Upon that discovery the spirit of confidence rose in the colonies. Their life in the wilderness had

filled their minds with understanding of the natural rights of man, and, supported by this new consciousness of strength, their heroism was exalted to resist tyranny and demand their rightful independence.

The suddenly gathered host which the great Captain of our Liberties found ready to his command upon the surrounding heights of Boston, was a typical beginning of the true American army. They had risen spontaneously and individually, one by one. No love of arms had enticed them; no conscription compelled them. They were not sprung from idle or dissolute social life. They came of the best forms of manhood, and from every rank with equal zeal.

They came, besides, of various peoples. No one race or nation contained their ancestry. The most adventurous and bold of different lands alone had dared to tempt the forbidden wilderness, to plant civilization in the face of its savage possessors; and in their common manliness and the mingled blood of their generations, the differences and hatreds of race and nationality faded away. They were shaped by nature to establish a state founded on the brotherhood of man.

None had military training, nearly all were unused to arms, except those weapons which were common to the settlers of a new country. They were men of peace, with families at home—fathers, husbands, sons, brothers. But they were resolute to risk all, to suffer or to die, as need might be, for their cause. They matched themselves, without fear, to fight the best armies and the richest nation of the world.

They obeyed in their coming no decree of cabinet, no call of rulers. They owned no rulers. Their cause was wholly their own and that of their fellow men. They understood it. They fought the fight of manhood. The morning light of independence illuminated their souls.

The world had seen men struggle for liberty before, and it laughed them to scorn. It soon heard with amazement that these untrained men, by their individual appreciation, co-operation, and courage, had repeatedly rolled the splendid troops of perfect science in bloody disaster down the slopes of Bunker Hill; that the lesson of Fort du Quesne was illustrated by the slaughter of Gage's veterans.

Upon such an army engraft discipline and skilled mobility, and it becomes formidable—almost invincible. But their subsequent discipline was of their own stamp, the submission of free men, for the time being, that their work for freedom might be stronger. In it they did not forget the nature of the cause, nor their citizenship. The license of war did not debauch their minds, because they were good soldiers that they might enjoy to be good citizens.

It was peculiar also to their character that there could be for them but one issue from the strife—the event of complete success and independence. All soldiers must have endurance. They had more; they had fortitude and self-imposed patience and self-willed persistence. No diplomacy could negotiate a compromise of their quarrel. They wanted no patch-work of peace. Complete, finished, absolute victory, entire and perfect independence must be theirs!

And they achieved it! How nobly and well, is now the treasured memory of the world. The beautiful dream of human liberty became a realization. Philosophers had discoursed upon it, poets sung of it; yet it could never attain the credit of a prophecy. By the help of God, our fathers accomplished it for men!

They builded their structure in wisdom and understanding, with a benevolent foresight and love for their race, which may well seem beyond the attributes of human nature. They left it to us, a rich legacy of happiness, the fruit of their heroism, their labors, their sacrifice, and their blood. Where is the man whose heart does not swell with pride that he sprung from such an ancestry, surpassing in the nobility of manhood the lineage of kings? If, now that the fathers are dead, their great inheritance can not be maintained to the blessed uses of human liberty, the shame shall not impeach the wisdom of our sires, but the degeneracy of their sons!

For near a century this frame of social order stood secure before the world. The great trial of man's possibilities for self-government seemed assured of success. The nation's strength had long since risen to proportions which defied all danger from any foreign source.

And at home, how excellent have been its uses to its people! Fed with its abundance from youth, we do not appreciate the truth that its beneficent blessings have been without parallel,—nay, without near approximation,—in any other country under the sun. Those honors, privileges, opportunities, and

gratifications, which in other lands distinguish the higher ranks, are here the common rights of all. For the ranks have no existence. Neither government nor law confer gradations of superiority. All stand upon a level floor; the head and shoulders alone may rise. Those fruits, in truth, which grow only upon personal qualifications—the abilities, courage, and devotion of the individual—governments can not bestow, but they may diminish or destroy. Yet, look around! Of our citizens of wealth, of power, of good report, and consideration, behold! nine in ten have gained it all themselves.

Look at the workman who must daily labor for livelihood. Respectability, not degradation, attaches to his honest industry. In the home to which he repairs from toil, he may, with thrift, have more comforts than the nobility of England three hundred years ago.

It is an epoch marvelous for invention. The arts of utility and taste are productive to abundance, and a free press scatters the wisdom of science and the pleasures of literature in profusion. No country on earth so promptly and diffusely enjoys the benefits of the advancement of knowledge and increase of skill, pre-eminent in this age. In civilized Europe, whole communities, entire classes and orders of people, remain to this day practically unacquainted with these advantages, still plodding the hard paths of past generations. They are spread on every hand with lavish prodigality about you, in this splendid city and surrounding country, where the forest stood within the memory of living men;

and so every town and village has its share. The provision of nature has been bountifully adequate to the wants of such a people. Her skies are generous and temperate; her scenery pleasing to the eye; her climate salubrious and inspiriting; the harvests of her soil will feed the world; even in her age, Chaos had forethought for us, and filled her paleozoic storehouses with minerals and fuel suitable to our every need.

It is a land of plenteousness and a land of beauty; but what is more, and most of all, it is a land of liberty. From every quarter the eager claimants of its generous beneficence have been received and made welcome. In every country of civilization, its citizenship has been respected. The happy possessor of that title, if, journeying on some distant errand, he chanced upon a crowded seaport fluttering with the banners of many nations, saw no emblem, lifted by the breeze, of greater safety or higher honor than the beautiful flag of stripes and stars.

Who that loved his fellow men did not rejoice in the institutions of American liberty? Who that believed the great Creator comprehended all men in his benevolence, not the special few, did not pray for their perpetuity? Above all, how could an American fail to love his country?—or dare attempt to destroy it?

But it is written that sin shall be visited even upon the third and fourth generation. And there was sin in the land. Out of it grew sectional division, and hatred between countrymen. Ambition and craft seized upon the fact, plotted in secret, and stirred

up strife. The voice of warning was unheeded. Its very excellence was a temporary danger to our system, so confident were men no design upon it could be serious. And when upon a sudden the storm burst upon it, the government of men tottered and trembled to its foundation under the fierce assault.

Then rose to arms the second Army of Freedom—fit successor to its early prototype! How enlarged and varied the great theatre of its action, yet how like the first in its characteristics!

Again it was the cause of the people, again the fight of manhood. Liberty and independence were again at stake. Not upon the issue of creation; that had been accomplished, the experiment had been tried, its splendid usefulness established. I enter into no refined debate upon contingent possibilities. The union of these states, and the liberties and happiness of their citizens, are inseparably bound together. The great question was, shall the institutions of freedom endure?

Now, as before, the momentous question rested upon the individual and personal qualities of a free people. It was fully comprehended. Do we not all remember? In every household, on every family altar, the incense of devotion rose. In the breast of manhood the consciousness of duty was accompanied by resolution, and from every hamlet came a quick response in the tramp of thousands to the front.

Like the army of our fathers, these soldiers were men of peace, and behind them were parents, wives, and children. The weapons of war were unfamiliar

to their hands. Even the sight of holiday soldiers had been rare. Military training was all unknown. Though willing to submit to every demand of duty, the discipline of soldiery was strange to such a people. They were formed into companies, regiments, and capital divisions. They wore the clothes and carried the arms of soldiers. Impelled by the hasty cry of ignorant enthusiasts, they hurried forward to engagement—as brave men by nature as ever met an enemy—but little better than a mob. Large bodies came in conflict, and then, where individual valor is nothing if discipline does not regulate and science guide its force, confusion ruled the scene. Both sides shared the confusion, but the defeat and humiliation were ours.

It was, after all, a useful day. Disaster awakened strength, and its sharp stroke, like the blow of Moses' rod upon the rock in Horeb, but opened a more copious flow of reanimating vigor. The reservoirs of courage and endurance in this land of peaceful prosperity had been wholly unknown. They made a dreadful mistake, who reckoned on a lost manhood in the offspring of the Revolution. Foolish enthusiasm settled into resolution. Out of their mingled shame and devotion, above the smoke of battle, there rose before the enemy and in view of the world, that magnificent spectacle—unseen for a century—the firm and undaunted countenance of a free people, in mighty fight for the institutions of freedom. There it stood, our national character! There were its iron features! Like the square forehead, solid jaw, steadfast eye, and grim visage which

mark our first great commander, now journeying in a foreign land; no hope for relenting lay in that stern aspect.

Well was it for us, in time of trial, that the forethought of our fathers had planted that quiet school of science on the banks of the Hudson. The rich seed of its nurture now bore abundant return, and repaid us in harvest of its discipline and skill an hundredfold. What though some among its disciples turned awry its teachings to the injury of their country? Happy, thrice, was this people that its wise instruction had also fallen on the fruitful soil of patriotism and understanding, yea, quickened and bore fruit in the brain of the living genius, equal to our hour of need.

Throughout the splendid army which accepted, with quick intelligence, the tactical training of the military art, there remained the characteristic individuality of which I have spoken. In so great a host, its manifestations were less open to the outward observer. To him who was in frequent contact, it was ever conspicuous. It was not so much the warrior, as the citizen in arms, who fought our war. It was becoming to him to strive to be a good soldier, and all the sentiments of soldierly honor held lively sway over his mind. But his discipline was put on with the understanding that it was to make him useful. He aimed not to gain the rewards of a soldier's life. His hope of recompense lay in his return to citizenship. There, in the circle of home, secure in the enjoyments of peace by his valor, he should gain his reward. There was representation of many na-

tions in our ranks. The various origin of our soldiers gave renewed expression of that characteristic of the army of our ancestors. It was fitting to the nature of our national life. Risen on the strength of the principles of free manhood, the genius of our land has trusted in that strength; and American citizenship has demanded no rite of induction but that its claimant should declare his faith in liberty and his allegiance to her institutions. And right well that trust was repaid. The flame of devotion burned high and brightly in the hearts of our adopted countrymen. They were found in every regiment, they fought in every field. Mingling with the native current, the blood of Irishmen,—whose birthright is hatred of oppression,—of Germans,—whose ancient stock was free when all the world was subjugated by Rome,—of the sturdy men of Scandinavia, and many other countries still—flowed freely on the altar of their chosen land. The hope for freedom for all men rises higher and higher, upon such proof that all are capable to maintain it; from such examples the promise brightens that race-lines shall fade away, and the clasp of common humanity bind all in equal possession of the rights of man.

I have remarked of the army of the Revolution that a complete success was necessary to its character. The same unflinching persistence was peculiar to the army of salvation. But one issue was possible to its mission. No temporizing diplomacy, no compromise, was admissible. But one end could appease the injured spirit of liberty and order—the utter submission of the last foeman. Our fathers

had delivered us forever from all fear of enemies without. It was for us to administer the lesson which should deliver the nation forever from the danger of revolt within. And not one syllable was omitted in the example of the army. All the hosts of rebellion were scattered, and, from the chief down through every rank, the last man in arms was laid a captive at the feet of his injured country.

Comrades:—I am of those who rejoice in the magnanimity of spirit which has prevailed; who regret that its splendor was at all clouded by some unnecessary violence; who have such faith in the republic as would have admitted no despotic hand to do what the force of restored law might have done; and would have trusted—as henceforth we all know we may trust—the patriotism of our fellow countrymen, regained from the interrupting frenzy of temporary anger, to share the honored memories of our common ancestry and participate in the glorious possibilities of our common future, with abiding faith in their honor and abiding pride in the association.

But for all that, I would not abate one jot or tittle of the true teaching of the memorable past; nor withdraw one line from the full measure of that condemnation, which the issue of the appeal to arms adjudged to the portion of rebellion. If, indeed, as we trust, the actions of men are under the immediate guidance of Almighty God, and nations do but work forth His great purposes, then, assuredly, this people, who for so many years received the uninterrupted flow of His benevolence in unexampled prosperity, may well recognize His hand in the complete

and finished result which His providence has commended to be a warning to all after-time!

There can be no error admitted here. It questions our title to the dearest reward we enjoy. It molests the repose of our heroic dead. It exposes to peril all the fruits of sacrifice and blood. The triumph of our armies was not the work of chance. The mighty struggle was not a game between gigantic wrestlers, in which the crown of dominion was the prize of the stronger. This was no battle of Greeks for mere mastery over our fellows. The significance of our victory is not that superiority is with the greater numbers in war. It is not true now; and it never has been true. History teaches a better lesson, and even in war we read the progress of mankind. God will defend the right!

It is, indeed, our highest glory—and without it we are miserable men—that we fought for the right, and conquered in the right. Our cause was the cause of humanity. Our gallant comrades who are gone were not deceived. They laid not down their lives in vain. For the welfare of their race, for their children and their children's children forever, they met a mortal foe, and, in the fierce conflict falling, they bravely died for men. Rest! rest in glory, noble shades! Gallant and manly in your lives, honored in your glorious death! The great tree of Liberty, whose roots your lifeblood watered, shall spread its hallowed branches over your posterity forever!

But, companions, while we will not yield the supports of our conduct and our title to honor, we recur to them in no spirit of remaining anger. Long ago

it was forgotten. First of all, the soldiers of the Union were ready to "clasp hands across the bloody chasm." Better than others, they knew the valor and the worth of our brethren of the South. And right ready have they ever been to rejoice in the restored brotherhood, and heartily they pray that if ever again this nation shall have need of war, shoulder to shoulder we shall oppose a common foe, and, each for the other, fight its common cause.

Nor are we assembled in any spirit of boastfulness or vainglory. We meet no more as soldiers. But in days that are passed, when we were all younger men, we were comrades in privation and in peril. Together we supported toil and hardship. We were to one another then friends and helpers. The old Army of the Tennessee was a band of brothers-in-arms. The ties which such experiences form, life is too short for forgetfulness to sunder. In the words of our constitution, the object of this society is, and shall be, "to keep alive and preserve that kindly and cordial feeling which has been one of the characteristics of this army during its career in the service."

Nor are we here to perpetuate a spirit of military ambition. We are here now, as we were joined in the army, as citizens and lovers of our country and our country's liberties. The inspiration of hope which we renew, is the hope for the continuance of liberty and peace in a happy land. In that glorious expectation is our joy and our reward. Upon it we build our trust in the prosperity and happiness of ourselves, our families, and our posterity. And the dearest wish to the heart of the old soldier of Amer-

ica is, that when, his life work done, he turns his last look upon the scenes of earth, he may close his eyes upon the country he has saved, standing secure from every danger, the dispenser to men of all the blessings government can bestow.

I picture him in fancy, sometimes, when his age shall have settled upon him, and the labor and toil of manhood shall have passed, as he waits for the summons to go where his comrades have gone before. I see him sit upon the western porch of his children's cottage home,—where the well-kept vines have clambered on the lattice,—while the sunny afternoon sinks away. He holds upon his knee the sweet grand-daughter who is nearest to his heart. Translating to the simple speech of childhood, he tells her tales of younger days, when he was a soldier for his country. How sweetly she listens, with wondering eyes! How proudly she thinks of the great actions in which her grandsire had a part! How tender the joy of that old man's love for the little beginner of life!

Bye and bye the soft warmth of the summer's day inclines him to sleep, and his old frame, once so strong, is now easily wearied. The continued talking has tired his senses, and his head drops back upon his easy chair. She pillows her face upon his breast, and together they rest in gentle slumber—emblems of Peace reposing in the arms of its savior and defender! Lo! from the evening sun a ray breaks through between the trees, and falls upon his whitened locks with a touch of light and glory. It is the benediction of heaven on the old soldier of Liberty! May it rest on them all, forever!

BANQUET ORATION
ON OUR FIRST COMMANDER
GENERAL U. S. GRANT

1879

Stormfield, Redding, Connecticut,

October 13, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Vilas:

I thank you so much for the Memorial, which I have read with the deepest interest. I had a warm place in my heart for Colonel Vilas, and a great admiration for his lofty gifts and character. I can still vividly see him, as I saw him twenty years ago, lacking a month, at the Grant banquet in Chicago, as he stood upon a table, with his lips closing upon the last word of his magnificent speech, and his happy eyes looking out in contentment over a sea of applauding soldiers glimpsed through a frantic storm of waving napkins—a great picture, and one which will never grow dim in my memory.

I thank you again, dear madam.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) S. L. Clemens.

P. S. No, it was thirty years ago.

ORATION ON OUR FIRST COMMANDER GENERAL U. S. GRANT

AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS NOVEMBER 13, 1879

Your call invites me, sir, I am conscious, to give expression to the profound feeling with which every heart of our assembled companions responds to the stirring sentiment. But how shall I attempt to choose, in the brief compass the occasion allows, from the multitudinous thoughts that crowd the mind? Our first commander, the illustrious General whose fame has grown to fill the world! Nay, more! Our old band of the Tennessee was his first army! What honorable memories of old assocations, you, companions, may now recall!

How splendid was your entrance on the scene of arms! The anxious eye of the North had long been fixed intently on the eastern theatre, almost unconscious of the new-formed Army of the Tennessee and its unknown general. Suddenly there fell on the startled ear the roar of your fight at Donelson, and your chieftain's victorious cry,—which waked the country's heart to ecstacy, and rung, like a prophetic knell, the doom our army of salvation bore to rebels—"Nothing but unconditional surrender."

Then, but a few days later, there burst at Shiloh, on his Army of the Tennessee, the flame and fury

of the first great field fight of the war. In desperate doubt, the nightfall of the bloody day closed on the unequal struggle. Higher, then, rose the iron resolution of that great commander! Urged by cautious counsel to prepare a way for retreat, with trust in your valor, he gave the characteristic answer, "I have not despaired of whipping them yet." And loyally, on the morrow, was he vindicated in that reliance, as he rode before the soldiery, driving the enemy over the victorious field.

How darkly comes back in recollection the long and dismal toil in the pestilential swamps before impregnable Vicksburg! The sky was overhung in gloom, and the soaked earth sunk under the foot. Unlit by the flash of powder, unheralded by the noise of arms, in miserable darkness, the last enemy irresistibly plied his fatal work, changing the river levees—where only was solid ground for burial—into tombs for our trebly-decimated ranks. Then, again, new light broke from his troubled genius on the scene, and displayed the possible path for valor. Breaking past the rebel battlements and across the great river, he flung our army into the midst of the hostile host, like a mighty gladiator surrounded by his foes, choosing no escape but in victory. There, with fiery zest, in fierce rapidity he smote the foe the crushing strokes of Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, and Black River, and seized the doomed city with the unrelenting grasp of his Army of the Tennessee. And when, on the new birthday of the republic, her flag shook out its beautiful folds above the ramparts of that boasted cita-

del, the territory of revolt was finally split in twain, the backbone of rebellion was broken.

Such, in a glance, is your splendid story, companions, under our first commander!

He and his Army of the Tennessee entered on the page of history together. Together they achieved the first great prophetic triumphs for the Union; together they followed and fought her enemies from field to field, pushing our advancing arms in steady career toward the Gulf. Nor were their efforts for our country disunited until, having dismembered the vast rebellion, the beginning of its utter downfall had been seen.

Guided by his genius, your army had learned to fight only to conquer. Parted from him, it forgot not the teaching. Its march and war struck every revolted state save two, but never general anywhere lamented over its retreat from the field of arms. Joyfully may we point to that exalted fame, which, rising like a pinnacle of the Alps, breaks through the firmament above to carry up the name of the unconquered Grant; for it is our felicity, that on the solid base from which it lifts, history has written the proud legend of the Army of the Tennessee, which never shunned and never lost a battle with its foes.

Joined to it by such a story, and especially when so assembled, his old associates and soldiers in war, we may rightfully, without censure and without adulation, claim and speak the just measure of his merit and renown. Nor shall his presence deny that satisfaction to us. His reputation is not his, not

even his country's alone; it is, in part, our peculiar possession. We who fought to aid its rising, may well rejoice in its meridian splendor.

The foundations of his title are deep laid and safe. There was reaction in the minds of our people after the intense strain of war and many distracting subjects for attention. But with regained composure and reflection, his reputation augments, and its foundations more and more plainly appear irremovably fixed for lasting duration. They spring not from merely having enjoyed possession of the honors of place and power, which his countrymen have bestowed; others have had them too. They lie not specially on his shining courage and personal conduct before the enemy, who was never outdone in calm intrepidity; nor in the splendid daring with which he ever urged the battle he immediately ordered; though long these will live in song and story. Beyond the warrior's distinction—which was his early glory—his is the true genius of the general. The strategic learning of the military art was to him a simple implement, like colors and brush to a Raphael, not fetters to the mind. How like a weapon in a giant's hand, did he wield the vast aggregations of soldiery, whose immensity oppressed so many minds! How easily moved his divisions, yet how firm the place of all! How every soldier came to feel his participation a direct contribution to the general success! And when, at length, his merit won the government of the entire military power of the North, how perfect became, without noise or friction, the co-operation of every army, of every

strength throughout the wide territory of the war, toward the common end! Subordinate every will and jealous soul—the profound military wisdom of the capital, even to the clear purpose and comprehensive grasp of the one commanding mind! Then how rapidly crumbled on every side the crushed revolt! Where shall we find, in past records, the tale of such a struggle, so enormous in extent, so nearly matched at the outset, so desperately contested, so effectively decided! Through what a course of uninterrupted victory did he proceed from the earliest engagements to a complete dominion of the vast catastrophe!

Spare, in pity, the poor brain which cannot see, in this career, more than a dogged pertinacity! Out upon the unjust prejudice which will consciously disparage the true meed of genius! Leave it where his reliant silence leaves it! Leave it to history! Leave it to the world!

