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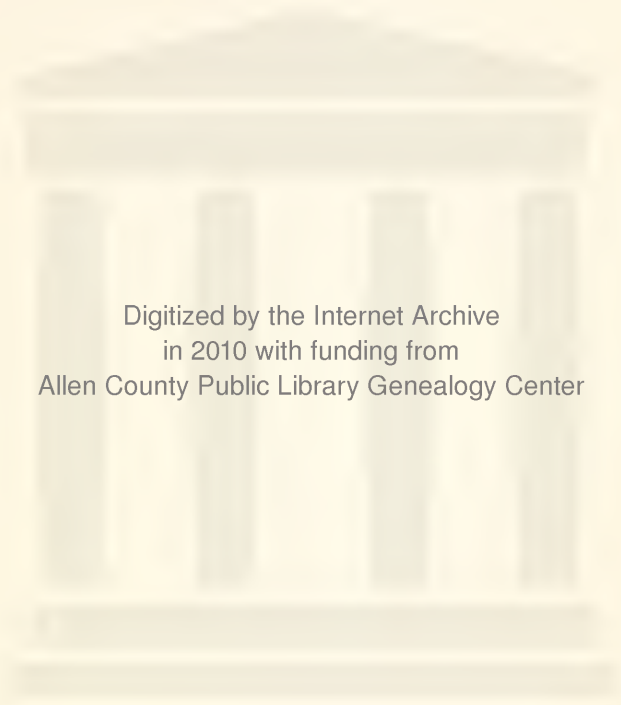
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Society of Colonial Wars

IN THE

State of Minnesota



Secretary's Report

1904-1908



1904-1905-1906-1907

CONSTITUTION AND BY LAWS

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CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

Name of the Society.

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This Society shall be known by the name of the "Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Minnesota" and the principal office shall be St. Paul, Minnesota. It recognizes the authority of the "General Society of Colonial Wars," and all its proceedings shall be subject to the Constitution of said General Society.

ARTICLE II.

Objects of the Society.

The Society of Colonial Wars is instituted to perpetuate the memory of the events of American Colonial History, and of the men who, in military and naval service, and in civil positions of trust and responsibility, by their acts or counsel, assisted in the establishment, defense and preservation of the American Colonies, and were in truth the founders of the Nation. To this end it seeks to collect and preserve manuscripts, rolls, relics and records; to provide suitable commemorations or memorials of events in Colonial History; to inspire in its members the fraternal and patriotic spirit of their forefathers, and in the community respect and reverence for those whose public services made our freedom and unity possible.

ARTICLE III.

Membership.

Any man above the age of twenty-one years, of good moral character and reputation shall be eligible to membership in this Society, provided that he is lineally descended in either male or female line from an ancestor;

(1) Who served as a military, naval or marine officer, or as a soldier, sailor or marine, or as a privateersman, under the authority of the Colonies which afterwards formed the United States, or in the forces of Great Britain which participated with those of the said Colonies in any wars in which the said Colonies were engaged, or in which they enrolled men, from the settlement of Jamestown, May 13, 1607, to the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775; or

(2) Who held office in any of the Colonies between the dates above mentioned, either as

(a) President, Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Member of the King's Council and County Lieutenant, or Member of the House of Burgesses in the Colony of Virginia.

(b) Governor-General, Governor, Lieutenant or Deputy Governor, President, Assistant, Member of the Governor's Council, Deputy or Representative in the General Council, Deputy or Representative in the General Court in any of the New England Colonies; or as President of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, or as one of the Commissioners of the United States of New England.

(c) Director-General, Vice-Director General, Governor or Deputy Governor, Member of the Council or the Landtag of the Colony of New Netherlands, or of the Dutch Colony on the Delaware.

(d) Palatine, Lord Proprietor, Governor, Deputy Governor, Lieutenant Governor or President, Member of the Council, Member of the Lower House or Assembly of the Colonies of Maryland or the Carolinas.

(e) Governor or Lieutenant Governor, Member of the Council or of the Colonial Assembly in the Colony of New York.

(f) Lord Proprietor, Governor, Deputy Governor, Member of the King's Council, Deputy to the Provincial Assembly, in the Provinces of East Jersey, West Jersey or New Jersey.

(g) Lord Proprietor, Governor, Deputy or Lieutenant-Governor, Member of the Provincial Council or Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, or Member of the Assembly of the Territories of Delaware.

(h) Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, President, Vice-President, Member of the Council or of the Provincial Assembly of the Colony of Georgia.

(i) Governor General, Captain General or Lord Lieutenant of the British Colonies in North America."

ARTICLE IV.

Officers.

The officers of the Society shall be a Governor, a Deputy Governor, a Lieutenant Governor, a Secretary, a Treasurer, a Registrar, a Chancellor, a Historian, a

Genealogist, a Chaplain and a Surgeon, all of whom shall be ex-officio members of the Council. They shall hold office for one year or until their successors shall be duly elected and qualified.

ARTICLE V.

Gentlemen of the Council and Committees.

There shall be a Council consisting of the officers and former Governors of the Society and nine members in addition thereto, who shall be called "Gentlemen of the Council." At the first election three Gentlemen of the Council shall be elected for a term of one year, three for a term of two years and three for a term of three years, and thereafter at each election three "Gentlemen of the Council" shall be elected for a term of three years.

There shall be a Committee on Membership consisting of five members and a Committee on Historical Documents and Records, likewise consisting of five members and they shall respectively hold office for one year or until their successors shall be duly elected and qualified.

ARTICLE VI.

Election of Officers.

The officers above named, together with the "Gentlemen of the Council" and members of the Committees shall be elected by plurality ballot vote at the General Court. Not less than thirty days before the General Court the Society shall elect by ballot a Nominating Committee consisting of five members (none of whom

shall be officers of the Society or "Gentlemen of the Council") and not less than fifteen days before the General Court this Committee shall mail to every member a proposed list of the various Officers, "Gentlemen of the Council" and members of the Committees to be elected as aforesaid.

ARTICLE VII.

Admission of Members.

Any person desiring to be admitted to membership in this Society shall sign and present to the Council a Preliminary Application therefor which shall state the name of the ancestor from whom eligibility is traced and in general terms the service rendered by such ancestor, together with the names of two members of the Society to whom the applicant refers. This Preliminary Application shall be referred to the Membership Committee who shall make written report thereon to the Council.

If the Preliminary Application is approved by the Council the applicant shall sign and submit an Application for Membership which must contain a statement in detail of the service of the ancestor from whom eligibility is traced, together with a reference to the authorities from which proof of such service may be obtained and which must also be signed by two members of the Society as evidence of their approval thereof. The Application for Membership shall be referred to the Genealogist, who shall carefully investigate the same and make written report thereon to the Council. If the report of the Genealogist is favorable the Coun-

cil may by ballot vote admit the applicant to membership in the Society, provided, however, that at least four-fifths of the members present and voting must in all cases vote in favor thereof. Payment of the initiation fee and dues shall be a pre-requisite of membership.

No person who may be admitted as a member of the Society shall be permitted to remain a member thereof after his supposed proofs of descent or eligibility have been found to be defective. In all such cases the Council shall by vote fix a reasonable time within which such person may substantiate his claim by further and sufficient proof and a copy of this vote shall be furnished to him by the Secretary.

In the event of his failure to furnish proper proof to support his claim, the Council shall cause the name of such person to be erased from the membership list and his membership in the Society shall thereby cease and determine.

ARTICLE VIII.

Declaration.

Every member shall declare upon honor that he will use his best efforts to promote the purposes of the Society and will observe the Constitution and By-Laws of the same; and shall sign a declaration that he will support the Constitution of the United States.

ARTICLE IX.

Commemoration.

The Society shall celebrate yearly some important event in Colonial History, as a festival day, and its members shall dine together at least once in each year when practicable.

ARTICLE X.

Seal.

The Seal shall be—a title scroll “1607-1775. Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Minnesota,”—surrounding the emblem of the seal of the state of Minnesota.

ARTICLE XI.

Insignia, Rosette and Diploma.

The Insignia, Rosette and Diploma shall be the same as those of the General Society.

ARTICLE XII.

Flag.

At all Courts and Celebrations of this Society the National colors and the flag of the Society shall be displayed. The flag of this Society shall consist of the Red Cross of St. George on a white field, having in the center an escutcheon bearing the seal of the Society.

ARTICLE XIII.

Alteration and Amendment.

This Constitution shall not be amended unless written notice signed by the member proposing the amendment has first been filed with the Secretary. When any amendment is thus proposed the Secretary shall send to every member of the Society a printed copy thereof, and shall also state the date of the Court at which the amendment will be voted upon. No amendment shall be adopted unless two-thirds of the members present vote in favor thereof.

BY-LAWS.

SECTION I.

Fees and Dues.

The initiation fee shall be Fifteen Dollars. The annual dues shall be Five Dollars payable in advance on January 1st of each year. The payment of Fifty Dollars at one time shall constitute a person a life member and shall be in lieu of an initiation fee and of all annual dues. Members admitted at any time between the date of the Annual Meeting and October 1st of the succeeding calendar year shall pay the annual dues for the current society year, but members admitted between October 1st and the next succeeding Annual Meeting shall pay no annual dues for the year in which they are thus admitted.

Annual dues unpaid on March 1st of each year shall be considered in arrears and the Council shall have the power to drop from the rolls the name of any member of the Society whose annual dues remain in arrears on July 1st of each year, and who shall fail upon proper notice to pay the same within sixty days thereafter. Upon being dropped from the rolls by the Council his membership in the Society shall cease, but the Council may at any time in its discretion reinstate a member thus dropped upon his written application and upon the payment of all annual dues from the date when he was dropped to the date of his reinstatement.

SECTION II.

Resignation.

No resignation of any member shall become effective unless consented to by the Council.

SECTION III.

Suspension and Expulsion.

For conduct detrimental to the interests of the Society or inconsistent with the character of a gentleman and a man of honor any member may be suspended or expelled. But no member shall be suspended or expelled unless written charges against him have first been presented to the Council.

The Council shall cause a copy of the charges preferred against any member of the Society to be delivered to him, and shall afford him reasonable opportunity to be heard in relation thereto. After hearing the evidence concerning such charges the Council may, in

its discretion, recommend to the Society the expulsion or suspension of such member, and the Society shall act thereon at some Court of which due notice has been given to the member against whom the charges have been presented.

The insignia shall be returned to the Treasurer by any member who may withdraw, resign or be expelled, and in such cases the money paid therefor shall be refunded.

SECTION IV.

Vacancies and Terms of Office.

Vacancies in any office, or in the Council, or in any Committee, whether occasioned by death, resignation or by the failure of the Society to elect, shall be filled by the Council for the balance of the current Society year. If any officer of the Society shall be suspended, or neglect to serve, or be unable to perform his duties by reason of absence, sickness or other cause, the Council shall have power to declare his office vacant or to appoint a member to discharge the duties thereof until the inability of such officer shall cease. If any member of the Council, other than an officer or former Governor, shall be absent from three consecutive Council meetings, without sufficient excuse, his office may be declared vacant by the Council, which may appoint another member for the unexpired term thereof. For good cause shown the Council may suspend any officer of the Society, but in such event its action must be reported to the Society for approval within thirty days.

SECTION V.

Governor, Deputy Governor and Lieutenant Governor.

The Governor shall preside at all Courts of the Society and at all meetings of the Council and shall be a member *ex-officio* of all Committees except the Nominating Committee and the Committee on Membership. He shall have power to convene the Council at his discretion or upon the request of two of its members, and shall have such other powers as may be incident to his office, or which may be conferred upon him by the Constitution and By-Laws.

If the Governor is absent from any Court of the Society or from any meeting of the Council the Deputy Governor shall preside, and he shall have such other powers as may be conferred upon him by the Constitution and By-Laws.

If the Governor and Deputy Governor are both absent from any Court of the Society or from any meeting of the Council the Lieutenant Governor shall preside and he shall have such other powers as may be conferred upon him by the Constitution and By-Laws.

SECTION VI.

Chaplain.

The Chaplain shall be an ordained minister of a Christian Church and it shall be his duty to officiate when called upon by the proper officers.

SECTION VII.

Chancellor.

The Chancellor shall be a lawyer duly admitted to the Bar, and it shall be his duty to give a legal opinion on any matter affecting the Society when called upon by the proper officers.

SECTION VIII.

Secretary.

The Secretary shall conduct the general correspondence of the Society, and keep a record thereof. He shall notify all persons elected to membership in the Society, and perform such other duties as the Society or his office may require. He shall have charge of the Seal, Certificate of Incorporation, Constitution, By-Laws, Historical and other documents and records of the Society other than those required to be deposited with the Registrar, and shall affix the seal to all properly authenticated certificates of membership, and transmit the same to members to whom they may be issued. He shall notify the Registrar of all admissions to membership. He shall certify all acts of the Society, and when required authenticate them under seal. He shall have charge of printing all publications issued by the Society. He shall give due notice of the time and place of the holding of all Courts of the Society and of meetings of the Council, and shall incorporate in said notice the names of all applicants for membership to be voted on at said meetings of the Council, and shall be present at the same. He shall keep fair and accurate

records of all the proceedings and orders of the Society and of the Council, and shall give notice to each officer who may be affected by them, of all votes, resolutions and proceedings of the Society or the Council and at the General Court, or oftener, shall report the names of those candidates who have been admitted to membership, and shall read the names of those members whose resignations have been accepted or who have been expelled for cause or for failure to substantiate claim of descent. In his absence from any meeting a Secretary pro tem. may be designated therefor.

SECTION IX.

Treasurer.

The Treasurer shall collect and keep the funds and securities of the Society and deposit and invest them in the name and subject to the order of the "Society of Colonial Wars, in the State of Minnesota." Out of these funds he shall pay such sums only as may be ordered by the Society or Council or which the duties of his office may require. He shall keep a full account of receipts and payments, and shall render an account of the same to the Society at each annual meeting.

For the faithful performance of his duty he may be required to give such security as the Society may deem proper.

SECTION X.

Historian.

The Historian shall keep a detailed record of all historical and commemorative celebrations of the So-

ciety, and in conjunction with the Secretary shall edit and prepare for publication such historical addresses, papers, and other documents as the Society or Council may see fit to publish. He shall also prepare a necrological list for each year, with biographies of deceased members, which he may be called upon to read at meetings of the Society.

SECTION XI.

Registrar.

The Registrar shall receive and file all the proofs upon which membership or supplemental ancestral records have been granted, with a list of all diplomas countersigned by him, and all documents which the Society may obtain; and under direction of the Council, he shall make copies of such papers as the owners may not be willing to leave in the keeping of the Society.

SECTION XII.

Genealogist.

The Genealogist shall investigate all applications for membership and also all supplemental applications, and shall make written report thereon to the Council. He shall receive such salary or compensation as the Council may fix and determine. The Genealogist shall be ex-officio a member of the Committee on Membership.

SECTION XIII.

Surgeon.

The Surgeon shall be a practicing physician.

SECTION XIV.

Council.

The Council shall meet at the call of the Governor or Secretary, or upon the written request of two of its members. Five members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. The Council shall have general control and management of all the affairs and funds of the Society and shall perform such other duties as may be prescribed in the Constitution and By-Laws. It shall cause a report of the proceedings of the Society to be made at the General Court, and it may, in its discretion, appoint committees to transact any business under its direction and control.

SECTION XV.

Membership Committee.

The Membership Committee shall be chosen by ballot at the General Court of the Society and shall consist of five members. The proceedings of the Committee shall be secret and confidential, and it shall have the power to make such rules and regulations for the transaction of its business as are not inconsistent with the Constitution and By-Laws of the Society.

SECTION XVI.

Courts.

The Council shall have authority to fix the date of the General Court, provided, however, that it shall in all cases be held during the month of December. Unless otherwise ordered by the Council the General

Court shall be held on December Nineteenth, the anniversary of the "Great Swamp Fight," and if this date falls on Sunday the General Court for that year shall be held on the preceding day. Other Courts shall be held at such times as the Council may fix and determine.

Special Courts may be called by the Governor or upon the written request of ten members, and the Secretary shall mail notice thereof to the members at least ten days prior thereto. Ten members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business at any Court of the Society.

SECTION XVII.

Alteration and Amendment.

These By-Laws shall not be amended unless written notice signed by the member proposing the amendment has first been filed with the Secretary. When any amendment is thus proposed the Secretary shall send to all the members of the Society a printed copy thereof which shall also state the date of the Court at which the amendment shall be voted upon. No amendment shall be adopted unless two-thirds of the members present vote in favor thereof.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIAL COURT

held at

The Residence of George Henry Daggett,

May 19, 1904.

On the evening of May 19, 1904, a Social Court of the Society was held at the home of Mr. George Henry Daggett, No. 40 Groveland Terrace, Minneapolis, and was an occasion of special pleasure and delight to nearly one hundred Members of the Society, and their guests, who were privileged to be present. Music was furnished by a male Quartette consisting of J. E. McCaffrey, John A. Jaeger, Robert C. Geddes and E. H. Wetherbee. The formal proceedings of the Court were as follows:

GOVERNOR LIGHTNER: I have the pleasure of opening this Social Court, which has met through the kindness of Mr. Daggett. The program of the entertainment is quite brief, and I have no doubt you will find it enjoyable. It is largely made up, as you know, by the Secretary, Mr. White, and the first number on the program is a musical number.

Music by the Quartette.

GOVERNOR LIGHTNER: I have the pleasure and duty—wholly unnecessary—of introducing to you our host, Mr. Daggett, who will extend to us his words of greeting. I can only say to Mr. Daggett that words are entirely unnecessary. He could offer us no heartier greeting than we have already experienced, but I know that you will be glad to hear from him and I yield the floor to Mr. Daggett. (Applause.)

REMARKS BY MR. GEORGE HENRY DAGGETT.

Your Excellency and Gentlemen: It has always been a pleasant thought to me that true hospitality needs no verbal expression; and so I would prefer to say but little in the way of welcome—hoping that you may feel it rather than depend upon my feeble attempt to express it.

This little gathering tonight reminds me very forcibly of another function of this Society which occurred in 1896, when a similar honor was conferred on me. Perhaps some of the friends who were present at that time are present tonight; I think I see a number, and you remember the time most of you had in getting home.

I recall also the fact that General Wade was elected to membership that night—General Wade who is now away down on the other side of the globe fighting savages, just exactly as his ancestors did 228 years ago today.

Some of the older members will also recall how utterly impossible it seemed to fill Major Whipple's place as Secretary. We little realized that another Richard

would spring up and fill his place so splendidly and so acceptably.

I remember that on that occasion dear Mrs. Shutter came over and arranged the flowers, and that the Doctor barricaded himself in his sanctum sanctorum where we could not get at him and rend him limb from limb, and sent word over that if his ancestors would only leave him alone he would guarantee never to molest them. (Laughter.) I think he must that night have been inclined to war, but tonight—tonight I have a dreadful fear that it will be otherwise, and that he will take it out of “something” good and hard. I hope it will be an ancestor and not a descendant. (Laughter.)

Speaking of war reminds me that, the other day, in preparing a paper for a similar society, I was very much impressed with the thought that every one of our American conflicts seemed to have a motive or keynote of its own. You have heard a great organ in some majestic cathedral pour forth its great symphonies, filling you with thoughts of majesty and power. War thunders to a music of its own. In its great diapason you hear the rush of cavalry, the crash of infantry, the terrible thunder-roar of cannon, the wailing cries of the wounded and the dying; and through all this dreadful discord, if you listen, you will hear the theme of the conflict—sometimes fierce, sometimes sweet and low, but ever present, and it is that theme that dominates the end and gives specific character to every war.

I thought, for instance, that in 1861 to 1865 the theme was love of flag and country; in 1776 it certainly was love of liberty; while that of the war we commem-

orate tonight was love of the fireside. It seems to me that all of the qualities that go to make heroes were brought out during that war—splendid courage, indomitable perseverance, dogged determination, the joy which warriors feel in meeting foemen worthy of their steel, and last but not least, magnanimity; for in all our wars we have ever conquered but never triumphed. And that is why our foemen soon become our brothers, walking hand in hand in perfect amity, laboring each for each and both for the other; and that is why every nation respects our flag, and that is why every soldier's son, every descendant of those splendid fighters of yore, neyer looks upon its silken folds without uttering the sweet words of Ruth of old, "May the Lord do so to me and more also if anything but death part thee and me."

With this thought in my mind, with my heart brimful of hospitality, deeply sensible of the honor you have done me, I bid you welcome. (Applause.)

Music by the quartette.

GOVERNOR LIGHTNER: The Secretary had made arrangements with Bishop Edsall to read a paper on "The Falls Fight." Unfortunately, Bishop Edsall has been detained. He is out in the country, and by reason of the failure of the trains to connect he has not been able to reach his home this evening and has been compelled to telephone that fact, and I know he will regret it as much as we do. But we have a Secre-

tary upon whom we can always rely, and he has consented to read the Commemoration Ode, by Lowell. He says it is not long, but I am sure when he has concluded we will wish it were longer.

SECRETARY WHITE: Your Excellency and Gentlemen of the Society: On the 21st day of July, 1865, Harvard College held a service in commemoration of its sons who had died in the Civil War. James Russell Lowell was invited to read a poem upon that occasion, and the result was the Commemoration Ode, with which you are all so familiar, and which marks, perhaps, the highest point touched in the flight of any American poet. Lowell always insisted that this poem was an improvisation. It is a fact, I suppose, that he wrote it in two days. Daniel Webster always made the same statement about his reply to Hayne—which is, perhaps, the grandest oration delivered by any American orator. But in the highest and the best sense the life work of the poet and of the great senator found expression in these their masterpieces.

The oration of the evening is to have for its subject "Abraham Lincoln's Place in American History," and as this poem breathes in every line a spirit of high and noble patriotism and also of the truest and best Americanism, I think we make no mistake in reading it as a prelude to that oration.

Secretary White then read the Commemoration Ode.

Music by the quartette.

GOVERNOR LIGHTNER: I have the pleasure of introducing at this time Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D., who is known to you all and whose subject, "Abraham Lincoln's Place in American History," has had the most fitting introduction in the reading with which we have been favored by our Secretary. I have the pleasure of presenting Dr. Shutter. (Applause.)

Before proceeding with the reading of his address, Dr. Shutter said:

Gentlemen, I remember distinctly the occasion to which Mr. Daggett referred in his introductory remarks. I freely confess that I did try to retire into oblivion on that occasion. The reason was that Bro. Daggett at that time had a genealogical expert on the track of my ancestors. I don't know exactly what he found, but he did not continue the search very long. (Laughter.) Now, I suspect that some of my ancestors were in the War of the Revolution—I haven't any doubt of it—for on my father's side we were British and on my mother's side Hessians. (Laughter.) And during the Civil War my grandfather was a copper head. (Renewed laughter.) And I leave it to you whether I was not justified in trying to hide.

Now, the lecture that I am to read you tonight is not of my own choosing. I think some of you are familiar with it. It is one that your Secretary, Mr. White, has heard, and he said he knew it was all right and he wanted me to read it because he was not willing to turn me loose upon this assembly with an uncertainty. (Laughter.) So I am to read to you tonight this lecture on Abraham Lincoln's Place in American History,

and I have taken for the motto these lines from Tennyson:

“ * * * * Divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;

“Who breaks his birth’s invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

“Who makes by force his merits known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state’s decrees,
And shape the whispers of a throne;

“And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on fortune’s crowning slope,
The pillar of a people’s hope,
The centre of a world’s desire.”

ABRAHAM LINCOLN’S PLACE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D.

On every occasion when his work is recalled, all hearts turn towards that man who was supreme in our country’s history during the century that is past. From the gloom of gathering years, those rugged and homely, but benign features, are gazing upon us, with their outlook of infinite hope, their background of infinite sadness. There is but one name shaping itself upon all lips at this time—the name of him who from an origin beneath that of peasants, sprang to a destiny beyond

that of kings; from the black mud of Illinois to a place among the stars of light—the name of him whose sympathies were so broad that they embraced the lowliest slave, whose mission was so exalted that it ranked him among the messengers of God—the name of him who bore the Nation's burdens and guided the Nation's course through the storm and conflagration of Civil War, against whom no charge was made while the war lasted save that he was too merciful, with whom no fault was found at its close, save that he was too magnanimous—the name of him whose own heart was pierced by every sword-thrust, whose tears mingled with those that fell by every desolate hearthstone in the land—the name of him whose life was the glory of his own age, whose memory is the benediction of all generations—the name that is above every name on the bead roll of the Nation's saints and heroes and martyrs, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Turning our eyes backward, we behold several colossal figures who stand as landmarks in our history. We see, at the very beginning of our national life, Washington, who successfully conducted the war of the Revolution to its outcome of independence; who was instrumental in the formation and adoption of a constitution; who guided the experiment of constitutional government to a triumphant issue. This was the work of Washington. Without him, we never should have had a country—to begin with. There is another whose importance can never be over-estimated. Whatever may be the final verdict of history upon Daniel Webster, this, at least, is certain; it was for him

to explain and apply the principles of constitutional government. It was for him to insist that this was a Union, not a league. It was for him to teach us that the national government and not the individual state was supreme. So thoroughly did he do this work of instruction that the mind of the North, at least, was prepared, when the hour of danger struck, to determine that "the Union must be preserved." This was the work of Webster, and even that "seventh-of-March" speech, which in so many quarters has been so unsparingly condemned, was, in its essence, a plea for the integrity of the Union! Then came Lincoln who stood in the awful crisis, and who preserved for us the Union that had been formed by Washington and bound together by the iron logic of Webster.

Abraham Lincoln will go down in history as the SAVIOR OF THE UNION AND THE EMANCIPATOR OF THE SLAVE. Theodore Tilton proposed for his epitaph, "He bound the Union and unbound the slave." The first of these was his great work, the aim and purpose of his administrative life; the second was a measure rendered necessary by the first. The edict of freedom to the slave was one of the last weapons taken by the government to smite rebellion; and with it, the final, decisive blow was struck. Lincoln set out to save the Union and not to free the slave. He found it necessary, at last, to free the slave in order to save the Union. With the great charter of liberty he touched the armies and navies of the opposition, and lo! they crumbled and vanished, leaving firmer than ever the foundations and walls of our national temple!