But in the great cause so well understood, and the great results to men, so well accomplished, the basis of his renown is justly broadened. For the salvation of this government of freedom for mankind, we took up arms. When liberty was safe, they were again laid down. Risen to the highest seat of power, he has descended as a citizen, of equal rank with all. This goes to the soul of American liberty, ennobling individual citizenship above all servants in office. His is indeed the noblest grandeur of manhood, who can rise from the grasp of over-topping power above the ambition of self, to exalt the ambition of humanity; denying the spoils of the brief time to the lasting guerdon of immortal honor.

The judgment of immediate contemporaries has been apt to rise too high or fall too low. But let not detraction or calumny mislead. They have ever been the temporal accompaniments of human greatness. That glory cannot rise beyond the clouds which passes not through the clouds. We may confidently accept the judgment of the world. It has been unmistakably delivered. But lately, as he has pressed his wandering course about the round earth, mankind have everywhere bowed in homage at his coming, as the ancient devotees of the East fell before the sun at his rising. These honors were not paid to his person, which was unknown; they were not paid to his country, for which he went on no errand, and whose representative never had the like before; they were not paid to him as to some potentate of a people, for he journeyed not as a man in power. They have been the willing prostration of mortality before a glory imperishable!

His memory shall, indeed, be in the line of the heroes of war, but distinctive, and apart from the greater number. Not with the kind of Alexander, who ravaged the earth to add to mere dominion; nor of Belisarius, who but fed the greedy craving of an imperial beast of prey; not with Marlborough, Eugene, Wellington, who played the parts set them by the craft of diplomacy; not with the Napoleons, who chose "to wade through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind;" not with Cæsar, who would have put the ambitious hand of arms on the delicate fabric of constitutional freedom; America holds a higher place in the congrega-

tion of glory for her heroes of liberty, where sits, in expectation, her majestic Washington. In nobler ambition than the gaining of empire, they have borne their puissant arms for the kingdom of man, where liberty reigneth forever. From the blood poured out in their warfare, sweet incense rose to heaven, and angels soothed, with honorable pride, the tears which sorrow started for the dead.

Home again, now, our first commander, after the journey of the world. Here, here again we greet him at our social board, where, with recurring years, we regale on the deeper-ripening memories of our soldiership for freedom. Partakers of the labors, the perils, the triumphs, which were the beginnings of his glory, we join now, in exultation, in the welcoming honors by which his grateful countrymen tell their foreknowledge of the immortality of his renown.

Long and many be the years, illustrious leader, before your hour of departure comes! Green and vigorous be your age, undecayed every faculty of mind and sense, in full fruition of the well-earned joys of life; happy in the welfare of your native land, the love of your countrymen, and admiration of the world.

EXTRACT FROM THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY.

It would be difficult to fully portray the scene following the conclusion of Colonel Vilas' response. The entire banquet party rose to its feet, and the hall resounded with cheer upon cheer, and each individual seemed to contest, with marks of appreciation, till Colonel Vilas was compelled again to rise, standing in his chair, while hearty cheers were given. Rarely has such eloquence been observed, and never in the history of our Society.

CHIEF JUSTICE EDWARD G. RYAN
A MEMORIAL ADDRESS

1880

CHIEF JUSTICE EDWARD G. RYAN

A MEMORIAL ADDRESS
MADISON, WISCONSIN, OCTOBER 19, 1880

May it Please Your Honors:

The unusual assemblage of so many of the bar of the state, the sad sense of bereavement and sorrow which sits upon the visages of those here present, the funeral decorations of this court room, that empty chair,—so eloquent—all presage the melancholy announcement which I am deputed by my brethren of the state bar, in accordance with the solemn usages of the profession, to formally make to the court.

Chief Justice Ryan is no more.

That profound and abundant wealth of learning, that eloquent tongue, that massive brain, which, like an exhaustless mine, yielded richer stores the deeper it was tried, while its every product sparkled with the gleam of priceless value, are gone from men, lost to us and to the state, forever.

A pioneer of civilization to the bar of the west; an advocate fit to cope with any of historic renown; a lawyer and a judge of comprehensive and accurate learning, penetrating acumen and wise judgment, the head of the bar and the Chief Justice of the state: profession and people may well sit down in sack cloth and ashes, lamenting our irreparable loss.

"He was a man, take him all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

The duty of this solemn hour I cannot hope to discharge. The day for preparation afforded me has been half destroyed by illness. But no time would be enough for me to do the great theme justice. He was, in every aspect in which his character and abilities are regarded, an extraordinary man. Every faculty he exerted, every accomplishment he assumed to possess, every passion which moved him, was great, intensely great. He was a giant among men, in soul, intellect, and attributes.

It would require his own power and discrimination, his own perfection of speech, truly to represent him. In the hands of such an artist in language, the portrait of his mind and character would be as striking and absorbing in interest as any ever drawn for the gaze and wonder of mankind. But who now shall paint it? I know none who could but him, and, in his death, the subject, the artist, and the portrait, are lost together.

I shall attempt but a rapid statement of his life, and to point out a few salient features of his character and powers.

On the 13th of November, 1810, at New Castle House, in the county of Meath, Ireland, Edward G. Ryan was born. His parents were possessors of fortune, but, a second son, he took no share, save what was bestowed on his education. He completed, in 1827, the course of instruction at Clougone's Wood Cottage, and entered upon the study of the law. He had but partly finished that course when, in 1830,

he migrated to New York. There, sometimes teaching in private schools, sometimes at work in the office to gain support, he pursued his legal studies until 1836. In that year he was called to the bar and removed to Chicago, then but a village in the remote west. Here he practiced for six years, mingling with professional duties the work of editing a newspaper. In 1840 and 1841 he was prosecuting attorney of the county. In 1842 he changed his residence to Racine; and in 1846 represented that county in the first constitutional convention of Wisconsin. In 1848 he removed his residence to Milwaukee, where his bones now repose. There he practiced his profession until called in June, 1874, to this bench, holding in the meantime, for three years, the office of city attorney. From the time he took his seat here, he continued in faithful labor, often interrupted by failing health, but always persistently resumed, until the 13th day of October last, when, broken and exhausted by his patient toil, he descended from his seat to his last bed, where on the morning of the 19th of October he passed away. Laid to his final rest by his brethren of the bar and bench, his remains repose in Forest Home Cemetery, near the city of his unchanging love.

Heaven give him rest!

It is a fair question whether his wondrous powers as a writer, a speaker, and a lawyer were due in greater degree to the strength of his natural parts or the perfection of his education. Perhaps generally it would be answered, to the former. But certain it is, no one was ever more finished by educa-

tion. Every spoken and every written performance of his life bears the impress of his learning, shines conspicuously with the lustre of his scholarship. His training was chiefly in law and in language; in both he was remarkable for accuracy and finish. And it is especially noteworthy, in his eminence in both, that he was self trained. He finished his course in school at seventeen; he was but twenty when he quit his pupilage in law in his native country for the new world. From that time forward his instruction was administered to him by himself, from books and observation of men. His history, as we see it, discloses no marked precocity. For six years after his coming to this country, he supported himself by teaching and clerical labor, while he prosecuted his preparations for the profession. He was admitted to the bar at twenty-six, but does not appear to have attracted especial attention to his superior powers until past thirty. He was in his thirty-sixth year, when, in the first constitutional convention of the territory, he acquired that acknowledged preëminence which he ever after maintained.

To me, his natural parts appear most splendid and valuable for the manner in which they assimilated and profited by knowledge and observation. Every book he read and every phase of life he passed, made addition to his powers. He did not merely read and seek to add to his store of learning; what he gained was not so much increase of possessions, as increase of power, of the mind. He read much, but never inactively. No book held him in passive submission; he mastered it easily with an

acute and analytical grasp. His memory was retentive and exact; yet he never seemed to speak so much from remembrance as from himself. This was no less true of his discourse upon legal than upon literary topics. His understanding was so informed by his methods of study, that what it gave forth was his own; if in substance it was the learning of the books, in form and manner it was so marked by his genius as to be apparently his own.

And so vigorous was his grasp, so clear his conception, so finished his style, that it is rare to find instances where he has added to the vigor and beauty of his expression by any quotation from others, although his extensive reading supplied him readily.

But he was not only rich in the lore of books, he was an accurate observer of men. It has never been my fortune to meet with any who was his equal in ability to analyze character. He read the motives of action, the various faculties and changing characteristics of men, with intuitive ease and nice justice. This gave peculiar force to his speech when inveighing against the conduct and motives of those he attacked,—a feature of his powers which made him not less terrible to his enemies, than the wonder of his hearers, when the occasion demanded or allowed the exhibition.

His course of self-education was not limited, as so commonly the error is made, to mere processes of study. He refined and corrected his ideas by diligent writing, and enlarged their abundance by frequent conversation. They who read with delight

the smooth and delicious flow of his composition, who ride at ease of understanding upon the perspicuous current of his expressed thought, clearly informed, without effort of their own save attention, upon abstruse and difficult subjects of distressful doubt, are little fitted to realize the freight of labor which every word carried from his brain. Yet they who know his habit of writing can testify to the painstaking toil with which he criticised and purified every product of his pen. He could, if he would, compose with a rapidity unsurpassed by any; and the hasty labor of his desk he could well trust in competition with the fruit of pains in others. But he was too sincere and ardent a servant and lover of the English language to imprint her words with haste, or indolent inattention, on a page where they might stand to her and his reproach. To him the legal rule of interpretation was a fact: "Every word has its meaning." He vigorously condemned the debauchery of language which the rapid penny-a-liners of the newspapers have inflicted on our native tongue, and the speech of some, even, of our scholars.

So, in all his labor of writing, dictionaries were his companions and his friends. He trusted to no one of them, but, surrounded by many, he gathered from the best linguists the perfect hue of intelligence and beauty that belonged to every word he used, and set it then in happy harmony with its fellows in the finished picture of thought which his every period became. Such discipline had its reward. His style is his own,—strong, clear, and beautiful; not wholly without fault, but as worthy of study as

Addison's; not always, in his opinions, perfectly judicial, but turning from that path only to bring in gems of beauty by the way. To be able to write as Edward G. Ryan has written, is a crown of glory in letters, a sufficient title to literary renown.

He cultivated conversation, and, as I have thought, not only for its pleasure, but for its benefits to him. Certain it is, he shone in social discourse with a brilliancy not often equalled. In happy hours, when in health and spirits, who more delightful than he? His rapid and easy speech was wise or witty as the time and subject suited, but always sweet in the simplicity and purity of the language he employed. He was ever conspicuous for elegant diction in ordinary speech; nor did the tumult of emotion or passion which sometimes possessed him mar his accomplishments, or lead him to vulgarity. It rather seemed to heighten and intensify his powers, and clothe his expressions with a richer color.

Thus the self-imposed habits and discipline of his entire life finished and perfected all the powers of the man. He met all the points of Bacon's aphorism: reading made him a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.

View his finished character and faculties as trained and accomplished by his course of education, and discarding the faults of temperament and want of self-control which blighted his life,—casting up the account on his credit side only, how splendid and magnificent does he appear, the ideal and mirror of professional power and glory.

His learning of the law was thorough and profound. To him the science of jurisprudence was an open book, every page familiar to his eye. He was trained in its technical learning and versed in the long line of precedents and judicial opinions which support and explain its nice distinctions and sometime arbitrary doctrines. But he was far beyond that plane, the level only of the complete case lawyer. He knew the law far more profoundly. He had traversed the great superstructure with patient examination from its deepest foundations to the last pinnacle on the turret. He saw it not merely as a builded thing, acknowledging its parts and relations because he found them so. He knew the principles on which its foundations rest, which support its noble walls, and partition its manifold departments, which inspire its pillars and its arches, which gild its towers with light, and fill its secret recesses with the blessing of justice for men. He knew it as an architect who might have builded it, and who could finish, in harmony with the whole, the parts on which his duty set him to work.

And not alone the common law—the law of nature as applied to the relations of men among themselves; but his perception of the complex and delicate relations of the different portions and civil divisions of the union, and of the various duties and powers of its numerous officers and tribunals, federal and state, was singularly acute and comprehensive. Though a native of another land, he had from boyhood profoundly contemplated the wisdom of the fathers of this country of his adoption; and he was fit and

ready, when the hour came, to give unanswerable expression to that discriminating judgment of this court to recede from its former declaration that a statute of this state was void under the federal constitution, and to suffer its enforcement according to the mandate of this tribunal. In that result this bench and its bar, as well as the rights of the people, gained signal illustration.

Founded on such learning, our departed leader could not but be a great lawyer. But his professional powers were not only strong; they shone with splendor. He was a great advocate and a great orator. In many a cause in the forum, upon many a platform before the people, he has exhibited the eloquence and action, which, with their opportunities, would have ranked him among the great names of the world. And though the memory of the advocate is local and generally fades with his generation, he has left in bequest to his professional brethren some such examples of forensic eloquence as they will not "willingly let die."

But he will be longest remembered and honored for his work as the Chief Justice of this court.

He came to this great place, as every one should come who is worthy to occupy it. He came in the ripeness of years and experience, after a long life of labor at the bar. He came laden with profound knowledge of the science he was to administer. He came not from some obscure corner, to sit in judgment on arguments greater than his understanding; he was pushed by no skillful intrigue into a shameful reward for mere party service: but, sought and

taken from the topmost place of professional leadership, which, by merit, he had worthily won, he came fit to govern and control where for so long he had confessedly led. He came to the judgment seat with an honorable ambition as to the crowning glory of a devoted professional life; but he came reverently, with an exalted sense of the responsibilities he assumed, and a noble devotion of all his faculties and strength to the performance of its duties. He came to rest on no pillow of repose, but to toil and build, that he might still higher elevate the court and the law, and exalt justice on earth.

And so he bent to his task with all the conscientious intensity of his nature. There fell to his lot to decide and elucidate as important and interesting questions as any which have come before this bench since its institution. I need not say in this presence with what satisfaction he expounded the views of the court. His opinions were not only profound, but profoundly beautiful in every circumstance which excites the admiration of the lawyer. It is a matter of no wonder that a great university of the land has chosen them for commendation to students of law as models of the purity, beauty, and strength of the English tongue. They will carry his name with growing honor to generations of students and lawyers yet unborn.

Few, indeed, are the law books, where so much of excellence in literature and law is combined to the advantage of both; where the lamp of literature so illuminates the dark obscurities of the law, without a ray of meretricious light; where the strength

of jurisprudence so informs words of beautiful harmony with a solid majesty like Grecian architecture.

We can but remember, too, that much of this crowning labor was done when his old frame was broken by the weight of years and infirmities, and torn by convulsions of passion; when his hours of rest were disconsolate and lonely, or racked with pain.

For with that justice he would have unsparingly administered, we cannot omit from view his faults and imperfections. They, too, were great. Principal of all was his sudden and violent temper. The electric current responds no quicker to a disturbing influence, than did his wrath to an offensive touch; and its explosions are not more furious than the outbursts of his anger. His passions burned, when lighted, like a flaming volcano, shaking him with fearful violence, and belching the hot lava of his wrath on everything and everybody which stood in opposition. He was a painful proof of the value of self control. For the chiefest misfortune of his life was his weakness in presence of his own passion. That subdued and governed him, turning his power to his own destruction. It made him terrible to his friends as well as his enemies; tyrannical, perhaps sometimes cruel, where he should have been gentle and loving; suspicious and jealous, where he should have been confiding; violent and hostile, where he ought to have been friendly. It led him into false positions, from which he was too proud to withdraw. It stood in the path of his advancement among men, like a flaming sword. It turned friends

into enemies, and froze off the tendrils of love. It brought humiliation, grief, and loneliness to his soul and his hearthstone.

Let us drop the veil over the contemplation of these infirmities of a great and noble mind. If, as I believe, these afflictions of character were mostly but manifestations of physical disease, which, at varying periods and with unequal intensity, spread inflammation through the sensitive fibre of his brain, the fault was not his own. The tear of pity must fall at view of the sufferings that his nature inflicted. For, to whatever his infirmities were due, he was their victim and the great sufferer. With his death, their consequences mainly cease. What he leaves behind is the product and the legacy of his worth and virtue. The good he has done lives after him; let the evil be interred with his bones.

When we review his life, let us turn from its darkness and weakness, and rather view him in periods of light and power. Look on him in the happy hours of health. Thus shall you perceive the possibilities of his forces, and better take the lesson from his infirmities.

It is for us to contemplate him as he was to us, the lawyer and the judge. No lawyer ever lived whose standing of professional excellence was exalted higher. His conception of professional morals are as noble and refined, as pure and elevating, as wisdom, philosophy, and religion can form. He loved and honored the profession of the law above all occupations of men; he reverenced it as "subrogated," so he said, "on earth, for the angels who administer God's

law in heaven." "This," said he, to the graduating class of the law school in 1873, "is the true ambition of the lawyer: to obey God in the service of society; to fulfill His law in the order of society; to promote His order in the subordination of society to its own law, adopted under His authority; to administer to His justice by the nearest approach to it, under the municipal law, which human intelligence and conscience can accomplish."

He brought to the bench this spirit, and many judgments of this court have been radiant with its glory. They will be beacons on the track to pilot generations of lawyers to come. Let the hopeful enthusiasm of youth look upon his virtues, and, shunning his imperfections, strive for his height of learning and power. Can the neophyte, who sees in dreams the gleaming splendor of professional grandeur, but attain the one and avoid the other, he may confidently expect the highest reward to which the noble profession leads.

ADDRESS ON AGRICULTURE

1881

ADDRESS ON AGRICULTURE

AT THE ANNUAL STATE FAIR, ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA, 1881

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I recognize a representative assembly of the farmers of the most magnificent farm on earth; whose wide expanse stretching from the western bank of the Father of Waters receives the swift-running light of morning in glory unbroken until the Rocky Mountains intercept its brilliant race for day; on whose undulating surface the oceans pour, through clouds and wind, their fertilizing moisture; whose broad fields, teeming with the fatness of a fecund soil, can satisfy the desire for bread of all the hungry children of men.

Around us are gathered the abundant evidences of your material prosperity. The glory of your fields, the bounty of your dairies, the fruit of your trees and vines, the sweets of your blossoms lie on the well spread tables; the stalls display the excellent blood and culture of your flocks and herds; on every side the altars of the fruitful Pan and the bountiful Ceres are redolent with the incense most pleasing to the rural gods.

The scene suggests the theme to whom you choose for your spokesman. It is most natural to the hour to recall those distinctive features of the American farmer's character and relations to men which have

brought him to the "happy state and condition" here represented.

Demagogues love to thrum our eardrums with their clamor of the wrongs the agriculturist suffers, and stir a spirit of unrest. Their regular outcries are doubtless proof of the healthy condition of our free political atmosphere; but sometimes this mark of salubrity seems a trifle too abundant. Calm wisdom, with a broader view, superior to the irritations of the passing moment, perceives the solid foundations for satisfaction in our present state, and sure hopes for a steady progress with advancing years.

Nor shall your speaker be justly charged with optimism, if he do but point to the characteristics which exalt his subject, give little heed to the querulous cavils of detractors.

If it were a fault it should be pardoned to the occasion. I am only partly willing to believe that all the fruits of Minnesota are so rich, that all her cattle are so sleek and fat, as the exhibit on the platters over here, as the splendid creatures in the stalls yonder. It is right to bring out the best to the fair.

But there shall be no such fault. There is the noblest philosophy in that contentment which rises on a wise survey of great results accomplished, and co-exists with a high purpose to make enlightened progress beyond. It is in that spirit of confidence in his future advancement that I would dwell with pride and satisfaction on the present character and attainments of our typical American farmer.

Yet I venture the essay with a great regret that it must be so hurriedly and imperfectly done as to be but a hint of the true measure of the subject.

The farmer of America is a vastly different being from the kind who has for ages fretted the soil of the old world. Various and multiplied are these differences, but the chief of all, perhaps the producer of most of them, is the transformation which has come over his relations to his fellow men. He stands forth, first, in sharp contrast with his class in other lands, in the origin of his title to, and the nature of his possession of, the soil he cultivates. He entered upon his fields not as the tenant or villein of some feudal lord, wearing the collar of servitude and yielding all the better portion of his produce in return for protection to him as a weakling laborer. He strode at the outset beyond the pale of ancient law and arbitrary usages. He bore in his hands the arms of a lord of the forest, the rifle and the ax. Self-reliant and self-dependent, he took from nature the lease of his estate, rent free and bondage free. Not, however, free of cost and without price; but the price paid was the price manhood loves to render for the gains which do it honor. It was at the cost of that labor which builds up the man; with privations which strengthen rather than enervate; and facing perils which exalt the soul. With every trunk he lifted to its place in the cabin wall, a new layer of strength was added to his character; every rood of ground he subdued to cultivation gave new breadth to his views; every peril he surmounted, every conflict which he won, refined and sublimated the spirit of his life. And when, after such discipline of labor and trial, standing by the door of his castle of logs, he heard the sound of

the contented housewife within and the voices of happy children round about, while his eyes swept the fruitful possessions he had wrought from the wilderness to their sufficient support and comfort, he realized the individual independence of free manhood, and, with unopened lips, his soul joined in the great hymn of liberty, raising a strain harmonious with the symphony of the stars, which heaven's ear might hear.

To such a man, those who wore crowns and titles were not superior in the elements of manhood; and he neither so acknowledged them, nor feared them. His thought exalted him to their level, and he dealt with them in spirit as their equal. His domain might not be so large, but it was just as much his own. His rights and powers might not be so extensive, but they were equally as sacred. His happiness lay more in contentment and less in splendor, but his privilege to pursue it he was ready to defend as a king his kingdom. So, awarding to all like him the rights he claimed, he found in his union with his peers and co-workers the strength and ability to resist oppression, which, all on a sudden, manifested the farm-workers of America to be a new element in the world. They had fought in the forlorn hope of civilization, and had carried the assault. In every added hour of life their understandings, newly informed, came more clearly to see that the civilization whose banners they had carried in the front was not that of the old world institutions of feudal lord and tenant, of master and slave; but that the abodes they had wrought were the homesteads of freedom and independence.