I.

THE TIME AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

It was a stormy time when Mr. Lincoln was summoned from his quiet home at Springfield to the White House. More difficulties lay before him, as he himself said, than confronted Washington. And he was an untried man. He did not have the entire confidence of most of the great leaders of his own party. They did not believe that the frontier lawyer and politician could ever understand, much less grapple with the situation. They were destined to read their mistake in one of the most glorious pages of their country's history.

“Upon his back, a more than Atlas-load,

The burden of the commonwealth was laid;
He stooped and rose up to it, tho' the road
Shot suddenly downward—not a whit dismayed.”

The Aggressions of the South.

Under the preceding administration—an administration of which Oliver P. Morton said, “Its imbecility alone relieved it from the charge of treason,” an incompetent predecessor had allowed the treasury and the arsenals to be robbed; and the conspirators against the nation had already gained immense advantages. James Buchanan simply could not or would not see what was going on and whither it all tended. Less, perhaps, from intention than from weakness, he permitted the rills and rivulets of treason to gather themselves into a stream that ran swift and deep through

the latter years of his administration—a stream that had begun to cut away the ground upon which our national fabric rested!

This was the condition that Mr. Lincoln had to face. In vain were the words of peace and soberness that characterized his inaugural address:

“Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war. You cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions of intercourse are again upon you.”

In this noble and majestic strain did he plead for peace. In closing he said:

“In your hands and not in mine, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I have a most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it.”

But expostulation was in vain. Secession had already been determined upon in the fatal counsels of fanatical leaders. So long had the slave power dominated the national government that now, when the time had come that its representatives could rule no longer, they determined to ruin. They would miserably destroy the Union to whose founding patriots of North

and South had alike given their blood, and statesmen of both sections their wisdom. They would do this, because a man opposed to the further extension of their peculiar institution, had been lawfully and constitutionally elected to the presidency. We cannot wonder, indeed, at their disappointment and chagrin; for they had long wheedled and bullied presidents, cabinets, senators, congressmen, and all, into compliance with their demands. They had committed monumental outrages in order to extend their territory and strengthen their power. They had plunged the nation into a needless war with Mexico, and had robbed that weaker country of the immense domain of Texas that they might extend the horrors of slavery in that direction. They accomplished, through a Northern instrument the repeal of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, thus blotting out the line, northward of which, they had formerly agreed that slavery should not prevail. They sought by a series of atrocities, unparalleled in the history of this country, to force a slave constitution upon the settlers of Kansas; and when Charles Sumner lifted up his voice against the crimes they were committing, he was brutally beaten down upon the floor of the senate by the chivalry of the slave-power. The answer of slavery to the logic of Sumner was the bludgeon of Preston Brooks; just as later, the answer of secession to the appeal of Lincoln was the blast from Beauregard's artillery that smote the stars and stripes from the ramparts of Fort Sumpter!

The Republican Party.

The party which had placed Mr. Lincoln in nomination was organized, in 1856, to resist the aggressions of the slave-power. Its members, many of them, had been influenced by Abolition teachings, but it was not an Abolition party. It did not commit itself to the extirpation of slavery. Where the institution existed, it might remain. The Republican party aimed to draw a cordon around that portion of the country which slavery occupied; to establish a limit at which the nation could say, "Thus far and no farther." This was the original object of the party as set forth in the platform adopted. It denied the right of congress to extend this relic of barbarism into the territories. It was not proposed to interfere with the institution where it already existed; but it was determined that the footprints of the monster should not touch and taint one acre of the new soil that might be acquired by the government. It was, indeed, hoped by many—if not by all—that the abolition of the slave trade and the restriction of the slave-territory would place the institution in a position where its final extinction would be the result. If its source of supply were cut off and its area rimmed by freedom, it must inevitably die. This was the thought and hope of many. But no attempt was to be made by the new party for its immediate and violent destruction. This was the first practical step ever taken against slavery. There had been no end of agitation and of discussion, and all this had, no doubt, been necessary; but Abolitionism, as

such, had never found a way to accomplish its purpose. The Abolitionist saw the goal, the Republican began to cast up a highway; the Abolitionist beheld the top of the mountain, the Republican realized the necessity of climbing!

The New Standard-Bearer.

The record and position of Abraham Lincoln, the new standard-bearer, were well-known. He was not an Abolitionist; but he believed thoroughly in the principles and program of the new party. The Abolitionists always thought him lukewarm and often denounced him; they did not know that down among the elemental forces of his mighty nature there lay a hatred of slavery as deep as theirs; while under the serene dome of his intelligence sat enthroned a judgment and foresight immeasurably superior. The Abolitionist saw only the evil, and was just as willing to wreck the country in an attempt to extirpate it as the southerner was in an attempt to preserve it. Abolitionist and secessionist were both willing to dissolve the Union. The Republican party believed and Lincoln believed that there was still "a more excellent way."

In early life, when running a flatboat on the Mississippi, Abraham Lincoln first saw slaves scourged, first saw human beings put upon the auction-block. It was a ghastly revelation, that scene in the slave-market at New Orleans. It gave him his first real insight into the nature of the institution. Slavery respected neither human affections, nor the laws of God; it tore the babe from the breast of its mother, and it let man put asun-

der those whom love and God had joined. That auction-block was the altar before which, like Hannibal of old, he swore hatred to this foe of his country, this foe of humanity: "Before God, I'll hit that business a blow some day." Then and there the Emancipation Proclamation was born. Still later in life, on a trip down the river, he saw ten or a dozen slaves chained together. The iron entered his soul. The Emancipation Proclamation was growing and gathering its elements together. The first measure with which his name is identified, after the flatboat hand became a congressman, is a resolution for the emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia. That was in 1846; and congress refused to consider his proposition. He did not see this early wish accomplished until after he became President. Its accomplishment was then the herald of general emancipation.

Twelve years after that proposition was dismissed without discussion, that is in 1858, Mr. Lincoln came prominently before the country in his great debates with Senator Douglas. When Mr. Lincoln assumed the championship of his party, he said:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe that this government cannot permanently endure half-slave and half-free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all the one thing or the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the

course of ultimate extinction, or else its advocates will push it forward until it shall become alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new, North as well as South."

The debates which followed, in which he opposed the introduction of slavery into the territories and held that congress had the right and duty to prohibit it, as against the popular sovereignty of Senator Douglas which would leave the question with the people of the territory, brought him prominently before the country and at last made him President, elected by the party which sought to place the question of slavery where "the public mind could rest in the belief that it was in the course of ultimate extinction." With that question the party would deal only under the constitution and not by violence. And yet even during those debates he said to a friend:

"Sometimes, in the excitement of speaking, I seem to see the end of slavery. I feel that the time is soon coming when the sun shall shine, the rain fall, on no man who shall go forth to unrequited toil. How this will come, when it will come, by whom it will come, I cannot tell, but that time will surely come."

Such was the record of Mr. Lincoln; such was the object of the party whose standard-bearer he became. The hour of destiny had struck and the man for the crisis had come. The ship of state was about to be launched upon the awful sea of civil war; but a wise and skillful pilot had taken his place at the wheel.

“We are glad,” says James Russell Lowell, “to have had at the head of our affairs a man whom America made, as God made Adam, out of the very earth, un-ancestried, unprivileged, unknown, to show us how much truth, how much magnanimity, and how much statecraft, await the call of opportunity in simple manhood, when it believes in the justice of God and the worth of man.” To add the fine lines of Edward Markham:

“The color of the ground was in him, the red
earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things;
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind;
To the grave’s low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.”

And now slavery with its aggressions, the new party with its defiance, the new leader with his love for freedom and union meet in the National Capital.

II.

THE GREAT PROBLEM: THE PRESERVATION OF THE UNION.

Foreseeing the probable result of the campaign, the extreme advocates of slavery, as I have already suggested, did not even wait for the election of Mr. Lincoln, before they began to prepare and organize insur-

rection. As soon as the result of the election was declared, South Carolina passed her ordinance of secession. Then followed Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana and Texas, striving to blot the stars which represented them from the field of blue upon the flag under whose benediction they had gained their prosperity and glory. They tried, but they could not. After the storm of war had rolled away, the blue sky of the banner revealed every star shining in its original luster, not one missing in the entire galaxy; and there were two new stars born into the constellation of freedom, even while the skies were black with the smoke of battle! For West Virginia shook herself free from the Old Dominion and Nevada shaped the sheen of her silver into the emblem of a state.

Slavery and the Preservation of the Union.

Those revolted states organized a provisional government styled "the Confederate States of America." Jefferson Davis was made President. Forts, arsenals, ships, and all the public property of the United States were siezed and held and used by the Confederates. They declared their independence and defied the Federal Power.

The immediate problem before Mr. Lincoln, therefore, was HOW TO SAVE THE UNION. This was paramount. Mr. Lincoln had kept the word given in his inaugural—"You can have no quarrel without being yourselves the aggressors." The government had not disturbed them. They had taken the initiative. Lincoln's conscience was clear. He was able to take

the defensive side of the war and justify himself. To questions and criticisms, he replied with the story about the man in Illinois who was chased by a fierce bull in a pasture. The man dodged behind a tree, and round and round they went until the man saw a chance to catch by the tail the bull that was after him. Then, after plunging about and pawing the earth for a few seconds, the frightened bull broke away on a run, bellowing at every jump, when the man clinging to his tail cried out, "Confound you, who started this thing anyway?" The President was right and knew that he was right in the measures he took to preserve the Union. There were many of the old-time Abolitionists, such as Garrison and Phillips, who would have said and who did say, "Let the Southern states go; let them become a separate government." There were those who did not believe in coercion, such as Horace Greely, who said, "Let us not be pinned together with bayonets." They were all willing that the South should go and take the curse of slavery with them; then the North would be no longer responsible for the sin, the constitution would no longer be a covenant with death and a league with hell, nor the flag a flaunting lie. Even General Scott would rather say, "Erring Sisters, go in peace," than draw his sword to make them stay. Members of his own cabinet believed that if hostilities were commenced, the South would have the Northern Democrats as their allies and helpers. Lincoln, however, did not believe that such an alliance was possible. He told, in illustration, the story of a good brother in the church who wished a bridge built across a very dangerous

river; but he could find no one to undertake it. Brother Jones suggested a man by the name of Meyers who, when questioned, said gruffly, that he could build a bridge to hell, if necessary. Brother Jones felt obliged to stand up for his friend, and said that he believed Meyers so honest a man and so good an architect that if he said he could accomplish this feat, he really believed that he could, though for his part he had some doubt about the abutment on the infernal side! So Lincoln thought that even if there were Northern Democrats who might wish to throw a bridge across to their Southern brethren there would be some doubt about the abutment on the infernal side. So the war was on, and the great task of Lincoln was to save the Union.

The Union must be saved even in the interest of the slave. Every hope of the negro was bound up in the Union. If that were dissolved, slavery would still exist, would cover as large an area as ever, would be perpetuated. To destroy the Union would not destroy slavery. That might have wiped the stain from the flag; it would not have wiped the curse that made the stain from the face of the earth. Lincoln knew that if the South became independent it would no longer be possible to place the institution of slavery where the public mind would repose in the belief that it was "in the course of ultimate extinction." Dissolve the Union, and you rivet the chains of the slave. Dissolve the Union and every glimmering taper of hope for freedom that has been lighted in the negro's heart goes out in despair. First of all, the Union must be preserved at

all hazards and at every cost. The question of slavery must wait—if need be—until the greater question of Union is settled. This was the position that he took with ever-increasing firmness and decision as the contest went on.

“My paramount object is to save the Union,” wrote Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Greeley in 1862. “and not either to destroy or to save slavery. If I could have the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing some and letting others alone, I would do that.”

And in September following, he said to a ministerial delegation:

“I view this matter as a practical war-measure, to be decided on according to the advantages or disadvantages it may offer to the suppression of rebellion.”

This was, indeed, his paramount object. To the preservation of the Union he gave his days of care and nights of watching. For the sake of the Union he endured the criticisms of blundering friends and the slanders of malignant foes. He suppressed his personal feelings in the greatness of his devotion to the transcendent cause. No man had insulted him more virulently than Stanton, yet Lincoln knew that he was the man for Secretary of War and put him in that most important office. The Union was everything, and he was nothing if he could but save it. But could he save it, at the utmost sacrifice? The skies were dark. The

battles that were fought were disastrous to the North. The eagles drooped and victory lingered. Disappointment lay heavy upon the heart of the President. The cause was right; why tarried the chariots?

Emancipation as a War-Measure.

The more he thought it over, the more it seemed to him that the Proclamation of Emancipation would be the needed blow to suppress rebellion.

Mr. Lincoln had really written a preliminary proclamation before he answered Greeley and the ministers; but he wanted to wait until the military necessity should be laid upon him, and until the sentiment of the people would sustain him. Long did he hesitate. Earnestly did he study every side of the question. He endeavored to persuade the representatives of the border states to accept compensation for their slaves. He warned them not to blind themselves to the signs of the times. If they delayed, they must not only lose their slaves at last, but receive no return for the loss. Time after time did he press the offer upon them, but as often was it rejected. The signs of the times were multiplying. Public sentiment, without which no measure can be sustained, was maturing. Lincoln always showed his great wisdom in never moving too rapidly for the people to follow. He knew the common people as no other man of his day knew them. He had been born into one of their log cabins; he had grown up among them on the farm and in the shop; he had shared their heavy toils and eaten their scanty fare.

He had struggled, like the other boys about him, for the little education to be had, and had spelled out the few books he could get, by the fire-light, as he lay on the hearth at night. He had entered into their hearts and thoughts as he waited on them at the village store or told stories with them at the village tavern. Among them he had begun his slender law-practice; he had been their spokesman in politics. He knew the mind of the common people and that it was bound to see clearly in the end, because the heart of the common people was sound in its deepest elements. So that every step he took, Lincoln knew that he could hold. It was in deference to public sentiment not yet ripe that he countermanded the orders of Fremont and Hunter, setting the slaves free in their military districts. Emancipation, if it be proclaimed at all, must be proclaimed at the right time and by the proper authorities. It must be proclaimed when conditions were favorable and the people prepared. Rashness meant ruin. Here is an incident which admirably illustrates Mr. Lincoln's method. General Palmer was once called to Washington on a matter of business. He was shown into an ante-room and waited for some time. Finally he was called. Lincoln was being shaved, but said that Palmer was home folks and he could shave before him. Palmer said in a joking way:

“Well, Lincoln, if I had supposed at the Chicago convention which nominated you that we were going to have this terrible war, I would never have thought of going down to a one-horse town and getting a one-horse lawyer for President.”

“Neither would I, Palmer,” replied Lincoln seriously; “I don’t believe any great man with a policy could have saved the country. If I have contributed to the saving of the country, it was because I attended to the duties of each day, with the hope that when tomorrow came, I would be equal to the duties of that day.”

The wisdom of this method was justified by the results. To take another sentence from Lowell:

“At first he was so slow that he tired out all those who see no evidence of progress but in blowing up the engine; then he was so fast that he took the breath away from those who think there is no getting on safely while there is a spark of fire under the boiler; * * * but he left behind him a firm road on which public confidence could follow. He took America with him where he went.”

Preparing for the Final Stroke.

So it was in the matter of Emancipation for the suppression of rebellion and the restoration of the Union. Lincoln carefully watched how the public mind was tending. Certain acts of Congress passed from time to time furnished the tests. They aroused no wide-spread opposition.

In April, 1862, the act was passed forbidding slavery in the District of Columbia. Thus was the early wish of Lincoln at last gratified; thus were his early efforts for freedom throned and crowned. The stone, rejected years before by the builders, had become the very head

of the corner. In June of the same year was passed the act prohibiting slavery in the territories of the United States. One of the objects for which the party was organized that nominated Lincoln and elected him was accomplished at last. In July, Congress decided that all the escaped slaves of masters in rebellion should be free. This was followed by an act giving lawful authority for the enlistment of colored men as soldiers. And still another prohibiting any one in the military or naval service from aiding in the arrest or return of a fugitive slave, on pain of dismissal. These were signs of the times that indicated the trend of the nation's sentiment. They were the premises whose only legitimate conclusion was found in the edict of freedom. Emancipation was the outcome of the logic of events; and the salvation of the Union was destined to be the outcome of emancipation. That wisdom which is behind all the events of time; that Providence which guides the nations through all the intricacies and perplexities of circumstance, was silently but resistlessly leading the way to freedom as well as union; to the cleansing of the national structure as well as to its preservation. That the two should come together might well make men exclaim: "This is the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes!"

III.

THE GREAT SOLUTION: THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Mr. Lincoln had prepared, in July, 1862, as I have already suggested, a preliminary proclamation, which he presented to his cabinet, but was advised to withhold it, which he, himself, also thought was wise. But he wanted to accustom the minds of his advisers to the thought of what would one day surely come.

Secretary Seward said:

“Mr. President, I approve of this proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind consequent upon repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help; the government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the government.”

His idea was that it would be considered our last shriek upon the retreat. The President decided to wait for a victory, and for the people. Antietam was soon fought. It is not yet quite clear that Antietam was a victory, but it served the purpose. The occasion had come. The public mind was prepared. The preliminary proclamation was issued. After the first of January, 1863—so ran the terms of that immortal document—the slaves in all the states which should then be in rebellion, were to be forever free!

On the morning when this preliminary proclamation was made, occurred one of those little incidents so characteristic of Lincoln. This was the most important act of his life. He was writing his name among the world's greatest benefactors and saviors of all ages. The paper which he held in his hand was to live beside the Great Charter of English rights and the Declaration of Independence. His name was to be graven upon the hearts of four millions of emancipated people, re-engraved upon the hearts of their children, and down the coming generations. When the cabinet assembled, there was some general talk, and then the President mentioned that Artemas Ward had sent him his book, and he proposed to read a chapter which he thought very funny. It was entitled "High-handed Outrage in Utica." It is worth while to give it, more from its connection with Lincoln than from the intrinsic merit. The showman says:

"One day as I was givin' a description of my Beests and Snaix in my usual floury stile, what was my skorn an' disgust to see a big burly feller walk up to the cage containin' my wax figgers of the Lord's Last Supper, and ceaze Judas Iscariot by the feet an' drag him out onto the ground. He then commenced for to pound him as hard as he cood. 'What under the sun are ye about?' cried I. Says he: 'What did you bring this pussylanermous euss here for?' an' he hit the wax figger another tremendous blow on the head. Says I, 'Yon egrejis ijit, that ere's a wax figger—a representation of the false 'postle.' Says he: 'That's all very well fur

you to say, but I tell you, ole man, that Judas Iscariot can't show his face in Utica with impunity—not by a darn site!" with which observation, he caved in Judasses hed."

This was what he read on that momentous day which decided the fate of the slave and the fate of the Union. Then, assuming a graver air, the President went on to state that, in his judgment, the time for announcing the proclamation had come!

It was done, and there was great rejoicing. But the warning was not heeded. The Confederates did not lay down their arms. The first of January came. The South was still in rebellion. The proclamation went into effect. Mr. Lincoln recommended and urged upon Congress the necessity of making it effectual by constitutional provisions and appropriate legislation. That which the proclamation had guaranteed, the Constitution must protect and perpetuate. The hands on the dial of destiny must never move backward. Another era is begun. It is as if a great voice from heaven exclaimed, "Behold, I make all things new." The satisfaction of the people when the provisions of the Proclamation were finally made constitutional, may be expressed in the lines of Whittier—who had waited and watched for the salvation of the Lord, lo! many a weary year:

"It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down;
How the belfries rock and reel,
How the great guns peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town.

“Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin.
 Freer breathes the universe,
 As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin.

 It is done!
In the circuit of the sun,
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
 It shall bid the sad rejoice,
 It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth.

 “Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! on morning’s wing,
Send the note of praise abroad!
 With a sound of broken chains,
 Tell the nations that he reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God.”

IV.

THE SOLUTION JUSTIFIED.

That Mr. Lincoln had not wrongly calculated the importance of such a step in the suppression of rebellion and the restoration of the Union was demonstrated by after results. The immediate effect, indeed, was the loss of some of the elections the following November; but Mr. Lincoln was not aiming to save the politicians, but the Union. In the end, however, he was sustained at the bar of public opinion. The proclamation of freedom helped, in many ways, the cause of the Union.

It Gave the Administration the More United Support of the Hitherto Divided and Wavering Anti-Slavery Sentiment of the North.

Strange as it may seem, Lincoln had been hitherto as much harrassed by the Abolitionists as by the sympathizers with the South, who were then popularly known as "Copperheads." They criticised him for his indifference to the slave. They called him weak-kneed and invertebrate. They wanted him to let the South go and make peace. The difference between the two classes of citizens I have just mentioned was that the Copperhead gave comfort to the South, the Abolitionist gave discomfort to the North; the Copperhead held up the hands that were trying to pull down the flag, the Abolitionist tried to pull down the hands that were holding up the flag; the Copperhead said that the South was right in trying to get out of the Union; the Abolitionist said that the North was wrong in trying to keep her in. So it was a great relief to find that this measure of emancipation did much to put an end to the opposition of one of these troublesome parties, the Abolitionist. It stopped the criticism, or if it did not completely stop, at least overruled it, and turned many assailants into supporters.

It Demoralized and Weakened the South.

It broke up the labor on the plantations and stopped supplies. It filled the ranks of the Union with hundreds and thousands of colored troops who, under the impetus of the proclamation, fought as those who knew

that they were fighting for freedom. General Horace Porter relates, in his charming book, that when Lincoln came down to City Point to visit Grant, one day the General said:

“Mr. President, let us ride on and see the colored troops who behaved so handsomely in Smith’s attack on the works in front of Petersburg last week.” “Oh, yes,” replied Lincoln, “I want to take a look at those boys. * * * I think, General, we can say of the black boys what a country fellow who was an old-time Abolitionist in Illinois said when he went to a theater in Chicago and saw Forrest playing Othello. He was not very well up in Shakespeare, and he did not know that the tragedian was a white man blacked up for the purpose. After the play was over, his friend asked him what he thought of it. “Wa’al, layin’ aside all sectional prejudices an’ any partiality I may have for the race, darned if I don’t think the nigger held his own with any of them.” And so—said Lincoln—“those colored troops held their own with any of them!”

The emancipation proclamation prevented the recognition of the confederacy by foreign powers.

England and France had long stood hesitating, but when they saw the Confederacy reeling under this terrific blow, they abandoned it to its fate. They saw that there was no use in trying to prop up a structure that was shaking in the throes of an earthquake.

The emancipation proclamation put new life and courage into the armies of the north.

The date of its issue seemed, indeed, to be the very turning-point of the war. The great, decisive victories of the contest followed. Lee was beaten back from Gettysburg, Vicksburg fell, Mission Ridge and Look-out Mountain were taken; Sherman marched from Atlanta to the Sea; Grant fought Lee through the Wilderness; Sheridan cleared the Shenandoah Valley; and so the tide of victory went sweeping on, in its resistless course, to Appomattox—to an undivided Union and an untarnished flag!

This was the work of Abraham Lincoln; he saved the Union, he freed the slave. He saved the Union by freeing the slave. It is finished. The dream of thy life, O seer and savior, has passed into reality. The struggle of thy manhood has been crowned with victory, enshrined in glory. Henceforth, thy fame is secure; henceforth shall thy name be linked with that of Washington in imperishable companionship. Thy name shall live with his forever in the hearts of thy countrymen. It shall be the most precious memory of those who have fought for the flag. Even when they whiten with age and tremble with years, that name shall stir their pulses like a battle-trumpet. Thy name shall be as the very name of God himself to those twilight millions who hail thee as their deliverer. Greater work than thine has never been entrusted to human hands; nobler performance than thine has never been rendered to heaven! Thy monument shall be the union

thou hast preserved; and round it shall be twined for chaplet of triumph a wreath of broken chains!

But even while the bells were pealing the glorious consummation, the Savior and Emancipator fell--smitten in the very hour of his triumph, as Mr. Beecher said, "by the last sting of the expiring Confederacy." In an instant, the nation's joy was turned to sorrow and despair. Standing beside his bedside when he breathed his last, Stanton, the great War Secretary, said, "Now he belongs to the ages." If we may not say, without seeming irreverence, that the event of that Good Friday gave added sanctity to the memories which already consecrated it, surely we may say that the day upon which the great sacrifice of the ages was made, was not unfitting for the blow to fall, if fall it must; for he, too, the loving and suffering President, had struggled in bloody sweat through his own Gethsemane and borne his cross to another Calvary. And may we not believe that he, too, from the serene heights, where he holds converse with Washington, and Hampden, and Cromwell, looks down and sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied--satisfied with the discipline of the North, satisfied with the regeneration of the South, satisfied with the closer union of both? It seems to me it must have shot a new gleam of joy athwart the glory of his dwelling-place to see the men who wore the gray and the men who wore the blue standing together, united at last, to overthrow the lingering despotism of the old world on this hemisphere and to bear the flag of freedom to the islands of the sea.

On the last day of his life he had presided at a cabinet meeting with unwonted dignity. Before the business began, he said:

“Gentlemen, something extraordinary is going to happen and that very soon.” “Something good, sir, I hope,” suggested the Attorney General. “I don’t know; I don’t know; but it will happen, and that very soon.” “Have you received any information, sir, not yet disclosed to us?” “No,” answered the President, “but I have had a dream. I have had the same dream three times—once on the night preceding the Battle of Bull Run, once on the night preceding another unfavorable battle.” His chin sunk on his breast as he sat reflecting. “Might one ask the nature of this dream?” said the Attorney General. “Well,” replied the President—without raising his head or changing his attitude—“I am on a great, broad, rolling river—and I am in a boat, and I drift, I drift.”

And that very night his lifeboat was launched all too soon on the dark, broad, rolling river! He has been borne onward by the waves, not to disaster and reproach; but to glory and honor and immortality. “Hold warriors, chancellors, kings—all now give place To this dear benefactor of the race!”

At the close of Dr. Shutter’s Address all joined in singing “America,” and the Social Court was then adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIAL COURT

held at

The Town and Country Club, St. Paul

October 11, 1904.

On the evening of October 11th, 1904, a Social Court of the Society was held at the Town and Country Club, St. Paul, in honor of the wives of our members, many of whom were present at this Court. The Club Rooms were tastefully decorated with autumn leaves and the presence of the ladies added special interest and enjoyment to the occasion. The music of the evening was rendered by the Metropolitan Quartette consisting of Harry E. George, Harry E. Phillips, Mrs. Jane Huntington Yale and Miss Clara Williams with Miss Marion Maude Lindsey as accompanist.

In the absence of the Governor, the Deputy Governor, Ell Torrance presided.

The formal exercises of the evening were as follows:

Quartette....."Song of the Vikings"

Metropolitan Quartette.

Song "Because"

Mr. Harry E. George.

DEPUTY GOVERNOR TORRANCE: Ladies and Gentlemen: In the absence of His Excellency, Governor Lightner, whose inability to be present this evening is a cause of sincere regret, it becomes my duty, as well as privilege, to direct the more formal exercises of this Social Court. Since the organization of the Society we have had many very happy gatherings of its members, and they have always proved to be of great pleasure and profit, but it adds to the pleasure of this evening that we have so many guests present, and I wish to emphasize in behalf of my compatriots the hearty and sincere welcome which we extend to them this evening. We wish to make this welcome as hearty as it is possible for words to convey.

You are all doubtless familiar with the remark attributed to Dean Swift at a dinner, when asked to invoke the divine blessing. He hesitated a moment, glanced up and down the table, and with a look of disappointment on his face inquired, "Is there no clergyman present? Let us thank God." (Laughter.)

We are fortunate this evening in having a clergyman present, one who is a special favorite with every member of this Society, one whose absence from this communion would be a sore disappointment to us all. He will speak this evening of "The Colonial Parson." I have the pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, of presenting to you the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Minneapolis. (Applause.)

THE COLONIAL PARSON.

Rev. John E. Bushnell, D. D.

Speaking of there being no ministers present on that notable occasion brings to mind an incident in the Colonial period connected with one of our distinguished parsons who demitted the ministry to take up the study of law. Someone asked him why it was that so many parsons were changing to the study of law and so few lawyers changed and became parsons. He said, "The reason is, the descent to Avernus is easy; the ascent from it difficult." (Laughter.)

Apropos, further, of the charming music to which we have just listened, I am reminded of an utterance by Dr. Bellamy of Colonial fame, who had been preceded in the service by the rendering of a psalm by the choir. When it was over and he was supposed to rise to preach he turned to his choir and said, "I wish you would try that over again. No man living could preach a sermon after such singing as that." (Laughter.) I was thinking how different his feelings would be here tonight if he had the privilege of saying a few words after such delightful music as we have heard.

"The Colonial Parson" is a very broad subject, and I assume that the interest of this Court is not so much in the study of the parson professionally, but as representing a very eminent and useful type, and as also representing one of the great formative powers in the making of our nation.

John Fiske says that the figure of Oliver Cromwell towers infinitely above the figure of Julius Caesar

in the history of mankind. The principles which Oliver Cromwell represented were the principles of the Puritans. Those principles took to themselves wings and fled across the ocean at the time of Charles I. particularly, causing a large exodus of very distinguished men and women who carried what a distinguished Frenchman has called "an inflamed conscience;" "for," he said, "the Puritan, as distinguished from the Frenchman, represented devotion pure and simple to the dictates of conscience."

The parson who went with them was, as a rule, their most cultured and most intellectual member. A great many parsons emigrated, all out of proportion to the total number of the Puritans who came to this country in the first twenty years of Colonial life. They were graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, and the children, for the most part, of the finest homes of the Old Country. There was especial inducement for them to remain in the livings under the Church of England as it then existed. Livings were very comfortable for those who would conform to the existing government and existing customs. It was one of the most magnificent illustrations of self-sacrifice when they left the attractive positions that were open to them at home and decided to share the poverty and the perils of their people. Such men, coming from such homes, representing the finest culture of the Old World, inspired by a heroism and self-denial hardly paralleled, would naturally assume a commanding position and become moulding forces in the New World.

Two hundred and fifty years ago there were 26,000

Puritans in the American colonies. Today there are more than 15,000,000 of their descendants scattered over the length and breadth of our Republic. Those descendants, though many have too literally descended from their sires, are still proud to own their origin. The names of the Colonial parsons figure pre-eminently in their history. Happy are those families in their integrity, in the possession of lofty ideals, in the spirit of progress and of true spirituality, at the distant end of whose line stands the parson. The Mathers, the Cottons, the Robinsons, the Davenports, the Clevelandes, the Bacons—we can't name them; we can only hint at the proud rosters of names which have distinguished American annals, sired originally by the brainy parsons of Colonial times. They were men of majestic physical mien, as a rule, towering like giants, physically, as a class. Brawny and muscular, they challenged their fellowmen even on the lower basis of physical manhood and endurance. They were men possessed of so lofty a conception of their God, and in consequence possessed of such a lofty idea of their fellowmen and of the possibilities of human nature at its best, that they walked in their several spheres animated by the lofty resolution of giving their lives for the exploiting of the glory of their Divine Sovereign and the fervent appeal to their fellowmen to arise to the conception of manhood and womanhood as it was set forth in their Holy Scriptures. They were men who shared the poverty and the hardships of their day, who wrought with their own hands in tilling the soil, adding also to

their scanty salaries by teaching. In some instances, as the record of a long lifetime, in addition to professional duties rendered, it is found that ministers' homes received as many as three hundred students into their family. Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel had their schooling for college in a New England parsonage and it may not be an exaggeration to say that the larger part of the distinguished laity of the first century and a half was trained in the same atmosphere.

They were men who had large horizons. It is a great error and injustice to their memory to conceive of them as at all limited in their sympathies and as other worldly in their thoughts and in the themes upon which they spoke. There was nothing which concerned human weal and woe, either for time or eternity, which did not find a quick and passionate response in the heart of the Colonial parsons. Posterity is inclined to think of them as dwelling almost exclusively upon the great theological topics of the day, engrossed in consideration of the themes of free-will and predestination and other great and burning subjects which have through all the ages divided the minds and hearts of men. On the contrary every event, political, social, domestic, which concerned the happiness and the well-being of their people was exploited from the pulpit. They feared not to express their opinion concerning political administrations. They held up for holy contemplation the incidents of the day, the current topics, the accidents, the catastrophies, the storms, the pestilence, the plague, and interpreted these things according to the light(as they understood it) of Holy Writ. They

were men who comprehended, in other words, the whole range of human experience, and had a place in their heart for all that related to the saving of men not only for eternity, but also for time.

And so they wrought in their limited spheres. They set up Governors by the force of their eloquence and their righteous pleadings. They stripped the great of their laurels and foiled them of their ambitions when they felt that their ambitions were counter to the interests of the colonies. Legislatures ordered that preceding important elections colonial pastors should first from their sacred desk interpret existing conditions and set forth before the people the righteous way before they employed the privilege of the franchise, and upon the burning accents of those men of righteousness, who feared not men because they feared God so much, hung in suspense the earthly ambition of many candidates for political honors.

They were the most powerful men of the colonies in moulding the political and social as well as the religious, thought of their time. They dwelt upon large themes. They accredited their hearers with intelligence demanding strong meat. Sometimes they gave them too much credit. They preached dry, profound sermons; and when the hour-glass was exhausted, Dr. Norton would say, as he turned it over. "You are all good men here. Let us take another glass." (Laughter.) And turning the hour-glass for another run, he would enter another phase of the ponderous subject, and for two or three hours he would hold in the grip of his logic, if not of his eloquence, those who

were capable of following him in his sublime flights.

Of course, men who soared so high, attempted so much, tended to extremes. They assumed sometimes an arbitrariness which was not consistent with their natural humility and their principles of modesty. They quarreled irritably oftentimes with those who differed from them. But it can never be said that they ever manifested the slightest traits of cowardice or truckling for popular applause. Their blemishes were the defects of greatness.

In the parish, except when examining children in the formidable lines of the catechism, they were men of tenderest sympathy, whose tears flowed freely for the sorrows of their loved ones, and who accounted all men within the confines of their little kingdom as their children, for whom they toiled and for whom they wrestled in prayer.

I would love to tell you, if there were not others to speak here tonight, of other themes which would interest you more than those of which I have spoken; of the sayings and doings, the quaint humors, the quaint repartees, the startling eloquence, the original thoughts of these pioneers in the pulpit of the new land. They prayed as they preached. If the sermon were two hours long the prayer should be, ordinarily, one hour long. They gloried in the power of prayer. And when a certain Dr. Robinson visited the church where a young minister was just then seeking to wrestle in prayer, and succeeding not too well, he concluded the service by supplicating the good Lord that "He would help his dumb dog to open his mouth."

When singers—for singers in those distant days were often stubborn and unreasonable—gave him trouble, this same man, when he learned that they were in rebellion and said they would not sing so long as that parson was upon the floor, gave out the hymn as he entered the church that morning, looking to the choir, “And do you wretched sinners live, and do you still rebel?”

Quick of wit, fearless in the application of scripture or song, they rebuked the mighty without favor. If Ephraim Trumble had offended his dignity or the principles of his religion during the week, he would very likely hear in his pew the next Sunday the solemn voice of the good man saying, “O, Lord, Ephraim is joined to his idols; shall we let him alone?”

Their salaries were small, but yet, with large families to support, through the thrift of the good wife and supplementary wages gained from the sources previously indicated, they were able to leave excellent legacies to their descendants.

Because they stood for principle they succeeded. Because they were human they frequently erred. They undoubtedly made religion too austere for general acceptance, so that the immediate successors of the first generation of Puritans fell away from the church, in consequence of the too strenuous aspects of religion as presented by the parson.

But, dear friends, as you contemplate that colossal figure and realize that the greatest men of the State and of society looked to him as the most learned and the most competent person in Colonial history, and

never ventured upon any large enterprise without first consulting him, you can understand how it came to pass that the very word "parson" which means "person" was ascribed to the minister of the church. He was the person by eminence of his unmistakable righteousness, the sincerity of his purposes, and the piety of his life. This is not to say that there were not exceptions, in that great roll of men, of those who were recreant to their trust and false to their responsibilities. But when we consider the existing morals of even Puritan New England during the Colonial era; the prevalence, after the first fifty years, of drunkenness and of low morals, in social, and business, and political life, after New England had reacted from the preaching of the early divines, I think that you will agree with me that it is one of the most illustrious honors connected with the name of the Colonial parson that, as a class, through all the long Colonial era, no one, however bitterly attacking his creed, ever whispered a word derogatory to his personal righteousness, the purity and integrity of his soul, and the magnificence of his sturdy manhood.

The Colonial parson has passed away. His descendants have gone forth into other pursuits. Inheriting his integrity of intellect, of heart and of body, they have adorned all the distinguished professions of their day. The children of the Colonial parson have been most eminent on the roll of America's great merchant princes, most distinguished among her jurists and her doctors of medicine; and as we look back over the record which they and their children have made, I am

sure we can feel that it is the sublime and magnificent principle of an "inflamed conscience" working in the lives of those humble, great men which accounts for the preservation of their type and the glory of their achievements. America's greatness was made possible through the precepts that the Colonial parson laid down and which he burned into the souls of those who sat at his feet and called him master.

Other men, of other races, now most largely prevail in the councils and in shaping the forces of our republic. The Puritan, I had almost said, is a vanishing factor, in the population of this land; but the influence of the Puritan precepts and life, we trust, is not diminishing. It rests upon those who have diverged from their point of view, to demonstrate whether they can take the heritage which has come down from such an illustrious source and maintain it with equal glory to themselves and with equal happiness to the coming generations. And we do believe that when the history of America, from its Alpha at Plymouth Rock to its Omega, which is to be written in some distant day, shall have been all compiled it will be found that the principles which rang out from the plain meeting-houses of New England entered so deeply into the heart of the American people that never did they depart from their loyalty to that gleaming scepter of truth once moulded by the royal hand of the Colonial parson. (Applause.)

Duet—"Beneath the Stars," Mrs. Yale and Mr. Phillips.

DEPUTY GOVERNOR TORRANCE: The Minnesota Society of Colonial Wars was organized in 1896. Since then many distinguished jurists and clergymen, soldiers and statesmen, have honored us with their presence on occasions similar to this, and delivered addresses of high merit and great historical value. During the eight years of our existence the voice of woman has been heard but once at these Social Courts, and the long silence, I am happy to say, will be broken this evening. The speaker whom I am about to introduce has chosen for her subject one that gives slight clue to the eloquent address to which you will now listen; and I am sure you will bear with impatience any remarks of mine that would detain you from the pleasure that awaits you. It is my honor and pleasure to present to you a member of the faculty of the University of Minnesota, one eminent as an educator and graceful of speech, and who will speak to us upon "Don Quixote," a subject that she will treat with consummate skill. I present Mrs. Frances B. Potter. (Applause.)

DON QUIXOTE.

Mrs. Frances B. Potter.

The first glimpse we catch of Spain in the misty morning of history shows us a vast promontory stretching back from the Mediterranean on one side and the unknown ocean on the other, cliff above cliff, hill above hill, mountain above mountain. What lay beyond the strip of coast, not even the wily Carthaginian Admiral who prowled about the shores, could conjecture. One

thing, however, he did know—that, while Carthage had crushed many another liberty-loving and hardy race, the tall, bold-featured savage who inhabited this gloomy region could not be enslaved. From every attempt at conquest, the taciturn Iberian silently withdrew into the inaccessible defiles of his melancholy mountains. There he lived, nobody knew how; came down to the sea-beach, once in a while, to traffic with the Carthaginean merchants, then melted again into the mists that crowned his vast and gloomy tableland.

Through that unknown country, back in the interior, four great rivers wore their way westward into the Atlantic, and, as they fell towards the beach, they washed down gold; and it was the gold of Spain that lured those sailing kites of wealth, Carthage, Greece, Rome, The Goths. In the first pages of Spanish history, one sees the green strip of Spanish shore overrun successively by the plundering invaders, but they got no further than the shore. That invincible mountain-guarded plateau rolled back the invaders as the cliffs rolled back the sea, while from above, the impregnable nation looked down in stern, unconquerable manhood—silent, melancholy, honorable.

Patiently and enduringly, the Iberians wore out these four races, but the fifth came like the lightning. The desert-born Moors, nobody knows of what race, leaped like fire out of the mountains of North Africa, across the straits, rushed up and over the mountain barriers that had kept out the great races before them, scorched and blinded and drove the old Iberian race

back, fighting as they went, north and westward, ever north and westward, until they were hemmed into the little corner where Castile and North Portugal were afterwards outlined. There the Moors passed them by, for a time, while they poured through the defiles of the Pyrenees and streamed down on the other side, into the wide, green plains of France. Still they poured over from Africa, squadron after squadron, while the earth trembled and burned beneath their horses' hoofs.

Europe roused itself for the death-grapple, and waited on the plain of Tours, dreary, desperate, rags and remnants of many nations fighting for existence. Before them, loomed one colossal figure, Charles the Sledge-hammer, the Savior of a Continent. On the other side, there rolled over the edge, the green and glancing Moslem host. The white barbs of the Moorish desert disdained to tread on Frankish soil, and as they poised their dainty feet in air, the smooth steel caps of the riders with their quivering spikes and floating green veils caught the sunlight and shimmered it through the air. But darkness and despair led by Charles the Sledge-hammer, broke and shattered the Moorish array. Abdurrahman was killed, and slowly and sullenly his followers receded southward again.

And now begins the Romance of Spain. The old spirit of Iberia began to gather itself among the barren mountains of Castile. The very name Castile, recalls the chain of castles the hunted Spaniards had built from cliff to cliff around their forbidding refuge. They began to let down their drawbridges, and their gaunt determined Knights followed by their men at

arms, rode out, their priests blessing them as they went, their anxious ladies waving their scarfs from the battlements and calling God-speed. They went to fight against the Infidels whose religion was a worse crime than their conquest. The old Castilian believed in the right of the strong to take what he could, but he never could be made to see that a man had the right to worship God according to his own conscience. Step by step the unconquerable Iberian stubbornness won back its stern and barren country. At last the day came when Boabdil, with a handful of lamenting Moors, surrendered the keys of the Alhambra and left forever the shores of Spain.

But the spirit of the Moor has never disappeared from Spain. Still he rules the Sierra-Morena, and haunts every water-course of Andalusia, and that is why Spain is the most romantic country of Europe.

Shut in by the Pyrenees, the ocean, and the Mediterranean, old Spain fought out to the end her race struggle, without assistance, almost unnoticed, and, even as she fought, the splendor and the genius of her Moorish foe enchanted her. She was ignorant. The Moor was skilled in every science known to that time. She could build just rude, impregnable castles, and she saw with irrepressible admiration, the slender minarets and the swelling domes of Moorish mosque and palace. She could not help contrasting her dull, grey, stone walls with the glowing richness of Moorish stucco work, and her heart was wrung when she contrasted her rude war songs, her harsh trumpet notes, her massive religious chants, with the languorous and passion-

ate music and poetry of the Moor, his clashing cymbals, the quiver of strings, the soft notes of the flageolet. The haughty pride of the Castilian noble, accentuated by his honorable poverty and his high-souled struggle for independence, was subtly shamed by the oriental grace, the epicurean serenity and courtliness of the benign Moslems. Lastly his imagination took fire at those matchless Arabian stories, that have held the world spell-bound ever since the Spaniard retold them.

What a world of old romance yet lingers in Spain. To this day, after night-fall, Spain is no Christian Kingdom, but is again ruled over by the Calif of the Moors. The peasant who lingers too late on the mountain roads, bringing down snow or wood to cool the water or build the fire of the Spanish city dwellers, runs the risk of being overtaken and caught up by some phantom cavalcade, and swept away with them into their caverns deep under the mountains where they slept by day and whence they issued at nightfall, to resume their ancient realm.

It is this nearness of a rich and strange civilization to the heart of Spain, the striking contrasts, the dramatic episodes that arose from the struggle with it, the imagination continually enriched and heightened with oriental passion and fancy—it is all this combined which makes Spanish literature the most individual, and in one respect, the strangest of all the literatures of Europe. We find here the fine sense of honor, the dignity, the pride of the Castilian fighting noble, refined by generations of intercourse with an urbane and chivalrous foe. We find the glow and luxuriance of the

most flexible of the tropic races side by side with the desolate sadness that broods over those barren and sun-scorched plains whose solitudes, to this day, are dotted only here and there by a few taciturn herdsmen. In the plots of Spanish story, we find the mystery and fire of the desert-born stories of the Scheherezada; we find the castles with the secret passage, the stranger introduced blind-fold, the beautiful woman whose hand has been cut off, the dwarf, music coming from nobody knows where moving in triplets, mysterious white-bearded physicians who are on the borderland of necromancy. We find the proud young cavalier with his velvet cloak and his sword sticking out aggressively beneath it which sword he whisks out upon some absurd punctilio of honor. We find the innocently passionate signorita throwing a rose from some balcony whose Arabian arabesque forms a most tantalizing screen to her beauty. We find the hard-hearted father whose character is apt to change unaccountably in the last act enabling him to bless the eloping couple. In other words, we find ourselves in Spain just as truly as though we were lost in the labyrinthine streets of Cordova where every wall seems concealing some medieval enchantment.

Cervantes was born into Spain just at the time when all this Moorish heritage was glorified by the sunset of Chivalry. He was born in the zenith of his country's greatness. War and glory were in the air. His own life was as strange as a Moorish tale. He was of gentlemanly birth, and the pride of that prevented him from settling down to a quiet life. He was a soldier,

and fought under that Don John of Austria whose very name could inspire romance in the shriveled heart of a mummy. He was wounded in the battle of Lepanto, and it is no wonder that when he was unable to fight any longer he should sit down to write with his head full of great thoughts, eager thoughts, National thoughts. But Cervantes had seen something else besides chivalrous warfare. On his way back from Lepanto, he was captured by Algerine pirates. A poetic justice that he should work as a slave of the Moors among other Christian slaves. It was only after years of servitude that he finally escaped. No man was ever more magnificently equipped for the domain of letters than Cervantes. He had a world of experience almost inconceivable to us. He had all the broad, genial humor of the healthy man of action. One feels in him that large and vital breath that inspires our great Elizabethans. Moreover, there is a certain greatness which comes of habitual thinking about honor, integrity, glory, dignity. His was the hand that turned the course of Spanish drama away from imitation into a channel of national originality. Two plays of his, only, have come down to us, a Comedy and a Tragedy. One finds his Moorish experience in the background of all Cervantes' thoughts. The Comedy is almost autobiographical, and his great work, Don Quixote, is permeated with it.

Few are the books that are read by four successive centuries by all Europe with unfading zeal. Fewer still are mentioned by grave and unimaginative historians as marking a period in civilization.

Don Quixote was begun as a satire and it ended by being a great book. It began as a protest and a criticism of the literary abuse which had grown to extravagant proportions; it ended as an original creation. Satires have rarely succeeded in being truly great. There is something in the fact of an author's forcing his ideas to follow the course of another man's ideas, that seems to clip his wings. He is fettered. A satire, too, by its nature, is almost compelled to be bitter, and has too often been malignant. And a hostile view of human nature, one is tempted to say, is fatal to a man's producing a great work.

Cervantes, I think, was the first to use the weapon of ridicule against a popular and long-established fashion in a sustained work of fiction. He took up an untried weapon and one that is more apt to decapitate its would-be master than it is to injure his opponent. It seems at first sight, as if the two qualities least likely to meet on friendly terms in a book, are satire and sympathy. It is difficult to ridicule a man, find fault with him and, at the same time make him feel you are sympathizing with him and admiring him. This is the union Don Quixote presents, and the adventures depicted illustrate or reflect upon similar adventures in the romances of chivalry which Cervantes was aiming to exploit. The only way to realize how difficult it is to make a man appear like a fool in every chapter of a long story, and yet keep the public loving and admiring your hero through it all, is to try to do it. The world is not constituted so that we love fools for their foolishness, or admire them for their insanity, or in-

dulge them in destroying other people's property. And yet this is just what the world has always done with the Knight of the Woeful Countenance. Nor has Cervantes handled him gently. He has not scrupled to bring the Don before us in the boldest situations. The Don struts, preaches, capers, rides round on a windmill, sits half an hour blindfold on a sawhorse all the time seeing unspeakable things in the heavens through which he supposes himself to be passing. He loses his temper, betrays pettiness, monstrous boastfulness and vanity; fastens his affections on a coarse country wench and rides around the country in her honor arrayed in a barber's basin and other articles of furniture. All this is satire. And to finish out the picture, another fool of a different stamp trails along behind like the tail of a kite. Sancho Panza, sordid common sense, goes growling along under the high-flown periods of the Don, saying the sensible thing and then doing the foolish thing because he is under the spell of the superb crackbrain. Sancho and his ass are good beasts of burden, but instead of tending to business, they go stramming around after the wide-eyed skeletons, Don Quixote and his worthless steed. What is it that redeems this coarse horse-play from dullness? Why is it that after the roar of laughter which ushers in the book as spontaneously today as three hundred years ago, behind the laughter lurks another mood? This is more than a farce. Cervantes deals entirely with realities, yet he somehow makes us feel that under the most sordid and pitiful realities, the dream is still going on. More than that, he makes that dream gild some very unpromising

specimens. Sancho, smelling of garlic, inclined to make a god of his belly, the mere stupid man, the man of earth, is yet brought under the spell of what he dimly feels to be infinitely above him, holds by it, lives by it, and puts by his deep-rooted instincts at its command. When his master dies, at last, disillusioned, broken-hearted, it is Sancho who stoutly maintains the dream, and the last pages leave one feeling that a sunny river has widened and deepened at the last, as it rolls, with slower current, into the sea.

The eternal ideal comes to the front even in Sancho. In the *Don*, the ideal is, of course, paramount. It is an ideal ragged out in odds and ends, riding an old horse whose endurance in old age bespeaks his blue blood, yet the ridiculous old knight is one of the greatest figures in the fiction of the world. He stands for the eternal power of the human imagination to turn an age of lead to an age of gold. Fool and madman as he is, he is the finest part of man personified. And this is what makes "Don Quixote" a tragedy when we have done laughing. We see here that which is noblest in man made the sport of that which is basest in man.

How is it that the author has yet made us feel the fineness and desirability of an ideal that leaves its possessor in the most preposterous and humiliating situations, in short, that has made a madman of him?

It is right here we have a true miracle of genius. Cervantes says little or nothing about the intrinsic nobility of Don Quixote's character. He makes that very nobility heap unspeakable humiliation upon him. He makes him a laughing-stock, and when not that, a man

who, under the laws of his country, would be lodged in jail. All through the book he follows him up with a group of friends whose sole object is to get the Don back home again and open his eyes to his folly. We eagerly sympathize and follow up the plans of these friends. We are anxious to see the old man come to his senses and lead a respectable life in the evening of his days.

At last our efforts are about to be successful, and lo! we all suddenly begin to implore him to mount Rosinante again. We bring the barber's basin and spear and fragmentary armor, we suggest meeting with Dulcinea, all the pitiful old enchantments. We put the blame of all the failures upon Sancho who is more than willing to bear it. And when the old man pushes it all aside, says that he has been a fool and dies cursing chivalry, then we know ourselves for a pack of murderers. We suddenly realize that somehow, he had managed to be about the finest figure in the world and we know that he did right not to outlive his dream. Nor does the book teach that the ideal is out of place in this world. The author has somehow managed to make us see that the love which had a Dulcinea for its ostensible object is about the finest sentiment the human heart is capable of; that the sentiment which let loose a set of convicts upon society, although unfortunate in this particular manifestation, is again one of the noblest qualities of human nature; that the power to sit blind-fold on a saw-horse and see unspeakable things and hear unspeakable sounds, is again one of the greatest powers of the human mind. Justice, Mercy, Love,

and Imagination, with Bravery, Uprightness and Wisdom, these are the qualities that exist in the crack-brained hero of the greatest satire in literature. These are the qualities which, with tenderness and sympathy and genial laughter, makes what might have been a mere satire, into one of the greatest books of the world.