To such men, the hour of labor was not an hour of sodden toil, whose burden was borne as the laden ass carried his pack; nor the hour of repose a period of brutish rest. They loved to pursue high meditations, and the problems of life, the rights of men, the methods of social order and happiness, were excogitated and understood. They were not the men to bear unlawful exaction, though a king and parliament put it on them; their manly pride resented the arrogance of power and the insolence of office; and they taught the aristocrats of England—who saw with mere scorn the rebellion of peasants—that they were not peasants who tilled the new world. The continental armies of the Revolution were filled and sustained by the farmers of America, and the men who had set up their household gods in the clearings of the forest maintained in every hour of trial the spirit sprung from the teaching of their labor, and the discipline of their dangers. They appeared foremost in every assembly, whether for deliberation or for war. They manifested in various emergencies every noble gift of intellect and soul which the great object demanded.

From the broad acres of Mount Vernon came the loftiest soul of history, to lead to victory the armies of Liberty and establish her foundations secure forever. That defiant declaration—the pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night, before the hosts of freedom in their long years of trial—sprung from the inspired brain of the farmer of Monticello. It was farmer Putnam who dropped with eager joy the plow in the furrow to fight in his shirt sleeves the

richly uniformed veterans of England, and roll them in blood down the slopes of Bunker Hill. Heaven gave to the farmer boys of the Hudson that incorruptible patriotism which defied the seduction of riches to deliver the nation in peril from the most successful treason of Arnold.

Oh, farmers of America! The story of the planting of your race is glorious! A new career was opened then for the tiller of the soil! Poets and philosophers have ever made honor of agriculture. But their honor was for the great nobles and wealthy owners, their patrons, who toiled not, yet reaped where others wrought. 'Twas but "to heap the shrine of luxury and pride with incense kindled at the Muse's flame." The real farmer, the laborer for their glory, shared neither profits nor glory. A hundred years ago that order was changed forever in the new world. Great as was the farmer's part in the achievements of that era, not less has been his share of their beneficent results.

From that time dominion of the soil has been his; and his tenure made secure. His labor has yielded its return to his own hands; to him his seed has borne its increase.

No steward descends upon his harvest fields to sweep the profits into the granary of his lord. No tithe-collector snatches for the dignitaries of the church what the landlord has spared. He may lift his prayers direct to the God of nature; and the bounty with which nature blesses his seed is all his own.

But not alone in the riches of his tillage has he realized the benefits of independence. Better ad-

vancement still has been his in the social and political relations he enjoys. With ownership of the soil has come that equality of caste which belongs to dominion. There is no lord or master above him. There is no rank or grade of social life which is his superior. I speak it with the full meaning of the words employed, and affirm again, that beyond the farmer there is no business, no avocation, no grade of social life, and no higher class of men in the states of America.

It is not meant that all farmers reach the full plane of their class. In the providence of God, there has been ordained an infinite variety of intellect, character, and capability among men. "One star differeth from another star in glory." Farmers are precisely as other men. They are not and cannot all be equal; neither in strength of muscle or fibre of brain. Among them, as with others, the gradations of intellect and power are almost infinite. Their achievements must vary accordingly. No laws of men, no institutions of society, can alter their ordination of heaven. All that laws and constitutions, all that social opinions and usages can do, is to open the road, with equal access to all. This the farmers of America have accomplished for their class. The way is open. Many have already traveled it. They are examples to the race.

Do any doubt their social rank? Look about you here in Minnesota! Cannot you, any one here present, name at once, within your borders, numerous farmers, the social equals of the best in your commonwealth? I am but a stranger, yet am confident

to challenge the test. On the fields of your neighboring Wisconsin, I claim the honor of friendship with scores who are the social and intellectual equals of the highest of other classes. In some, I know a pride of manhood and a degree of power, riches of intellect and integrity of character, which are the honor and adornment of humanity. Nor is the farmer's place less, or less important in political circles. His voice has ever been potent—his influence commanding in all affairs of state and nation. It could not be otherwise under the constitution of our political society. Where the majority of votes appoints the holders of every public trust, the wielders of that sceptre of power must hold a sovereign influence. The farmer's class outnumbers any other; and, when you add those immediately dependent on it, perhaps all others. It is the great substratum and foundation rank of the republic. The farmer holds his place in every governing board and through all gradations of office, in town, county, state, and nation. In most of the administrative subdivisions of government he is nearly supreme. Town and county boards are almost wholly controlled by him, and in every legislature his representatives outnumber those of any other order.

And, let it be remembered, these are the bodies which mainly rule the prosperity and welfare of the people in the ordinary affairs of life. Places of national trust have more of splendor and honor in appearance, as the scope of their authority is more extended.

But except in extraordinary emergencies their influence and effect on the business conditions and

affairs of our citizens is far less. Two-thirds of our taxes are expended by our counties, towns, and local bodies. Substantially all our laws which define and sustain the rights of property and persons, which adjust the social and domestic relations, which secure our peace, our liberty, our happiness, are of state authority alone. In national affairs, moreover, the farmer has always enjoyed a large, if not a full share. Presidents, senators, and representatives have been often called from the farm, and oftener still from among the farmer's boys. I cannot dwell to recapitulate the proofs. Recall to mind the illustrious men who have honored our land, and you will name a majority who sprung from the farm. To sum it, to agriculture in America have been paid the genuine honors, which in other countries have but been sung to it. Our constitution, laws, and usages have opened wide the door to all to achieve whatever nature has given ability to attain. The farmer has been exalted to dominion of the soil, to social rank and political power equal to that of any other class or order.

Let any who would justly measure his great advancement and present condition cast his eye abroad! Let him read the history of rural labor, and view it as it is in other countries. Where is the land under the sun in which the tiller of the soil has so maintained himself against the greed and craft of men? Look to Great Britain. There, among more than thirty million, ownership of lands is absorbed by a few thousand, whose hands put no touch of labor to increase its product, but with relentless

greed draw from the toilers on the fields the better portion in rents, by which alone can labor be allowed the privilege to earn subsistence. The farmer there must be a rent-payer; he can have no title but a lease. The farm laborer must be a hind; he is fed and sheltered. The father of one can have no inheritance but a rent charge; of the other, but the patrimony of the beasts of burden. The church shares the benefit and lends to this the sanction of her spiritual authority. Feudalism is gone, indeed, but it is not yet for Englishmen to own the lands they till, nor enjoy "the kindly fruits of the earth," which their hands gather from seed they sow—except in the litany.

Or consider the melancholy state of poor Ireland! There sit Irishmen, poverty-bound to the spot, whose fathers were robbed of title to the rich vales and fertile meadows of that bright and beautiful isle. They still plant the seed upon its surface; they nurse its growth; from early morn to dewy eve they ply the implements of husbandry to nourish its increase; their eyes linger on the rich products which nature's lavish bounty abundantly bestows to their labor; themselves reaping the plentiful harvest, they must bear it to their master's ships to furnish out a replete luxury in a foreign land; and then return to the miserable cabin to hear their children cry for bread. Again and again the world has heard and pitied the wail of famished Ireland. Yet in every year when famine has swung the scythe of death among the toilers of that land, the lavish bounty of nature sacrificed to pampered greed has been abun-

dant to have fed every Irishman, every starving wife and child. Ships laden with the succor of humanity met in their ports others bearing off the plenty of Irish fields.

For there, with all their cries of hunger, generous nature never failed of enough for Irishmen; she has only refused to satiate the avarice of the foreign land-holder.

Let him who repines in unreasoning discontent in this happy land, but stop to think how, within a few months, the Irish husbandman has been forced to see the flesh dry up, the bones protrude, and the eyes sink back in the starving faces of his wife and babes, in his own beautiful and bountiful Ireland!

A more extended survey must still further enhance our comparative satisfaction. The master of the National Grange recently illustrated the social condition of the farmers of republican France by a significant anecdote of his own experience. He dined, on a recent visit there, with a farmer of reputation, a model of his class. The rich repast with which he was able to regale the distinguished commissioner of agriculture from the United States consisted of soup and then stewed rabbits! Afterwards some lettuce, "to take the taste out" of his mouth. A few days later the compliment was returned by invitation of the farmer to the hotel; and lo! the manager wouldn't let him sit at the table with ladies and gentlemen! With all their bluster, the Frenchman's liberty savors yet too much of royal garlic!

It must suffice to close this hasty view, to point to one ample proof, embracing all. Stand for a week

at Castle Garden! Behold descend from the great ships the thousands who have tempted the long and dreary waste of seas, mingling all the tongues of Europe, join the great throng to claim the happy homes and free air of America!

The conditions I have thus reviewed I rank of the greatest value, the highest in the farmer's honor. They go to his nobility of character, the exaltation of his manhood. They are the mainspring of all his advancement, the real source of his prosperity. Their influence and effect have been prodigious for his welfare. The material prosperity which has followed to their lead is marvelous to contemplate, even in this age of marvels. The American farmer is ascending to be, has almost now become, the supplier of the world. His cotton and sugar, his grains and corn, his butter and cheese, even his fresh meats, pour with magnificent currents into the markets of the old world, returning "golden showers of compensation." I shall not enter on the statistician's office, to amplify the splendid theme. I beg to turn the view to other results of these primal causes, which are themselves contributory causes of this prosperity, and merit an especial attention. Among these is the peculiar advantage derived from the variety and usefulness of labor-saving machinery. Here is a notable result and proof of value of the leading conditions already considered. The rents which the land tenants of other nations have contributed to the luxury of landlords, our farmers have accumulated for themselves. Thus they have become able to be liberal purchasers, and have focused

the thought of inventors and manufacturers on the necessities of the farm and the amelioration of their labor. No other land possesses implements in aid of husbandry comparable to ours in extent and value. The agricultural operations of the old world have been mainly conducted by the laboring hand of man. The farm laborer and the ox have plodded in the yoke, day by day, together. The old methods, the old tools, in the rude simplicity of generations long gone, still remain in the hands of the peasantry there. We read occasionally, indeed, of some noble lord or rich landholder who has pleased his leisure by introducing some new-invented implement to his fields. Among the toiling masses labor-saving machinery is little known. In truth, it is only where institutions of liberty develop and uplift the individual to intelligence and ability to demand aid for himself that such amelioration comes. It is rarely furnished to the general, by the consideration of the higher few.

It has been the enterprise of our manufacturers, which has shown the startled laborer on European field that ingenious mechanism which sweeps down the waving grain by acres, binding it in convenient sheaves, while the ruler of the harvest rides triumphant over the scene. This honor truly belongs to the American farmer. He begot the American manufacturer. It is, in real fact, his moving influence and power which have put on the fields of Russia and the plains of Australia the harvester and the mower of America.

In this country the progress of the last generation has revolutionized the whole business of agricul-

ture. It has introduced new forms and processes with new implements, and vastly enlarged the scope and extent of the pursuit. Recall to mind the farmer of fifty or sixty years ago. Behold him in his harvest season. He hurries through the neighborhood to collect labor for the task. His forces gathered, each weaponed with a crooked sickle, they attack the field of but a few acres as the great undertaking of the year. The lark is startled by their early call, who must save every hour of light. They gather in the hand the berry-laden stalks, then sever them with the knife, and tenderly lay them down. Inch by inch they crawl slowly on. Day after day the back-breaking toil advances before the field is won. Then the heavy wain, urged by the patient oxen, creeps painfully to the barn, where the sheaves are laid at rest. By and by, amid winter winds, for weary days, the farmer flings the heavy flail to fill the moderate bin. Seize such a one in your fancy, advance the years by sudden turn upon him, to look on your broad waving fields, rich with the world's supply! Invite him to a ride on your harvester, while you toss off by the acre the well bound bundles! Then go with him to the thresher, whose devouring mouth swallows the sheaves as the big stack falls, while at the spout the rapid stream of golden berries runs! Could he believe you to be the child of his loins, not in league with some genius of the fairy world? Or, bid him drop the hoe in the old cornfield, hung with strings and streamers and guarded by the bogus sentry against the crows, and by sudden transformation seat him on the sulky

corn plow, to stir the earth with rapid step on your broad acres! Would he not laugh to hear you call that *working* in the corn? Such and so many are the devices which have relieved the man and woman from the drudgery of the farm that the imagination can hardly pause in the forecast of the future. They begin with the farmer's plowing, they attend him in seed time, in cultivation, in the gathering of crops, in their storage, their reduction, even to the hour of marketing. They have lifted the husbandman beyond the level of mere toil. The farm is already a manufactory. Its labor is applied through ingenious mechanism with intelligent skill. Its laborers are mechanics. Its operations hum with the music of civilization. The ox and the ass have lost their character as beasts of burden. Steam has expelled them from the fields, and works in the farmer's yoke. Who forbids that electricity shall next become a farm servant, and leave the noble horse but for the enjoyment of the highway and the track?

But the enormous producing power which these implements of husbandry have developed would have been no blessing, perhaps a curse, had invention ceased with them. The mill wheel cannot run unless the tail race delivers the flood which grants it power. It were folly to multiply production, if the product do but accumulate in hand. Coals are little worth to Newcastle for use, nor wheat to Minnesota. So heaven filled the inventor's brain with other cunning to meet the farmer's need. The wonderful highway of iron was bestowed in time. It is, also, the farmer's debtor; at least developed by his

demands. Without him, it would be of comparatively small extent and value. Without its aid, where would be the farmer of the west?

Before railroads were devised, there was no extensive freight communication but by water. And that was valueless unless conveniently accessible. From this, the agriculture of past ages gathered around the seas and lakes, or lined the river's margin. It girt the Mediterranean and made famous the valley of the Nile. The unwatered world of the interior was left to the wandering nomad or the forest barbarian. It was the unknown region full of mysterious terrors. The great Hercynian wood was the home of beasts, brute and human; the latter ever the impending peril, and finally the destroyer of the civilization of the world. The reserve corps of barbarism lay back on the plains of Russia and Tartary, which nourished the fierce savages who could live on equine flesh and carouse on the milk of mares. So, too, water communication was slow and tedious, even when accessible. That is true, especially of inland navigation. It is weeks by water from St. Paul to New York, though the aid of steam be invoked; and in northern climes that avenue is available for but half the year. Your magnificent wheat fields would mostly lie unbroken, farmers of Minnesota, had not the invention and enterprise of other men, stimulated by your demands, laid the double lined highway to carry the freight car, laden with your precious berry, to the sea; the Indian would still be master of the territories of the west. Your lands derive their value, your industry its reward,

your homes the luxuries and many of the comforts they exhibit, from the well-abused railroads of the continent.

In the beautiful language of that noble lover of human liberty, once the pride and ornament of Wisconsin's supreme bench, the lamented Byron Paine, "Railroads are the great public highways of the world, along which its gigantic currents of trade and travel continually pour—highways compared with which the most magnificent highways of antiquity dwindle into insignificance. They are the most marvelous invention of modern times. They have done more to develop the wealth and resources, to stimulate the industry, reward the labor and promote the general comfort and prosperity of the country, than any other, perhaps than all other mere physical causes combined. There is probably not a man, woman or child, whose interest or comfort has not been in some degree subserved by them. They bring to our doors the productions of the earth. They enable us to anticipate and protract the seasons. They enable the inhabitants of each clime to enjoy the pleasures and luxuries of all. They scatter the productions of the press and literature broadcast through the country with amazing rapidity. There is scarcely a want, wish or aspiration of the human heart which they do not in some measure help to gratify. They promote the pleasures of social life and of friendship; they bring the skilled physician swiftly from a distance to attend the sick and the wounded, and enable the absent friend to be present at the bedside of the dying. They have more

than realized the fabulous conception of the eastern imagination, which pictured the genii as transporting inhabited palaces through the air. They take a train of inhabited palaces from the Atlantic coast, and, with a marvelous swiftness, deposit it on the shores that are washed by the Pacific seas. In war, they transport the armies and supplies of the government with the greatest celerity, and carry forward, as it were, on the wings of the wind, relief and comfort to those who are stretched bleeding and wounded on the field of battle."

But while we do them justice, let us not forget there are doubtless many faults to be corrected and abuses to be reformed in the administration of these highways. Corporate powers and corporate values have advanced with a more rapid step than the invention of our statesmen and law-makers. The agency of the corporation is comparatively modern, and, like the agency of steam, is a mighty power. Unless subdued by proper appliances of law sufficient to control it, we are liable to disasters injurious to our welfare, as the accidents which sometimes befall the train are destructive of life.

But I must not protract this weary hour to discuss this problem foreign to my subject. Important as it is, we need not fear it. The railroad, rightly used, is the friend of the farmer and the whole people. It is the paramount interest of its owners that it should so remain. They dare not make it an enemy, and when we reflect that a single invention—the steel rail—has reduced the freight tariff forty per centum, we may trust somewhat to time and genius to relieve

the inconveniences, and continue to enjoy its blessings with composure. All these considerations multiply the necessity for the high education of farmers. The avocation has ever been one affording opportunity for meditation; and the higher types of manhood, broad thought and well fixed convictions have ever marked our American agriculturists. Yet the world has not been accustomed to admit the necessity of much education for the farmer's business. It can no longer be so regarded. The steady progress which the noble calling has made in methods and scope, has placed it fairly on a par with any other, in advance of many others, in the need of a broad mental cultivation and general information. It is still possible for the clumsy and brainless lout who works without appreciation and intelligence to gain subsistence from the bounty of nature. She is too lavish of her abundance to suffer even the blockhead to go unfed. But such is not the farmer of this country, though sometimes found in his company.

The true farmer is far more exalted. He is capable of great things. He brings science to his aid. He studies the laws of nature, manifested in the subtle essences of the soil, the organization and growth of the vegetable kingdom, even meteorological changes. He reaches out his inquiries over all the earth, seeking better plants and foods, improved breeds of animals, more enlightened processes. No business pursued by man opens more far-reaching avenues of research, because, being everywhere in some form pursued, subjects of inquiry multiply with every country.

So, on the other hand, the great facilities for interchange have made the world the farmer's market. You do not sell your grain to the wheat buyer at the station where you deliver it. He is a mere factor. He fixes no price on your commodity. That is done by his masters in Liverpool; and they, in turn, are but the barometer of the world's appetite.

When the children of men grow hungry, the golden kernels grow more golden, by some cents to the bushel. When they are fed you must sell for less, or wait till they are hungry again.

So, substantially, with your corn, your butter and cheese, your fat cattle, and all your money-bringing products, except that with them the varying markets add to the demands on the farmer's intelligence. For, to skillfully conduct his negotiations, to understand the instructions of the world to its agent at the station in respect to price, to regulate with wise forecast the production of profitable crops, the farmer must be acquainted with the business of the world. He must be a reading man, of quick perception and comprehensive judgment.

The farmer's newspaper has been and continues his efficient and valuable coadjutor. It, too, has been the product and kept pace with the development of the age. Many of them rival the best general sheets in industry and value, and deserve the highest credit for their work. But the aggressive spirit born of the farmer's liberty and power has wrought a new institution, the agricultural college. This, too, may fairly be classed as a laurel in the chaplet of the American farmer. The refinement and value of

studies, the world has never failed to acknowledge, but until modern times has regarded them almost exclusively the portion of the so-called learned professions. That the hand of labor should be guided by the intelligence of science, and the workman's brain refined by the discipline of study, the world denied until the principles of America taught the practical equality of humanity. Schools were for the priest to pore over the myriad tomes of religious controversy; for the lawyer to search the refinements of jurisprudence through "many a volume of forgotten lore;" for the doctor to trace back the story of the ills that flesh is heir to, and learn the prescriptions of Esculapius and his following line; for the scholar and the antiquary to hunt the changes in human speech, and read the history of dynasties and wars.

But a great change has come upon our institutions of learning. We do not deny the value of the old, but we realize the no less value of the new. These schools are yet but beginning, their power undeveloped. Their future is full of promise. The time shall come, and that I hope not long hence, when, to rise in his calling, the man who labors with the hand must have a well-trained and well-filled brain, as well as he who works by the pen; when the farmer's boy shall learn that science which discloses the laws of the soil, as well as to handle the plow which breaks it; which teaches the germination and growth of the grain, as well as to drive the reaper which cuts it. But the farmer's education must go beyond his business. In his hands repose the prog-

ress and security of our institutions of liberty. All good citizens should be so informed, so upright and so wise, as rightly to discharge their high duties in this respect to their fellow men and future ages. But I think the duty rests with peculiar weight on the farmer, and that it should be his highest pride to so regard it. First, because his class holds a greater share than any other of political power. He is therefore bound to rise beyond it to care for the state, or his race, and for posterity with a broad and manly philanthropy. And again, because his history and traditions demand it. The political wisdom which wrought our free institutions has ever been in possession of those who till the soil. There be many who fear the perpetuity and safety of our nation, because its increase of population and wealth diminish the influence of the rural classes. There is something about the open communion with nature which has always raised the loftiest spirits among men to profound reflection. It has been the purifier of the soul, restoring the strength of convictions and upright purposes. The possession of the broad acres, when nature, with recurring seasons, unfailingly bestows her bounty to man, enlarges the currents of the soul. He has, indeed, a sodden brain, who is not stirred to high purposes and a broad philanthropy in witnessing the wisdom and benevolence with which heaven informs the face of earth.

And where is the man with a heart big enough to love his fellow men, who can survey the magnificent territory of this Union, the millions multiplying on it, the unexampled prosperity and happiness which

they enjoy under our constitution, and yet reflect on the history of past ages without poignant anxiety for the security and perpetuation of these blessings to posterity? How anxiously does he turn his eye over the wide expanse, seeking a safe anchorage for his ardent hope. To what special rank or class can he turn with a better reliance than to the owners and tillers of the republic's wide domain? Removed from the cankering vices of the cities, the false luxury, the feverish chase for riches, the absorbing struggle for ephemeral ends, what offers such repose to hope as the rural homes? The altar and hearthstones of our American farmsides are sacred places. They have been the nurseries of the great men and great women of this country. In them have been laid the foundations of that purity, patriotism, and power, which have been the glory of our public men. To these calm retreats our wisest and strongest have ever loved to retire, to shake off the vicious influences of crowded centres, to restore the brain, to purify the heart, and invigorate the soul. There the sweetest pleasures of life have been found. There they have found rest and peace, when the storms of life have exhausted them with turbulence. And there they have gone to die. From the farmside came Washington to draw the sword for man, and to it he withdrew with joyful contentment when the great victory was won. Thence he came again to take the helm when our national voyage began, and there again retired when his high duty was done. And there he died! How holy is that soil of Mount Vernon! How wishfully did Webster, the great ex-

pounder of the constitution, ever turn his weary eye, in the meridian splendor of fame, to his sweet farm home of Marshfield! What moving pathos in that latest view of his life, when after a night of pain, he caused his herd of oxen to be driven before his window that he might look once more in their great, gentle eyes, and see them crop the grass. "It was his last enjoyment." Whose heartstrings have not been strained, whose eyes not moistened by the pitiful supplication from the wasted lips of the nation's great sufferer, to be carried back to the old farm house at Mentor? What now to him the splendors of ambition's highest goal, beside the dear old farm home of his heart? Who but profoundly feels that there he might be saved? How fervently rises the spontaneous and universal prayer in every heart that he yet may see the old roof tree, and be there restored to life, to strength, to happiness and power again. Heaven grant its perfect answer!

Yes, these homes of the republic are her safe-anchored foundations. Fountains of purity and strength, they will nourish and sustain the virtue and wisdom of her people. Upon the enlightened integrity, the high patriotism, the devoted fidelity of men reared among such influences, she may securely repose. We may confidently fix our view upon the future and with composure go forward. We are riding on the grandest currents of the tide of time. The prosperity we have is but the promise of the prosperity that is to be. Dare you look forward for one hundred years? Whose eye can rest unflinchingly on the advancing sun of our national glory?

Who can picture to his fancy this continent after the second century of liberty?—when two hundred millions, seated on every rood of the vast surface, with all the appliances by which progressive invention will supply increasing needs, shall enjoy the magnificent fruits of the highest human wisdom and liberty, and illustrate the noblest possibilities of humanity. Who shall, with mortal power, attempt the glorious forecast, but to cry with the poet seer:

> Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
> Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

IROQUOIS CLUB BANQUET ORATION ON ANDREW JACKSON

1882

BANQUET ORATION ON ANDREW JACKSON

AT THE IROQUOIS CLUB, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
JANUARY 10, 1882

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Iroquois Club:

The selection of this anniversary for your first festival is a signal mark of the patriotism, wisdom, and political courage which animate your organization, and a prophecy of its usefulness.

Andrew Jackson! What a flood of glorious history rises on the name! A generation ago, and more, the old democratic hero passed behind the curtain of death. But only in the flesh to die. The mortal change was his apotheosis to the celestial company of the gods of our political religion.

Well worthy of his immortality was that heroic life! Riven by passion and scarred by the strokes of strife, yet, it stands a colossal figure among the heroes and statesmen of mankind, pre-eminent for single-hearted honesty of purpose and exalted bravery to do and bear. The ivy of affection and the laurel of renown, rich with the growth of years, now hide with their beauty the scars and seams of human weakness in that splendid tower of God's architecture in man. The features of its majesty and strength alone are left open to view. Turn we our gaze on them, behold the beacon which blazes from its lofty head, and fitly celebrate his day by invok-

ing the inspiration of that character to rule again our political world.

This country ever loved, and, as it shall be ever free, ever must love, in its true ideal, the Jackson democracy. False leadership and the turbulence of war distracted its counsels, obscured its distinctiveness, and scattered its followers among various parties. The painful political scenes of our day cry aloud for their patriotic reunion and the restoration of its power.

It was not great intellect that made Andrew Jackson a great leader of men. It was his towering character. He had great intellect; and for war, genius. But high above all, as mountain peaks ascend above the lower-lying hills, rose the lofty eminences of his stupendous character. Its paramount features were indomitable will and daring, but intelligent courage. No page of history tells of one who, before him, survived seventy-eight years and so continually performed such, and so many, actions of desperate audacity.

From early boyhood to whitened age he was beset by perils and involved in strife, sometimes crippled by wounds, and often broken by disease. Others would have yielded; or not yielding, would have died. But not he! Through every year of life, in every danger, in difficulties unmeasured, the flame of that matchless soul burned undimmed, his courage never flinched nor his iron will surrendered. His personal hardihood was not more remarkable than his moral courage. The two went hand in hand. He as boldly met the judgment of men and angels as

the efforts of an enemy. For he was founded on absolute honesty of thought. Not always right, he always thought he was right. His acts were sometimes wrong; his purposes in them, to his mind, never. It guided him in quarrel with his enemies, it ennobled his intercourse with friends. It governed his individual transactions, and rose to exaltation when he dealt for his country and fellowmen. There his example voiced the teaching: The man is a felon who in politics cheats the people, and he a traitor who betrays public trust.

And this our day and generation—which has seen a secret plotter, because his corrupt arts turned awry a state's election on which a presidential contest pivoted, wined and feasted as a political hero—which witnesses even now at the capital of its greatest state the consummation of a shameful compact for the barter of public offices of trust, while yet we have not ceased to shudder from the horror of a president's assassination in time of peace because of the passionate intrigue of faction—may we not turn an anxious eye to the lesson of honest conviction and integrity of purpose taught by Jackson's open war. Better far to the country were all his upright errors, than a single drop of the subtle poison of the blood inoculated by the chicane and fraud which have been too long the instruments of power in the republic. These were the qualities which made the leadership of Jackson great and successful. These magnetized and unified the Jackson democracy of fifty years ago. These were their principles of action. First, to see the right blazing

with the authority of the burning bush to Moses; then fight for it, recking no peril.

Above all things, and first of all, the Jackson democrat, as Jackson did, loves his country with a love which knows no higher duty but to God. He loves this complex frame of government which, when young, kings derided, and the world can not comprehend,—this mystic child of liberty, heaven conceived, of one in many and many in one; this fast-bound union of independent states; this system of the stars, resting on the equipoise of contending forces, safe as law and free as space. He loves it without reasoning and with reason; not alone because it shelters his wife and babes and household gods, protects his labor and opens unlimited possibilities to his manhood, but because it satisfies the natural longings of his soul, because our fathers won it as the price of blood, because it is the ark of their covenant and holds in security the fruit and hope of liberty. He loves it because it stands up in the way of the tyrants of earth, inviting the oppressed to safety, and teaching the examples of freedom to men. The springing manhood of his youth rejoices in this idol, superior to the love of woman, and the experience in his age sinks the roots of his affection in wisdom and philanthropy.

Such was Jackson's patriotism, intense as his character, passionate and true. It was a nursling of the bloody Tarleton's Washau massacre, printed on his boyish head by a British butcher's sword-stroke, nourished in captivity while yet but fourteen. It sank deeper in his heart as he helped to

raise the frame of a state in the wilds of primitive Tennessee, and fought the savage in the southern glades and forests. And how full of glory to his country were its ripened fruits! Recall the scenes of the second war with Great Britain! With all our victories on land and sea, disaster and humiliation had befallen us by land. Our soil had been invaded, our capital captured and ravaged by fire. Our wide seacoast, so promising to commerce, seemed helpless of defense. And when England gathered at Jamaica her vast Armada, boastfully threatening to seize our great river, rob us of our new-bought territory, and push her ships and arms in triumph northward till her cordon of empire bound us from Canada to the Gulf, who compared her mighty preparation with our feeble forces, without some fear? Who but Andrew Jackson? With the daring patriotism of Leonidas, intelligently skillful as it was desperate, he flung by night his little band upon the enemy, instantly he had landed on the Louisiana shore; then gaining delay to raise a hasty breastwork, with bloody slaughter of her trained and veteran army, he gave to England, more by valor than by arms, her most ignominious defeat, and, changing our humiliation to joy, finished the war in glory by the splendid victory of New Orleans.

Not alone by a savage or a foreign enemy was that love of country tried. When his hair was white with the toils and wars of more than three-score years, when care, disease, and grief had long pressed hard upon his soul from the very people he had fought and labored for, from his own southern

clime a deadly blow was leveled at this country. The treason of secession raised its horrid front to defy the constitution and tear our union asunder. Though many trembled, the old president was unshaken. With the fierce alacrity of youth he met it before it came forward, and raising that fitting cry of a republic's chief magistrate, "By the God of heaven I will uphold the law!" he struck the treason down. He knew but one dealing with the country's enemy, whether he came in ships across the sea, or traitorously at home struck at the sacred bond of union,—to fight him on the instant and fight him to the death.

And this is the devotion everywhere of the true Jackson democrat. This led him to the fore-ranks of war, when a second time secession aimed its mortal stroke upon our nation's bond; when, alas! no Jackson stood in front. Forgotten all divisions, loosed all other ties, this devotion bound the Jackson democrat to all true comrades in arms. Let the warriors who fought with tongues and offices at home raise their chatter in vain! It was not they. This fellowship of the brave in patriotic duty then saved the republic to men, and shall be its safe foundation forever.

Fellow-democrats, these were the ruling guides of the illustrious man whose name and inspiration you invoke to-night. But volumes only can tell the many deeds and services by which he exemplified them in action. I may not pause to touch them with even bare allusion. Yet I would bid you mark his dealing with another peculiar danger to popular in-

stitutions—the clutch of a great corporation on the government. Like other combinations of capital, the bank of the United States had its field and day of usefulness. In its useful work it was entitled to credit and protection, and both it received. But with strength it grew ambitious and strained for unjust power. It stretched out its arm and took the Congress in its grasp. It defied the executive, and a weaker one would have bent to its will. But Jackson smote it, like Hercules the dragon, and it fell! And with it fell to us the warning: Keep corporations in their places. Hands off the government of the free!

And still more pertinent to the day is it to recall his entrance on the field of national politics. Then, as now, a vicious party system bound the people and their free choice. Spurning the power of the caucus he burst its bands of false cohesion as a mass of cobweb, and won the people overwhelmingly by direct, open war. Let us emulate the pregnant example. Down with mere intrigues for office! Democracy wants no hireling soldiery who war for sack and spoil. Up with our clear-cut principles which mark the manhood of a freeman, and recruit our hosts from them who will fight for the right because it is right, for love of country and fellow men.

There is work enough to do were we all herculean. The Augean stables must be cleaned of long accumulated corruption, our public trusts set utterly above the reach of political beasts of prey, our trade made free of taxes which rob the general people, our

commerce to ride the waves of every sea beneath our country's flag.

Fill up, then, gentlemen, a brimming cup to the glorious memory of Andrew Jackson! With joy all good men may drink it, through the reunited nation. In southern homes his fame must have peculiar honor. For he was theirs from whom we claim this heritage of glory. And so was the majestic Washington. So was Jefferson, and a long line of sacred memory. Well may they jump the sins of a later generation, to sink into oblivion, and seize again on the traditions of the fathers as theirs and ours together. Drink to the glories of the past, the hopes of coming time. And while this government bears the ark of liberty down the ages, green grow the laurels on the hero's grave and sweetly rest his sleep. Abide with us forever the alert and fearless courage, the open, simple honesty, and pure patriotic love of Old Hickory!

ADDRESS OF NOTIFICATION TO GROVER CLEVELAND

1884

ADDRESS OF NOTIFICATION TO GROVER CLEVELAND

ALBANY, NEW YORK, JULY 28, 1884

ON THE OCCASION OF HIS NOMINATION BY THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

Grover Cleveland, Governor of the State of New York:

These gentlemen, my associates here present, whose voice I am honored with authority to utter, are a committee appointed by the national Democratic convention which recently assembled in Chicago, and charged with the grateful duty of acquainting you, officially, and in that solemn and ceremonious manner which the dignity and importance of the communication demand, with the interesting result of its deliberations, already known to you through the ordinary channels of news.

Sir, that august body, convened by direct delegation from the Democratic people of the several states and territories of the republic, and deliberating under the witness of the greatest assembly of freemen ever gathered for such a conference, in forethought of the election which the constitution imposes upon them to make during the current year, have nominated you to the people of these United States to be their president for the next ensuing term of that great office, and, with grave consideration of its exalted responsibilities, have confidently invoked their

suffrages to invest you with its functions. Through this committee, the convention's high requirement is delivered that you accept that candidacy.

This choice carries with it profound personal respect and admiration; but it has been in no manner the fruit of these sentiments. The national Democracy seek a president not in compliment for what the man is, or reward for what he has done, but in a just expectation of what he will accomplish as the true servant of a free people, fit for their lofty trust. Always of momentous consequence, they conceive the public exigency to be now of transcendant importance; that a laborious reform in administration, as well as legislation, is imperatively necessary to the prosperity and honor of the republic, and a competent chief magistrate must be of unusual temper and power. They have observed with attention your execution of the public trust you have held, especially of that with which you are now so honorably invested. They place their reliance for the usefulness of the services they expect to exact for the benefit of the nation, upon the evidence derived from the services you have performed for the State of New York. They invite the electors to such proofs of character and competence, to justify their confidence that in the nation, as heretofore in the state, the public business will be administered with commensurate intelligence and ability, with single-hearted honesty and fidelity, and with a resolute and daring fearlessness which no faction, no combination, no power of wealth, no mistaken clamor can dismay or qualify. In the spirit of the wisdom, and invoking

the benediction of the Divine Teacher of men, we challenge from the sovereignty of this nation His words, in commendation and ratification of our choice: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." In further fulfilment of our duty, the secretary will now present the written communication signed by the committee.

EXTEMPORE ADDRESS ON GENERAL GRANT

1885

EXTEMPORE ADDRESS ON GENERAL GRANT

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
SEPTEMBER 9, 1885

Mr. President, Companions:

It was a prudent stipulation, expressly made between your committee and myself, that my part in this goodly array of platform ornamentation should be fulfilled by my silence, and how, at this stage of these exercises, shall I dare to break that pledge, how attempt to interest you after what we have listened to to-night upon the glorious theme which has engaged the speakers. Our hearts throb with emotion, stirred by the eloquent speeches which have proceeded from our soldier president and our chosen orator, and the noble tide of thought and feeling runs tumultuous through the brain and heart. He would be a daring man who should essay extemporaneously to give further expression to the tender and glorious sentiments that stir your breasts with all these circumstances, and he, vain-glorious and rash, who should attempt hastily to view and measure the magnificent proportions of that hero who has been our theme, and whose heroic course was not finished until that morn of July, on Mount McGregor. Yet I will venture, since I am here, to touch

one feature, the like of which the past of all human history has never exhibited—the shining mark of his highest glory which, heaven be praised! his eyes were permitted in clear vision to see: I mean the love he won from the people whom he conquered; won by his magnanimity of soul; won by the resulting value to them of his war against them; I mean the enemies of his mighty strife who stood as tearful friends at his dying bed. No contending armies ever fought before to so desperate a conclusion. No conqueror ever wrought to such utter victory. But his war was waged for no conquest, for no personal ambition. He fought in enlightened love of fellowmen for the salvation of the dearest principles of universal human liberty, and his success shed blessings on the vanquished and victorious alike. He lived to receive the perfect reward of perfected work, the grateful homage of a reunited nation indissolubly bound by common interests now universally recognized, still further knit by general national love now universally felt. What a marvelous vicissitude! What warrior ever wrote his adversary before two such messages as he to Buckner. Once he woke the reverberations of a gloomy sky when he sent that stern demand to his foe which first gave promise to our cause—"No terms but unconditional surrender." To that foe, become his friend, and rendering tearful duty at his bedside, he wrote again: "I have witnessed since my sickness just what I have wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections." And who bore his pall and mingled tears upon his urn? The greatest surviving

comrades of his war, the greatest surviving enemies of his war. Who are now his mourners? The survivors of the armies which he led and the armies which he fought, and all the people from whom those armies sprung, and a double generation of their parentage. Think how the great warriors of earth have wrought before! How noble captives and ruined nations have made their triumphal marches grand! How concourses of enslaved men have chased their harried souls in the flight of death! And then how sweetly, borne to heaven's embrace, Grant's mighty soul rose on the heartfelt prayers of a grateful people, rejoicing in the liberty and mutual love he fought and struggled for! No! weave no chaplet of mere laurel for his marble, but twine there the woodbine, the honeysuckle, and the rose, to tell the world that the affection of his countryman, rising like incense from all happy American homes, is the guerdon of his character and deeds, the ending laurel of his renowned name.

And I cannot forbear, Mr. President, to speak the fervent gratitude I feel,—yours as well, I know, companions—that we are spared to assemble with our old commander here; not with adulation to speak our love, but with him to witness the fruition of our strife, the full fruition, as Grant himself declared it in that letter which I quoted, to say with him, as he wrote: "We may now look forward to perpetual peace at home and to a national strength which shall secure us against any foreign complication." And in the happiness of this vast people, careering forward with multiplying millions rejoic-

ing in the civilized comforts and enlightened gratification for body, brain, and soul, such as were never so widely diffused before, securely placed on institutions resting upon common interests and general harmony, the fruit of war is ripe amid the sunshine of peace. And when we turn our thoughts backward to the noble men whose life-blood poured from many a gaping wound or ebbed away in slow disease, we may feel assured their sacrifices were acceptable to heaven, that their glory in that other world is secure, for Christ is not going to be too hard on the men who died for men.

I will not attempt to occupy your time longer. It is no occasion for me to endeavor to indulge in anything that will please, especially in anything that will furnish entertainment or amusement. My heart is full of this great subject, upon which I love to dwell.

DECORATION DAY ADDRESS

1886

DECORATION DAY ADDRESS

AT THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC, MAY 30, 1886

A quarter of a century has sunk into the grave of time since the dread alarum of civil war rang through our land. A new era has begun; a new generation is upon the stage of life. You see now everywhere, in your daily walks, active men, whose hands are on the levers of affairs, who carry no useful memory of the events of those direful years. It is a duty and a privilege of two-fold value to recount and emphasize the features of the patriotism, purposes, and grand results by which our union soldiers gained their title to the veneration of their countrymen and the world; first to them, in the keeping of their rightful glory bright and pure; and then to living men and to our children by emulous quickening and better understanding of the love and duty due our country.

It is not from their soldiership alone that the sheen of their renown is so bright,—their labors, privations, and dreadful sufferings; their valorous courage and gallant deeds in arms,—for these were not distinctive in their ennoblement. These they shared with their adversaries, whose soldiership, approved on many a hard-fought and bloody field, worthily compete for its equal place on the page of military fame. Beyond the soldier's qualities,

though unsurpassed in them, the men who wrought by arms the salvation of this government raise noble claim to gratitude and remembrance in the unselfish, chivalric spirit of their sacrifice for the liberty and progress of man, and in the vast, far-reaching benefits bestowed by them on their countrymen. Their meed of praise rests on their acceptance of conditions never before imposed in human affairs. In the calm of history, now that the clouds of contemporaneous turmoil have disappeared, we may distinguish, in clear view, "the height of the great argument" to which their souls responded. It is easy to give reasons which demand patriotic devotion in sacred duty from every citizen; another thing to so answer the call that the noble passion mounts to the cool heights of self-sacrifice. Patriotism and piety are kindred elements and obligations of manhood, both the soul's homage to the great giver of happiness. Life, and all the bounteous provisions of nature for its joys, man takes from heaven; from his country, the peace and care of law in which to possess them. All states are but aggregated men; peculiarly the republic sums in its character only the qualities of its people, and its wisdom and power rise no higher than their source in the best and truest of her freemen. Their patriotism is the barometer of her vitality. Yet in peace, even, how many deny or neglect the obligations of their citizenship; and when, in war, the country cries for help, hard, hard indeed, comes to the true and peaceful citizen the summons to arms.