The spirit of the book is summed up in Don Quixote's last fight. The old man's friends have decided that the only way to quiet him is to have him conquered in fair fight and bound over by the victor to take a vow of perpetual peace and quietness. The plot is arranged, and the unsuspecting old knight is confronted by a young and wily champion—but the result falls out unexpectedly. They do not break the old man's courage. They only break his heart. He does not yield. His knightly honor demands death as a fitting close to his weak failure to vindicate his lady. Cervantes well knew that to the Don Quixotes of this world, there can be no compromise. When you force it home to them that there is no ideal existence, they turn one stern faithful glance upon you, then turn their back forever upon life and its inevitable dishonor.

“Dulcinea is the fairest woman in the world, and I the unhappiest Knight on earth; but it is not meet that my weakness should disown this truth. Strike with your lance, Sir Knight!”

Spain is a spent and sorry foe. Her ideals are not our ideals. But she has kept intact a sombre splendor of mind and bearing, and an implacable front facing defeat after defeat until it is crushed under accumulating ruin. Forlorn and old and mad as she is, she is still a nation in the grand style. To the Don either in

the book, or out of it, one thing is due—a salute to his steadfastness and dauntless courage in a losing fight. (Applause.)

Trio.....“My Heart to Thee Belongeth”

Miss Williams, Mr. George and Mr. Phillips.

Song.....“Until You Came”

Mrs. Yale.

DEPUTY GOVERNOR TORRANCE: Eligibility to membership in this Society rests upon ancestral service in the establishment, defence and preservation of the American colonies. Tested by this token the next speaker is not entitled to membership, but in a wider sense he is entitled to full membership with us. He belongs to a race that was the pathfinder of civil and religious liberty. The men of the Mayflower were not Hebrews, but they believed in the Hebrew's God. They had the same perception of duty that Abraham had when he left Haran, the same sense of personal responsibility that the great Jewish law-giver himself had, and the same dauntless courage that Joshua manifested at the crossing of the Jordan ford. It is true that these races were widely separated by time and space, but they were one in their devotion to truth, in their conception of high ideals, and in their spiritual living.

It, therefore, gives me special pleasure to present to you a distinguished representative of that ancient race and one who is by no means a stranger to you, Rabbi Isaac L. Rypins, of St. Paul, who will address you upon a subject of special interest to us—“The Dame of the Revolution and the Revolutionary Dame.” (Applause.)

“THE DAME OF THE REVOLUTION AND THE
REVOLUTIONARY DAME.”

Rabbi Isaac L. Rypins.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I must be the descendant of an exceptional people to be sandwiched in between so magnificent an address and so superb an introduction. (Laughter.) But if ever the French proverb “noblesse oblige” bore truth to me it does now. Because my ancestry made for religious liberty I stand here tonight. Bear with me: I am but a humble child, if of great ancestors. But because I am of an ancestry that has made for religious liberty and for righteousness by reason of its faith in a righteous God, I stand here to-night, and I have chosen, with your kind permission, the subject upon which to address you, ladies, whose friend I always am. (Applause.)

It is a striking fact that at meetings of this kind, and at gatherings of historical import, the hero of the past is ever brought to the fore. The heroine is left in the background. She scarcely forms the shadow for the brighter light of him who bore the sword and carried the musket.

I resent this indelicate treatment of our mothers, not of yesterday, but of that distant past, when we as a race, and you as a people, were rocked in the cradle of a manhood and womanhood of which it was rightly said by one of the sacred writers of Israel, “Thy beginnings were small, but thy latter end will be exceedingly great.”

I wonder what the Dame of the Revolution would do were she here tonight. Not alone on her account but on yours do I wonder. (Laughter.) Would she be tolerated? Would you have her here in this spacious Town and Country Club? Would she recognize you to be descendants of those early families that made possible this mighty and matchless Republic? Would she be welcome here? And if tolerated without welcome, would she stay? (Laughter.)

This hearthstone indeed reminds one, even of my long years—and I am yet a young man—of the Colonial times and the Revolutionary period. But it reminds me also—despite my youth—of Jewish times and Jewish ancestral periods. This is a typical Jewish thanksgiving scene, and reproduced in exact image by your ancestors, the Pilgrims, who established our national thanksgiving holiday. This would be the handiwork of your great-great-grandmothers. In this kind of art they excelled to perfection. They would not recognize your hats nor your gowns. (Laughter.) They would not know your customs nor your manners; they would not understand your handshake (laughter); but they could prepare a hearthstone with the produce of the earth which they helped to till and cultivate, and for whose productivity they worked fourteen, sixteen and eighteen hours a day. In this art they excelled!

The Dames of the Revolution were simple folk, but like our great ancestress, Sarah, who with Father Abraham, went forth to become a blessing, they acquired souls. Their household gods were not idols of stone but ideals of life. These ideals were their con-

tribution toward the civilization which we enjoy. Therein obtained the strength of the Dame of the Revolution. Not accomplished in the modern sense, she cultivated the virtues that reared men of heroic mould. Her simple life, abounding in work and faith, laid the foundation for this great Republic.

It has always been a curious psychological problem with me, and I know it must be with others, as to where attained that strength, that intense potency of soul, in the Dame of the Revolution. I freely confess—and you will not contradict me—that you would not have her in your society today. She would not grace any of your parlors. She knew no music; she knew no literature; she did not understand the social arts and refinements. But somehow, deep within the breast of that simple woman, there were lodged not only the virtues but the powers that reared men of heroic mould and brought into being women of character that towered to the very heavens. These simple folk—without fashion, without style, without much education, and less ornamentation, but of simple faith and superabundance of work—made this grand Republic; they were the powers indeed who rocked the cradle, and who ruled the world.

Much may be said of the piety of the Dame of the Revolution. Her life was full of drudgery. Her rewards were few and humble. She had to repress her personality. She was not to be heard and but little seen. She had to be retiring in manner as befitted the modesty of woman. Yet despite seeming disadvantages, she brought into being a race of giants. She reared the heroes of the Revolution. She inspired with

courage the men who fought for freedom. She has nurtured the conscience in the breast of the men who struggled for the light. She was the power behind the throne.

We are making history, and very rapidly. If ever nation on the face of the earth made history it is this nation. And just as we are doing everything in a rush and in a hurry, so are we writing our history. The only prayer we may utter—and that fervently—is, God spare us from finishing our history; and in the words of our eloquent speaker, a worthy descendant of those humble Dames of the Revolution, may we indeed hope that American history, like the greatness of great men, shall never die, never end.

But faster we are living, and faster still we are moving on, and no longer are we crowned with the glory of the simplicity of the Dame of the Revolution. We have before us everywhere the Revolutionary Dame. Your ancestors, my dear ladies, did not own Town and Country Clubs. They did not understand golf links. They could not play tennis. They knew nothing about foot ball. They did not understand base ball. Nor could they play bridge whist. (Laughter.) Much less did they know anything about the national game of poker. (Renewed laughter.) Nay, more. Your ancestors, the Dames of the Revolution, did not attend universities; they were not busy discussing the problem of co-education. Theirs was not the privilege nor the opportunity to delve deep or even to skim over the surface of the literatures of the world. I question whether they would even understand an address so splendid, so

eloquent, and in such chaste English as that given to you by the preceding speaker. And yet despite all their lack of accomplishments, they were your ancestors—they made you what you are.

It may be of interest to inquire whether material advancement carries with it spiritual strength. Under the spell of all compelling progress, the Dame of the Revolution has become the Revolutionary Dame, but have we benefited or are we benefiting ourselves and posterity by the change? Is Society truly growing in strength as it is in polish and refinement. Has the intellectual and social elevation of the modern woman proven wholesome and salutary? The Dames of the Revolution were busy toiling from morning till night in humble and homely household duties. The Revolutionary Dame would disdain even to touch her fingers to any of the duties that busied the Dame of the Revolution. Our mothers, our wives, and our sisters are also very busy, intensely busy, but they are busy getting nervous prostration. (Laughter.) You, my dear ladies, toil, and you even struggle, but for a fame not such as lurked deep within the breast of your great-great ancestors. I do not mean to disparage the Revolutionary Dame. I glory in your pluck, and I am a friend of the women, not only of today but of tomorrow. Every woman should stand alone, independent, displaying her personality and her individuality, making herself a power in life. No right, no privilege, no duty sacred unto man should be denied unto woman. Women should be neither pampered or petted, nor scorned or despised. She is God's being. Aye, if man was fash-

ioned in the image of divinity, she portrays in her leftiest moments the very image of God's own soul.

But we may indeed inquire which woman best portrays God's soul—the Dame of the Revolution, or the Revolutionary Dame? Which one was of such heroic character as to mould heroes—the one that made possible these many blessings, or the one that is to make possible (let us hope) even greater blessings.

My dear ladies, if you are the Revolutionary Dames you have revolutionized society, you have revolutionized the home life, you have revolutionized the school life; you are revolutionizing the standards of life. Upon you rests not merely a privilege, but a responsibility.

It has been a question, and still continues to be a question, in the minds of the best thinkers, as to whether this so-called modern civilization is destined to be a success. The human mind somehow, instinctively, harks back to the past. Scripture is our authority today, not because of belief in inspiration—we believe whatever we please, and you do, too—but because the human mind loves to hark back to the past. There are these ideal lives, these mighty types of heroes and heroines that are the prototypes of the human race, and we glory, not only in their lives, but we bring them forward as illustrations. The most potent factor in the Christian teaching is the life of the Nazarene. Why? Because of its simplicity, its purity, and its chastity; and the Christian mind, as well as the human mind in general, will never tire of hearing of that life, both because of its purity and because of its distant

past. There is a halo surrounding it, and we glory in that life as we glory in the lives of the heroes and the heroines of the past. So in drawing lessons of inspiration we must always go to history, we must always go back to Scripture, whether we will or not, whether we believe it or not. And in this instance, my friends, what made the Dame of the Revolution the power that she was? If she had no accomplishments in the light that you possess, if she had none of the graces that grace you in every motion of your body, in every utterance of your lips, what made her the power that she was? It was that divine inspiration, that simplicity, purity, and holiness of life. The Revolutionary Dame has emancipated herself, but has she emancipated herself in the true sense of the word? She stands on a loftier pedestal—oft self-perched there (laughter)—intellectually and socially, but does she stand on the spiritual eminence that her grandmother occupied? I believe in my heart that as we pass along and are making history—and you, my dear ladies, are making history very fast, very rapidly—we shall continue to evolve a race of men and women who shall eclipse the past, not only in intelligence, not only in polish and refinement, not only in liberality of spirit, not only in generosity of heart, but in depth of character, in nobility of soul. Yours, my dear ladies, is the privilege, yours the prerogative, yours also the sublime duty, so to make your lives noble and pure, as they are cultured and refined, that of you it shall also be said, as it has been said of our ancient mothers, that “they who rock the cradle rule the world.” I thank you. (Applause.)

Quartette.....Gypsie Life
Metropolitan Quartette.

DEPUTY GOVERNOR TORRANCE: Ladies and Gentlemen, this closes the feast of reason tonight. It has certainly been rich and varied, and I wish now on behalf of the Society to make public acknowledgment of our appreciation to the friends who have contributed so greatly to the enjoyment of the evening, and to thank Mrs. Potter, and Dr. Bushnell, and Rabbi Rypins for their very eloquent and satisfactory addresses, and also to thank the ladies and gentlemen who have furnished us with such delightful music.

After singing "America" the Social Court adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ANNUAL MEETING
HELD AT
THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY, DECEMBER
21ST, 1904.

Pursuant to due notice, the Annual Business Meeting, of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Minnesota was held this day at the office of the Secretary at Four o'clock in the afternoon and a quorum being present, the following business was transacted.

The meeting was called to order by Governor William Hurley Lightner and prayer was offered by the Chaplain, Rev. Theodore Sedgwick.

It was moved that the meeting proceed to the election of Officers, Gentlemen of the Council and Committees for the ensuing year and this motion being duly adopted, the ballots were cast and the result of the election was as follows, namely:

Governor,

El! Torrance,

Deputy Governor,

Kenneth Clark,

Lieutenant Governor,

George Myron Phillips,

Secretary,

William Gardner White,

Treasurer,

Walter Fredericks Myers,

Registrar,

Emerson Hadley,

Historian,
George Henry Daggett,
Genealogist,
Edward Blake Young,
Chancellor,
Hon. Edwin Ames Jaggard,
Chaplain,
Rt. Rev. Samuel Cook Edsall, D. D.,
Surgeon,
Charles Eastwick Smith, M. D.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL.

Term Expiring 1907:

Everett Hoskins Bailey,
George Brooks Young,
Jeremiah Clark Stewart, M. D.

COMMITTEES.

Membership Committee:

Charles Phelps Noyes (Chairman),
Edward Blake Young (Secretary),
Jacob Stone,
Henry Lyman Little,
Frederick Delos Monfort.

Committee on Historical Documents:

Henry Pratt Upham (Chairman),
Stephen Jewett (Secretary),
George Myron Phillips,
Edward Junius Edwards,
Henry Rogers Wells.

Thereupon the Governor declared that the above named Gentlemen had been duly elected as the Officers, Gentlemen of the Council and Members of Committees for the ensuing year.

The Treasurer, Mr. Walter Fredericks Myers, presented his report for the year ending December 21st, 1904, as follows:

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR ENDING
DECEMBER 21ST, 1904.

Receipts.

Cash on hand December 20th, 1903.	\$ 21.35	
Annual dues.....	595.00	
Initiation Fees.....	150.00	
Transferred from Sinking Fund...	150.00	
From Members for Annual Dinner.	244.00	
Repayment of cash expended for genealogical work.....	13.50	
	<hr/>	\$1,173.85

Disbursements.

Postage	\$ 56.98
Expense of Annual Dinner.....	381.30
Expense of Social Court at home of Henry Pratt Upham.....	65.35
Expense of Social Court at home of George Henry Daggett.....	32.50
Expense of Social Court at Town and Country Club.....	250.60
Genealogist	6.00
Printing	308.65
General Society as dues.....	25.00
Cash paid for Genealogical Work.	13.50

Insurance	6.64	
Membership Blanks.....	13.80	
Interest	1.00	
Cash on hand December 21st, 1904	12.53	
	<hr/>	\$1,173.85

Respectfully submitted,
Walter Fredericks Myers,
Treasurer.

In connection with the report of the Treasurer, the report of the Auditing Committee was submitted as follows, namely:

St. Paul, Minn., December 21, 1904.

TO THE SOCIETY OF COLONEL WARS IN THE STATE
OF MINNESOTA :

Gentlemen:—

We hereby certify that we have examined the records, books and accounts of Walter Fredericks Myers, the Treasurer of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Minnesota for the year ending December 21st, 1904, and that we find the same to be in all things accurate, correct and in accordance with the Report this day submitted by him to the Society.

Yours very respectfully,
William Beckwith Geery,
Frederick Delos Monfort,
Auditing Committee.

Thereupon the Report of the Treasurer was unanimously accepted and approved.

No other business was transacted and at four o'clock and 30 minutes P. M. the meeting adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIAL COURT
HELD AT THE MINNESOTA CLUB, SAINT PAUL,
FEBRUARY 24, 1905.

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: Gentlemen and guests of the Society: I find myself in an untried position this evening, and you will bear with me if I manifest some embarrassment.

A short time ago I was pained to learn of the death of an old army friend. We served in the same regiment during the earlier period of the Civil War. He was a gallant soldier. At the battle of Fredericksburg he was severely wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy, and was reported as dead. His obituary was published in a local paper, and a few weeks afterwards a copy of the paper, by some means, reached him in Virginia. When he read the glowing and tender eulogy to his memory he exclaimed, "I anticipated this, but not so soon!" (Laughter.) I cannot say that I ever entertained the hope that I might reach the office to which you have elected me, but I can truly say that I did not expect it so soon.

But seriously, gentlemen, I deeply appreciate this mark of your esteem and confidence, and remembering that gratitude often suffers from a multiplicity of words, I will content myself with a simple "thank you," and a promise to serve you to the best of my ability.

We are fortunate this evening in having so many distinguished guests present, and in behalf of the Society I want to extend to them a most cordial welcome. Our first duty, of course, is to contribute to the felicity of our guests, but I do not think it improper that we

should make some reasonable requests upon them. It was the custom of the Crown—one of its prerogatives—to levy tribute, and often the tribute was levied upon those least able to respond; those upon whom we shall call this evening will be able to contribute to the annals of this Society without impoverishing themselves in any way.

The first gentleman upon whom I will call for a few remarks is one of the most able and successful attorneys of the Minnesota Bar, a gentleman who has the confidence of a large clientage, the respect of all the courts, and a troop of friends. The subject of his address will be, "Colonial Laws," and it is my pleasure to present to you, gentlemen, Hon. William A. Lancaster of Minneapolis.

COLONIAL LAWS.

Hon. William A. Lancaster.

Your Excellency, Gentlemen of the Society of Colonial Wars, and Guests:

I have known your Governor long and well, and in listening to his remarks of introduction I wish to say that I am constrained for the first time in my life to doubt his veracity. (Laughter.) I hadn't any idea that he was about to introduce me, and as I listened to his remarks I thought of a story which I heard only a few nights ago. A Jew had a son of whom he was very fond. The son was taken sick and died, and the old gentleman, Isaac, was very much grieved at his death.

After the funeral he discovered that he hadn't any picture or photograph of his son, and this worried him very much. His grief at not having this picture was noised about and came to the ears of a faking spiritualistic photographer, who went to Isaac and told him that he could take a picture of his son in the spirit land. Isaac was very much impressed with the idea and thought that he would be willing to part with some money if he could get a picture of his dear boy Jacob, and gave the faking spiritualistic photographer an order and a check for \$50. The photographer reported progress from time to time; and finally one evening, when Isaac went home, he was met at the door by some members of the family who said, "Jacob's picture has come." Isaac went in, stood before the mantel, adjusted his glasses, looked at the picture, and said, "Yacob, Yacob, mine Gott how you have changed!" (Laughter.)

About ten days ago, your Governor informally invited me to be present on this occasion, and I told him I would be glad to do so. But I asked him if I should be expected to make any impromptu remarks; that if so, I would be very glad to have timely notice of it. (Laughter.) He remarked that I might possibly be called upon for a few brief remarks, and added, "The briefer they are, the better." Only a few days after that I received an invitation—a very formal one—from your Secretary, written, if not in blood, at least in something red, in which he said that I would be expected to make, not as Judge Torrance had said, some brief remarks, but an after-dinner address upon some suitable and appropriate subject; and, in order to im-

press me the more with the solemnity and dignity of this occasion, he said he was sending me under a separate cover a copy of the Secretary's report covering the years 1902 and 1903. (Laughter.) This copy came in due season, and I found it was a printed volume of some 300 pages. I, of course, had gone too far to back out; but, gentlemen, I felt a good deal like the Irishman in a story which I heard recently. His wife was very ill, and the doctor came one day to call upon her. After visiting her in her room he came into the outer room where Pat was, and said, "Pat, your wife is very sick—very sick, indeed; she hasn't over an hour to live, and it is your duty to go in and break the news to her. Pat shook his head and said he couldn't possibly do a thing like that, and wanted the doctor to do it. The doctor said no, and was so insistent in his refusal that finally Pat went into the room himself. "Mary," said he, "the doctor says you haven't but an hour or two to live." "Why," she says, "Pat, I'm not so bad as that." Said Pat, "The doctor knows; he says you haven't but an hour to live, and if you have any requests to make, you want to make them quick." She looked at him a moment, and said, "Pat, you have been a good husband all your life, you have supported me and the children, you have done well, and I've only one request to make, and I want you to promise me that you'll grant it." And Pat says, "Sure, I will." She looked at him and said, "Patrick, at my funeral I want you to ride to the grave with my mother." Pat said, "I've promised and I will, but, Mary, it'll spoil the day." (Laughter.)

But inasmuch as I am called upon so early in the evening I hope to have a good time yet.

Although born in New England and of English ancestry, I am not at all certain that I am eligible to membership in the Society. I haven't had the courage, perhaps, to look it up to see whether I am or not. But whether I am or not, I am interested in your Society and in the purposes of it and am loyal to it, and feel a good deal like the Irish orator who said that he regarded it as the greatest duty of any man to be loyal to the land of his nativity, whether he was born there or not. (Laughter.)

I have read over this formidable report that was sent to me, and I find that almost every phase of colonial life has been covered at former meetings of this society. I have selected, as your Governor has said, as my subject for this evening "Colonial Laws," not with the idea of discussing them at any length, but merely to give a general view of them, thinking perhaps, that subject would answer as well as any other. And I trust you will pardon a busy lawyer for using his brief.

It may be said that, in the main, the laws of the Colonists were—like their times, environments and conditions—harsh, rigid, persecutory, and, in some instances, even cruel. The gallows, stakes, stocks, whipping-posts and branding irons were all too common, and yet these instruments were in vogue elsewhere, and the actions of the Colonists were not exceptional.

It is small wonder that the qualities of a grim, austere, duty-loving, God-fearing, persecuted people should have been reflected in their laws and customs. They

believed in a God of wrath and vengeance, and something of that sort was breathed into their legislation. Their codes were disciplinary and sumptuary rather than remedial and reformatory. Irrational beliefs led to some irrational laws, and, in some instances, to cruel and absurd punishments. Probably the Colonists of the early times are more generally criticised for their laws and persecutions against witchcraft than for any other one thing. And yet the fact is beyond dispute that witchcraft was generally believed in, not only by the common people, but the learned men of England and of many European countries. There were prosecutions for the convictions of witchcraft in England as late as 1711.

The code of trial for witches, both in England and in the Colonies, involved such palpable absurdities that it seems incredible that the people of those times did not see and appreciate them. I have read that in some instances when a woman was accused of witchcraft she was tied neck and heels together and thrown into a big pond. If she floated in the water she was taken out and immediately tied to a stake and burned. It was a clear case of "Be damned if you do and be damned if you don't," the results being the same to the unfortunate victim in either case.

In the early part of the eighteenth century I find that two ministers of the gospel testified in an English court not only to the existence of evil spirits, but to the undoubted efficacy of the Book of Common Prayer in driving them out. This sort of evidence reminds me of the frequent testimonials of certain ministers of the

present day to the general efficacy of Duffy's Malt Whiskey and Peruna. (Laughter.) That testimony is probably as reliable in one case as in the other.

The term "Blue Laws" has been used as one of reproach, and yet the laws of Massachusetts and Connecticut were in the main taken from the Mother Country. Neither Colony had as many capital offences as England, and neither resorted to such fiendish refinements of cruelty in their punishment for crime. The early Colonists of New England were English born and English bred; they accepted English laws and customs almost as a matter of course and with little question. They are scarcely to be blamed for not being in all things wiser than their generation.

If the early Colonists believed in church and state, it was only in the sense that the church was the state; hence it was only logical for them to provide that only members of a church should take part in government, either as electors, officers, or magistrates. They abhorred heretics, and in the matter of heresy were strict constructionists. Roger Williams was banished from Massachusetts (with only one dissenting vote) for having denied the right of the Crown to appropriate and grant lands without first purchasing them from the Indians and for insisting that civil magistrates ought not to take jurisdiction of matters of religion.

The early laws regulating the household and its furnishings, involving dress, eating, drinking, the use of tobacco, playing at games, merry making, truancy, swearing, attending church, and almost every phase of individual conduct, seem to us at the present time ut-

terly inconsistent with the spirit of a free people. It was an offence, to be rigorously punished, to speak ill or slightingly of a minister of the gospel or of a civil magistrate; to criticise the former's sermons or the latter's judgments, to stay away from church or to go to sleep in church; the right to do all of which things at the present time is guaranteed to their descendants. (Laughter.) Idleness and vagrancy were severely dealt with, as were also scolding and lying. Just think of that! (Laughter.)

The Colonists gave little opportunity for accumulating great wealth, as they provided by law what profits a man should make in the sale of his goods, wares and merchandise. They fixed the price of corn, oats, peas, etc., and very severely punished by fine and imprisonment any infraction of their laws in respect thereto. If a man owned more than one lot in a town he was compelled by law to build a house thereon fit for habitation; otherwise he was subjected to severe penalties. The General Courts and Magistrates had unlimited power over the lives and property of the citizens; and whatever deficiencies there might be in the letter of the law were readily supplied by the Justice to fit individual cases. Consequently, the written codes were not voluminous.

The Colonists, apparently, had great respect for the law in the abstract, but had very little patience with any opposition to their application of it, and consequently no use for lawyers, one lawyer in the Colony of Massachusetts being considered at one time by the Governor thereof too many. (Laughter.)

The Colonists were, certainly, very poor picking for quack doctors and patent medicine venders. I have read of an instance where a man was heavily fined and run out of the Colony for selling a worthless concoction as a sure cure for scurvy, and when I read it I almost had a longing for a revival of the Blue Laws. (Laughter.)

And yet an honest, industrious, God-fearing man had little to fear from the Colonial laws. Looking back at them from this distance, many of them seem unnecessarily strict and harsh. They appear to be more suitable as rules and regulations for a reformatory than as laws for the government of a state; but the Colonists were a simple and austere people and their institutions were equally so.

Their sense of humor was not keen and there was little in their lives of toil and hardship to quicken what little they had.

A few years ago, on a visit back to New England, I heard a little story which illustrates this lack of humor and shows that some of their descendants are still lacking in that regard. A young man, living in Boston, invited his uncle from New Hampshire to visit him, and one evening he asked him to go to the theatre to see the inimitable Jefferson play the role of "Bob Acres" in "The Rivals." The theatre, of course, was packed, and the old gentleman sat during the evening with a grave countenance, his risorius muscles apparently paralyzed, while the nephew and others about him shook and roared with laughter. After the play was over and the pair had reached the street, the nephew said,

“Well, uncle, how did you like the play?” He looked up to him and said, “I didn’t like it a bit. Do you know, Henry, I think that man Acres is a darn coward.” (Laughter.)