What though his heart be stout and his eye flinch

not in danger's front! Is life not dear to the noble-spirited? Is home sweet but to the base? Are privations and toil and disease, absence from them you love, the steady round of daily hardship, and the frequent look in the face of death—though in the path of duty not shunned by the brave—yet objects of desire? It was a hard and strange problem that fell upon this people twenty-five years ago. War, that has everywhere desolated the earth, was beyond conception of Americans as a possibility between the sweet sister states, in this, our land of free and heaven-given institutions. Elsewhere, history told us how kings and potentates had marched to conquest, striving to lay the world beneath their sceptres; how bad men's ambition oft had overturned the state, and a thousand pretexts opened human arteries and filled hasty graves. But in this dear land these horrid inflammations were impossible; desperate threatenings were esteemed unmeaning bluster, and nothing to be weighed as perilous against an American's patriotism. There was a rough and sudden wakening. While patriotism trusted, here, too, ambition had plotted its advantage, regardless of human suffering; here passion raged, obscuring reason's light; here fraudulent, pernicious theories had blinded true men and disguised the aspect of revolt, until it seemed the duty of allegiance, and while incredulous fidelity gazed inert, secession became a fact and menaced the Union with dismemberment. What, then, was their duty who faithfully acknowledged the allegiance that was the debt of all, to the union of these states? All the experi-

ence of men never held such a question before. Liberty had been oft the inspiration of war, but always liberty for them who fought for it, either to acquire or defend its blessing for themselves. But in the name and for the cause of liberty, why, to what end should the men of the faithful states, themselves free and in their freedom unchallenged and secure, carry elsewhere their lives and treasure in the dreadful waste of war? Stay, for a brief space, to contemplate the practical question—the business aspects of it, so to say, to calculating minds; for, through the effect of selfishness in the men whose natures they misconceived, the plotters of secession reckoned on an easy seizure of the separate dominion they coveted. Well might the calculating wisdom of the world, reckoning the palpable self-interests of the living generation, predict the supine sufferance of separation. Set debit and credit in their different columns, and how did every mercenary argument, touching living men, swell the balance against the Union? On what might rise the hope that patriotism could be so lofty, courage so daring, fortitude so long-enduring, men so self-sacrificing, that they would so waste their substance and slay themselves, in a far-strained forecast of loving care for generations yet unborn, embracing in the generous grasp the humanity of their enemy as their own? It was a noble study, a surpassing spectacle, the demeanor of this great people, long accustomed to quiet freedom, confronted with such a fateful war. The overwhelming magnitude of the interest, involving every man in person, engaged and concentrated the intensest

attention, thought, and passion; and public opinion, usually slow to form and show expression, became quick of decision and impatiently incisive in declaration. But partially roused and still sluggish with lingering confidence at the first call to arms, the initial disaster effected what mere threatening failed to produce. Then, in colossal form and feature, majestically rising in clear lines, the spirit of the freemen of the republic came out to view, towering in the northern sky, like an apparition from above. Upon its aspect amazement has given way to understanding, sorrow and pain were overlaid by the flush of noble rage, and every lineament, kindling with inward fire, told of stern and unrelenting resolution, while the rising murmur of united voices broke into shrill and clear response to the grand challenge of their patriotism and courage. "By God's providence our fathers delivered this land from bonds, and dedicated it to be the homestead of liberty forever. They left it to us a blessed legacy and a sacred charge. To divide is to destroy it. Kings and their courtiers already smile at our threatened catastrophe, while fear casts gloom and horror on them who love their fellow men. Away with every base appeal to ease, to interest or to safety! The union of these states shall not fail; not a state shall be lost to the great family of the constitution; not a star shall fall from the azure field of the flag of our country. We seek no conquest, we will invade no right. But recking no cost, no sacrifice, no peril, wherever treason and rebellion raise their heads against this government, there we will strike

them down, till the last foe bends his knee in duty and allegiance." This was the plain and simple issue tendered to the arbitrament of arms; this the call to battle to which the Union soldier answered. He went on this awful errand to shed blood in the cause of humanity, by war to maintain the dominion of brotherly love among men. The south was surrounded and invested as though a vast fortress, with Richmond for its citadel, and the other lines of war the outlying circumvallation. By sea the navy stretched its coil of blockade along three thousand miles of stormy coast; and, though received with scoffs, before the end its iron grasp shut every throat of nourishment on the rebellious shore. On the land side the cordon of armies extending from the eastern front, enveloped with fiery folds all the convulsive, struggling mass of embattled enemies. Locked in almost constantly deadly conflict, contending armies swayed between the capitals to and fro, in equal indecisive struggle; while, with mighty stroke, the western forces cut off great segments of the southern territory from co-operation, and the constricting bands of the nation's power drew closer and tighter their fierce embrace. Once and again desperate sallies by the beleaguered forces were essayed, but encountered and repelled with bloody lesson; while, in hot rapidity, titanic blows of battle broke their narrowing lines of defense. At last, after weary, fearful years, surcharged with battle, toil, privation, disease, and death, came the grand catastrophe, and the war-worn boys in blue beheld the last armed enemy a captive, and their tremendous labor done. How

wonderful had been their work; how absolute the accomplishment of the purpose of their arms! What mighty deeds had their four years wrought! Not an unfaithful state remained unswept by the besom of their war; not a rebel force unsmitten by their fire. Where in the annals of war can the like be found? Where such a contest—so gigantic in all its proportions, so nearly matched in the outset, so charged with multiplied battles, so obstinately and fiercely fought, so soon and so effectively determined! And so were recompensed our brethren in arms. In veneration of the fathers they mustered in the name of union, content but to save what the Revolution had planted; and lo! the angel of liberty, in shining presence, led their battle on beyond the fathers' aims, to finish the work they left undone and win a brighter crown. They blotted from the constitution the covert meaning of that abhorrent word the voice of freedom refused to utter there; they scourged from her temple the mongering of mothers and babes. 'Twas they who gave you honest right, ere the constitution has aged a century, without self-reproach to raise, at the gate where the nations enter our habitation, the lofty figure which boldly proclaims for the spirit of our liberty, leadership in the enlightenment of mankind. I have spoken of these facts in the nation's history as peculiar titles of honor to the soldiers of the Union. But, comrades, it would be false and vainglorious to arrogate as theirs alone any feature of these honors. They are the property of the nation. Patriotism, high purpose, and great sacrifices in the time of war were shared by all,

however varying in degree. And for more than twenty years the outcome of results has been incumbent wholly on the patriotism and conduct of Americans as citizens and not as soldiers. Not those of the faithful states alone, let it be justly remembered, but of the south as well. Vanquished as well as victors had to bend passion's knee to duty; and to accept, not less than to bestow, forgiveness and magnanimity requires the generous mind. The trial of temper, wisdom, and character has been unexampled, but the issue has been triumphant, and the great purposes of the war have been secured by magnanimity on the one hand and honor on the other, blended in restored common national love and pride. The paramount remaining duty is fraternity and mutual human love. The best and bravest of the soldiers of the Union, and the best and bravest of the soldiers of the South, long since joined their friendly hands, honoring each other's valor, proud of their common nationality, banishing remembrance of error, uniting their spirit and pride to the traditions of the nation, and pledging themselves to its future power and glory. They who have justified their manhood by the ordeal of battle are brave enough to trust and worthy to be trusted. In brigades and divisions they have marched off the field in this world's strife, and passed across the dark valley to the mysterious land of death. In that unknown world, if hopes and faith for the life beyond have value, the nobility of their manhood here is assurance of their condition there, and in joyous happy union they possess the realms of bliss. Shall their children left behind pursue their

earthly quarrel, or accept the richer legacy of their reconciliation? The past can not be altered; the future, under God, is in our hands. The hope of that future is in union of fellowship, cemented by interest, by patriotism, and by pride. Reproaches for deeds beyond redemption, for conditions gone forever; sighs for hopes once entertained, but long turned to ashes, may be worse than folly—they may become a crime. Whoever gives his voice or his example to light or fan a flame of sectional discord among this fraternal people, aims at the nation's peace and life. He has spoken treason, though not dared to act it, who from the one side flings vain taunts and scoffs, the lingering demons of the past, or on the other sentimentally prates of the resurrection of that moldering mummy, "the lost cause." Let him who can, pitch his prophetic vision through the coming years over the prosperity, the grandeur of this land teeming with multiplied millions of freemen, rich in resources, enlightened by well-diffused knowledge, and happy in developed life, and, as he contemplates the safely-moving train of human happiness, weigh the iniquity that would cast an obstruction on its track. Rash with enthusiasm and inexperience, we sent out our earliest body of troops as if victories in war required only a feverish desire. They soon returned in panic, and the land quivered with tremor of humiliation and fear. McClellan took the mob, and an army came into being, never surpassed in all the ages of war. That splendid corps was his, the Army of the Potomac. From the beginning to the end it coped in constant struggle with

the best trained and best led enemy. In chequered fortune it bore the direct shocks and blows of war, but none could break its spirit or its form. Relentless in its iron purpose, at last it gained the triumph of the age, and took the sword of Lee. Never more magnificent than when he led it, through all its renowned career it remained McClellan's army and loved him as its father to the end. And though cruel fate denied him but to look upon the glittering capital promised to its prowess, the glory of his army that won it will forever irradiate his name. And Hancock's name was also called by that dread constable who summons to the grave. The superb Hancock! The beau ideal of manhood's splendor! Fancy's figure of the fighting general! Bred in all the learning of the martial art, practiced in its exercises, in stature, port, and speech, the soldier and the gentleman in lustrous perfection. His brilliant star shines in the galaxy of the heroes of the battlefield, whom, from both sides, history has chosen for the firmament of military fame. In that great combat on which, more than any single one besides, the nation's safety hung, the supreme moment of decision was committed to his conduct. His command sustained the desperate assault which Pickett led, staking the battle on the issue, and with bloody penalty drove him back and won the momentous day. And there, stricken with a grievous wound, his own blood poured upon the earth. But it fell upon the roots of his renown, and among the laurels of the field of Gettysburg, Hancock's springs immortal. Upon the rocky side of your majestic Hudson an-

other sepulchre has been builded, an urn of mortality inclosed within it. And thither, through coming ages far beyond the stretch of human ken to tell, the patriots of ours and the great souled of every land, in unceasing pilgrimage will hold their way to feel the touch of glory there. For, in that shrine of immortality are stored the ashes of the invincible instrument of God, whose genius ruled the whirlwind of war to the salvation of the republic. There, parted from the sight of his lamenting countrymen, lies the perishable form of the unconquered Grant. Oh, noble dead! Your sacrifice was not in vain! Safely rests the land you saved on the patriotic breasts of your countrymen. "With malice toward none, with charity for all," they shall fraternally pursue their grand career; and in their hearts your hallowed memory shall be your country's treasure and stay forever.

ADDRESS ON THE PRESENTATION OF THE STATUE OF PERE MARQUETTE

1897

ADDRESS ON THE PRESENTATION OF THE STATUE OF PERE MARQUETTE

PRESENTED TO CONGRESS BY THE STATE OF WISCONSIN, IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, APRIL 29, 1897

Mr. President, when this lusty nation, outgrowing the habitations of its youth, built new council chambers for its legislators, it was a happy thought that consecrated to the noble art of sculpture the old Hall of the House of Representatives, where patriotism will hear the echoes ring forever of glorious words there spoken for liberty and justice among men. Nor less felicitous was the plan which proposed to the sovereign associates in Federal Union the work of its embellishment as authors and sharers, in fraternal equality, of the national prizes of honor and fame to be there illustrated and preserved. So, naturally enough, came up the suggestion that was directed by Congress to go with the invitation which the President was empowered to give, desiring the states to select for this noble commemoration from among them who in life on earth had been their citizens "illustrious for historic renown or for distinguished civic or military services." It was the offspring, too, of a time when the country throbbed with patriotic fervor, and all hearts and minds were fixed on the mighty conflict then raging, the year 1864, when the world witnessed the soldiers of the

Union clinched in a death grapple with the great revolt, and surely saw the last issue of war had been joined, and that with the coming triumph a glory unequaled in the annals of mankind would be won by the heroes of liberty.

This restriction of the invitation was, however, very differently applicable to the States of our Federation. The older, especially the original thirteen, had gained even then, as states, a historic past. Among their possessions "already secure" were the records of a time beyond the memory of living men; and if not yet dim or misty still we are able to see in perspective the creative and memorable deeds done in the course of their evolution, distinguishing the merit of achievement as contemporaries can never see it. They may, therefore, justly lay peculiar claims to noble figures, radiant among the shades, whose story is the treasure of all Americans, and say, "These were our citizens."

But, sir, the conditions are necessarily somewhat different with the newer states like Wisconsin. For, although as part of colonial grants whose base was on the Atlantic coast, our territory shared with the earliest the boon of independence; it long lay an almost unknown land, the remote corner of the old Northwest of the republic. During many ensuing years the eager crowd of home seekers pushed out upon a course southward of the Great Lakes, unconscious of the surpassing excellence, riches, and beauty with which nature had endowed her land of choice, and so left it the prize of a later but not less fortunate generation. Thus it happens that while

Wisconsin takes date with the first in liberty and title, her entrance to the Union was preceded not only by ten states—all the states, in fact, until Virginia was divided in war—which were built upon the soil won from Great Britain but also by six erected upon later acquisitions, four of them even beyond the Mississippi. Her organization as a territory, a territory then stretching from Lake Michigan to the Missouri, is within the recollection of venerable Senators still in honored service in this Chamber. So it was that but sixteen years had passed of statehood when this invitation was received to share the honor and duty of contribution to the nation's Hall of Statuary.

To accept it, therefore, in terms unqualified, demanded the choice among contemporaries for the special commemoration; an invidious task not congenial to human nature, inevitably to be shrunken from. There was no chance for a far retrospection through the aisles of time, with its softening lights, its soothing oblivion, its justice in relative measurements, its elimination of true desert. Many were the brave and generous spirits, the strong and helpful, among our pioneers and the builders of our state, whom the respect and affection of their fellows commend to the grateful remembrance of posterity; too many most cherished to be omitted by a particularization of some. And when the war time befell, and manhood heard throughout the land the call of Liberty to arms, the answering voice of Wisconsin came not from some daring few, in advanced leadership of thought and action, but from every home and

hearthstone, through town and countryside, responding thousands poured forth to battle, knowing well their cause; near one-half of all her voting citizens bore her banner, floating beside the Stars and Stripes on every field of war in the Southern land, and her list of true heroes a Homer might worthily sing. Not yet do we dare the choice among them, all so cherished in honor and esteem.

And so it was that, from no lack of sensibility, no lethargy of appreciation, more than twenty years passed by while the national summons to participate in an undertaking so honorable remained, not unheeded, yet unanswered.

But, sir, although the sway of nature was there longer undisturbed by immigration and settlement, that goodly land made, in fact, its entrance to the page of American history at a far earlier date. Indeed, its discovery and visitation by the white man had much precedency in time over many of our sister states of prior establishment in the Union. A peculiar charm attaches to the story of those early days. It is augmented by the very length of the intervening period before the settlements of civilization came, during which the activity of development elsewhere increased the seeming quiet there. This has cast back into even deeper shade its historic dawn, and thrown upon the simple facts something like the twilight hues of an ancient story. But fourteen years after the Mayflower sowed her precious seed on "the wild New England shore," Jean Nicollet paddled his canoe through the rich natural rice fields of the Fox in the centre of our present borders.

Before any footstep but of red men had been imprinted on the western slopes of the Alleghanies, "the good tidings of great joy" sent down through the ages by a crucified Savior were delivered to His barbaric children of the forests in the far interior Wisconsin land.

It was Nature's way of shaping the continent which thus lured the explorer to its very heart so soon after settlement was begun upon its borders. Once upon the magnificent waters of those great interior seas, the like of which the earth does not elsewhere show, a fascination irresistible pressed on to their fountain head. Side by side, often even hand in hand, cupidity and benevolence, with daring hardihood, urged the quest; and the trader's greedy courage found more than a match in the unfaltering hearts who challenged the horrors of the wilderness, bent on no selfish aim, but wholly to rescue the imperiled souls within its deep recesses. It so came to pass that without intermediate establishments of any sort, without even journey posts or resting stations, or a white man's abode along the entire route, Christianity had her missions domiciled in Wisconsin, on Lake Superior and Green Bay, while the advanced frontier of European movement, the nearest settlement or residence to the east, was a thousand miles away at Montreal.

The heavy forest stood, in primeval majesty, stretching to the prairies of the Mississippi from the mountains of the east, and not one of the coming race had ventured once within its awful solitudes. Through the vast woods westward from the Hudson

and the Delaware roamed the merciless Iroquois in terrible dominion, the scourge and destroyer of the savage race, the Tartars of the wilderness, whose butcheries multiplied and deepened its solitudes and filled them with perils and horrors.

And there, sir, in the deep interior of the continent, on whose wild primeval surface no light of civilization cast a ray save the flickerings here and there begun to show along the ocean margin, there in that vast isolation, that "profundity obscure," the lamp of Christianity was kindled by the spark brought from Calvary, and its gleams burst forth above the forest gloom, a solitary beacon, presaging and beckoning to the oncoming column of humanity soon to march thitherward in trimphant splendor. And there, sir, slender and feeble as was that early flame, and though amid sometimes distressing vicissitudes and perils, there has it ever burned unquenched. There, in the first faint gray of morning, a Caucasian's home was builded and church and school were founded; and thus, with typical step, civilization, the civilization of highest evolution, made its advent to the continent's interior on the land of Wisconsin, and, in a sense, Wisconsin took also her beginning as one among civilization's grandest forms and agencies, a self-governed commonwealth of intelligent, God-fearing freemen.

Among the shadowy forms that move on that far-off scene, touched by the light rosy ray that tells of a splendor coming in its time, among the brave who dared the peril of that morning hour, was one, the type and exemplar of a noble class, fixed in

human honor by devotion, heroism and sacrifice, in whose soul burned also the genius of the explorer, the glorious greed of knowledge. Short and swiftly sped was his path to the altar of self-sacrifice, so often the goal of his class, but his few hard years were enough for his renown; he departed for the world beyond rewarded by the fame of history here. He was a citizen of Wisconsin only in its embryonic age; no more; but otherwise it was of such as him that Congress spake when it marked for this special honor "persons illustrious for historic renown."

Wherefore, Mr. President, the legislature of Wisconsin, unwilling that a state which yields in public spirit and intelligence to none should stand no sharer in the national gallery of honor, and conceiving the true sense of the Congressional plan to comprehend whatever achievements upon our country's soil have brilliantly wrought toward its predestined usefulness to man, proposed to Congress that Wisconsin should be permitted, at once and together, to recognize and honor the men who daringly planted there the first abode of civilization; to distinguish and illustrate the noblest character in the vanguard of its march—the missionary of Christ; and to celebrate also a famous triumph of geographic exploration from within her borders, by raising here the marble effigy of that gentle, devoted, high-souled, fearless priest and teacher, James Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi.

Well knowing, of course, that the original invitation was, for the reason given, not literally a full authority therefor, the consent of Congress was ex-

plicitly sought. Twice the legislature of the state declared itself; by its act of 1887, and again, when its Senators, or one of them, hesitated in doubt of its true desire, by its joint resolution of 1893, "urgently requesting" those Senators to secure that assent of the government. And Congress twice responded with the desired permission. At first, the concurrence of the Senate in a joint resolution of the House of Representatives was given on the last day of the Fifty-second Congress, too late for executive consideration among the mass of crowding measures.

The next session, first of the Fifty-third Congress, supplied the failure, and by joint resolution approved on the 14th of October, 1893, the State of Wisconsin was "authorized and granted the privilege of placing in Statuary Hall at the Capitol the statue of Père Marquette, the faithful missionary, whose work among the Indians and explorations within the borders of said state in early days are recognized all over the civilized world."

In these terms the Congress testified, Mr. President, its intelligence and appreciation of the moving considerations which justly award to this missionary and explorer a commemoration among the historic characters of America. The choice of Wisconsin was ratified, and the free interpretation which carried back the theory of citizenship to the early movers on her soil found approval.

The privilege bestowed has been exercised as it should have been. By universal testimony a work of art unexcelled has been erected in our Hall. The

representatives of the state feel no other need than to say, "Go, view the artist's work, gaze upon the noble figure discerned by genius in the Italian stone. There you shall find the ideal we would commemorate; a noble man, with a soul lifted up to God, a mind inflexibly bent to duty, a heart swelling with tenderness toward his fellow-creatures, so surely treading the pathway lighted to him by education and conscience that suffering, privation, danger, death, could cause no shadow of turning in it; yet still the gentle, enthusiastic, generous man, beloved among his fellows—the man to dare without flinching, to do without boasting, the deeds that heroes do, when heaven calls."

Perhaps so I might leave it, confident in the award of credit so justly due the good state I love for its worthy gift, and conscious that the eloquent remarks of my colleague and other Senators have left no addition needful by me.

But yet, sir, I would wish to contribute something, if I could, to distinguish with clarity the figure and career of Marquette from confusion with intermingling persons and events in the background of history, and give a plainer view of what he was and what he did by drawing to the eye the circumstances in which he stood and acted.

For the the discovery of the Mississippi in 1673 the Muse of History has recorded his name to stand forever on her unfading scroll.

Yet there be some, perhaps many, who see in that achievement little more than a summer ride in a bark canoe adown the beautiful Wisconsin River, as

if it were in the sunlight and sweet airs, the peace and security, which the student tourist of our day oft delights in as he traces again the famous water path of exploration. It is an indolent, thoughtless view. Far different has been—ever must be—the just measure of its character and merit. A strong, vivid imagination, capable of reproducing the facts collated from memorials of the time, a penetrating sympathy with beliefs and modes of thought then entertained, must gain sway in any mind which will realize the conditions then and there environing and characterizing human effort.

It was the fruit of no sudden inspiration, fortuitously conceived and hastily executed. Already so far sunk in the immensity of forest wilds, with horrors on its trail and terrors in front, exploration had for a period halted on the shores of Superior and Michigan, or moved but little in adjacent territory. Eight years had passed since the first white man's house was built on the Bay of Chequamegon to give a home to the mission of the Holy Ghost, and all that undertaking a panic of terror had ruined, driving thence backward to the Straits of Mackinac the converts who had found a refuge there. For in the unknown western country dwelt the Sioux, monsters of bloody deeds, the constant fear of all natives within reach of their excursions. Marquette, then beginning the labors to which he had consecrated his life, had wrought there with the tribes whose summer wanderings, like those of modern tourists, carried them to the great Northern Sea. Among them the Illinois, who told him stories of the great river,

long before then a misty rumor, a far-off unreality. It fired his imagination and stirred his heart with hope that craving souls in other lands might hear the Gospel's tidings from his lips. He reported to his superiors, opened the plan, and waited obediently. It required years before the answering orders followed. Then came Joliet, with five other Frenchmen. Seven men, no more, were thus to hazard the unknown regions, of which no native spake but in notes of warning. They heard on every hand foreboding tales of terror, of mysterious and dreadful dangers. Monsters would be found in the waters, the fiercest savages upon the lands.

It was an age of credulity, and the stoutest hearts quailed often before chimeras of the fancy springing from the dread unknown. Now every friendly tribe, with common voice, at the Green Bay, along the Fox, and at the village of the Mascoutins and Miamis, where they bid adieu to the last frontier of the known, to the last friendly face, all picture only coming peril, with supplication to change their purpose. Yet on they pushed their way; timorously at times we may well imagine; with straining eye, as their frail canoes swept the bending curves of the Wisconsin; with hearts that sometimes throbbed, but unfalteringly, resolute of purpose. At length, a full month gone since they started from the Green Bay—the traveler now needs hardly a day—and there it rolled before them, the Father of Waters; there, as for untold ages all unknown, the majestic servant of nature's mighty plan! They had found it! For nearly forty years the voyageurs had passed

the tale, the mystery of Indian report, of the great water in the West; now they saw it with their eyes in veritable majesty!

Mr. President, perhaps no man without experience can bring to himself by any effort a full sympathy with the emotion which such an achievement must stir in the explorer's mind. The long dream of meditation, the ripening purpose, the fixed plan, the execution begun, the hard labors done, the menacing perils met, all at last compressed to perfect fruition in a single moment! Who can measure it by any gauge but experience, yet who but must feel it worth a life to win? The judgment of the world has given accordant honor, and brightly shines the name of the discoverer on the temple wall of Fame.

Sir, no balance can invidiously weigh in competition the variant elements of merit in the many who have lifted the veil of mystery over hidden lands. One star differeth from another star in glory. There can forever be but one Columbus; never another Magellan. But the pages will never want for readers on which are written the stories of the discovery of the Mississippi and of the sources of the Nile, nor fade the names of Livingstone and Marquette.

Yet this was not discovery complete. They knew well their duty, and, though plunging afresh into the depths of prophesied perils, on they fared, out upon its wide waters, fearlessly bent to know the bounds and course set to the mighty flood in the plan of the continent, to carry back to civilized men a broadened field of knowledge, a new map, re-forming the old terra incognita. A full month longer, oft in

dangers great and real, they sturdily and bravely held their purpose down its turgid current, among strange lands and tribes, and marked its assured flowage to the Gulf of Mexico. Then, their mission fulfilled, to return with its fruits no longer jeoparded was the ensuing duty, second only in importance.

It should perhaps be noticed, sir, that in point of fact, as men now know, more than a century before the Mississippi had twice been seen by European eyes. Coasting on the Gulf in 1519, De Pineda turned through its mouth and sailed up this river, no one knows how far. Wandering over the continent in 1542, De Soto crossed it, near the Yazoo's mouth, ascended for a distance its western bank, died, and was buried in it. Neither event gave the river to the world. Where it was, what it was, whence it came, what the countries of its drainage—all were untold. Water only had been found, a fluvial mystery unsolved. Geography had gained nothing, nor, until Marquette had shown it, was the water known to be the Mississippi which these wanderers had seen. Only he who looks on past events without a perspective, like a Chinese drawing, confounds these transactions. Nor by one jot or tittle has it lessened the meed of honor measured to Marquette.

It is to this historic event, Mr. President, that the personal distinction of Marquette in the annals of America is to be ascribed. It was not conspicuously gained by service in his capacity of a missionary priest. Others shared with him the excellence, the labors, the sorrows of that character to a not in-

ferior degree. But Fame, like the first beams of morning, gilds the heights of singular eminence, and men worship most the victories which increase dominion. And "Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war." It was his geographical conquest, the opening to man of a country unequaled in capacity for his enjoyment, the broad and splendid region of the Mississippi's drainage, which marked him for illustration by succeeding generations. Mainly this it was that affixed his name to the handsome city on the shore of Superior, to counties in the states that adjoin that wide water, and has led to the erection of the stately figure in marble now placed in the keeping of the nation.

But there mingles also, sir, a just respect for the heroic messenger of Christianity to God's children in the wilderness which has entered into its design and will share in the commemoration to endure in this monument—may it be for ages. The statue is itself an idealization, yet it is believed so natural, so true, that every detail is but genuine exposition of personality and character. If the artist has thrown into the beauty of the face the look and lineaments which tell the far sight, the fixed hope, the unbending courage of the successful explorer, they comport and mingle with features informed by submissive piety, benevolence, and zeal to do the will of God. Sir, the early missionary to the Indian the world will never cease to reverence, as heroism and goodness must be reverenced, however differently the light may fall in after times on beliefs and methods then entertained and pursued. Among them all,

of whatever church or creed, Marquette deserves place with the foremost. Not that the effects he wrought were great, nor his experience of suffering unsurpassed. Others in that "noble army of martyrs" perhaps accomplished more and suffered more. It was the abundant power in him oft and fully manifested, the spirit that burned within, and his sad untimely loss, rather than shining achievements in his few years of labor, that give his prominence as a missionary among the mission pioneers.

Mr. President, you have heard in the appropriate and interesting remarks of our colleagues the story of his career pleasingly told. Who that listened can picture to himself the conditions which then beset the devoted wanderer in that far interior, and withhold admiration of the intrepid self-consecration that took him there on such an errand? I tried a few moments since to draw to the mind by some lines the superficial picture the continent then presented, the helplessness of these missionaries' remote isolation, their necessarily absolute surrender to the fate of the wilderness. But how can one now depict to entire realization all the meaning of peril and horror that resignation then implied to them who ventured on in the very light, as it were, of the fires which had consumed their martyred predecessors?

For bitter, indeed, had been the missionaries' experiences on the very path they traveled. Once already, in the wilds between Huron and Ontario, the soldiers of the cross had performed labors and endured privations the tale of which must ever excite

pity and admiration, and yet their catastrophe had been utter and horrible. Through sufferings and indignities that might have rather moved despair, love and faith had bred still a sustaining hope. Never was its light more awfully extinguished. Their unhappy converts first were decimated by smallpox, and then upon them fell the fiendish Iroquois. Horrible was the fate of all. Massacre, even to annihilation, swept the friendly tribes—men, mothers, babes—from the face of the earth; and death, death through torments inconceivable but to savage ingenuity, the slow exhaustion of vital force amid lingering flames while agonizing wounds lacerated the inflamed flesh, had been the portion dealt to messengers of divine love. The annals of heroic devotion have no tale more pitiful than the constancy in duty to their disgusting pupils, and for it the awful earthly recompense, of the faithful fathers, Brebeuf and Lallemant.

Such was the present example, such the impending menace—martyrdom through agony unspeakable for the missionary, butchery for his converts—that lay across the path of the young priest of 29 as he set forth upon his lonely way to La Pointe de St. Esprit, on the Bay of Chequamegon. And to what a task assigned! Not, like the voyageur or trader, to plunge licentiously into the wild Indian life, rejoicing in its freedom and adventure, reckless of results. The Christian missionary met those natives to challenge their habits of thought, to attack their traditions of life, to rebuke their morals. Yet his appeal was to a spiritual nature of which

they knew nothing, to hearken to a tale beyond their understanding, to lift them beyond the only world they knew or were capable of knowing. At first, perhaps, he might win attention by the charm of novelty, attractive always to the savage as to animal nature. That sway was but momentary; his teaching necessarily carried reproof; and, gentle as he made it, few of those coarse, fierce spirits would tolerate it. Their frequent return and sometimes habitual usage were contumely, ridicule, indignity. Disgustful alike to his education, breeding, taste, was every close contact with them, and nature could but rebel against the duty religion enjoined. Dependent on them for the means of subsistence, his privations were often severe. Yet he toiled with unfailing perseverance, inventing new devices to win their trust and fix their minds on things eternal; always to encounter backsliding and relapse, and ever to see the momentous truths he taught fall like seed upon a stony ground. Whose heart must not melt in sympathy with those words my colleague read from that letter of the wearied Marquette to his superior after the ruin of the mission at St. Esprit:

> God alone can fix these fickle minds and place and keep them in His grace and touch their hearts while we stammer in their ears.

Yet bethink you with admiration of the unflagging zeal that in so few years made him master of speech in half a dozen various native tongues, that he might better strive in that desperate work of salvation!

And who so base of spirit that would deny the guerdon of fidelity and goodness when, sick and

broken with the malady that sent him to his grave, in the face of coming winter he set off again on the long, hard journey up Lake Michigan from Green Bay, to bring the healing truth to the heathen souls among the Illinois, who loved him? The event realized the gloomy presage with which the journey was begun. That testimony of the faith he gave as a dying man. With return of spring he tried his last chance for life. Borne by his red brethren to the shore near where Chicago teems with multitudes to-day, he was launched in a bark canoe with two friends to paddle the long way to Mackinac. The attempt was vain. One day, gliding along the eastern coast, he recognized his summons and bade them land. They sheltered him with a hut of bark, and he, beseeching forgiveness for all their pains, calmly ordered the particulars of his burial. Parkman, to whom we owe so much, paints with simple eloquence the final scene:

> At night, seeing that they were fatigued, he told them to take rest, saying that he would call them when he felt his time approaching. Two or three hours after they heard a feeble voice, and hastening to his side found him at the point of death. He expired calmly, murmuring the names of Jesus and Mary, with his eyes fixed on the crucifix which one of his followers held before him. They dug a grave beside the hut, according to the directions which he had given them, then reembarking they made their way to Michillimackinac, to bear the tidings to the priests at the mission of St. Ignace.

Mr. President, let him who doubts the noble excellence of that good man's life contemplate the scene enacted on that coast in the next ensuing year! Then Nature bore her testimony unimpeachable to the wondrous impress of his goodness. A band of

Ottawas, seven years before his pupils at La Pointe de St. Esprit, repaired at the bidding solely of their hearts to that lonely grave, with tender hands, after the fashion of their fathers—

Washed and dried the bones, and placed them carefully in a box of birch bark. Then in a procession of 30 canoes they bore it, singing their funeral songs, to St. Ignace of Michillimackinac. As they approached, priests, Indians, and traders all thronged to the shore. The relics of Marquette were received with solemn ceremony, and buried beneath the floor of the little chapel of the mission.

Sir, was ever tribute more genuine paid to king or conqueror? Could proof more ample be of the power of that noble spirit who had thus sent the beams of human kindness through the hearts of those rough savages in whom he saw the children of God? The cold marble in yonder hall, midst all its glorious company, can testify no more clearly to a character fit for remembrance than that wild procession which in the genuine reverence of nature moved slowly through many days adown the waters of Lake Michigan. God'e eye was on it; His spirit ruled that scene.

Tell me not of creeds, of sects, of societies. There is a greater confraternity, the brotherhood of man, whose fellowship overrules and embraces all lesser societies and sects, all true men; and nowhere more than in this land of man's enfranchisement ought its triumphant power to break the fetters that narrow and degrade his soul. He, who could so stamp his goodness on the hearts of those fickle barbarians in whose ears he "stammered" the precepts of Christian faith, is worthy to-day and always the

remembering honor of all true American manhood; and will surely have it.

But, Mr. President, the State of Wisconsin, now a commonwealth of 2,000,000 freemen, rejoicing in prosperity and happiness on the soil he trod so long ago, in raising this stone in the nation's Hall of Statuary does not merely celebrate a name "illustrious for historic renown," a character whose excellence is worthy of perpetual remembrance. It means still more, that it shall stand there as a testimony and monument to a principle of our social order of the utmost value to mankind—the principle of religious liberty! Sir, human intelligence and reason, all the history of the world, teach no more useful and impressive lesson than is embodied in that fundamental rule which draws an absolute and impassable line between the affairs of state and the affairs of religion, and denies to the social law all right or jurisdiction to transcend it. On one side is the citizen, a component of and subject to the state, charged with its duties, obedient to the laws within its sphere. Across it is the man, the creature of Almighty God, His worshiper, His subject, amenable there to His law and no other.

In that domain man is entitled to enjoy all the liberty of nature untrammeled, unchecked, unrestrained by his fellows in the state. There he stands lighted and led by his own conscience. Thither no human law can follow him. If the potentate of human creation pursues him there he may, he must resist, or be recreant to his nature and his God. Unflinching before any menace, undaunted by any

power, true to his faith, like Luther in his greater majesty before the emperor at Worms, he must declare, "Here I stand; I can not do otherwise. God help me. Amen." Sir, this is no rule, as sometimes miscalled, of toleration. I contemn the term. I deny all it implies. It is the right, absolute, uncontrollable, of utter, perfect liberty. It is an inalienable right. The coward, the willing slave, can not divest himself of it. It goes with him in his bondage however recreant he be to nature. And, sir, this right attends and belongs to man as perfectly, also, upon the social side of the great dividing line, though with a different effect. He does not lose it; he retains it there in full perfection. His rights, his duties, his privileges as a citizen in whatever his relations to the state and society comport with and are independent of it.

Sir, he is wrongfully despoiled, his right invaded, a grievous injury done, when to any man is denied any part or share of his social rights or privileges by reason of his religious faith. If property, if place, if honor be his rightful due among his fellows, he who strikes aught away of either because of religious opinion is an enemy to law, to humanity, and all its hopes. *Hostis humani generis.*

And therefore it is, sir, that this statue of James Marquette will stand as a monument and emblem of religious liberty. The noble right to honor and remembrance among men, which the legislature of Wisconsin and the Congress of the United States have declared to be his, he is not denied. It is sacredly preserved. This statue is raised to him in

no token of his religion, in ascription of no honor to his creed, his opinions. It invites no special countenance from the adherents of any church or any creed. Regardless of all these, neither with favor nor with disfavor to any, this statue—ideal reproduction of him as in life he was—stands to the honor of the discoverer and the man, the testimonial of a people who rejoice in the brotherhood of man, who love liberty, and who guide their conduct by its precepts without a shade of fear.

Sir, no state in all this Union can more worthily, more honorably support this attitude in the presence of the nation and mankind than the State of Wisconsin. There, sir, is a composite citizenship which mingles the blood of all the civilized peoples on the earth. Around their altars gather the faithful servants of God in many and various forms, of many diverse churches, sects, and creeds. Together they abide in fraternity, in liberty, enjoying each his rights, trampling not upon his neighbor. Nowhere is order better maintained, life, person, property more secure. Nowhere does benevolence show a more generous and kindly face in public or in private care of misfortune. Nowhere is education more lavishly supplied; and yet, in strict observance of the rule of liberty, every shade of sectarian instruction—removed from the public schools—is left in unfettered freedom to the schools maintained by conscience. There, too, home and fireside are the centers of the noblest, sweetest life, the sure and safe foundation of a free, intelligent, powerful state.

Mr. President, no people more intelligently under-

stands, more devotedly maintains, the basic principle of freedom to which their testimony is thus borne. They believe that upon it rest their peace and happiness. They will defend it, if need be, at any hazard. They as freely accord it to all.

We speak for no single class; we represent no creed; we court no favor, when, sir, from and for all the body of our good people, irrespective of race or opinion, my colleague and myself thus declare the sentiment which actuates our state, and supplement the action of its worthy governor in presenting to Congress the beautiful statue of James Marquette, in commemoration of his just renown and in illustration of the light and strength of liberty among men.

TRIBUTE TO
GENERAL EDWIN E. BRYANT

1904

In the Fuller Opera House, Sunday afternoon (May 29), Senator William F. Vilas paid a beautiful and appreciative tribute to his friend of thirty years, the late General E. E. Bryant. The auditorium was filled, and the tender yet eloquent eulogy was followed with sympathetic attention most sincere. In a corner of the parquet, at the front, the national colors, folded and draped, were placed by the patriots of the Lucius Fairchild post of the Grand Army who came in a body. Deans of the various departments at the university occupied the stage, with the speaker, the university glee club, and Dr. C. R. Van Hise who presided, and boys of the law school, many score, state officials, members of the supreme and other courts, of the university faculty and of the Madison public in general composed the hundreds who testified their affection for the distinguished dead by their presence. The exercises were under the auspices of the university faculty, and were arranged by a committee comprised of Professors R. M. Bashford, W. A. Henry and Storm Bull. The glee club sang both before and after the address. Senator Vilas spoke, it was evident, from the depth of a heart deeply touched.—Madison Democrat.

TRIBUTE TO GENERAL EDWIN E. BRYANT

A COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESS, MAY 29, 1904

I address you at the invitation and on behalf of his associates of the faculty, in attempt to portray the life and commemorate the excellence of Edwin Eustace Bryant, late Dean of the College of Law in the University of Wisconsin. We would testify respect and affection for this good man lost to us; regardful of his faithful labors in education of men, of his learning, his lofty aims, his inspirational power, his noble attributes of character; with love that entwines his cherished memory like a blossoming vine, rooted in his rich amiability, and redolent with the sweetness of his soul. The tribute will be prosperous accordingly as the portrait of the man shall be true, his doings fairly told. For he needs, as we think, no ascription of virtues not undeniably his own, no adjectives of mere eulogy; no borrowed plumage or perfumed speech. He shall be lauded for no majestic greatness of intellect, no masterful stature among his fellows. But in what he truly was,—noble in spirit, zealous in labor, eager for usefulness to others, gentle and sweet in intercourse, self-sacrificing and tender, seeking always that men might be better and happier for him,—there will be found the attributes, in riches, which must worthily keep his memory green. What matters it that in

not all things he had the power some other might possess; that in not all undertakings he climbed the possible heights? Be sure his ideals fell not below the justest aims; be sure if any rose higher, it drew not envy but encouraging cheer from this honest heart, whose delight was in good things well done for men.

Our purpose is no obscuration by clouds of praise, but to limn in just and clear perspective the true image of the good soul which, casting its earthly cerements, has obeyed the Master's call. Yet my foot trembles on the threshold of trial and desire. For he was my intimate friend, and for more than thirty years we footed the path of life in close companionship. I loved him; I know he loved me.

Beyond the holy circle of family and fraternal tenderness, none other ever so familiarly permeated all the byways of my aspirations, purposes, thoughts, and work; none other was so in and out with me, joyously welcome at every hour; none so cheering, soothing, helpful, faithful, so honestly to rejoice in things approved in the doing; alas! not one so to palliate shortcoming in ends or deeds. What would have been, must be, life with no such friend! What a boon from heaven, at one's right hand to have such true and trusty sympathy, tender as woman's, yet sturdily strong in intellect and righteous in character to sustain and share, with unbending spirit, the projects, studies, aspirations, yea, indignations, which the problems of life force upon every stirring mind! How lighter lie the burdens of care, of deep-moving meditation, when there is a yoke-fellow in

trusty intercourse, of power to comprehend, to penetrate, to share, with responsive counsel! Earth can proffer, beyond the bonds of domestic bliss, no better joy! If bye and bye such ties are renewable, the mortal stroke knocks, indeed, at the door of happiness and heaven.

The risks of partial fondness I dare to strive, notwithstanding, to avoid, and to set him forth as he in truth was; so obviously claiming within the fact that the actualities of his merit none can believe overdrawn.

The recognition will be ready, I conceive, that, in the headship of the College of Law, Bryant found and performed the work of his highest usefulness, on which he won the widest esteem. It was the culmination of his life's preparation, led up to by his profession, well adapted to the properties of his heart, and suited to the acquirements of a varied experience. Besides professional practice, he had enjoyed the training of a teacher in the common schools, of an editor and political writer, of service in public office, state and national, and won by his sword in his country's peril that lustre which, as the sheen of gold enriches every color in art, glorified his life by the distinction of comradeship with the brave and patriotic. I recount his history not only for its interest, but in development of his mission, to carry the underlying idea of adaptation of means to end, of the man's production through environments and trials. For the testimony of others, especially illustrative of his labors as dean, I am much indebted to my associate on the committee

of the bar, Mr. Olin, who invited from many former students, with good return, their remembrance of characteristic anecdotes and deeds; many of whose responses I shall quote.

Bryant was born among the rocky ridges of the Green Mountain state, at Milton in Chittenden County, not far from the base of Hardscrabble Hill—significant name!—on the 10th of January, sixty-nine years ago. His father was a Baptist minister, one of those combinations of strong brain and good heart so many times shown in the theologians of the long period extending from the 16th to the earlier portion of the 19th centuries; men who expended enough "gray matter" to govern a state in differentiations upon the logic of the plan of salvation for human sinners, with a self-sacrifice that ought at least to have assured their own; though in the judgment of the unappreciative worldly with results hardly compensatory of the talents, the toil, self-denials, and generously devoted lives expended in their production. The memory of "Elder Bryant" still survives in the valleys and on the hillsides of Chittenden and Lamoille counties, whose traditions carry the loving goodness of the man quite as well as his trained skill in theology. But he and his household were the not infrequent examples of such devotion. With but a few hundreds of promised salary, and this to great extent the regular accumulation of worthless arrears, besides subjection to the annual visitation known as a donation party, the poor minister picked by toil from a few rocky acres the crumbs of life, and cheerfully scattered abroad

the loaves of salvation, intrepidly reliant on the promises of heaven for recompense beyond the grave. It was always a treat to hear Bryant discourse of these boyhood scenes with the wit and tale-bearing skill peculiarly his own, when often the indignant remembrance of injustice and distress from neglect of the minister's dues would break the veneer of forgiveness so well laid on in his youth.