But, after all, these Pilgrims had in rounded measure the substantial things of life. They had character, courage, faith, devotion to duty as they saw it, love of right and justice, and principle. We of today may think that they lost some of their love of man in their fear of God, but we cannot avoid the conviction as we read the history of their struggles that if they feared God they also trusted Him, and we like to feel that in their efforts for human liberty and the betterment of the human race the light of God’s countenance was turned upon them.

The success of the Colonists illustrates in a striking manner the unlimited and irresistible power of an ideal. American liberty was not made; it grew. It was as natural as the growth of a tree. The seed was selected amid the persecutions of England and the hardships of Holland; it was sown in New England, and watered by the tears of the Pilgrims. It is not probable that the Fathers realized themselves the possibilities of that seed or foresaw with any degree of clearness the magnificent wealth of its fruition. They sought to find a land of freedom for themselves; they founded one for all the oppressed of earth. Their history has been an unfailling fountain of faith and hope and courage for all their descendants; their success has been a pledge and promise of success to all the struggling ones since that time. They were a great people; great for what

they did, and still greater for what they have inspired. While we may regret the narrowness, the intolerance, the bigotry, and perhaps the persecutions of the early Colonists, it is with no spirit of carping criticism that we view those times and struggles. We acknowledge our great debt to them, uncanceled by their failings. So much of good, so much of duty done, and well done, remains that we may say of them as the Poet Whittier said of Scotland's matchless Burns:

“And if at times an evil strain
To lawless love appealing,
Broke in upon the sweet refrain
Of pure and healthful feeling;
It died upon the eye and ear,
No inward answer gaining,
No heart had I to see or hear
The discord and the straining.”

Whatever faults or failings they had were of the head and not of the heart. They wrought so wisely and so well, not only for themselves but for their posterity, that we, who are enjoying to the full the legacies they bequeathed to us, can well overlook them. The lessons to be learned from their lives and struggles, which are the lessons of liberty and equal rights, must be taught and learned afresh and constantly. There must be frequent recurrence to first principles. And your Society, gentlemen, and all similar societies, have a great mission to perform in spreading a knowledge of and creating an interest in those times.

Gentlemen, I cannot close without expressing my appreciation of your invitation to be present here this evening, and I can make for you as a Society no greater or better wish than this: that your success may be commensurate with the high and worthy purposes which have actuated your organization. (Applause.)

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: About a year ago, a Minneapolis gentleman visited Virginia and spent several days at Richmond and places of interest adjacent thereto. He became acquainted with an old ex-Confederate, who lived near Petersburg, where some of the severest fighting of the closing six months of the war occurred. In a conversation with him he expressed the opinion that for years the issue had been so framed that the conflict must inevitably end in a civil war and that it could not have been prevented; and the war having been fought to a final issue, the results must be accepted in good faith, and that from now onward we would live together as a united people. And then he added:

“I can only think of one circumstance that could have prevented this conflict, and it is this: If, instead of the Pilgrims landing on the rock, Plymouth Rock had lauded on the Pilgrims it might have been prevented.” (Laughter.)

While the Pilgrim was a religious man and devoted to the arts of peace, still his sword was always at hand and he was ready for any controversy that might properly be presented. We have with us this evening as one of our guests a distinguished compatriot of a sister

Society, who is at the present time the Deputy Governor-General of the Mayflower Society of the United States, and who will speak to us upon "The First Encounter." I have the pleasure of presenting to you, gentlemen, Hon. Paul Doty. (Applause.)

THE FIRST ENCOUNTER.

Hon. Paul Doty.

Your Excellency, and Members of the Society of Colonial Wars:

I find myself having much pleasure in being with you this evening and meeting such a distinguished company of men in the great North Star State. I imagine that I am by design placed in this corner, where so many shining lights of the banking world and representatives of the great railroads are. In fact I think that I am somewhat in the "Amen Corner," which reminds me of the story that is told of the philanthropist. A philanthropist has been defined as one who makes two blades of grass grow where one blade grew before. How much more is a man a philanthropist who makes two shares of stock grow where one share grew before? (Laughter.)

I was in New York during part of the year 1901, at the time of the formation of some of the "trusts," which have had a more or less struggling time since 1901. At a dinner given in New York at that time, one of the gentlemen who was active in the formation of the "trusts" made the remark that he was surprised

where the people got the money that he took away from them. (Laughter.)

There is one decided advantage in a Society such as the Society of Colonial Wars. It gives the members and their friends the opportunity of comparing notes and tracing ancestry; and one of the most delightful events that has occurred to me in St. Paul was when I was visiting at the house of one of your distinguished members. He asked me of my people; I told him, and he immediately referred to the Red Book of the Secretary and began to trace certain lines of his, and by easy search he found out that he also could claim descent from my ancestors. And so the blood of Edward Doty flows not only through my veins but through the veins of the distinguished gentleman on my right. It reminds me somewhat of the story of the little girl who made the remark to her father: "Father, you were born in New York, were you not?" And the father said, "Yes." "And mother, where was she born?" "Mother was born in Boston." "And, father, where was I born?" "You were born, my child, in Philadelphia." And then the little girl said, "Isn't it strange how we three got together?" (Laughter.)

The Society of Mayflower Descendants commemorates not so much the Landing of The Pilgrims, as it does the Signing of the Compact. The Compact, as you know, was drawn up in the cabin of the Mayflower before the Landing of The Pilgrims—to be exact, on the 21st day of November. That Compact has been called the "foundation of the civil and religious liberty of this country." It is a wonderful instrument, and I

commend its reading to you all, although, I presume, most of you have read it. Other Societies commemorate the Landing of the Pilgrims, notably the New England Society; but our Society peculiarly celebrates the Compact.

If I were to speak of the "First Encounter," I imagine that I would have to put myself in the position of most after-dinner speakers and tell you something of after-dinner speaking. I believe the rules are, first, to tell a story, and then to make a stab at the subject, and then wind up with poetry for the peroration.

I have revolved in my own mind the subject of the relation of the Pilgrims with the Indians. The Pilgrims not only made history, they wrote it, and I have failed to find that Bradford, or Brewster, or Winslow, or Carver put on record anything that would serve as an Indian story. This much I am permitted to say of Samoset, Squanto, and Massassoit and their Narragansett allies, that they are good Indians according to the definition of some Indian writer on our Western plains, who gave his definition of a good Indian as being a dead Indian. Samoset is dead, but his "Welcome, Englishmen!" still lives in the pages of history. His voice must have been a cheering one to the little band of less than half the Mayflower company, when, on Friday, the 16th of March, 1621, he presented himself to the Pilgrims.

It is said:

"He boldly came all alone, and along the houses straight to the rendezvous. He saluted us in English, for this he had learned from the English that

had come to fish off the coast of Maine. He knew by name the most of the captains, and commanders, and masters that usually came there. He was a man free in speech, so far as he could express his mind, and of good carriage. He was questioned of many things. He was the first savage we could meet withal. He said he was not of these parts, but of Morattigon, and one of the Sagamores or Lords thereof. He discoursed of the whole country, and of every province; and of their Sagamores, and of their number of men and strength. Friendly entertainment was given him and offerings of peace.”

Much of great interest relates to Samoset's first visit. He told how the place where the Pilgrims landed was called Patuxet and that, about four years previous (in 1617) all the inhabitants died of an extraordinary plague; and there is neither man, woman, nor child remaining.

Bradford writes: “So there is none to hinder our possession, or to lay claim unto it.”

This establishment of landed rights, in addition to the patent of King James, gives more than color of title. It is recorded, however, that the Pilgrims always paid the Indians for new lands as they were required, and possession was not acquired by the right of might.

Previous to the coming of Samoset, however, the Pilgrims had relations with the Indians, which have been narrated as the First and Second Discoveries.

On the voyage incident to the First Discovery our ancestors found an Indian mound which they dugged up, and in it was found a little, old basket, full of Indian corn (or maize); and, digging further, they found “a fine, great, new basket, full of very fair corn of this year, together with some thirty-six goodly ears of corn, some yellow and some red, and others mixed with blue, which was a very goodly sight.” The basket was round and narrow at the top, and held three or four bushels. This place the Pilgrims called Cornhill.

The Second Discovery was also in part a return to Cornhill, where further digging was done, and a bottle of oil was found. In another place was found two or three basketsfull of Indian wheat and a bag of beans. This seems to be the first mention of “beans” in the early Pilgrim literature, and they have held a very important place ever since.

These discoveries of corn, in all about ten bushels, were esteemed to be by God’s good providence, for without this food the Colonists might have been in straitened conditions. The corn was especially esteemed for seeding purposes.

It was on this Second Discovery that Indian graves were found, which, being opened, gave up mats, wooden bowls, trays, dishes, and trinkets. Around the body of the dead were bound strings and bracelets of fine, white beads. Then came the discovery of Indian wigwams, in which were found also handbaskets made of crabshells wrought together. They found also two or three deer’s heads, one whereof had been newly killed, harts’ horns, and eagles’ claws; also two or three bas-

ketsfull of parched acorns, pieces of fish, and a piece of a broiled herring; also a little silk grass, and a little tobacco seed, and (it is quaintly added) "with some other seeds which we know not."

Bradford's relation of the voyage of the Third Discovery is interesting to those whose interests are associated with the Society of Colonial Wars, for it was on this trip that the Pilgrims gave battle to the Indians, which has been called the First Encounter. Bradford writes of their discovery:

"Wednesday, the 6th day of December (1620) it was resolved our Discoverers should set forth. And so they did; though it was well over the day ere all things could be ready. So ten of our men were appointed, who were of themselves willing to undertake it, to-wit: Captain Standish, Master Carver, William Bradford, Edward Winslow, John Tilley, Edward Tilley, John Howland; and three of London, Richard Warren, Stephen Hopkins and Edward Doty."

Descent from this company gives our right to be included in the eligibles for membership in the Society of Colonial Wars.

A description of this encounter with the Indians is of lively but lengthy interest, and Bradford writes: "Yet, by the especial providence of God, none of them either hit, or hurt us which is of the greatest moment to us." After giving God thanks for their deliverance they took their shallop and went on their journey, and called the place "The First Encounter."

These voyages of discovery lead finally to the Landing of the Pilgrims on December 21st, which day is now Forefathers' Day, and so generally celebrated by the New England Societies wherever established. Of the trials, hardships, perils, disasters and deaths of that long, dreary winter I need not speak. Rather do I come to the joyous spring, when nature seemed to whisper glad tidings to the sad-eyed Pilgrims. The snow melted away in babbling brooks, the trees put forth green leaves; the little wild flowers dotted the hillsides and peeped from among the mosses of the forests; while the song of many strange birds filled the air with music.

Then at this time came Samoset, the Indian, with his "Welcome, Englishmen." Later came Squanto, and Massasoit, the great Sagamore, with a band of 60 armed men, to the Pilgrim settlement. The Pilgrims saluted Massasoit with words of love from King James, and expressed the wish to traffic and to confirm peace with the Chief, as his next neighbor. These suggestions were well received by the Sagamore, and thereupon a treaty of six articles was entered into between the Pilgrims and Massasoit, which was kept with good faith on both sides during his whole life.

Massasoit's visit was March 22nd, and shortly thereafter preparations were begun for the return of the Mayflower to England. Thursday, April 5th, the ship got under way at full tide, with many to bid adieu. With colors set, came the parting salute with ensign and ordnance, and so the Mayflower sailed away, and the Pilgrims, with their Indian allies, were to remain

to found a nation and to give new life to liberty and home.

Soon were heard on board the songs and shouts of the sailors, glad to be gone from a land of sickness and sorrow, short allowance of victuals and plenty of nothing but Gospel. Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.

O, strong hearts and true.

Not one went back on the Mayflower!

Lo! as they turned to part they saw the form of an Indian watching them from the hill, but while they spake with each other, pointing with outstretched hands, and saying "Look!" he had vanished.

I want to apologize for reading the remarks that I have upon the "First Encounter"; but I have learned from experience, after speaking especially before Historical Societies, that when a man makes a statement he wants to be sure of his facts, and there is nothing to be so uncertain of, if a man hasn't the very best memory, as of the dates and the facts.

I attended the Buffalo Exposition, and those who were there will remember the Philippine village. They gave a show in their little theatre and performed on their rude instruments. At the close of the exhibit the master of ceremonies made this remark: "These Filipino's will now sing their national hymn." From the top of the curtain rolled down the American flag, and, with the accompaniment of the band, those Filipino's sang "The Star Spangled Banner." There were a number of good Americans among us and we rose, as

was our custom, and saluted the song and the flag. I remember, however, with great regret, that there was a gentleman—apparently—and his wife, wearing the emblem of membership in one of these patriotic societies, and before the song was hardly begun this man turned his back and made the usual American “rush” from the theatre. I felt so vexed at his conduct that I had all I could do to restrain myself from expressing my opinion of the man. Such a man as that is not worthy to be a member of such a society as this.

These societies remind me of the old Latin expression which, being interpreted, means “Nourish and feed the flame.” It is a common remark that men have in them oil for light. We must give of the best oil in our lamps for nourishing and feeding the flame of patriotism. We must stand for the right; we must stand for our country; and in no way do I feel that this Pilgrim spirit stands more for the right and for the good of the country than in such gatherings as this. We want, and we must have, loyalty, courage, fealty, and patriotism; and while we have these, I can only add, the Pilgrim spirit will not die.

“It watches the bed of the brave who are dead,
And will guard these ice-bound shores,
’Till the waves in the bay where the May-flower lay,
Will foam and freeze no more.”

(Applause.)

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: The next speaker I will introduce was a soldier—a real soldier. Forty-two years ago he was clad in the uniform of blue, and marched in the ranks of the Union. Today he is one of the honored judges of the District Court of Hennepin County. What his subject is I do not know; but I imagine it is, and will be disappointed if it is not, of a patriotic kind. Thirty years after the war he visited Gettysburg where he had passed those three strenuous days in Hancock's Corps, and with him was his wife. They went over that historic field and soon came upon the ground over which his regiment (one from the State of Maine) had fought and upon which many of her brave sons had died. It was a sacred place to him, and he dropped quietly behind his wife and let her pass on, and was impelled in reverence to kneel upon that holy ground. As he rose to his feet his wife had turned and looked him in the face. Not a word was spoken for a moment, when the silence was broken by the good wife who said, "Hereafter when you speak of Gettysburg it will have a new meaning to me!"

One of the purposes of these meetings is to lift us upon a Mount of Transfiguration and enable our patriotic vision to sweep the utmost bounds of our country and get a new meaning of what those who dedicated this country to liberty did.

It is a pleasure for me to present, and it will be a pleasure for you to hear, the remarks of the Hon. John Day Smith. (Applause.)

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

Hon. John Day Smith.

Governor and Gentlemen of the Society of Colonial Wars: I desire to acknowledge the honor and to express my appreciation of the invitation which I have had to meet you around the festive board tonight, and to listen to the remarks which I have had the honor to hear. I am somewhat embarrassed coming, as I do, without any special preparation for this occasion, and my confidence is not greatly restored or increased by having a stenographer directly in my front, taking down every word that I utter.

The Governor has very wisely refrained from assigning any subject to the remarks which I may make here tonight, and I hope I may have the privilege in calmer moments of revising what I have said, and of modifying the subject or of giving a new subject to whatever I may have to say.

I belong to several patriotic organizations. I think the patriotic organizations in this country, including your own, are doing more along lines of patriotic education and in preparing the rising generation for useful citizenship, than any other agency in this country. I am an admirer and an earnest student of American history. I have listened with great interest to the remarks that have been made here tonight. I thought when Judge Lancaster was giving us somewhat of a sketch of Colonial laws that he did not cull any of them from the Plymouth Colony. I have often wished that I might have been descended from the Pilgrims instead of the

Puritans; but I did not have much to say in regard to my descent, and I regret to say that I am descended from the Puritans.

More than to visit all of the Expositions that will be held in this country for the next five years; more than to visit the capitals of all the nations of the Old World would I give to visit the City of Boston as it existed two hundred or two hundred and fifty years ago; to go about its crooked streets, and meet those old Puritans in their every-day life; to visit their churches, their schools, their days of celebration, and get in touch—thoroughly in touch—with that old Puritan life. I think the City of Boston is the most delightful city that I have ever visited, and I have lived in that vicinity the greater portion of my life. I feel in regard to that city and its associations very much as I imagine that the sister in the story felt. Two old-maid sisters lived in Boston, and, at mature age, one of them sickened and died. The other sister, very naturally, in her loneliness, desired to get into communication with the deceased sister, and visited a spiritualistic medium who was able to put her at once in communication with the departed, and she called her up and said:

“Is this you, Lucy?”

“Yes, sister.”

“Where are you?”

“I am in heaven.”

“Have you been there all the time?”

“Yes, all the time since I died.”

“Well, how do you like the place?”

“Well,” she said, “sister, I’ll tell you, it’s a pretty nice place, but I want to assure you that it isn’t Boston.” (Laughter.)

We are creatures of heredity and environment to a large extent, and I would not define heredity and environment exactly as the irate wife did to her scolding husband when he twitted her of not knowing the difference between the two and not being able to define either. "Oh, yes," she says, "I know your definition. Heredity is what you blame your father and mother for and environment is what you blame your wife and children for." (Laughter.)

I had in mind to say tonight a few words on the old hackneyed subjects of Washington and Lincoln. We have many celebrations and many holidays in this country. We begin with the Fourth of July, and speak of the Declaration of Independence. We have our Thanksgiving coming in November, and Forefathers' Day in December, when we speak of the virtues of the Pilgrims. Then we also celebrate what is said to be the birthday of the Savior of the world. On New Year's Day we make resolutions for the future, and by the time we have broken them all, February comes in, which is prolific in holidays and birthdays of which we celebrate those of Washington and Lincoln. And clustered around these names are some of the most patriotic and some of the noblest associations and memories connected with our national history.

General Washington did not do very much in preparing the people of this country for the Revolutionary War. That work was done by men of the stamp of Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry. But when the war did come on and the Declaration of Independence had been adopted, I am fully convinced of this fact as a

student of American history, that American independence would never have been won when it was won had it not been for the efforts of that wise, discreet patriot, George Washington. We had other patriots; we had great men in those days and great generals. Washington had his faults, and I am glad he had. I could not get up much love or admiration for George Washington if I depended upon Weems' Life of Washington—the creation of an ideal character that never existed; and that was about all the people of this country knew of Washington for the twenty-five years which succeeded his death. And although I am a church-member, I acknowledge that I read with secret delight that at the battle of Monmouth he swore at Charles Lee. There is a little of humanity injected into the life of Washington. Some great historian has said that the people of this country never knew of the alleged fact that Washington did use profanity on that occasion, when there was so great provocation, until Lafayette had visited this country in 1825. After he went back to France, George Clinton told the story that Lafayette said that at the battle of Monmouth Washington did swear terribly. I have a sort of a hope that the story is true. (Laughter.)

Washington was an unselfish patriot. He was a man that had the foresight to look ahead, down the centuries which were to come, and he had in his mind the picture of that great fabric of American government that was to be created in this country. He was aristocratic, but he was not scholarly. His knowledge came largely from conversation with men, and not from the

study of books. But he served without salary, without compensation of any kind, and his service was invaluable to this country. And while he served for eight years as President of the United States, I suppose he will be remembered for the services he rendered his country during the Revolutionary War. And I assure you, gentlemen, that the more I study the life of that great, unique character in American history the more I admire General George Washington.

Now, almost exactly opposite from Washington, in those elements that make up human character, was Abraham Lincoln. Universal poverty is a perpetual menace to civilization; and yet some of the greatest and noblest men in American history have come from the homes of the poor. That was true in regard to Lincoln. It was not true in regard to Washington. Washington gave a greater number of years of service to the cause of his country than Lincoln gave. Lincoln hadn't very much experience in public life. Aside from being an officer in the Black Hawk War, serving one or two terms in the Illinois legislature, and one term in Congress, he had no official experience until he was elected President. And then how quickly flew those four years! And did you ever think, gentlemen, how few of the Presidents of the United States will live in history two hundred and three hundred years from now? Who will then remember Polk and Munroe, and Van Buren, and Harrison, and Tyler, and Pierce, yes, and Buchanan?

MR. LIGHTNER: We shall remember Buchanan.

JUDGE SMITH: We may remember Buchanan, as it is remarked here, for the evil he did rather than the good which he wrought. We have few Presidents who will live in history. Washington and Lincoln surely will; and Jefferson, and Jackson, and Grant will. Grant will not be remembered because of his being President of the United States, but he will be remembered because of the great service which he rendered in preserving the Union in those dark days from '61 to '65, those days when boys came from the farm and the store and the school and the college and willingly, on hundreds of battlefields in this land, bared their bosoms to the storm of war that this great nation of ours might be preserved.

You can't help loving Lincoln. I cannot refrain from reading a letter that probably one-half of you can now repeat without hearing the letter read. This is a copy of a letter of Abraham Lincoln written to a Mrs. Bixby, of Boston, which has been engrossed, framed and hung in one of the Oxford University halls in England as a specimen of the purest English and most elegant diction extant. It was written in 1864.

“Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering

to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

(Applause.)

In that dark year when so many disasters befell the Union arms and when Grant was slowly forcing Lee back upon the defences at Richmond, with his heart overburdened with grief, yet this great President had time to sit down and write that letter to the mother who had laid five sons upon the altar of freedom. God bless the memory of Abraham Lincoln! (Applause.)

It is one of the sweetest memories of my life that I was permitted in those dark days to look upon the face and "touch the garment of the great war President." I saw him when he came to the army of the Potomac, with his son Tad, to review the army after the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, when we had been ingloriously defeated on the heights back of that city. I can see as though it were yesterday the great deep wrinkles in his forehead and the inexpressibly sad face that he turned to the lines of soldiers drawn up to salute him. He went back to Washington, and we went again to the disastrous battlefield of Chancellorsville—a brilliantly planned battle, but so poorly executed that we extracted no comfort out of its

termination. From there we went to Gettysburg, where Lincoln later pronounced that immortal oration that will live as long as our language lives; and, as has been stated by your Governor, it was my privilege to stand in line in front of Pickett's impetuous charge, being on the skirmish line between the two armies; and I thought as I turned my back to Pickett's advancing column and looked up the slope and saw the men standing in line to meet that charge that it was the boys of the country who would save that battle if it were saved. And they were boys—boys from 17 to 21 and 22 years of age; and as they stood there in that thin line I felt as confident before the conflict as I did afterwards that they never would run. We had marched hundreds of miles in the sun and in the dust and in the heat and we knew that there the battle of the century would be fought and fought to a finish, and that is called the "high-water mark" of the Rebellion. Stonewall Jackson was dead, and never from the July days at Gettysburg did the Confederate army win any great laurels or any great battles, but their flag went, as it ought to have gone, surely down to defeat.

I love these memories and these associations. I love to meet with such organizations as this. I love to call to mind men who have contributed so much to the glory and honor of the old flag that we all love and the government under which we live; and I join my prayers with yours that in the years to come God may infinitely bless and prosper this land of ours, making it a great power in the world for peace, and liberty, and righteousness. (Applause.)

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: Gentlemen, I have been the custodian of a secret ever since we have assembled in this room, and it has provoked my curiosity to a very great degree. The subject of the next address is "The Colonial Microbe." Just what this is I have not the remotest idea, but I imagine that it is of Irish extraction. Without delaying you, or making any guesses, I will present to you the gentleman who is to speak upon that subject, one of the honored members of this Society, Dr. Charles Lyman Greene.

THE COLONIAL MICROBE.

Dr. Charles Lyman Greene.

Gentlemen:—I have been the victim of our Secretary. I was asked, first of all, not to make an address, but to respond to a toast; and I wish to utterly disclaim any responsibility for the subject. I should like to ask any man present to tell me how I am to make a patriotic address on the subject of Colonial germs. The Colonists knew nothing about germs, and possibly their state of ignorance is shared by the Secretary. (Laughter.) Indeed, I am somewhat tempted at the present juncture to attempt to even up matters with this gentleman by classifying him under that head. (Renewed laughter.) I don't know just where to place him. He seems to have the faculty of linking things together. He is a man of activity as a germ is a body of activity. I think I shall have to put him down as a streptococcus. We might perhaps call him the streptococcus coloniensis and say that he has a benign func-

tion; that he is not pathogenic further, perhaps, than to produce some confusion of ideas in the heads of some of the members of the Society (for example myself), and possibly, too, by reason of his good spreads, slight disturbances of the gastric organ. (Laughter.) But really I must confess (if we view this benign organism through the lenses of our respect and regard) he assumes a very astonishing and promising shape. He really becomes a bacillus prodigiosus.

It has already been said here tonight that one need not stick very close to the text of the toast; and I am reminded of the story which is told of the Hon. Mr. Balfour, who is said to be an enthusiastic golf expert. He got thinking, of matters of great public moment, no doubt, during a recent course over the links, and dug up a very large portion of the earth without materially affecting the movement of the ball he was striving to hit. In some consternation, he said to his caddy, "What did I hit?" "Scotland," replied the caddy. (Laughter.) If I hit anything in "Scotland" I think I shall be doing pretty well.

But, really, there is something of interest in this topic, if we take it as relating to the conditions under which medicine and medical men have developed in this country and I do propose to talk to the toast in a way, and to talk "shop."

When the Colony of Jamestown was founded, England had just passed through a terrific visitation from a much dreaded black death or bubonic plague. London, which was the point chiefly visited, was then a city of only half a million people, and had lost from

the disease in the preceding 50 or 60 years 161,000 of her inhabitants. You can imagine the condition of the public health.

As regards physicians and medicine in general, the latter was nothing but a mass of theory, and the former nothing more than a body of theorists who strung together some remarkable conclusions based upon a purely empiric observation of facts. It was a mere cob-web, nothing more; and each man of ability was able to establish a school and secure followers. These various theories offered ample opportunity for debate, and it was one continuous battle between the so-called "schools" and "schoolmen."