He lost his mother in infancy, which might well have sent him on the proverbial road of the minister's son. But a stepmother took her place whose excellence and tenderness made her a perfect mother to him, won his abiding love and devotion, and was recompensed by such care and affection in her age as only a faithful son can bestow. For when the sorrows of widowhood befell her, and, in aggravated affliction, the light of nature was withdrawn from her eyes, this good son hastened to her side, brought her to his own hearthstone, and with gentle ministrations, which his loving wife and daughters could so well assist him in, gave all but restoration of sight—half supplied even that—in the cheering happiness brought to her heart through many remaining years. She was still a woman of sweet gifts, worthy of such love. Grace and amiability characterized all her intercourse, which a strong and instructed mind rendered always interesting, and the burden of her care disappeared in the pleasures of her companionship.

Elder Bryant's family comprised many children, and, straitened by such narrow conditions, this lad's boyhood could but be pinched by self-denials and

tried by deprivations. But, after all, could there be a better education for labor, character, constancy, and disposition? With a father who knew how to instruct and edify the mind, whose unfailing example was a constant stimulant to excellence; with a mother so fitted to infuse the spirit of gentleness and charity with the power to do and bear, it may well be no better influences could have moulded the man. It is at least the fact that with all the bodily wants his boyhood encountered, Bryant never carried the reminiscence of mental distresses, or, to his most intimate friends, ever the least sense of anything but regard, respect, and grateful affection for his parents and their care of his early life. So far from it, his memories of youth were happy, and glowed with the genial humor that always made them delightful to hear. The mental environment could not have been less than excellent which gave both freedom and fun to so many incidents in the contacts of this youth with the world about him.

Of instruction he got what was common to his time; indeed, more than the average which youth then enjoyed. Passing the district schools, by fatherly care and personal frugality, he traversed the academy, then the goal of most as a finish of scholastic training. But there are other, and in some aspects, even better forms of education than can be taken from tutors. The favorite New England scheme for man-making is the ordeal of the district schoolmaster, without which, many savants then maintained, the finest traits could hardly be educed —no doubt a valuable discipline. It taught the

young fellow from the academy quite as much as he imparted; demanding self-perfection in all he thought to have learned, training him in resourcefulness, in patience, in sympathy, in kindness, and, not infrequently, in courage and skill for government. In rural New England, at least in the generation now within our attention, the schoolmaster's experiences of the school room were varied by those, sometimes more trying, of "boarding around." For in that day of republican simplicity, school patrons employed the teacher as their "hired man," for the least available wage and subsistence furnished. Therein the old leader in the law especially conceived the young hopeful, whose objective was that noble profession, gained that somewhat indefinite but supposedly most valuable acquirement, a knowledge of human nature. The round of victualing through a winter's term took him to nearly every home in the district, far and near, "for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse," to encounter the variant tempers of men and women, youths and maidens, in close communion and familiar trial. To some the master's visit was the occasion of pride and genial distinction, to others of mere indifference; while occasionally, if but seldom, a narrow spirit, even more than narrow circumstances, took him for a hateful tax, begrudging food and comfort in any degree. There was sometimes jealousy of maidens or envy of stout lads to vex, and surly ill nature oft imputed a self-valuation far beyond allowance. Always, too, the district authorities to be reckoned with, and whimsicalities of opinion at times as arrogant as un-

of education, his thoughts turned on the professional and there; but at their best, more still on the average, the district school was a "liberal education" to the master, and his measure of success or failure a prophecy of his future.

It was so in Bryant's case. He then displayed, and then fixed, the elements of disposition, which bore him safely through his trial, and ever after assured regard and good will from all worth consideration throughout his days. It was impossible to unkindly harass, in or out of school, so genial, sincere, and zealous a helper of his pupils; so resourceful and ready an inventor of easy aids to sluggish comprehension, so good a friend on the path to knowledge. Then the glowing kindly humor, the racy wit and story-telling which ever commended Bryant to companionship, gave welcome at every door. As ever, too, in after years, no helpful though gratuitous and extra labor found him in the slightest reluctance; and no paterfamilias of the farmstead who had yielded his heart to the winsome manners of the master but felt a deeper obligation when the evening hours were addressed with kindly assiduity to aid his children in preparation for the coming day of school.

So it was with a sense of successful achievement—justly entertained—and with a rich repertory of observations of young and old, which his humor deducted all the fun of, preserved for many a merry narration in later days, that Bryant advanced to graduation in this useful seminary whose diploma was the impress of character; and, with such a course

of education, his thoughts turned on the professional career at which his ambition aimed.

Having now attained to majority, he struck out, after his fashion, alone, but with a buoyant heart, for the new world of the west, in search of his fate. He paused a short space in Buffalo, N. Y., but, not falling upon inviting signs of promise, pushed on to Janesville, in Wisconsin, then possessing a galaxy of legal luminaries, and expecting great growth as a manufacturing center.

Here he began professional reading in the office of Ira C. Jenks, meanwhile again teaching for support. The long preparation usual in older communities was not then demanded of the professional aspirant, and necessity pressed to the service in which he could rely on his industry for special equipment in particular emergencies. He was admitted to practice by the Circuit Court of Rock County on the 18th of July, 1857, chose Monroe, shiretown of Green County, for his scene, and, removing thither, began the same season the lawyer's career.

He soon formed a partnership with Hon. John A. Bingham, a worthy and respected lawyer. Rarely does the young practitioner shake down much fruit in his early efforts; and it is not unfrequently more misfortune than benefit when he does. No profession demands of its neophytes greater constancy in labor and purpose through slow and anxious beginnings; the hard road of hope deferred and privation borne. Bryant had no claim to immunity. He came unheralded to favor, with no recommendation but that best, though often slowest, honest character and talents.

Yet evidently he enjoyed a reasonable prosperity from the outset; in the arena of gallantry not less than business. Two years sufficed, not only to provide a justifiable income, but to win the prize of love's ambition. On the 29th of June, 1859, his marriage with Louise Boynton was duly celebrated; in every circumstance a happy consummation by which a favoring providence bestowed the domestic tranquility and joy which, for forty-four succeeding years, blessed his industrious life. Happy the man, beyond all other sources of life's cheer, whom heaven wisely guides in this crisis of his fate! who finds and wins what God saw to be the lack of his first human creation, "a helpmeet for him" in the trials of the earthly sojourn. And this was Bryant's undimmed and lifelong light and joy.

There was in Bryant a natural aptitude for literature, of which I shall later say something more. This turned him to newspaper writing, in which he indulged more or less all his years in mere gratification of the propensity, when no other incentive spurred. In 1860, General James Bintliff offered him partnership in the Monroe Sentinel. He accepted and engaged in editorial writing on that paper.

It was a fortunate association. Bintliff was already known for abilities, sound sense, and nobility of character. He was qualified to guide and inspire any young man worth effort, and Bryant derived from him an uplifting of mind and spirit for which he revered and loved him to the end of his days. Some time later Bintliff also joined the army of the

Union, became Colonel of the 22nd, and later of the 38th regiments of Wisconsin's foot volunteers, and was brevetted brigadier for conspicuous gallantry in the assault of Petersburg. He passed away a few years ago, and the world lost one of nature's gentlemen.

But soon the delights of Bryant's new-made home, the joy of upbuilding prosperity, the plans and dreams of young manhood, were roughly shattered. "Lo, an horror of great darkness fell upon him" and upon all the people. War, such all-embracing, deadly, relentless, bloody war as this new world never dreamed could crash through our fabric of freedom and civilization, broke like a sudden tornado upon our homes. It is futile to try to bring to realization by this generation all the dread meaning of it. None can fully share, who saw or felt not all the agonies of it, the horror that darkened the souls of patriotic men. That all the glories of American liberty, all the deeds of our American ancestors, all the hopes of freedom's lovers throughout the world, all fond expectations of civilization's progress, should so awfully disappear in the chaos of disunion, while strife unceasing should build altars of sacrifice in every home, and bring sorrow to brood over every hearthstone, cast such gloom over the land as no tongue can depict and few imaginations conceive. Then, it seemed, the Lord of heaven spake to the men of America "out of the midst of the fire, of the cloud and of the thick darkness" with a great voice. With tens of thousands whose deeds immortally tell the nobility of American manhood, Bryant

heard the call from on high. Discarding hope, ambition, the joy of home, he sternly followed, took the oath of enlistment in April, 1861, and was enrolled in the ranks of his country's soldiery.

Oft and again has their tale been told, their glory lauded, who put on the armor of liberty and union in that day of trial. Yet never, never can the noble theme cease to swell the soul of manhood. Their advent to the scene of arms was hailed with scoffing ridicule by the enemy, here and elsewhere, supremely sure of their lack of courage and qualities for war. Their early defeats, natural to inexperience, were taken for the presage of despair. The monarchs of Europe thought their opportunity was come; and perhaps but for friendly Russia—and may this people never fail in grateful remembrance of that timely friend, whatever her misfortunes, her enemies, or her faults!—would have combined to win their foothold here, as Louis Napoleon alone attempted; under God's providence to his own ruin! And when, gradually true to its cause, and taught by bloody instruction how its valor should do its perfect work, the army rose, through detraction and croaking prophecy, to stand unsurpassed for discipline, courage, deeds, unconquerable as ever heard the trumpet sound, came next the ominous forecast of destructive turbulence when its ranks should be broken and discipline dissolved.

Never did soldiery so confound the predictions of the astute; never was so unselfishly led, so nobly, so intelligently inspired, by the cause of humanity; never more self-sacrificing, more fearfully sacrificed,

more unquailing through error, blood and loss; until, at length, what foreign observers reckoned a hopeless chance, intelligence, courage and loyalty carried to a trimph never equalled in completeness of its good for men.

When now we look upon the eastern conflict, between two emperors leading two doomed peoples to divide the territory of a third, so typical of war's ends and injuries, the contrast of our saved and splendid republic, the fruit of that army's blood nourishment, lifts its rightful glory among the stars.

Destruction is war's accustomed work; ours was salvation, re-creation, enfranchisement. And in their exultant hour of conquering power, that noble soldiery serenely accepted transformation to unobtrusive citizenship as the crowning act of intelligent devotion to their cause.

The flight of time must but better build the monuments of its honor, and increasing years raise a tenderer anthem above the graves where rest their heroes.

> "How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
> By all their country's wishes blest!
> When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
> Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
> She there shall dress a sweeter sod
> Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
> By fairy hands their knell is wrung,
> By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
> There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
> To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
> And Freedom shall awhile repair,
> To dwell, a weeping hermit, there."

No special detail of Bryant's soldiership is requisite. It differed not in essentials from others of approved excellence.

He was appointed Sergeant-Major, head of the non-commissioned staff, of the third regiment, before it left the state; promoted Second Lieutenant of Company A soon after, First Lieutenant the following year, and then Regimental Adjutant. In December, 1863, he re-enlisted with the regiment, but was that winter sent north on recruiting service. He was made Assistant Provost Marshal and resigned as Adjutant in June, 1864. In February, 1865, he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the fiftieth Wisconsin. War was still flagrant, but this regiment was sent to the Southwest, and saw no fighting. But Colonel Bryant was long since a veteran soldier. One who had for nearly three years waded the red glue of Virginia and Maryland with the Army of the Potomac, mixed often in such skirmishes as our now-a-days soldiers call battles, fought in the rear guard that covered Banks down the valley, survived the bloody fields of Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, with the applause of his comrades for his conduct, needs no words. Like a ducal title, the fact tells all.

Resigning his commission in February, 1866, he returned to his practice at Monroe. But the forum had been long nearly silenced by arms, and when, early in 1868, Governor Fairchild tendered him the offices of private secretary and Adjutant-General, his necessity accepted. It is interesting to recall that he here succeeded our distinguished fellow-townsman, John C. Spooner, who refused longer withdrawal from the professional career, doubtless conscious of his intellectual endowment and guided

by a fine sense of obligation to its giver, even if without foresight of the power and distinction which have been his reward. Beyond extending acquaintance and knowledge of state affairs, General Bryant gained little from this post; save one treasure which he warmly prized, the lifelong friendship of General Fairchild, to whose person and memory he was ever faithful.

The opportunity for professional labor, deeply yearned after, came to him through a personal friendship contracted in this period. On New Year's Day of 1872,—Governor Fairchild's term then expiring—the partnership called Vilas & Bryant began business. It was something charming to look upon the burning zest, the intensity of joy, with which he addressed himself to the regained tasks of the lawyer. It was like discovery of a fountain by a desert-lost traveler, whose "flesh longeth * * * in a dry and thirsty land where no water is;" the joy of a captive knight-errant, restored to sunlight with the arms of chivalry again in his vigorous hand. He eagerly cried for work, work; expressing no fear but that the demands on the office might not tax the powers which yearned for healthful tension. That desire was not denied satisfaction. By the year's end, when he had rarely laid down his pen before the midnight hour for repose, he pleasantly confessed one day that his apprehension of idleness had disappeared. Yet no tasks subdued his ardor or wearied his disposition. He loved toil, almost for its own sake; at least always from the sense of well-doing. I have seen few to equal him in this spirit,

especially with so little care for the recompense of pecuniary gain. But they were prosperous years which ensued, and his estate gained by steady, if moderate, increase. They were years of cheerful happiness, the brightest, lightest, cheeriest years of life to both him and his partner; of constant toil, not without the anxieties of the profession, but carried on the bounding vigor of mid-manhood with little sense of weight; years of ripening study, ever-gaining strength, firmer-growing friendship and joy in it; the time of fullest life if not of highest wisdom. At midsummer, 1876, Edward P. Vilas was received into the firm; now for years in practice at Milwaukee.

In December, 1880, Governor Pound, then representative of our northwestern district in Congress and chairman of the important house committee on public lands, a friend who well knew Bryant's value, solicited his aid as clerk to that committee. Pleased by the favor of this distinguished friend, and moved by the privilege of widening his knowledge of public affairs, though with reluctance to yield time from his profession, he accepted and held the post until March 4th, 1883. The governor writes of him with earnest affection, saying: "General Bryant was one of the best men I was ever privileged to know and enjoy."

During the preceding winter the general had purchased an interest in the Democrat Printing Company, and, on returning home he resumed, as editor of the Madison Democrat, a vocation to which he ever turned with pleasure. In my estimation Bry-

ant's gifts were more addressed by nature to this pursuit even than his profession. His literary taste was intuitive and refined; his love of writing great; his sympathetic nature pointed the way to public appreciation; his skill in composition, the wit and clarity of his style, continually improved by his reading, commended his fruit to the choice of all. To these he added a calm and well-instructed judgment in public affairs, purity of principle, an honest devotion to the interests of the people, an indignant repulsion of everything wrong or mean and a capacity for studious and conscientious labor in preparation of articles, which were calculated to raise him to conspicuous place in the journalism of the state and country. It will be taken invidiously by none to say the truth, that he advanced the repute and influence of the newspaper during his editorial management, nor to add my own opinion that had he persisted in it he would have attained recognition unsurpassed in our state; perhaps not a few will accord it upon what he did. Had his life been applied to literature, I believe his eminence would have been still more widely conspicuous. His inclination to express himself on public topics abided always, and was gratified by occasional unavowed contributions, often brilliant for wit or pungent with good sense, to the columns of various journals.

In March, 1885, he accepted the office of Assistant Attorney-General for the postoffice department of the United States, in which he served throughout the first administration of President Cleveland, resigning to Mr. Wanamaker, Postmaster General in

the cabinet of General Harrison. He was peculiarly qualified for it. It demanded continuous industry, judicial temper, sound perception of the law governing the service, integrity of devotion to public interests, untiring patience; and none could better bring them to it. His duty extended to legal questions touching the whole range of departmental authority, but so numerous were the cases of loss by postmasters from fire and theft, that he wittily declared his office to be the "department of conflagration and burglary."

To say that he discharged his duty well, but faintly tells the just meed of praise he fairly won. I believe the functions of the place were never more adequately met. Nothing was neglected, no task despised, and no care for hours crossed his assiduous attention to its requirements. Night, not less than day, found him addressed to its demands whenever—and that frequently—they pressed upon him. In his integrity and shrewd perception, absolute safety was assured against every invasion of fraud, deceit or base influence. No suspicion of wrong or irregular motive ever impugned the purity of the public reasons which inspired his opinions and acts; and all suitors came to see their best chance of success lay in the simplest presentation of the just and lawful reasons for it. As courage in the soldier, so rectitude in the public officer is, to be sure, the justly-demanded virtue upon which all character and service ought to rest; and peradventure, therefore, this should be said to be small praise, I grant it, without question. And yet, in this day, when such effluvia of

corruption offend the public sensibility, when his immediate successor has undergone trial upon indictment of a grand jury of misdemeanors in that very office, although recently acquitted, the chastity of Bryant's career in it, untouched by the breath of suspicion, may well lend some tone to the true note of his high merit.

It was, indeed, to have been anticipated that his unfailing courtesy and geniality would command esteem from his associates in the department. Far beyond that bound, he won their affection as well. Compelled sometimes to differ in judgment, yet his kindness in difference left no pain; while his gentle helpfulness to all, his winsome urbanity, merry wit and good heart fixed universal attachment. Though years so many have swept over that scene, I know that still remained there those of that association whose love follows him to the bourne of all humanity with undenied tenderness.

Early in 1889 President Chamberlin was seeking a dean for the College of Law. Applying to me to take the post, I pointed to Bryant as a prize. Senator Spooner, who intimately knew his fitness, cordially joined in effective commendation; and when the General came home on the first of May, the crowning work of his life stood assigned to him. His labor of preparation began at once; his instructional service with the opening of the University in the autumn of 1889. Fourteen years of unbroken continuity followed; how ardent, severe and self-sacrificing, few beyond his household circle entirely realized. I sometimes admonished him that his ap-

plication was excessive, but with small effect. His devotion was not simply conscientious; he burned with appreciation of the high duty his position demanded for usefulness to the University and the profession. He saw its possible value to others far beyond a gratification of personal ambition; to be worthy in it, indeed, was all his ambition, deeply feeling it to offer his last and noblest life performance. And he felt the due measure, and chiefest means, to success in it, was assiduous, untiring industry, to work with all his might, to make avail of the utmost limit of his talents. He never paused to inquire what might be demanded of him, what would be taken as satisfactory by the governing authorities. The simple question was, How can I do more to promote the good end?

This fervor of spirit was well illustrated in his assumption of a class at the capitol. It happened that there were many ambitious youths in the state's clerical service who desired instruction in the law, but were denied by their employment attendance by day upon the lectures of the College of Law. One of them, W. F. Dockery, now resident in St. Louis, may tell the story:

"In the fall of 1891, some fifteen of the employes about the state capitol, I being one, resolved to read law. Our duties made it impossible to attend lectures on the hill. Plans to secure the services of various lawyers and judges in the city to direct us in our work were suggested. After investigating, our committee reported the outlook for getting us on a working basis as discouraging. Finally, the

committee waited on Dean Bryant for suggestions on ways and means, not for a moment expecting his services. Without a moment's hesitation or apparent thought of the additional labors he was assuming, he said: 'Go back and tell the boys I will see them through myself.' We were jubilant; the way to the honors and emoluments of the legal profession seemed cleared of all obstacles. Daily for two years he met us at the capitol, and helped us over the hard places of the law. Often he was well nigh exhausted with the burden of the day, but there was always that genial smile and that kindly light in the eye which, with the youngster, never fails to put discouragement to flight. As for remuneration, he would have none of it. 'The pleasure it gives me to help you up the first few rounds of a great profession is worth more than gold and silver to me,' was his reply.'' And Mr. Dockery, with other comment, adds: ''Not the least of the benefits we got out of our law course was the opportunity of knowing so sunny and lovable a personality.'' The story is characteristic. Appeal to his generous enthusiasm was never vain.

The auxiliary service so inaugurated, he continued long. It severely wore upon nervous energy. He pursued it with doubtful wisdom, sacrificing hours demanded by nature for vital reparation, and was compelled at last to yield. But that was Bryant—striving to exhaustion.

And likewise illustrative was his dealing with the receipts—amounting to many hundreds of dollars—which his beneficiaries voluntarily contributed dur-

ing those years, in return for the toilsome service. He refused them for himself, however justly his, unwilling to stain the purity of his self-sacrifice, and applied all to enlargement of the library of the college, the needs of which the annual legislative appropriation too slowly supplied.

His sympathy with young men was exquisitely keen and tender. He warmed with admiration and pride to all whose aptitude and progress gave promise; to those of good parts but slow comprehension he was patient, inventive of suggestion, fertile in illustration, inspiring; and to them naturally weaker yet sincerely ambitious of learning, he was considerate and untiring in his efforts to aid; always, to a degree nowadays unusual, perhaps, ready to address himself to the needs of any individual student. Nothing seemed to distress him more—when he confided to me sometimes these peculiar trials—than his perception of duty, reluctantly admitted, to advise a student that he had mistaken his calling from inherent inaptitude for the profession;—nothing save one thing, the toils of poverty involving a youth of talents and character. This wrung him painfully. He would not bear the doom of "hearts once pregnant with celestial fire" depictured by the poet, that

> Knowledge to their eyes, her ample page,
> Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll,
> Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
> And froze the genial current of the soul.

To such his ready purse flew open, as many a youth might tell.

A lawyer, now established, writes: "I had a position from which I should receive my pay about the

20th of November, but entered the law school without the funds for tuition, etc., and attended classes for several days. The associate dean announced to the class two or three times that those whose tuition was unpaid would be excluded from classes after a certain date, and finally all but I had paid. Mr. Gregory called me to his office, (pursuing the rule necessarily enjoined by the regents) and informed me that though I might have a valid excuse in expecting the money, yet he could not consider it, and I must remain from classes till my pay day. I told him I was sorry, but had no credit in Madison and left the office. The dean's private secretary came to the hall stairway and called me back to his office. There, General Bryant, saying he had overheard the conversation because the communicating door was ajar, told me he was always willing to divide with a man; there was no necessity for my staying from class, wrote his personal check, directed me to present it to Secretary Riley, and when I got my money I could pay him. He refused a note, and when I paid him he would not listen to my thanks."