At the beginning of our Colonial period the insignia of the physician in England was the barber's pole, with its red streak for arterial blood, its blue for venous blood; the white representing the bandage; the staff representing the real staff which was grasped by the patient who had to give up his blood in a more or less uncertain cause. The doctor made his rounds seated side-saddled on a horse, with a foot-cloth, and with a full-bottomed wig. As one poet said:

"Physic of old her entrance made
Under the full-bottomed shade."

He carried a beautiful gold-headed cane; it opened at the head and contained perfume.

Everything was for effect, and the physicians of greatest note were those of the Court and men who led a peculiarly luxurious life. They were strong men for the most part—strong thinkers, men who did well

with what little they had, who got on remarkably well without many facts.

Being laymen, perhaps you would not remember that it was at this time that the great Hunter lived, who gave us really most that we know today of anatomy, and it was then that Harvey first announced the circulation of the blood—so much darkness had there been before. And even at a later date, when Sydenham, a very famous physician, was asked by a young medical student what he should do in the way of study for a course of medicine, he answered: "Read Don Quixote."

Now, there is more to that answer than might appear at first glance. So great was the confusion, so great was the darkness, so fantastic were the ideas of the medical men of the period, that the advice was fairly good and the parallel drawn was accurate. They were fighters of windmills. Everybody was either a Don or a Sancho Panza of medicine at that time, and the only reason that I dwell upon this period is because of the tremendous contrast that was offered the moment that our Colonial physician developed. He was a man who had to take things as he found them. He had no carriage, he had no horse and foot-cloth and no fancy appurtenances. He came into the wilderness with the various colonizing bodies. There was Wheaton at Jamestown, Dr. Walter Russell who accompanied Smith in his explorations on the Chesapeake and the Potomac, and coming over in the Mayflower was Dr. Samuel Fuller who was, I am very happy to state, a deacon in the Rev. John Robinson's church—thus setting a standard from which his descendants or repre-

sentatives to this day have never departed—a strict union of medicine and church. (Laughter.)

These men really did a tremendous amount of good work, and they did it under conditions that developed in them an amount of character and self-reliance, a readiness in emergency, and, furthermore, a mental aptitude and anxiety to grasp what was new and good, that has set its stamp indelibly upon the American branch of the medical profession. They have never lost it. While the Englishman has been conservative, while the German has been plodding and useful—brilliant in spots—the American as a rule has been distinctively for progress and advance, and I think it may fairly and honestly be said that all of this spirit that has worked out so fortunately for us has come directly through Colonial ancestry.

As regards the germ—we have got to get back to the subject, I suppose—as regards the germ, they did have an abominable time of it. Amongst the very greatest of obstacles encountered in colonization must be reckoned the germ and the germ diseases. Nothing was known of them, as you know, at that time. Cholera did not make its appearance, fortunately, until very late. Yellow fever came earlier. Malaria was perhaps the greatest enemy of all, and next to that was small-pox. Small-pox wrought havoc everywhere, and it was not until quite late in our Colonial period that any means were found by which the ravages of this disease might be overcome. Then, by a very curious coincidence, Cotton Mather ran across a lot of Turkish literature, or literature of Turkish origin, bearing upon in-

oculation for small-pox, or as a means of limiting the spread of small-pox, and he commenced an agitation in that direction at identically the same time that Lady Montague was doing the same thing in London. And then followed a period of very great interest to the physician at least. Hardly anyone was willing to undertake to carry out so radical a measure. The same difficulty that was experienced first in London was experienced in this country. But, finally a Dr. Boylston of Boston was induced by this reverend gentleman to undertake the work, and he did it with an amount of courage and self-sacrifice that was simply astonishing. Long before he started it was known that he contemplated undertaking the work, and immediately broadsides were poured in from all directions. But he went ahead. First of all he inoculated with this dreadful disease his only son, a boy of thirteen. That inoculation was perfectly successful. Then he inoculated other members of his household. By-and-by, in spite of the mobs that had gathered, in spite of the fact that the selectmen of the town had had their say, in spite of the fact that the legislature had passed a bill against this process of treatment, he succeeded in convincing everybody that it was better for them to have their small-pox in that way, choosing time and cleanly conditions, than it was in any other way. The birth of vaccination and its general use does not belong to this period. It came later.

I feel that it may perhaps do no harm to remind you of the fact that not only does vaccination belong to a later period of our history, but substantially all of the

history of the science of medicine belongs to the last fifty years. I cannot convey, as much in love as I am and always have been with that profession, I cannot conceive how any man could have practised it fifty years ago. To me there was nothing in it that is attractive. Surgery was necessary, and it was brilliant no doubt. It achieved certain direct results, but think of the cruelty and suffering that it carried with it before the days of anaesthetics, before the days of cleanly surgery, before that wonderful chain of evidence was forged, link by link, which gives the surgeon access to practically every portion of the body without risk to the patient.

We have learned in these years, gentlemen, one thing perhaps above all others, and that is that a very large proportion of the deaths that occur are absolutely unnecessary. I say, without the slightest hesitation, that any death which occurs in this country today from a so-called contagious disease represents an antecedent criminal act. Now that is not generally understood, but it is absolutely true. We have gone so far in the making of laws, we have gone so far in this country in the promulgation of truth in regard to these matters, that that statement holds true today.

Why, then, do we have these unnecessary deaths? Several speakers tonight have referred to the fact that it would be a good thing if a child could choose his ancestors. I am inclined to think, as the problem seems unsolvable, that we shall have to do the next best thing, and try to make it less desirable that the child should so choose. That is a matter which lies in the hands of the people entirely. There is one thing that our Colo-

nial ancestors had that we do not have to the same degree today; the Colonist during all those years when he and his children were striving and struggling to lay the foundation for this republic took an interest in the community, in his fellow-citizens, as well as in himself and his family. He took a general interest in the welfare of the whole body, of the state. I believe that to a very large extent we are losing that particular form of patriotism. It is patriotism, and a very high form of patriotism, and I tell you, gentlemen, that it is somewhat disappearing at the present time. There is no other way of accounting for the present state of affairs. I think that we are having, perhaps, too many things made easy for us now-a-days. It has come to be a sort of machine-made generation (without any reference to politics) and perhaps in that way we have been beguiled and had our attention taken from our real duty in the premises. But that is a very large duty, and it applies just as much perhaps to a society of this kind as to any other. It is that we are all interested in the welfare of our fellow-citizens and that we should strive in every way possible to make good sound health as well as good sound citizenship. I believe firmly that the Japanese are going to teach us a lesson in that direction. I believe that the very nature of the training of the young Japanese boy or girl is going to tend in that direction. With them everything is for the nation. Self is put last. They are peculiarly open to conviction when that depends upon statements made from what they consider proper authority, and it would

not surprise me in the least if in a short time we should see Japan leading the whole world in this respect.

Gentlemen, quite seriously, I esteem it a great honor to be allowed to address this body of men tonight; particularly am I honored in being associated with such distinguished speakers. I have never lacked in interest in this Society nor in any other Society having a similar motive. I believe that there is nothing more necessary than that we should keep alive respect for our ancestry, our regard and admiration for the achievements which have made this country what it is, and that we should carry down from generation to generation this pride of ancestry which even in an American is perfectly justifiable. I believe that this society fills a tremendous field of usefulness. It goes ahead in a quiet, unobtrusive way, but it has a broad, far-reaching effect. There is a latent patriotism within us all I think that comes out on certain occasions with a force that surprises us.

MR. RUKARD HURD: That is the germ, Doctor.

DR. GREENE: That is the germ, that is right. Now, here we are back to the subject again. Then the one greatest and most beneficent germ, perhaps, is the germ of latent patriotism, and we shall have to attribute to it all of the country's greatness, for it is in the light of that patriotism that we have gone on and developed and taken for our own the highest place in the community of nations. (Applause.)

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: This closes the feast of reason for this evening. In behalf of the Society I desire to return to these eminent gentlemen who have addressed us our most appreciative thanks. Their addresses, on diverse subjects, have been instructive and interesting, and I can assure each one of them that he has been most favorably received.

There will be a little time for social converse in the reception room, and we will rise and sing one verse of "America."

After singing "America" the Social Court adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIAL COURT,
HELD AT THE
RESIDENCE OF HON. WILLIAM DREW WASH-
BURN, FAIR OAKS, MINNEAPOLIS,
APRIL 28th, 1905.

The Court was called to order by His Excellency, Governor Torrance, at 8:30 P. M.

The music of the evening was furnished by a male Quartette consisting of Harry E. George, John A. Jaeger, Robert C. Geddes and E. H. Wetherbee. The exercises of the evening were as follows:

Music, by the Quartette.

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: Gentlemen of the Society of Colonial Wars, and Friends: Do I not express the feeling uppermost in your minds when I say that this is an occasion for congratulations? Surely good fortune waits upon us and many things conspire to make this evening a notable one in the history of our Society. On former occasions our members have opened their homes to us, almost burdening us with kindness, and tonight the door of the hospitality again swings wide upon its hinges and we find ourselves the guests of one of our most honored members, General Washburn. (Applause.) And I cannot choose a more appropriate moment than at the very beginning of the program to express our high appreciation of his courtesy. We are further favored by having with us

this evening two gentlemen of national fame, who will address us on subjects of great interest. In behalf of the Society and our friends assembled here I desire to emphasize the welcome that they have already received and to assure them that we are very highly honored by their presence.

Before introducing the first speaker we will listen to a musical number.

Mr. George of the quartette rendered a solo.

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: For almost three centuries Massachusetts has been the home of the Puritan. Apart from the Puritan there could not have been a Massachusetts. The history of that glorious Commonwealth is largely the history of the Puritan, and her achievements the achievements of the Puritan. Within later years alien races have crowded her shores and filled her cities, but the Puritan has not been submerged. In every crisis his voice is heard; in every time of need his counsel is sought; in every time of peril his sword is drawn. Massachusetts is fittingly represented here this evening in the person of one of her distinguished sons. He comes of good Puritan stock, and has received many honors for faithful services rendered in war and in peace, and for the third time has been elected Lieutenant Governor of his native state. He enjoys the confidence, affection and esteem of his people in a very large measure; and it gives me great pleasure, gentlemen, to now present to you the first speaker of the evening, Hon. Curtis Guild, Jr., who will speak to you concerning "The Puritans Contribution to America." (Applause.)

THE PURITAN'S CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICA.

Hon. Curtis Guild, Jr.

Your Excellency and Governor, General Washburn,
and Compatriots:

I thank you, sir, for your very kind introduction, and you, gentlemen, for your very cordial reception. If Massachusetts is proud of her history in the days of the past and her condition in the days of the present, she is still prouder of the fact that she is not an isolated commonwealth, but one of the glorious sisterhood of States; and if she remembers her own deeds in the crises of our national history, be assured that she does not forget that at one great crisis, in the high tide of rebellion, the final blow that settled the war, was the charge of the First Minnesota at Gettysburg. (Applause.)

I have not always been so fortunate in introductions in the western part of this country. My first trip to Minnesota was in 1900, as a very small and insignificant "tender" attached to a very large and strenuous "locomotive." The "locomotive" has now gone into the roundhouse at the White House, and I am allowed to be the "tender" in the State House at Boston. My first introduction of a military character, also like yours, sir, was in South Dakota; and I am going to tell a story because it brings in your own beloved Senator Nelson. He was in South Dakota at the time, together with the present President of the United States, Governor Shaw of Iowa, your humble servant, and some

others, but was not able to be present at the meeting to which I am about to refer. I was, of course, utterly unknown to South Dakota audiences. We were at a place called Twentieth Century City or Puritan Hope City, or something like that. I don't remember just exactly what the name was, but I do remember that that metropolis consisted of a railway station, four saloons, two dwelling houses, a general store, a tank—a water-tank (laughter),—and that we delivered our addresses from some hustings that were simply set up upon the prairie. The presiding officer, a benevolent gentleman, with the Horace Greeley whiskers of the days of the past, after introducing Mr. Roosevelt with a tremendous flourish of trumpets, asked the name of the man who was to fill up some time if necessary. Some one said "General" something (for my sins I have been a General in the militia) and this was the introduction (you will see how it contrasts with the delights of Minnesota):

"My fellow citizens: You jus' ben alis'enin' to the next Vice President of the United States of America. I'm sorry to have to apologize for the next speaker. We had 'spected to have here this afternoon Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota and Governor Shaw of Iowa. W'all, they aint come, so your committee has done the best they could, and there is a soldier travelin' up and down the state and he will try to entertain you for a very few minutes, a very few minutes. I now take great pleasure in presentin' to you a soldier from Massachusetts. (What did you say that fellow's

name was? What? Wha's his name? Oh, yes.)
A very few minutes. I now take great pleasure in
presentin' to you a soldier of Massachusetts (come
on) General Miles of the United States army." (Up-
roarious laughter.)

Well, there wasn't any time for explanations in that
part of South Dakota. I imagine they still think that
General Miles is a hearty supporter of the present ad-
ministration. (Laughter.)

But I am reminded that I have been asked to speak
to you in an offhand sort of way tonight, not about
Massachusetts particularly, or about the soldiers who
have served her so well (and we all know how well
General Miles did serve her), but more particularly
about the mission and the service of the Puritan and
his contribution to the civilization of which we are all
a part.

Like most strong peoples, the United States is of
mixed stock. Latin and Celt and Teuton built up the
Roman Empire; Phoenician and Roman and Gaul and
Frank mingle in the Frenchman; Briton and Dane and
Saxon bred the Englishman. To which of these can it
be said that the American owes nothing?

Prussia gave us Von Steuben; Poland gave us Kos-
ciusko; France gave us Lafayette; Ireland gave us
Charles Carroll of Carrollton; Scotland gave us John
Paul Jones; the Islands of the Sea gave us Alexander
Hamilton. The blood that flowed in those men's veins
came from widely different springs, but the soul that
sent them to battle was the spirit of an American sol-
dier.

And as it was in the Revolution, so it was in our latest war. Did you ever stop to think that of the seven men who were on Hobson's fated ship in Santiago Bay five were of different races? One was of Scandinavian blood; another of Irish; another from Massachusetts was of French blood; another was of German; one was from Alabama, and the rest were common Yankees. Seven men, five races! But the uniform that covered the breast of all of them was that of the United States Navy, and the flag they were ready to die to defend was the flag of our common country—the United States of America. (Applause.)

And so in similar fashion, in the settling of the country, not to the Puritan alone belongs all the credit. The Jesuit missionary, suffering torture and death, carrying the word of the Cross to the remotest confines of the savage tribes; the Huguenots of the South; the Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam; all have done their share. The roots of the tree spread far asunder; the trunk is upright and one.

Romance has gilded the settlement of Florida and Canada. The glittering conquistador with morion and arquebus; the gay "coureur de bois" in blanket and buckskin, are romantic figures beside whom the settler of New England, the serious Puritan in sombre brown and gray, cuts an inconspicuous and perhaps unpleasing figure.

Polite literature has been none too kind to him. Shakespeare has caricatured the Puritans in Malvolio. Old Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* could find no better terms for them than "rude, illiterate, capricious,

base fellows." The one quotation by which Lord Macaulay is best known is the smart sentence in which he declares that the Puritans "did not believe in bear-baiting; not because it gave pain to the bear but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." Even Charles Dickens speaks of them as "an uncomfortable people, who thought it highly meritorious to dress in a hideous manner."

Such is the contribution of polite history to the Puritans. All the ballads, all the songs, all the lyrics are on the side of the Cavaliers. All the songs are on the side of the dreariness of Whitehall and a little later with the Jacobites and Bonnie Dundee. There is scarcely a bit of verse for the stern-faced Puritans or for those dour Scotch Presbyterians of the south of Scotland who saw their wives and children buried to the lips in the rough sands of the sea shore that they might be drowned in the rising tide, by this same Bonnie Dundee, who was known in Scotland not as Bonnie Dundee, but as Bloody John Graham of Claverhouse. Speaking as a descendant of those western Scots perhaps I am somewhat prejudiced on the subject, (Laughter.)

Though the Puritans and the memory of them thus for generations afforded material for those who pander to the thoughtless with caricature, lampoon and idle jest, yet their work and their fame is safe, secured in that consciousness of right that the Latin proverbmaker declared to be a brazen wall against the shafts of slander. Song and play and ballad may chant the praise of the Cavalier, but history gives her laurels to the Roundhead.

The horsemen who rode so bravely behind Prince Rupert and King Charles have left us a world of romance, but it was the stern-faced followers of John Knox and John Hampden, the Scottish Covenanters and the English Puritans, who overthrew the tyranny of kings and left us no legacy, indeed, in the realm of fancy but left a legacy of sound, hard facts in the shape of the rights of the people, the very foundation of the structure of this Republic.

The gentlemen who sought a Western Golconda at Jamestown called themselves Adventurers. The plain people who first sought the shores of bleak New England we know as Pilgrims. The Adventurers came to the new world to seek their fortune; the Pilgrims and Puritans to earn it. No weak-hearted wail went up from bleak New England at her early sufferings. Hunger, cold and savages could not turn those brave hearts from their purpose. When the biting New England winter found them without further supply of food they gathered the acorns from the woods, the clams and mussels from the beaches, and glorified God, to use the old words, "Who had given them to suck of the abundance of the seas and of treasure hid in the lands."

To understand the Puritan it is necessary to understand the times that gave him birth. He was not merely the follower of a religious creed that differed from the one originally accepted in Europe. Indeed, though the first few shiploads of New England settlers were agreed, the English Puritans as a body differed widely among themselves, both as to creed and church government. Some were Independents, or Congregational-

ists, some were Presbyterians, and John Milton was a Socinian or what would now be called a Unitarian. The bond that held these Englishmen most firmly together, indeed, was union in a rebellion, not so much against the religious creed of the Established Church of England as against the social and moral conditions of the day. The Hundred Years' War and the Wars of the Roses had utterly demoralized the English people. The rise of Parliament and popular government, which had grown to such a height under Richard II, had been not only checked but cut down. England was less free in the sixteenth century than she had been in the fourteenth. The Tudors were despots almost as truly as the Romanoffs. France had become a mere field for plunder and murder by Englishmen and their allies. When Shakespeare even in his day, speaks of "infants quartered by the hands of war," he is not using his imagination. He is describing what ordinarily occurred at the sack of a city. The France that Joan of Arc freed from English rule was infinitely more wretched than Cuba under the Spanish Captains General.

Queen Elizabeth was personally a patron of bull-baiting and bear-baiting. So, in her day, were most people. The Maypole, a relic of the most depraved worship of all paganism, was no mere excuse for an innocent dance, but the center of the vilest debauchery. The Merry Mount and its Maypole at Wollaston was as vile as the so-called Merry Monarch who ruled England under the name of Charles II., and the world was better when both were removed.

The Puritans turned to the Bible not only because they loved its teachings, but because under Henry VIII., it was almost the only book a decent man could read. The foulest tales of debauchery, universally circulated, formed the only popular literature, and aided to debase popular morality. The Lord's Day was invaded not by sports alone, but by the wildest license. The laborer, moreover, could not legally enjoy that day of rest unless his master chose. Public office went by favor; an ex-highway-man was made Chief Justice, and Kings and Queens fitted out the ships of pirates and shared their booty.

This was the social structure which the Puritan faced and to which he struck the first shattering blow. His faults were patent. He was intolerant in an intolerant age. He was, however, something more than a bigoted sectary who hanged witches and persecuted Quakers. He was a citizen to whom the duty of citizenship was a second religion. The citizen who came late to the early New England town meetings, the citizen who neglected to attend, was regarded not only morally but legally as a criminal and was fined as such. The Puritan accepted the privilege of liberty only as a responsibility, appreciating, as his descendants too often fail to appreciate, how hardly those privileges were won.

His was the cause of the plain man against the tyrant, the honest man against the rogue, the virtuous man against the rake, the patriot against the plundered. Faults he had in common with poor humanity of all ages, but it may at least be said that he was simple in

an age of extravagance, austere in the midst of debauchery, honest though ruled by corruption, and sincere though subject to a succession of sovereigns constant in nothing but the pursuit of their own selfish desires.

Such were the makers of New England; such was their contribution not only to our country but to civilization. The greatest heritage they have left us is not the territory they took from the Indians, as the Indians had taken it from the Skhaelings. They left us as their greatest gifts the New England town meeting and the New England conscience, government of the people and that control of self that alone can make a government by the people a government for the people.

We owe the Puritan much. He left the world the better for his coming, but virtue did not depart with his departure. We live in a better world, a broader country, a happier time.

The voice of age and of disappointment may rail upon the times, but there never has been an age in the history of the world when to virile and healthy manhood life was more pure, cleanly and hopeful than now in the Twentieth Century and here in the United States.

A scientist discovers the magic baptism that sets the seed bursting, blossoming and bearing fruit, even if planted in the most sterile sand. The secret is not hidden for private profit, it is made a free gift to humanity.

By force of a habit of the older time the gentler sex still leaves the table as the coffee reaches it, but not of

necessity now, as in the older days, when habitual drunkenness rendered the close of all dinners insupportable to the more temperate sex. We are cleaner both in our speech and in our lives.

One-half the world is no longer ignorant of how the other half lives. Never in the world has the fortunate man paid such heed to the call of his unfortunate brothers. Howard was a phenomenon of philanthropy a hundred years or so ago. His noble life would be one of thousands in the broader philanthropy of today. No longer as in the Puritan's, as in Hogarth's time do the insane, naked and in chains, wallow in their kennels of reeking straw, to escape the infliction of the lash.

There is still corruption in public life, but not as it was in the days of Walpole or of Churchill or of Digby. Surely the thrones of graft and of the boss totter to their fall when states elect such governors as Folk and Dineen and when the nation defies its bosses and manipulators and their subsidized newspapers and elects a Theodore Roosevelt. (Applause.)

An historic society of a leading New England university entertained but a year or so ago a man whose name has been honored among those of American statesmen and diplomats. His once courageous eloquence weakened to a Cassandra's treble as he bewailed that if not in peace at least in war the United States had lost the ideals of the Puritan, that the ideals of today are lower, in short, than those of the time of the Pequot War.

Never in the history of the world has a nation entered a war as we entered upon the Cuban War, with no thought for its own aggrandizement but for the ben-

efit of another nation. Never have any people whose conditions have been changed by a change of flags after a war between two other nations received such benefits from the conqueror as Cuba, Porto Rico, Guam and the Philippines have received from the United States.

As the grafter, in politics, in the press, even in the pulpit, reminds us that as every American is not true to his country in time of peace, so in time of war there are of course some Americans who have lost their ideals: the cynic editor, who, when the camps and hospitals were filled with men dying of disease and wounds received in their country's service, spreads before their glazing eyes in his pictured weekly the brutal sneer that the patriotism of the soldier is but another form of self-advertisement; the professor urging his students not to enlist when the President called for volunteers; the political fanatic urging men to desert and fire on their flag in the face of an enemy in arms.

There are men like these who live in the United States, but the words they utter are not of the United States.

Have we lost our ideals? Look upon the venerable Southern general leaving his ambulance and climbing in suffering to the saddle, that the wounded might have his place; look upon the New York engineer laying down his life in the pest-holes of Havana, that three years later his country might say, "We have rid the world of yellow fever"; look into that ghastly hospital tent after San Juan Hill and see more fragments of men rising in their bloody bandages to sing,

"My country, 'tis of thee."

The ideals may have vanished from the eyes of those who in fleeing to the yew shaded groves of a pessimistic philosophy have escaped the strife and strain of American life, but have lost as well its sunshine and fresh air. Working not shirking is the fruit of ideals, and the same ideal that set the Puritan to singing in the face of starvation amid the Plymouth pines; the same spirit that bade him strike for a free government at Marston Moor yet lives among our people, yet nerves her sons to that sacrifice of self which she asks in peace as well as in war. (Applause.)

May I tell just one little story? I have taken too much of your time, sir, I know; and with this I will close.

A Voice: Go on till morning.

For lack of a better, I happened to be Inspector General of an army corps in the Cuban-Spanish war, and I am going to tell you a little story of something that happened on Christmas Eve. When you hear that the army is a hot-bed of degeneracy and that no more brutal school for young men exists than the service of their country (and some people honestly believe it) just remember this story, whose only merit is that it is literally true. Christmas Eve, 1898. I was out in front of my quarters—not the rose-wood lined palaces which you were told, by certain newspapers in the United States, that we inhabited, stocked with boxes of Havana cigars and cases of champagne, but a plain, brown tent, pitched in a sweet-potato field. I was sitting with my best chum of the General Staff, Robert E. Lee Mickey, of Virginia and of

the United States Army. Brothers, it means something when Massachusetts and Virginia can tent together and wear the same uniform! (Applause.)

It was a beautiful night, this Christmas Eve, much like one of those June nights of which Lowell sings. We sat there under the stars. Across the fields great rose-gardens sent a thousand fragrances into the air, and above our heads another Sharon waved in solemn praise its silent groves of palms. We sat talking—talking long past taps, talking about the things—well, about the things that fellows do talk about when thousands of miles from home and it is Christmas Eve. At last upon the midnight air there came the challenge of a sentinel: “Number ten, Forty-ninth Iowa! Number ten, twelve o’clock, and all is well!” It was Christmas morning! Scarcely had the cry of that sentinel died away than from the tents of the bandsmen of that regiment there rang out almost the oldest Christmas music in the world, the music of what we call the Portuguese Hymn; and one clear baritone voice took up the old familiar words,

“How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,”—the old words that the sons of the Puritans sang for many a generation—and another, and another, until the whole regiment was singing. Then the Second Illinois joined in, and the Sixth Missouri, and the First South Carolina, and the One Hundred Sixty-first Indiana, and so on clear down the line until the whole American Army Corps was out there under those tropical stars singing that splendid old verse:

“Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I’ll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand;
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.”
And then they sang “Coronation,” and “Nearer my God
to Thee,” and of course they sang “America.”

Perhaps you may think it was all accident that they happened to sing this particular song first. Well, some of us fellows, plain rough fellows out in the world, like to think that all things do not happen altogether by accident. But think of the extraordinary coincidence! That music is almost the oldest Christian music known. It is the traditional hymn of the Roman Catholic church.