Another writes: "I was working my way through the law school, had a position down town, paying a small amount monthly. At the beginning of the second year I had saved but half of the fifty dollars tuition. I asked the Dean to accept half and wait for the balance. He said the matter was beyond his jurisdiction. 'But,' he said, 'come to my house in the evening and I'll give you a check for fifty dollars and you can let me have it back when able.' I had been a little nervous during the interview, and

when the dear old man laid bare his affection for me in that generous way, the quick tears sprang and the rest of the interview was hurried and short. I thanked him as best I could and got out. I made other arrangements to pay the tuition, and might have thought the offer lightly made had I not met the General in the hallway two days later, when he drew me to a corner, put his arms across my shoulders, and said: 'You haven't been up to get that check.' I explained; and he assured me I must always feel that when in difficulties I could come to him; he was always ready to help 'his boys.' ''

That was, indeed, but simple truth. His benefactions were many; nor ever, I think, did deserving student lack his aid. These contributions sometimes ''fell on stony ground;'' but mistakes did not impair the flow of his sympathy or help.

Another form of its manifestation was the surrender of vacation rest in aid of some behind in work, or who, from necessity, sought graduation in less than the prescribed time.

An instance from one such: ''During the summer vacation of 1890, I with fourteen other law students put in three months with Dean Bryant at his residence, receiving private instruction, so that we might pass the examination for advancement to the senior class the following year. Of course we all expected to pay for his time and trouble, but he absolutely refused to accept any compensation, saying: 'I was a poor boy once and know how hard it is to get started in life.' So we all chipped in and bought him a revolving bookcase, which, by the way, he was

badly in need of, and arranged to have it delivered during our last recitation at his house. It was brought in and presented by one of the boys, and I shall never forget the scene. Tears trickled down General Bryant's cheeks, and he was so overcome by emotion that he was unable to respond without considerable effort. I am sure Dean Bryant prized this small token from the boys more than he would a money consideration for his services."

The truth of that last remark, both in the special instance and in general, I happen well to know. Pecuniary hire could not have induced the surrender of his vacation rest, and he would have felt himself debased by it; yet his heart revelled in the affectionate regard of these young men, so testified.

Another like practice was to help them who found some topic difficult, by holding, in addition to the regular lecture, a special afternoon or evening session in their aid who desired it; inviting their questions and clearing misapprehensions. Mental shortcoming ever provoked his patience and pity, not his censure. In the same spirit he followed the careers of his young men after graduation, inviting their recourse to him in difficulties. I quote from one of them in illustration:

"Early in my practice I was retained by an architect who had prepared plans for a residence for his client, and the client, after building his house, handed the plans to another who also built a house after them; and the question was whether the architect was entitled to a lien on the last mentioned house for the plans used in its construction. I could find

no cases touching the point, and in my desperation wrote Dean Bryant for advice. I have, from his own hand, a brief covering the point, which he had prepared with considerable care, and would accept no compensation for.''

Like many another strong and kindly nature, Bryant had rare talent for humor, waggery and racy story-telling, and a genius for oddities to exemplify a point he wished to impress. The moot cases he devised were often attractive for the ingenuity and quaintness of the facts stated to educe the point for debate, giving additional charm to their discussion. This faculty seemed omnipresent with him, issuing in continual merry or grotesque expression, and lending peculiar delight to his conversation and intercourse.

Were all his wit and waggeries collected they would fill volumes. One writes that the Dean once handed him a small parcel of butter, desiring him to feed the associate dean's canary. ''I found the tilting chair which the associate dean used in the adjoining office creaked with a grating sound that annoyed him, and he wanted me to grease it.''

In the classroom this penchant served sometimes to cloak a criticism or rebuke, which his tenderness led him to intimate as gently as possible. Discovering one day that somnolence had overcome one of his audience, he paused, and, after expectant waiting by the class, he softly said: ''The learned Johnson sleeps.'' Needless to add, he slept no longer.

On another such occasion, espying one put to rest by the balmy warmth of the morning, relates a wit-

ness of it: "A sudden lull took place in the rapid fire of questions, and the Dean looked over his spectacles. He began to smile and said:

> Our Elver's asleep by the murmuring stream,
> Flow gently dull lecture, disturb not his dream.

The ensuing laughter brought the man to his feet, crying: "I beg your pardon, General, but—" "That's all right," interrupted the Dean, "your apology is accepted, but don't let it happen again." He remarked another day, with a geniality that took away all sting, of one whose baptismal name was Jeremiah, that if a certain member of the class did not take more care in study, there would be a new edition of the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

To one whose apology was inability to remember, though he had studied hard, the Dean suggested that he write what he learned to fix it in memory. But failing again, the student, being asked why he did not write, replied he did and even then had the written lesson in his pocket. Then Bryant told a story of two counsels, one of herculean size, the other a pigmy, contending in court, when the former said scornfully, "I could put you in my pocket." "Yes," retorted the little one, "but if you did, you would have more law in your pocket than in your head." Whereupon, writes our correspondent, one student smiled, the rest laughed.

He could take, as well as give, a joke. Mr. Conway, practicing at Lansing, Iowa, tells that the Dean one day asked, for registration, the full Christian and surname of each member of the class. "When asked, I arose and gave the full name, James Pat-

rick Conway. Scarcely was the second name uttered when the class roared. The Dean, smiling, said: 'That name designates its origin; not so with many of yours.' The next Hibernian, apparently to avoid the laugh, arose and answered, 'Thomas M. Casey.' 'What does the M stand for?' sternly inquired the Dean. 'For designation, Sorr,' replied Casey, and the Dean seemed to enjoy the laugh at his expense as much as the others.''

His propensity for anecdote and waggery in the class room has been criticised, and may have sometimes reached a slight excess; but it was a fault on virtue's side. The habit sprang far more from desire to inculcate principle by taking illustration, or relieve the tedium of plodding study, than from thought of self-exploitation. It sprang from his kindness, and nothing pained him more than occasion for severity. But he could, in necessity, apply a severe measure of discipline, though with distress. One truthfully says: ''The Dean's good nature was his greatest weakness, and students not infrequently took advantage of it. I was never quite certain whether he could see and hear so poorly as he seemed at times, or whether he purposely let many things pass unnoticed. Yet sometimes he would administer so scathing a rebuke that it made the most shameless feel ashamed. When they saw the Dean's feelings had really been hurt, the boys took it deeply to heart, and would respect his wishes. But he never could rebuke the class or individuals without smoothing it over by telling a story.''

It is a trying problem for the most skillful in-

structor, how best not only to maintain decorum throughout the numbers who throng the lecture rooms, but also to keep ever at high pressure, among all, individual ambition and zeal, so that out of sight effort and purpose shall be steadfast.

It cannot be doubted one most efficacious incentive must be recognition of genuine, affectionate kindness to rule the master's spirit. And when this is combined, as in Bryant's case, with unflagging labor to promote understanding and progress, he must indeed be afflicted with a despicable nature who refuses response to such leadership. And it is a truth beyond question that no man has won a greater and more abiding measure of love and respect than he, from all beneath his care, whatever renown other masters have won, how rich soever the laurels bound in honor on any brow, it is a sure and noble testimony that no personality was ever deeper planted in love, no memory will be more sweetly treasured, by the students for whom he wrought, than of Edwin E. Bryant.

I have sought to reach in some degree by statistics, a showing of the usefulness to society of the College of Law, both before and during Bryant's administration, but find reports too incomplete to afford all the satisfaction desirable. Some approximations may indicate somewhat of its value to them who have pursued its course to graduation—and thus to the communities they serve—and so far as given the figures are much within the full measure of the facts. Yet some surprises in them excite the hope that greater fulness of information will be

sought and attained hereafter, by which its credit will be much augmented.

Mr. Secretary Riley informs me the number of individual students enrolled in Bryant's time is 1611. Yet the annual average attendance was 198,—the course requiring three years. Of these, but 861 received the degree of bachelor of laws. Of the 750 who remained not to the end, probably a considerable number, impatient of delay, were admitted through the state law examination here, and many more by the courts of other states.

Taking the 35 years of the College of Law together the total recipients of degrees have been 1538; of whom death has seized 99. Reviewing the reports, the most impressive fact, to me, is the comparatively small number of these who have withdrawn from professional pursuits; 216, little over 14 per centum; the more remarkable because doubtless some sought legal instruction but in aid of other callings. I doubt much if any considerable school of law can surpass, indeed, can match this record.

Of these 216, it is curious to note that six enlisted with the clergy, twenty-three in journalism, seven in the army, perhaps as more pugnacious avocations; six chose medicine as equally disputatious; thirteen sought the peace of husbandry; thirteen adopted educational service, while 146 were led off by the profitableness of banking, manufacturing, insurance or other aspects of business; one now and for many years the excellent reading clerk of the United States Senate; and, most felicitously of all for us, one gently rules our good state, as the charm-

ing wife of our distinguished, this submissive, Governor.

Consulting, next, the careers of those whom the law retained, reason for warm congratulation springs from their attainments. Briefly stated—for time commands it—they stand among the foremost in the honors of life. You will instantly recall, without invidious mention, many in the highest estimation at the bar in other states, as here, the trusted counsel of vast interests in railways and other forms of business wealth; and the official list comprises two senators of the United States, five representatives in Congress, two governors, two lieutenant governors of states; 122 upon the judicial bench, six of supreme, twenty-two of circuit or district, fifty-seven of county, thirty-seven of municipal, courts; two assistant attorneys general of the United States, eleven federal attorneys, six attorneys general of states, 175 county or state's attorneys, 100 city attorneys; twenty-three senators of states, fifty in legislative lower houses; and 130 or more in other office, federal or state, at home and abroad. Complete information of our bachelors would add sensibly to these figures, no doubt; and were account made also of those who broke their shell to enter the profession without degree, the impatient course of many, the reckoning would be still further augmented.

Let him who will cavil at collegiate training! And always honor, pre-eminently as he deserves, who puts his life to high attainment and usefulness without it! But in results like these lies the demonstration which leaves the good father, of possible means,

helpless to deny his offspring, without sin and shame, the opportunity of education; which establish among the worthiest of human laborers, the instructors of youth; which ennoble and dignify the aims and devotion of Bryant's faithful work.

I can justify here but mere mention of the General's performances in authorship. With a single exception, his books were professional. He contributed much to the edition of the first twenty volumes of reports of decisions by the supreme court of the state, republished with corrections and annotations under authority of that tribunal; of which two volumes were prepared by Chief Justice Dixon, and eighteen by Vilas & Bryant.

It was devotion to "his boys" that, years afterward, again addressed him to the toil of bookmaking. He began with small, unambitious handbooks of elementary principles, designed only for his classes. The publishers pressed upon him for works which would command abundant sales. Chiefly noteworthy were his Wisconsin Justice, and text books on code practice; the former very useful though of modest aim, and long to remain the vade mecum of justices of the peace and practitioners in their humble but valuable courts; the other finding more pretentious place in libraries generally.

To please his old comrades, he wrote at much cost of time and toil, one of the excellent regimental histories of the Civil War, the History of the Third Wisconsin Veterans; of course without other recompense than their grateful esteem and his joy in it.

The General's facility of expression improved con-

tinually, with years, one reward of his intense labors. His public addresses grew more and more conspicuous for beauty of diction and sentiment, until he became appreciated, I am sure, as among our most pleasing and effective speakers, especially felicitous in the brief and witty sort called "after-dinner" speeches.

For many years he was upon the Fish Commission of Wisconsin, most of the time its chairman. His associates commend highly the efficiency of his service; wholly a labor of love, but of much public advantage. One could hardly ask better proof of that than the hearty recognition of transportation companies, whose receipts from tourists and sportsmen have been much enhanced because the work of the commission so greatly raised the attractiveness of our beautiful waters. This function led him to membership in the National Fisheries Association, and he received from its members the high distinction of election as president of that body. His attendance on the annual session gave him an annual treat of great refreshment.

Such, was, indeed, the last recreation granted him by Providence. Returning from the association's meeting by the seaside in 1903, while visiting by the way his Vermont friends, sickness there befell him menacingly. His son, Dr. Bryant, was summoned thither, and soon restored him to seeming convalescence and spirits, so that his journey westward was happily begun with no thought or sign of peril. Alas! by what a spider thread hangs an inestimable life! Rolling through Ontario on his home-bound

way, he passed in his stateroom many hours of a wakeful night cheerily singing in low and gentle voice—he was a sweet and delicious singer—the songs and hymns he loved, for self-companionship, till earth was flooded with the light of morning. Then, rising from his berth to welcome with light heart the liberty of day, Lo! Heaven's beneficence attended him! Suddenly, the silver cord was loosed; a single exclamation, and he sank to death, as he might have prayed for it, in the arms of his beloved son, with but at most one pang of flesh to free the soul. He merited well this providence and mercy. Others had already the full exhaustion for their use of his faculties of life; righteously was he supported, without a premonition of its imminence, to the extremity of strength. Grievous the stroke to them that loved him; yet tears cannot hide perception of the blessing on his going hence.

The years of the psalmist were well nigh his; his career, completed to the fullness of harmony, in wise consciousness of its finished term, himself had voluntarily surrendered. Who can say but the years love would have added might have been but of unrecompensed distresses here, of deprivation from beatitude there. Leave it to omniscient goodness! If excellence, fidelity, purity and good works on earth commend to peace and welfare above, we need no better assurance!

However deficiently his story be told, the plain facts of it sufficiently speak, without more elaboration, the attributes of his character.

It wants no added words to know what, as husband

and father, he was at home, nor should these precincts be invaded with curious search, but to freshen the sorrows there.

In all the intercourse of his years with fellow men, outside it, if he left one enmity to upbraid his memory, it was in a scoundrel's heart. For so upright and unexacting was he in all his dealings, that, whatsoever he received of possessions, of happiness, of good fame and honor, came always short of his true deserving. I dare affirm with no shade of doubt that never in all his days did he acquire an unjust penny, do an unworthy deed, receive award of merit not entirely his due. If, in any error of judgment, any slip of haste, he mistakenly dropped a word of harm, quick atonement followed its discovery.

I have recounted as his no shining achievement of what men call greatness; no lustrous triumph in advocacy at the bar; no supremacy in the state; no pre-eminence in arms; no wondrous writing. Though, touching that last, I have thought, had he given to literature the constancy bestowed to make his labors useful, his imagination might have left "something so writ as that the world should not willingly let it die."

But it may be truly said, if all men were as he, the greatness of any would be little needed. Among such a people peace and kindness would discard necessity of warriors, statesmen, courts, officials, requisite now to master passion, fraud and wrong. Yet though his ambition aimed at lower flights, it led him where usefulness to fellow men attained to the best performance his gifts from nature en-

abled. Could he render better account for the talent given by the Master?

A sweeter soul of human kindness, gentleness, devotion and good will, a spirit of higher rectitude and purity, the angel of death has rarely ushered to the realms above. If amidst the greedy strifes of earth, it may not be here a treasure of enduring memory, let us rejoice in the faith which assures him an eternity of recognition in heaven.

ADDRESS AT THE JUBILEE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

1904

ADDRESS AT THE JUBILEE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

ON BEHALF OF THE REGENTS. JUNE 7, 1904

Until modern times, the scope of learning, outside the exact branches, was very limited. Among the ancients, little else than speculative philosophy, municipal law, Greek and Latin literature; in the middle ages, down even to a comparatively recent period, the addition was mainly of theological history and disputation. Throughout all, weak empiricism and stout superstition ruled where science now prevails. And all learning, beyond personal experience, was the privilege of few, even very few. Though evolution slowly made way, it may perhaps be safely said that learning remained in shackles until, after long and troubled dawning hours, the morning of liberty broke in the west. The illumination waked the fathers of American civilization to noble ideas, which, if dimly seen by some, had never before a practical force. Not even their great deeds demand higher tribute.

First, that among the inherent, equal rights of all men is the right of knowledge, enjoyable by every one according to his powers. Next, that to the security and excellence of the republic, education of men is an absolute condition; hence, finally, an overruling obligation of the state to its citizens.

Not all the fruitage of the grand idea can be foreseen by those who plant it. Their husbandry nature oft forwards to perfection beyond human forecast. So has it been with this conception of the fathers. Their decree of equal rights to men threw open also a liberty to knowledge whose effects in a single century might confound them with amazement could they return to their view. It liberated myriad minds to pursuit of truth, unfettered by thought-habits of past ages, who improved the Baconian gift of method to results otherwise to have been far slower—none can say how greatly slower—of attainment. The century after the American constitution has shown a progress surpassing all before since the birth of the Christian Savior.

Upon the foundation of these ideas has risen, under the auspices of the good state we love,—and which, we proudly believe, intelligently understands them,—this institution of learning to co-ordinate, vivify, and complete her system of free education. And on the part of its governing regency, I venture to emphasize, with the summary brevity demanded by the occasion, two aspects of its benevolent service which, however familiar, are of the highest import to its usefulness.

The first springs from the revolution accomplished in the elements and purposes of learning. The boundaries of the long-guiding aphorism, Γνῶθι σεαυτόν, —man's history, philosophy, philology, literature, law, or whatever else of him and his performmances,—measure now but paddocks in the expanding fields of knowledge. Sweeping indefinitely be-

yond, is the science of nature, her composition, forces, history, laws, adaptations. From that immensity, the gains already have issued in marvelous forms of power and welfare to mankind; enough further is discerned to assure the forecast of greater wonders yet to come; until, indeed, the imagination, lifted to heights of dazzling view, may well utter the poet's cry:

> Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
> Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

And better than material splendor, progress there has proven the cleansing besom for the hoary errors of ages; old obstructions to human view have turned to gossamers in this new sunlight; the ghosts of superstition dissolved; and the far stretching vistas of science may yet reveal—though now too dim for sight—a radiance on life's mystic problem; and from his compass of outward things a higher knowledge of himself return to man, until, at last, realization, impossible to introspection, of the Γνῶθι σεαυτόν, may reach him sitting at the feet of nature. We have at least achieved so much that human research is justified of presumption, though it boldly grope and strive to grasp the treasures of the Infinite.

And to such a university, of the universe to be a storehouse, the vivifying heart and supply to the arteries of the state's educational system, the first and great commandment is, to strive in the vanguard of human research, worthily to aid and quickly to gather every new conquest of the spoil of knowledge. A great people must have all the best, with least delay.

For here we reach the widened purposes of learning. Man is so involved with nature for all he is and all he does, that no art, trade, profession, perhaps no branch of human labor, but is, or shall be, somehow informed to its best performance by the teaching of science. And any people who will tread the measures of civilization, command the world's abundance in pursuit of happiness, share God's promised "dominion over all the earth," can only win, or after winning hold, that happy place, by grasping all the power of completest knowledge of its possessions and laws. Thus necessity combines with wisdom to charge the state, obedient to the overruling law of the equal rights of all, to provide and proffer the utmost best as the rightful portion of every citizen youth capable to embrace and utilize the gift. And when we know that in 1900 this state contained over 116,000 youths, eighteen to twenty years of age, we can but see, in the small proportion led to these fountains, greater duty to the future than satisfaction with even the marked achievement of the past. We are yet far, far below the plane of the democracy of learning.

Let me add—to parry misconceptions—that to seek more implies no yielding of treasures gained; that so far from suggesting diminished pursuit of "the humanities," I regard ardent efficiency in those liberal studies so essential to the university as to constitute the truest gauge of its scholastic character, and any slackening there to mark a retrograde neither to be tolerated nor to be excused by advances otherwise. The language we speak can

rarely fall in eloquence or purity from tongue or pen uninspired by this discipline; nor has any other training won richer triumphs for the intellect. Investigation and research must ever be insistent in these fields, still fruitful of buried treasures; and moreover, doubly necessary to co-ordinate the true acquisitions of the past with the gains of science.

Turning next to the university's mission to impart and infuse the elixir of wisdom, we pause now only on the grand objective—the creation of citizens of intelligence and virtue, apt to enjoy and advance the privileges and aspirations of a noble humanity. This is the aim, the justification, the mandate of the state in all its undertakings for education; culminating here in chiefest obligation. None is fit to be among its instructors who reckons not with this duty in every hour; none tolerable among its disciples whose secret heart swells not with yearning for that crown of excellence.

To seek the power of knowledge for the gains of mere selfishness is criminal debasement; to accept its investiture for increase of usefulness among men, exalts and ennobles the soul. The first issues in sin; the last in wisdom. All the glory of this university would turn to corruption were its lesson and example not addresed to the making first of character, even above intelligence. Learning, intellect, character; the best of these is character. Without it, the others may be but spirits of evil; with it, angels of light and leading.

For such purposes, to such ideals, you, sir, have been called to head and guide this generous founda-

tion of the state for her good people. You succeed to a noble line in its presidency. I shall be pardoned if I name the only one known to my student life from the first day of opening in the—then solitary—old North Hall. To that great, good man, first chancellor, John H. Lathrop, who, with true vision of its high aims and ultimate triumph, wrought its establishment, unfaltering amid storm and trial, my heart fondly turns with reverent respect and affection. Would he, too, might return to view this monument to his wisdom and labors now! Ever green be his memory preserved in honor here; worthy first among the glorious men who have builded to its height and fame the University of Wisconsin!

Your task, as your succession, sir, is great and splendid. All the energies of life will be none too much for it. To its worthy, its high performance, the regents, who have given you their trust, now bring you hope and cheer. On with it! And in the gracious favor of Providence, may this good institution of learning be forever a beacon of light and a blessing to mankind.

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