The words that those boys sang are from one of the oldest Calvinistic (Protestant) hymns. The Northern boy knew it as the hymn he had sung at his mother’s knee. To the Southern boy it was that, and something more. It was the favorite hymn of General Robert E. Lee, which was sung at his request at that great General’s funeral. Protestant and Catholic, North and South, singing together on Christmas day in the morning! Not since the days of Cromwell’s Ironsides, unless we except the Blue Boys of Sweden under Charles XII, has there been an army of any other country in which the celebration of the coming of a festival, after a great military success, on conquered soil, would thus have been celebrated—not by drunkenness and debauchery, not even by sports and games, but by an involuntary Christian service of prayer and praise.

The spirit of the Puritan—his best spirit in his best

hour surely has not departed from this country when that true tale can be told of an army of the United States of America! (Prolonged applause.)

Music by the quartette.

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: I regret very much to announce that the engagements of Gov. Guild are such that he is required to leave in a very few moments. I know that you have all fallen in love with him, and I voice your thought when I say that we have been delighted with his address. This brief visit from him will long remain a pleasant memory to us. I cannot express for you what you gentlemen can so much better express yourselves, and we will for a few minutes consider this Social Court adjourned, in order that you may give your hand and a Godspeed to the parting guest.

A bugle-call brought the Court again to order.

Music by the quartette.

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: Many centuries ago the wants of a great multitude were met with five loaves and two small fishes. When a boy I was fed strictly, on the religious side, on the five points of Calvinism, and on the American side, principally with the fife and drum. With advancing years some of the Calvinistic points have become somewhat dimmed, and a thoughtful consideration of them at times tends to drowsiness, but the fife and drum never fail to quicken the step and stir the heart with the enthusiasm of youth. Other subjects may be more important than our

country, but none other so unceasingly and universally appeals to every wellborn and true-hearted American, as America. We are very fortunate tonight to have with us an eminent clergyman, scholar and author, the Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, who will speak to us upon the subject "Five Points of Americanism." (Applause.)

FIVE POINTS OF AMERICANISM.

Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D. D., Chicago.

Brethren of the Society of Colonial Wars:

I express to you, as I have already expressed to your Governor and to the host of this evening, my utmost gratitude, and I have also expressed to the Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts a thankfulness which I do not know to have felt equally in recent years. I was sorry he had to go from us, but I realize that while even "a good Democrat" is Governor of Massachusetts, it takes a Republican Lieutenant Governor to keep things straight. (Laughter.)

I suppose I need not say a good many of the things which I meant to say this evening, largely because we have heard a very great lesson along a line of thought which it seems to me the nation must take in order to accomplish her greatest ideals. I am convinced, gentlemen, that in meetings like this we have very little time for the entertainment of any other sort of patriotic

sentiments than those which we have already honored with our applause as we listened to this officer from the old Puritan state; and if tonight I seem somewhat more serious, perhaps, than I have seemed at other times when I have been honored with an invitation to speak in this city and if I seem to myself a little more serious than usual—it is because I have come here out of the midst of a turbulent and frightened city, and because I look, with you, seriously upon some of the problems of this hour. But if I have faith, and if there is a radiance over all this storm, it is because I believe in the temper and in the attitude of the speaker to whom we have listened, and because I have confidence in the great religious bases of our political life.

Now, these five points of Americanism are not so far from the five points of Calvinism as they might have been if there had been no Puritan and if the Puritan had not been, usually, a Calvinist. One thing I think we saw clearly tonight, and that is that the Puritan, coming over from England, has not in any way lost his relationship to that great enterprise of Anglo-Saxon self government which we believe to be the greatest experiment, the most audacious and the most noble attempt at government the world has ever seen. We have certainly found tonight, if we never found it out before, that the Puritan is a pervasive and permanent force in all our American life. But we should have made a very grave mistake if we had blundered in the thought, following that of the speaker, which was so clear and so just, and if we had supposed that the Puritan in any way had furnished any settlement to these

problems, or had, indeed, added anything of complete answer to the questions which come up in the American heart and which dominate American life, and which in the next quarter of a century are to make the life of the American people the most significant and the most distinctive in settling all the problems of the world.

We are not a world-factor, gentlemen, just because we have gone to Manila; we are not a world-factor because we have taken the Philippines. We are a world-factor because we have world-ideas, because there are world-sentiments inside of this enterprise of self-government. We are a world-factor because we have here a philosophy of government which we believe, clearly understood and loyally followed, will sweep in all its vast achievement every human interest which has come to this land, and which will furnish a settlement not only for our immediate problems, but for all those problems of government that must grow out of any achievements of the present hour.

I know that this is large talk, but I am very sure that anything that shall keep us from understanding and appreciating and acknowledging the largeness of our problem will confuse us in the next quarter of a century.

The Puritan, for example, as he stands before us tonight and as we listen to the echo of his voice, attractive, sublime, like a mighty Alp, lofty, covered in his very coldness with the common sense of snow,—the Puritan is not all of the landscape of America. Who would think for a moment of taking away from our American life the very thing that the Puritan most of

all despised and hated, that which has been brought to us by brave men like Marquette and Charlevoix and the great souls that went up and down these rivers and created for us a cradle for civilization? Is there a Protestant this moment that has so adopted the negativism and the Protestantism of Puritanism that he would take from out the movement of this nation that magnificent conservatism that today so wholesomely and so powerfully works to the general good in the Roman Catholic church? Surely not I. We have come even to the hour when we realize in our American life that the man of politics and the man of society, whom the Puritan most of all condemned and against whom he fought, is a very necessary force and a very necessary personal energy in the creation of a mighty state. Tonight the North understands the South; tonight we realize that a dark, tortuous problem belongs to the South and to the North, but that the settlement of that problem must be made ultimately in the mind and in the heart of the Cavalier. Today as America begins to realize the beauty of art and all the enriching of her life, and as she seeks for grace and refinement, as well as for strenuosity and conscience, how welcome is the Cavalier, and how all the way through our life we realize that our problem lies with the man that fought in his ancestor's blood with Gustavus Adolphus, the man who came to us from the dykes of Holland, whose ancestor said, "Let us give Holland back to the ocean, but we must be free"; the man who came to us from unhappy France, whose Huguenot father stood frightened and praying amid the hills

spattered with blood; the liberty-loving Catholic of Maryland who came to us bearing all the ardent eloquence and the suggestive traditionalism of the days of St. Ignatius or Chrysostom; the earnest and serious Quaker who looks back to the era in which it would take more than two yoke of oxen to pull George Fox's hat off his head. All these mighty peoples, we see them gathered together as never before, and we realize that in a kind of Americanism we shall lift all these people, fuse them, crystalize them at last into a triumphant democracy, a militant and glorious republicanism. These must be five points of Americanism that are not only understood here upon the earth, but understood there by the God of Heaven.

Religious, indeed, you say this kind of talk is. Well, I came largely because I am interested in that phase of American life. I perceive everywhere the influences, the fine suggestion of the spring-time of a life of the American people. I hold that the influences of a far-reaching and deep and lofty revival are already abroad in the land. I do not mean that it is a revival such as you saw in 1857, such as you saw under Finney or under Moody, or even such a revival as came to the world under the influence of Wesley and John Whitfield, or as swept over Europe in the Crusades under St. Bernard or by the saintliness of St. Francis. No; but I do mean that our American life has lost its spiritual eyesight and that we are absolutely not worthy of what the Almighty has to give us if we do not see that the election of the man who sits in the White House as the President of the United States, in spite of all the forces

that were arrayed against him, is a genuine revival of religion. (Applause.) I do not know whether the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions ought to take Mr. Rockefeller's money or not. I know that everything I can get from that direction or from any other for the help of the sixteen hundred men and the sixteen thousand corresponding students with whom I have to do will be respectfully and religiously taken. (Laughter and applause.) But I am proud to live in a time when men ask questions about these things. It is a great era, gentlemen, when we realize that the Americanism with which we have to do must be first of all, a thing from above.

Now, I think the first of these five points of Americanism that shall strike the Cavalier as well as the Puritan, and perhaps include the Cavalier whose message we have not listened to so attentively as we might, is the new aristocracy—the American aristocracy. I believe in aristocracy. I believe that there must be an American aristocracy. I care not how many of my Puritan forefathers rise up in my blood as I speak these words, "the best will rule, the best ought to rule." And we will have here in America by the very working of our democracy, if it is true democracy, an aristocracy. But what kind of aristocracy? The only sort of government that today in any slight degree interests the conscience, and the intellect, and the heart, and the will of mankind is born of a vision, and that vision has all its movement in the fact that there are in human life and in the world in which man lives, involutions. Ideas are involved; plans are involved; purposes are involved,

and this involution must have evolution. All revolution is delayed evolution. There never was a revolution on the face of the earth that was not testimony to the fact that by some institution or constitution, some manifestation of what is called conservatism, the involution was kept from being evolution; that which must have its life through expression, having been repressed; and the result is a French revolution with things tossed into the air; the result is an English revolution; the result is ten thousand forces leaping here like hissing streams of steam, saying, "Attach me to something; let me run an engine or I will blow your boiler to pieces." All revolution is delayed evolution.

Now, there must come, naturally and inevitably, an evolution of aristocracy in all kinds of government. What kind of an aristocracy? Let us get away back to the ideas with which we have to do, in the fact that, whether we will or not, gentlemen, whether you accept the Christian gospels or the Christian work or not, this government—every government of every progressive people on this earth today—has to reckon with the fact of Christianity. And if we did not mean to reckon with the fact of Christianity we ought not to have put on board that kind of a compass; we ought not to have started with that sort of engine; we ought not to have pointed the ship in that direction. The Society of Colonial Wars is only one single historic link that binds us with the past, in which it was clear to our forefathers that their program was founded in the Christian idea of God and man.

What was this Christian idea of God and man as it touched the conception of aristocracy? Here was a wanderer in the desert; here was a man of great and plain speech; here was the finest specimen of the hour. You will not be surprised if I call him John the Baptist. He stood there in the midst of all the conservatism of his age. It was falling to pieces round about him. He saw the mighty future opening before man. Man was leaping with energies. The involutions were never so instant and demanding evolution. And just in the tide of his speech some one at his side, in order that the speech might be stopped, called out of the grave the mighty ghost of Abraham. Now, there is nothing that so instantly stops the mental machinery of the ordinary man as a ghost; and a great ghost like that of Abraham, making a man as orthodox and as stupid and as regular as possible, was supposed to be all that was necessary to dam the flow of this man's eloquence. There for a moment the ghost stood, and in that hour this superb master of the elements of statecraft said, "God out of these stones can raise up children unto Abraham." That is aristocracy; that is what aristocracy is; that is what aristocracy is worth through all the world. "God out of these stones can raise up children unto Abraham." Well, that was a mighty aristocracy of Abraham's, to be pushed about and set aside in that manner. If it had been some of the aristocracies that we know it would not have been so easily accomplished; for aristocracy, you know, is a long, long evolution. It began away back there with very crude and coarse parentage. The ooze and slime

out of which aristocracy has come indicates some very unpromising protoplasm. The first aristocracy was the aristocracy of the brute; the aristocracy of bone and muscle; the aristocracy of physical force. Sometimes as we open our morning newspapers we think that that aristocracy is coming back again; and especially as we visit our Christian colleges, on the day when most of all we ought to be reverent, we think that that aristocracy of brute force is coming back under Christian and collegiate influences, when young men wear hair on the outside of their skulls instead of ideas on the inside. (Laughter.) This is the aristocracy of the brute wherever we find it.

Just above the aristocracy of the brute, and an evolution out of it, is the aristocracy of possession. It came out of the society of the brute, because the brute can get what he wants and he can keep what he gets. That is the only basis of an aristocracy of possession, of cash. I am from Chicago and I speak freely. (Laughter.)

Just above the aristocracy of cash is the aristocracy of family. It has come to be of importance, because cash is a commodity that can be handed over from one generation to another. That is the story of its evolution. Now with us down in Chicago this aristocracy of the family has a coat of arms; its father had no coat at all. (Laughter.) It has a family tree, and the children all commit suicide by hanging on that family tree. (Laughter.) It is the lower limbs of the tree nearer the ground that they play with, and they get their pedi-

gree out like a rope. and a pedigree is a mighty dangerous thing in the hand of an intellectual child.

Away above that aristocracy is the aristocracy of brains, the aristocracy of intellect, the aristocracy of ideas, the aristocracy of great principles; and there is an aristocracy still greater than that, for goodness is greater than greatness. That is the aristocracy of character, the grandest aristocracy in all the world. (Applause.) "God out of these stones can raise up children unto Abraham." There are just two elements in the making of aristocracy,—material and God. And the whole idea of Americanism, as it comes gradually with its basis of democracy, giving constantly its noblest and best as its rulers in thought, is an aristocracy of character and an aristocracy of brains. whose base is a democracy, the glory of all democracy. That is the first, the grandest idea of our advancing Americanism.

Let us not, gentlemen, for one moment suppose that any socialistic program that shall tear away individualism and reduce us to a dull mediocrity, can in any way be called democratic. It is the death of all true democracy. There is no democracy which has not as the base of the pyramid, gathered into its full significance and expressing itself in its highest and noblest ministry the rearing of an aristocracy. The very moment we cease in this country to rear men who are leaders, the very moment we demand equality of intellect, and equality of power, that very moment we have put aside all the future that belongs to our high and coming America.

Now, I think the second of the five points of true Americanism is just as religious, and has its base in a deeper religious thought even than this. Here was this "Man of Galilee." No man had a suspicion that he was the greatest statesman of his time and all times. His whisper, like a mere whisper of a divine power in the midst of awful institutions, was to desolate them all. He walked there easily enough amid his fellows, but one day he said, "When ye pray, say, 'Our Father.'" He knew perfectly well that the great resources of statesmanship are there, not here. Here is trade, and commerce, and art, and literature, and religion, and state, and school, and all the interests of man. But as a matter of fact the initial elements that create and recreate these things are there, not here. You tell me the sky that bends over any nation and what kind of deity or supreme power that nation regards as worthy of its attention and worship, and I will tell you the character of its government. If up yonder, to be revered, there is a government that has the slightest touch of tyranny in its constitution or personality, tyranny will be tolerated here. If the god in the sky of any man's imagination to which his prayer goes and in which his faith lives is an autocrat, that man's earth will be crowded with autocrats. There will be tyrants running everywhere. He will reproduce the government that he sees in the ideal regions above him.

The greatest force in the history of politics is not money, it is not eloquence; it is prayer. There never was a nation on the face of the earth that did not create and recreate its politics by its prayer. Prayer is

the stream that flows through all history, and here it leaves a Parthenon in Greece; here it has left a Sphinx in Egypt; here it has left a Westminster Abbey in England; here it has left the Houses of Congress in our America; and these buildings and their significance are simply the embodiment of the atmosphere rising from that river upon which the stars have been shining out of the sky. The name of that river is prayer. This "Man of Galilee" understood that, and in order to turn the world right side up and to revolutionize and evolutionize what had been involved, he simply touched man at his very deepest. He did not say, when you go to make a state or to create a commonwealth, or to build a government, be sure that people are related to one another, just as brothers. No; but he said, more fundamentally than that, "When ye pray"—which is the bottom of it all and the top of it all—"When ye pray, say, 'Our Father.'" Here was the fatherhood of God; here was the idea that above all humanity there was one majestic fact revealing itself in goodness, in love, in all those kindly sentiments which warm the heart.

I believe that there is no principle on earth more strongly entrenched in the American heart than this: that no government shall ultimately live without the consent of the governed. It is so with reference to Almighty God. He never governs me until I consent. He never governs you until he gets into your heart; never until he wins you as something more than power, more than wisdom, more than justice; never until the great Lover makes you love him is God's government in you. He has got the consent of the governed. "When

ye pray, say, 'Our Father.'" And take that monosyllable, the most mighty of the monosyllables in all historical and political literature, "Our Father." Why, I can pray, "My Father—my father"—unus—one. That is monarchy. I can pray a prayer "My Father" and reduce the universe to an instrumentality for myself. I can be so divinely selfish, I can be so religiously self-poised, I can be so greedy for myself as to say, "My Father—My Father!" But when I say "Our Father" you are all in with me. When I say "Our Father" the man on the other side of the earth is here. "Our Father!" Every human interest is mine. There is the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men.

"Oh," you say, "this is all religious." It was the power of the Puirtan; it was the soul of that missionary movement that gave to the Catholic the opportunity to open the gates of the New World. You show me a single revolution from the hour when Jesus spoke this until now, when liberty and law have been wedded together, and I will show you that the inspiration of that revolution is the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The great name of Cromwell was spoken here a while ago. That came across to our land and we see the influences of Cromwell's friends. Tell me tonight what was it that took away from the slaves in America, with their black skins and their utter ignorance, the weight of their chains and gave them the opportunity of civilized life and American citizenship. It was the fatherhood of God and the absolute, universal brotherhood of man. And tonight, leaving a city throbbing with all the uproar which has

been organized in the shadow of the labor problem, I say to you, gentlemen of wealth, it is not when the man of wealth is kneeling on velvet carpets, behind rich lace curtains, saying "My Father—My Father"; it is not when the laborer is kneeling on his floor, in the midst of poverty, perhaps, in the midst also of intemperance, crying in his despair "My Father, My Father," but it is when both of them—capital and labor—kneel down together and say, "Our Father which art in Heaven" that the great day of victory and truth will come. (Applause.)

Look again, will you, for the third of these ideas? When this Man of Nazareth came into our world, the world had its own conception of liberty. Every now and again we see that that conception is not entirely stamped out and lying with the dust of centuries. You ask your Roman in that day, What is liberty? He will tell you, "Well, liberty is a concession ;it is an accommodation; it is a gift." You ask the Jew, "What is liberty?" and he will give you his ecclesiastical definition of liberty. And neither one of them for a moment believes that liberty springs from the fact that every man has a right to himself, to his own brain, to his own conscience, to his own hands, and to the results, fair and honorable, of the labor of his hands. It never came upon the Roman empire. It never touched the intellect of Greece. It never moved the conscience of Hebrewdom for a moment that man had any inalienable right to liberty. It was always conceived as something held in fee simple by crowns and thrones and empires, and the king who sat on the throne might

dole it out if he pleased. If in his excessive generosity, or in some burst of kindness, or in some act of folly he wanted to make some one free, it was just a concession, a mere accommodation. Here came this Man walking in the midst of all the influences of Rome as they penetrated Judaism. One day they called up again that great ghost of Abraham to stop his speech. "We be of Abraham's children. We have never been in bondage to any man," said some one, some Pharisee. Instantly the light flashed from this sun-lit soul, and he said, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." What is that? Is it possible that freedom comes only by knowing truth? Is that involved in a true definition of freedom? That is what he said. That is tonight what all the centuries of experience are saying; that is what they are saying against our follies and our blunders; that is what they are saying in spite of the fact that England is proposing an ecclesiastical system of education. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

You tell me what your best loved truth is, the truth that is choice to you, and I will show you the diameter, I will show you the radius by which you can very easily get the circle of your freedom. Wherever that truth ends the walls begin. Wherever that truth fails to touch there you are in bondage. You may have a truth that only reaches out a little way in the universe, but as far as that is true to you, you are free. If it reaches beyond the stars into the far away world, you are free as far as that truth goes. Here, for example, is a girl sitting tonight in yonder station by the side

of an instrument, called the telegraph. Yonder, back there, ages ago, is a savage, wild and strong, in the midst of a thunderstorm, and he goes crying and shrinking with fear into his cave, and the lightnings dance on the outside. Here is this little girl sending to my family tonight a message telling them of my health and my love. Who is free? That man there who knows nothing of the lightning, who knows no truth of electricity, is a slave. This girl here is free just because she knows the truth of electricity. The truth of man makes man free from the bondage of man. The truth of nature makes man free in nature. The truth of God makes man free of all idolatry and all superstition.

Gentlemen, this sounds like religion, but it is a fact that every effort that this government has made, and every effort that every other government makes to create freedom without filling men with the truth is and always will be a failure. There never was a more interesting lie than the lie which is made out of a misquotation of a part of the Declaration of Independence, when on the Fourth of July somebody says, "All men are born free." Nobody is born free. The babe that was born last night in this city is the biggest slave in this town except the babe that was born tonight. That little being is all bound up with social customs, moral laws of nature, laws of society, laws of progress, and the whole life of the child is to be a personal fight for freedom. One day it will find the truth as to how to get its little thumb into its mouth, and when that truth is a living truth what a sense of freedom the child will have and what a sense of liberty the whole family will

get. (Laughter.) And from that very act until that child is at home in the palace of God, free from sin, free from wrong, it must be a steady, long fight for freedom by way of truth.

Here is our problem in the South. We realize to-night what emancipation proclamations could do and could not do. We realize as we hear men talk who come to us from foreign countries, asking for freedom by legislation, with what poison the air is filled. What we need to do for the negro, what we need to do for every man in this country is the one thing to maintain our educational facilities, here and everywhere, to make men free by giving them the truth.

Another of these five points, I think that we need most of all just now to see in its reality is the fact that institutions belong to humanity, and not humanity to institutions. Here stood this man of Nazareth between two great institutions. On the one side was a Jewish church, and on the other the Roman Empire. They were the greatest institutions of the time. Their general shadow, the commingled darknesses were like midnight, and there man was, shriveled in the dark, between these institutions, and here stood this Son of Man with this vast ecclesiastical institution on the one side, and this political institution on the other. What did he do? Did he attack Rome as an institution? No; he was not a demagogue. He could have been led immediately in triumph if he had attacked Rome. He touched that sensitive thing, the Jewish church. "There is one here greater than the temple—man." He put into his scales, that most sensitive thing, the Jewish

sabbath. He put man in the other scale, and man outweighed the sabbath. Institutions had been everything; man had been nothing. Here was the moment in which man was everything, and institutions were to be his servants. From that day to this it has been easy to reform institutions, to amend constitutions, to rewrite these instruments of government. We heard tonight the word of Cromwell in this Puritan. What was the power of the man? Surely that the army that held that man was greater than any institution called the crown. His ideas failed in England. There hung the head on Westminster hall, rotting in the sunlight and the rain. But his ideas crossed the sea; they came to the larger territory; they had more magnificent growth, and there at last at Cambridge, under the great Elm, stood the son of the Cavalier, and he unsheathed his sword and it shot a flame of terror into the heart of George III., for on that sword were the ideas of Cromwell—that institutions were to serve humanity.

Last of all let us see clearly that this is all based upon the fact that there is a principle of Americanism sure to be worthy of our loyalty in coming times. One nation has cried liberty; another nation has cried fraternity; our nation has cried equality, liberty and fraternity. We have put a mighty emphasis on equality. There never was a moment when this nation was in such danger of misleading the very men that need leadership as this in which we are speaking concerning equality. We need, gentlemen of the commonwealth, friends of America,—we need a clear understanding

about what liberty is and how liberty comes. It is not made by Congress. It comes by a man winning the truth and living the truth. We need also to learn what equality is. Where is the spot that we may learn it with reverence tonight? I take you to the Cross of the Nazarine. I cannot take you to Greece, for there was no equality in Greece. It was an intellectual aristocracy. It was a lot of mental slaves. I cannot take you to Rome, for Rome had her princes and potentates; she had her paupers and her beggars. I cannot take you to Judaism, for the Jew had an ecclesiastical aristocracy—there was no equality for the Gentile. I take you to that Cross, equal in need, equal in hope, equal in humiliation, equal at last in the great—great love of God. There is equality—not equality of brains, not equality of wealth, not equality of opportunity, not equality of responsibility, but equality of justice, equality under government. What was that Cross? It was the disclosure of the divine government. It meant that one heart and one Cross and one love came for all men, and under that Cross the prince and the pauper, the sorrowful king and the happy beggar knelt.

These are the five great points of Americanism that we need to emphasize in these hours: first of all the real aristocracy; secondly, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; thirdly, a true idea of liberty; fourthly, institutions belong to humanity, and not humanity to institutions; fifthly, absolute equality in God's way, under God's law, and under man's govern-

ment as the embodiment of God's law. These are the five fingers on the hand of human progress. Inside of the palm of that hand lies our dear country. May God bless it. (Prolonged applause.)

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: Our highest expectations have been realized in the grand, eloquent addresses to which we have been privileged to listen this evening. But I do not think I transgress the proprieties in saying that our cup will not be quite filled until we have heard a few words from one who was a Minnesotan in Territorial days and who for fifty years has been a potent factor in the upbuilding of the great Northwest, and who in his life and character exemplifies the highest ideals of the Puritan and stands for the best things in American citizenship. General Washburn, we will be very much pleased to hear a few words from you. (Applause.)

REMARKS BY GENERAL WILLIAM DREW WASHBURN.

Good wine needs no bush. It would seem ridiculous for me, after the eloquent addresses to which we have listened, to undertake to talk to this audience. I, however, congratulate you all—as I do myself—that you could be present here this evening. To me it has been one of the most enjoyable and beneficent evenings I have passed for many a long day.

We are now passing through rather an extraordinary period in this country, and probably in the world; and if there was ever a time when the sentiments that have

been given tonight can be profitably heard it is at this present time. We are finding fault with what is going on around us, with the "grafting" and corruption, the extraordinary accumulation of wealth, and all those things which are so demoralizing to civilization; and I want to say that it is my belief that these things are never to be cured until they are taken up by the people at large. I assure you no occasion has given me greater pleasure than this evening, and I extend to Dr. Gunsaulus, as I would also to Gov. Guild if he were here, my hearty congratulations and thanks for the magnificent addresses which they have given us. (Applause.)

But I did not intend for a moment to make a speech. It was with the greatest delight that I listened to such doctrines as we have heard talked to us this evening. (Applause.) The pulpit and the press must take hold of the present condition of things with a strong hand. I am an optimist and I believe in the future. I believe, as indicated by our friends who spoke early in the evening, that these things will come out all right. I believe the great American people are sound at heart, and when they realize the condition of things that exists and the remedy that should be applied they will be equal to the occasion. I could not forbear expressing myself in this line just for a moment. I desire to thank all of these friends for being present here tonight. I feel highly honored.

After singing "America" I want you all to go to the dining-room, where something is provided for you.

The Social Court closed by the singing of "America."

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ANNUAL MEETING
held at
THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,
December 28, 1905.

Pursuant to due notice, the Annual Business Court of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Minnesota was held this day at the office of the Secretary, 513 Globe Building, St. Paul, Minnesota, at Four o'clock in the afternoon and a quorum being present, the following business was transacted.

The Court was called to order by Deputy Governor Kenneth Clark and prayer was offered by Rev. Theodore Sedgwick.

The Secretary stated that the first business before the Court was the election of Officers, Gentlemen of the Council and Members of Committees for the ensuing year and it was thereupon voted that this election be proceeded with at once. The Deputy Governor appointed as Tellers to collect the votes, Mr. Arthur Converse Anderson and Mr. Everett Hoskins Bailey.

The Tellers reported that the following Gentlemen had received the largest number of votes for the respective Offices for which they were nominated, namely:

Governor,

Ell Torrance.

Deputy Governor,

Edward Hickman Gheen, Rear Admiral U. S. N.

Lieutenant Governor,

George Arthur Goodell.

Secretary,

William Gardner White.

Treasurer,

Walter Fredericks Myers.

Registrar,

Edward Hutchins Cutler.

Historian,

George Henry Daggett.

Genealogist,

Edward Blake Young.

Chancellor,

Hon. Francis Marion Crosby.

Chaplain,

Rt. Rev. Samuel Cook Edsall, D. D.

Surgeon,

Jehiel Weston Chamberlin, M. D.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL.

Term Expiring 1908:

Lewis Arms Robinson,
Kenneth Clark,
William Eddy Richardson.

COMMITTEES.

Membership Committee:

Charles Phelps Noyes (Chairman),
William Beckwith Geery (Secretary),
Jacob Stone,
Robert Irving Farrington,
Frederick Delos Monfort.

Committee on Historical Documents:

McNeil Vernam Seymour (Chairman),
Hon. Henry Burleigh Wenzell (Secretary),
John Townsend,
Robert Bunker Coleman Bement,
John Walker Adams.

Thereupon the Deputy Governor declared that these gentlemen had been duly elected to their respective offices aforesaid.

Mr. Walter Fredericks Myers, the Treasurer of the Society submitted his report for the year ending December 28th, 1905, as follows:

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR ENDING

DECEMBER 28TH, 1905.

Receipts.

Dec., 1904, Cash on hand	\$ 12.53	
Annual Dues	575.00	
Initiation Fees	60.00	
Insignia	25.00	
Loan from Bank	60.00	
Sinking Fund Balance	69.84	
	<hr/>	\$802.37

Disbursements.

Dues to General Society	\$ 25.00	
Minnesota Club for Annual Dinner . .	230.00	
Insignia	25.00	
Dr. Gunsaulus for Address	150.00	
Sundry Expenses, Minneapolis Court	134.55	
L. L. May, Flowers	10.00	
Printing	70.19	
Note and Interest	61.10	
Insurance	7.24	
G. N. McKenzie "Applications"	6.00	
	<hr/>	\$719.08
Cash balance on hand Dec. 28th, 1905		83.29
		<hr/>
		\$802.37

In connection with this Report the Auditing Committee reported as follows:

SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS
IN THE
STATE OF MINNESOTA.

The undersigned being the Committee duly appointed to examine the books and accounts of Walter Fredericks Myers, Treasurer of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Minnesota for the year ending December 28th, 1905, hereby report that we have examined the same and that we find all the books and accounts of the Treasurer to be correct and in proper form and in accordance with the report this day submitted by him to the Society.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM BECKWITH GEERY,
ARTHUR CONVERSE ANDERSON,
Auditing Committee.

Dated St. Paul, Minnesota, December 28th, 1905.

Thereupon it was voted that the report of the Treasurer be duly accepted and adopted.

The Secretary read the following Amendment to Section One of the By-Laws, namely:

SECTION I.

Fees and Dues.

The Initiation Fee shall be Fifteen (\$15.00) Dollars. The Annual Dues of all members who reside in St. Paul or Minneapolis shall be Ten (\$10.00) Dollars payable in advance on January First of each year. The Annual Dues of all other members of the Society shall

be Five (\$5.00) Dollars payable in advance on January First of each year. Members admitted at any time between the date of the Annual Meeting and October First of the succeeding calendar year shall pay Annual Dues for the current Society year but members admitted between October First and the next succeeding Annual Meeting shall pay no Annual Dues for the year in which they are thus admitted.

Annual Dues unpaid on March First of each year shall be considered in arrears and the Council shall have the power to drop from the rolls the name of any member of the Society whose Annual Dues remain in arrears on July First of each year, and who shall fail upon proper notice to pay the same within sixty days thereafter. Upon being dropped from the rolls by the Council his membership in the Society shall cease, but the Council may at any time in its discretion reinstate a member thus dropped upon his written application and upon the payment of all Annual Dues from the date when he was dropped to the date of his reinstatement.

It was voted that this Amendment be duly acted upon at the next General Court of the Society to be held on the evening of January 12th and that due notice thereof be given to all members of the Society in accordance with the provisions of its By-Laws.

No other business was transacted and at Five o'clock P. M. the meeting adjourned.

WILLIAM GARDNER WHITE,

Secretary.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GENERAL COURT
held at
THE ABERDEEN,
January 12th, 1906.

GOVERNOR ELL TORRANCE: Gentlemen of the Society. Before proceeding with the regular program, permit me to avail myself of this my first opportunity since I was re-elected to the office of Governor, to express my appreciation of the high honor you have conferred upon me and to thank you for the good will and approval implied by continuing me in office. It would have been very agreeable to me if I could to-night have taken my place as the Junior of all my distinguished predecessors in office, but with your cooperation and forbearance I will to the best of my ability serve you for another year.

It is not necessary for me to state in this presence that the welfare of this Society depends upon no one member, but I am sure you will all agree with me when I say that there is one of our number who is now rendering, and for years past has rendered, services of very great value to this Society—I refer to our Secretary, Mr. William Gardner White. (Applause.) Some of our guests may be under the impression that the Governor is the important officer of this Society, but not so; the duties of the Governor largely consist in being present on occasions of this character, arrayed in his paraphernalia and insignia of office, ornamental rather than useful. In one respect he may be something like a certain Boston gentleman who visited Washington, entered the lobby of one of the principal hotels, and effusively

greeted every one present. The late lamented Senator Hoar happened to enter just at that time, accompanied by a friend, and the friend asked him "if that important gentleman was as popular at home as abroad?" The Senator, with a twinkle in his eye, replied, Oh, no, his reputation is purely national." (Laughter.) The reputation of our good Secretary is national, so far as our sister societies extend, but he is best known and appreciated at home; this society is very greatly indebted to him for his services, and while acknowledging my obligation to the officers and gentlemen of the Council with whom I was associated during the past year, I feel that I am altogether justified and that it is entirely proper for me to publicly make special mention of the splendid services of Mr. White, and to express our appreciation of his faithful and meritorious work in our behalf.

History's roll of heroes is short, its immortals few, but there is one among them the contemplation of whose virtues always quickens the fibre of the soul and confirms our faith in the ultimate world-wide triumph of the right. We are fortunate this evening in having with us one whose eloquent words have charmed and instructed us on former occasions; one who is well equipped to speak of that man of humble birth and exalted character, whom we all now can clearly discern was "a teacher sent from God" and divinely led from the day of his birth to the hour of his martyrdom—Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.)

I now have the pleasure of presenting to you the Hon. Frank M. Nye, of Minneapolis, the first speaker of the evening. (Applause.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Hon. Frank M. Nye.

Your Excellency, and Gentlemen of the Society of Colonial Wars. Every generation and every age has had its great men, its men of genius, its men of learning, its heroes, but to my mind the dearest memory of the Western World is Abraham Lincoln.

Since 1860 the inner moral and spiritual life of the nation has been largely incarnate in this wonderful character. The struggles of our Republic, its pains, its agonies, its triumphs, its glorious victories, aye, I might almost say its very immortality, seem in a large measure to focus in the life and character of this almost divine man. In him the word liberty seems to have been "made flesh and dwelt among us"; his prophetic and eloquent words upon the heights of Gettysburg are a new Sermon on the Mount; they seem to come to this Republic to-day saying, "The kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

No student of our history, it seems to me, can for a moment indulge the belief that any other man could have filled the place of Abraham Lincoln—the bond and ligament, the unique and matchless personality, which seemed by temperament, by marvelous and infinite patience, by clear and splendid intellectual endowments, to hold in the hour of the Nation's crisis and in its night and storm of civil conflict, this mighty Republic together. It is entirely fitting and proper that this successful and unique Society, dedicated to the

memory of the founders of this government, paying their annual homage to the Puritan fathers and the farmer boys of the Revolution, should pause on this occasion to consider this more modern and in many respects greater character than any that preceded. All that is best in the old Puritan life; all that is grandest in the achievements of our fathers upon the field in the early days of our national struggle, it seems to me have borne flowers and fruit in the matchless character of Abraham Lincoln. Is there a quality, a plain virtue—and the world and the universe rests upon the plain and common virtues—that distinguished those illustrious founders of the Republic that is not marked and conspicuous in the life and character of Abraham Lincoln?

Time is precious this evening and let us come at once, if we can, to the secret of this man's power, to the source of his enduring influence.

Abraham Lincoln loved. Liberty, in its last analysis, is born of love, and it is not irreverent to say that in my study and contemplation of this character I have wondered at the reasoning and working of the great Infinite Mind, in the days when this Nation was in peril, when He called forth this leader. Other great men we had, scores and hundreds. We had the Sewards and the Stantons and the Sumners and hosts of others. We had millions of brave men on land and sea; we had multitudes of loyal homes, illustrious and obscure, throughout the length and breadth of this land; but He whose providence has ever guided and guarded this Nation knew well that none of these men

were equal to the emergency which was to be signaled by the thunder of Sumter and the bursting of that terrible war-cloud that was soon to deluge our soil with blood. No, this man must be a man large enough—to what? To love his enemies!

“Ye have heard it said, love your neighbor and hate your enemy; but I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.”

This was Abraham Lincoln, the only man in the political history of the world that rose to the spirit and essence of this pivotal teaching of the Master 1900 years ago.

“Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.”

Let the painter throw down his brush and let his work of genius turn to ashes; let the sculptor drop his chisel; let the song of the musician go back to common air; let the pen of the poet and the philosopher fall; let the orator's words die upon his lips; if there be not love, it is vain—vain. This man was the man to be called and was called by Providence.

The more I study the history of this country the more firmly I am of the conviction that there is a Providence over this nation.

I have been charmed and inspired as I have sat here to-night and listened to the old songs, which,

whether they be religious or national, express in spirit a faith in an infinite God whom the wisest and most beautiful characters of earth have told us is himself love. God is love.

And where was such a man to come from? From the manger of Kentucky; out of the wilderness, out of the toil and hardship and struggles of life; this man who, as one has said, "stands out in the world without ancestry and without posterity," this man of love, this man of infinite patience.

The Puritans loved truth—which is perhaps but another phase of this greater word, Love. One great man has said that "truth is so potent, so immortal, that it is manifested in man—physically in good health and soundness; mentally in sagacity; morally in honesty." These manifestations are always appearing in the life and character of Abraham Lincoln. Truth was at the core of his being.

I have spoken of him as being almost without ancestry and without posterity; but while I may turn from a father who perhaps was somewhat idle and listless in life and failed to win that measure of success which entitles him to the full respect of mankind, I am yet so sentimental that I cannot think of the obscure and almost unknown mother of Abraham Lincoln without a feeling of reverence. She fell like one of the leaves of autumn, and was buried in the dense wilderness. A simple burial service among God's first temples is given to her. Though obscure, she was great, and for the mother of Lincoln I have nothing but the highest esteem and veneration.

I will not stop to go into those matters of history which are so familiar to all. Truth and honesty were in the very bone and marrow and life of this plain, rugged man. A man of very few books and meagre opportunities for education; he was not like a great many men of our day who know everything and believe in nothing. I think, sometimes, our education is at fault in many respects in this day and age of the world—there is a gluttony of the intellect as well as a gluttony of the stomach. But this man assimilated; this man knew how to utilize and bring to bear; how to remember and to use in his life what he learned. He vitalized it; it went into the current of common every day life; it was practical; and I believe to-day that true education, in its essence, is learning to accomplish things in this world. And it bears with it a degree of physical toil and exercise, for the mind acts best in conjunction with the body.

But this man's brain took counsel of his heart.

“It is the heart and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain.”

It was the old faded letter in the soldier-boy's pocket, when he was found on the field, breathing of the love of home and kindred, that had inspired him upon the weary march and in the thick conflict and struggle. It was the heart of a great man that opened up the dark continent of Africa. It was the Heart that breathed itself out upon the Cross that has moved the world and has come down to us in all its sweetness and fragrance through two thousand years. It was the heart of

Abraham Lincoln that enabled him to stand the test, and it was the hearts of the millions back of him by the humble firesides that sustained him. It was the moral currents that came from the great unknown and obscure homes that met with that vital and central current in the life and character of Lincoln that nerved the arms of the boys who wore the immortal blue and won the victory. It is the heart that moves the world.

This was a man of heart, of patience, of fortitude and endurance—the common, plain virtues, after all, just the virtues we most lack to-day—all these qualities Lincoln exemplified. In great measure his life and character stand as a rebuke to much of our day and age, a rebuke to the avarice and the politics of our day.

See this tall, lank, homely lawyer, in his office down in Springfield, in 1860. They are holding a National Convention in Chicago; his friends have wired him that there is a show for him to be nominated for President of the United States; they say:

“There is a certain number of delegates that we can control and get into the camp for you if you will consent to our making a promise that a certain man shall go into your cabinet.”

Lincoln sent back a telegram that ought to be one of our state papers—more important than a good many that we have—

“I authorize no bargains and will be bound by none—A. Lincoln.” (Applause.)

I don't mean to say that this man was a saint—he was human; I don't mean to say that he did not wish to become President; but I do say he was a man of enough moral fibre and courage and manhood and nobility to turn the offer down if he was to purchase it with a bargain that might hamper him in his official life. It is a lesson to many of the politicians of our day.

And this man of poverty, this man who knew that the soul is greater than money, that the spiritual is greater than the material; this man by his life of almost constant poverty, stands out in this money-making age to tell us that the source of our power, the source of our strength, the source of our greatness, is not our material wealth; that the business of any age should not be mere money-making, that when a man is but a money-making machine he is short lived. This man knew that the wealth of this country is in the great common, plain hearts in the homes of this Republic, in the people and not in their material accumulations. I do not wish to speak disparagingly of wealth, I believe in it, it is an instrument in the hands of Heaven for the accomplishment of good, but I mean that it is as true now as it was in the days of Solomon that "the love of money is the root of all evil."

The moral strength and courage and fibre of this Republic are better than all the waving wheat-fields, better than all the mines, better than all the commerce that blossoms on the sea, better than treasury vaults bursting; and this man's life and character teach us that the source of our power is in our manhood and womanhood.

The old story of the rich man who determined to tear down his barns and build larger may yet become a national lesson to us. In our self-conceit and boasting of our vast and multiplied productions in material things, He who called Lincoln from the Wilderness, may yet say to this nation,

“Thou fool, this night will I require thy soul! I will have soul, I will have love, I will have love of your neighbor, I will have you learn the lesson of brotherhood; this will I have, better than your gold and better than your boasted material prosperity.”

This man was a universal man. He loved truth as the old Puritan loved it. He was a Puritan of the Nineteenth century. The Puritans were of the Seventeenth century; they were narrower. They were as honest, no doubt, but this man's comprehension of truth was larger. This man believed in the unity of truth; he knew that it was indivisible; he knew that there was no segregation of truth; he saw the entire agreement of truth and he saw that as God has made this earth of one stuff, so, after all, He has made the human family of one stuff; and he believed in man, he had faith in his fellow man, and in the darkest hour of our Republic he found a faithful response in the great common heart.

He went into the City of Washington in disguise, doubted by the abolitionist, disdained by the proud and cultured East, hated and despised by the embittered South, almost unknown by his own party; yet there was that intuitive soul and that faith in man, which found its ready response in the great common heart,

and was, after all, of the same stuff as his, though not of the same degree of Christian development and unselfish service. He spoke to the land, and legions of brave boys put on the blue and went forth to do and to die; he spoke to the sea, and a splendid navy crowned its waves; he spoke to our resources, which were then nothing but credit, and even Wall Street opened its doors; the years of struggle followed, but never in night or in storm did this man fail.

I remember when a boy how my folks would sometimes grow impatient—alas, we could not understand him then—this man seemed slow for a time, but he saw that he must wait until the verdict of the world should be that he stood for defense of liberty, of union, and of the beautiful banner that floats over us all. He was always right. History has not shown that in any important instance was Lincoln wrong.

And, lastly, he has taught us, what is greatest of all, the brotherhood of man. We are, indeed, brothers. The artist knows that when by the work of his genius he has touched one heart he has touched all; the musician knows that the sweet song of his childhood, sung with beautiful voice, touches not one heart but all; the orator knows that when he has touched one he has touched all; we are all one common stuff. Abraham Lincoln knew this, and he knew that every man had a heart that could be touched by the hand of genius, and that genius consisted in the brotherhood taught by him who breathed out his magnanimous and divine spirit on the Cross. This man stood for the universal brotherhood of man; never, until since his day, have we

caught the reflection nationally; never until since that struggle of 1860 to 1865 and because of his example have we moved out of what may be called the national era into the international and world-era. This is the brotherhood of which his life was a prophecy.

Figuratively, there were three births which the nation may notice in connection with this man; the natural birth, in the hovel of obscurity. Then, in 1831, when this plain toiling man went down to New Orleans on the flat-boat, walked about the city, saw the auction-block with the young mother upon it and the child torn from her breast to be sold, there was a second birth. The greatest births in history are the births of inspiration, and something there and then came over Abraham Lincoln—something native to him though latent—which found expression when he said to his associates, "I believe I shall live to see the day when I may strike a blow to this terrible evil that shall tell." Thirty-one years later he wrote the Emancipation Proclamation. Little did the black mother, suffering the agonies of that moment, know that at that time a seed was planted in the great heart of a child born of Heaven which should yet bear fruit in liberty, and which, thirty-one years later, should result in the striking off of the shackles of four millions of her race.

But the third birth, terrible and tragic as it was, was the real and final birth to the Nation. It came in agony and night, it came just as we were emerging from the thick darkness of our national distresses; it came as this almost divine man was flinging the mantle of mercy over his wounded country and praying,

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"? then came the tragic hour of gloom and night which seemed without a star; but at last the sky was radiant with stars, for he was then born to this Nation and was to live through centuries and ages the inspiration of every man, young and old; to live immortal. He is just now beginning to live, to live a life of unimpaired usefulness to the Nation. Unseen and unrecognized by the materialist and the egotist, he is, nevertheless, to-day, the central soul and figure of this Republic teaching the fraternity of men.

Forty-one years have come and gone, time has beautifully blended the blue and the gray into a vast arch of brotherhood, as broad and ample as the republic which it spans; but high in the dome, ever clear to the patriot's vision, is the immortal savior of his country, the greatest and grandest man in eighteen hundred years. (Prolonged applause.)

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: I am quite sure that some of you have noticed with a feeling of anxiety the absence of one of the speakers on the program—Dr. Boyle; but knowing how busy a man he is you have perhaps consoled yourselves with the hope that he would appear later in the evening. I regret to say that he will not be here, owing to illness in his family. He sent word this afternoon to our Secretary that it would be impossible for him to be present and speak to us, as he had expected to do.

Dr. Boyle has not sojourned long in this city but he has become a special favorite of this Society and it

would have been very pleasant if he could have been present and spoken to us once more before leaving for his new field of labor. But with this disappointment comes a pleasure, revealing the fact that we are able, on a moment's notice to repair our losses. Our Chaplain, Bishop Edsall, has consented to speak in Dr. Boyle's place, and it gives me very great pleasure to present him to you at this time. He will choose his own subject. (Applause.)

THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE.

Rt. Rev. Samuel Cook Edsall, D. D.

Your Excellency and gentlemen of the Society: I am the more ready to respond to a sudden summons of this character because, having been honored by my election as your Chaplain, it is only fair that in emergencies I should be ready to do a little work; and, then again, I have something on my conscience, in that once, being on a delayed train I was unable to reach the Social Court at the residence of our Brother Daggett, where I had been expected to say a few words; then again, I feel as though an opportunity like this was one which I should esteem as a very great privilege, however feebly I might be able to avail myself of it. It is a little easier, too, for me to be called on in this way and endeavor to say a few words by way of response, because, not having spoken before, I have here no reputation to lose as an after-dinner speaker. If a man has a reputation won by

previous achievements, I suppose it makes him a little nervous lest in some unhappy moment he may shatter it so that it may disappear. I think of that incident which is narrated of two typical New Englanders, who were seated in the hotel office of a little New Hampshire village, as illustrating the fact that one who has once won a great reputation may have it cruelly dashed in the eyes of his contemporaries: One of those old cronies, somewhat more loquacious than the other, as they were sitting there looking out upon the village street, remarked to his fellow,

“There comes old Cy Perkins!” The other old crony says, “Yep!” “Well,” said the first, “Old Cy aint the man he used to be.” “Naw!” replied the other, “And never was.” (Laughter.)

And so I am spared any calamity of that kind.

But, seriously, I do not think that I can do better than to select a thought which springs very naturally out of the beautiful address of Mr. Nye, to which we have just listened, in which he found the secret of Abraham Lincoln's greatness in his love; and the thought which I would ask you now to consider for a few moments is: **THE NEED WHICH EXISTS IN THIS OUR TIME FOR THE GROWTH OF A SPIRIT OF ENLIGHTENED AND UNSELFISH SERVICE**; for, service, and this spirit of service, must be the practical fruit of that love. There is need for this enlightened and unselfish service, and we can trace it in the industrial world, in the political world, and in social life.

(1) Think, first, of the need for service in the industrial world. The development in our industrial system of corporations, of the use of artificial persons created by the law—necessary as it is to our whole industrial fabric, giving perpetuity to movements and securing for them a wider reach—is yet attended with corresponding temptations, and among them is the loss of a strong sense of individual moral responsibility. We must recognize that there comes a temptation, in the development of corporate life, for the individual man to do that as a member or an officer of a corporation, which he would not do in his capacity as an individual man. There is a temptation, at least, that he may undergo a process of deterioration—I will not say “degeneracy”—in which he first begins to excuse himself in certain lines of conduct on the ground that other men are doing the same thing; and finally loses all distinction between right and wrong, except perhaps an undefined fear of possible exposure. In such revelations as have been made of late in the management of great insurance corporations, and other developments of a similar nature, which have lately perplexed the national heart, we detect the working out of this principle, in the fact that men who in their individual capacity would doubtless be guided by upright moral standards, yet have been led into a line of conduct which, when exposed publicly, wins for them almost universal disapprobation. A need is here emphasized for a spirit of enlightened and unselfish service, which will so control a man’s motives and conduct that, even though in the progress of our industrial develop-

ment he may be put in positions where he can apparently sink his individual responsibility in corporate life, he yet is compelled, by his conscience and his love, to live his life and discharge his responsibility in this spirit of absolute service.

And so in other industrial problems, like those that grow out of the relations between capital and labor and those presented by strikes and lockouts, there is need for a development of this principle of unselfish service to one's fellow men, which will not only lift a man out of his individual selfishness, but will lift him in large degree above that other kind of selfishness which is ruled by considerations of class.

(2) And, to hasten on, the same thing is true in our political life. I need not say, in the presence of the present honored and beloved Governor of our state, that we have reason as American citizens to be cheered by the fact that very generally throughout the executive departments of our government—national, state and municipal,—there has been growing in these recent years a splendid development of this principle of unselfish service to one's fellow man. From the President of our country; from men like Secretary Taft; from men like Governor Folk, and a long roll of other illustrious names which are adorning our present history, we can draw inspiration from the thought that in those branches of our government where is centered a strong sense of individual responsibility—among executives, among district attorneys,—there has been developing wonderfully this spirit of disinterested service to one's fellow men; while we have long been accustomed

to look to our judiciary as affording eminent examples of this same principle. But is it not true, gentlemen, that in the legislative departments of our government there is a crying need at this time for a wider development of this principle of disinterested and unselfish service to one's fellow-men? In a time when, in some cities at least, councils are ready to barter away public franchises and the rights of the people; when the people themselves lie supine, and are content—the masses of the people—simply with getting something for their district or ward, or getting, as individuals, maybe, a job in some branch of the public service; in a time when what was intended by the founders of our constitution to be the most august legislative assembly of the world, has some of its members indicted for and convicted of crime; others smirched with the scarcely concealed bribery of their election; others scarcely concealing their prostitution of their high office to the advancement of special private interests, and has some of its members openly defying, and others secretly conspiring to thwart, the brave efforts of our President to serve the interests of the whole people; there is need for a growth in the legislative departments of our government of this spirit of enlightened unselfish service.

(3) When we turn in the same way to our social life we find there this same need. Take, for example, the home—the very sanctuary of service. We listened to those words concerning the mother of Abraham Lincoln; and, in spite of its humble surroundings, we can imagine what may have been this spirit in that home. The home, the very unit of society, the divinely

ordained school for service, a place where the father and husband is ennobled by his service of wife and children, where mother is glorified by her service of husband and family, where the children may be trained in service by learning to give up to brother and to sister, as well as by obedience to those who have the right to rule! There is need for a growth of appreciation of what the home should be as a school for service, and for guarding jealously its sacredness as the school of service of our life; for, were the home not this, and were it not for this need of the home, we might be content to endorse the preservation of our species through the casual intercourse of the sexes, and provide that the progeny should be reared in great public institutions supported by the state. But it is in the home alone that there can be given such a birth as that spoken of by Mr. Nye to this very principle of service which it is so necessary should be woven into our national life. In a time when we find that our laws seem not so much concerned with guarding the integrity of the home as a school for service and as the unit of our social system, as they are for regarding the whims and the passions, the wrongs as well as the rights of the individuals of the family,—and in a time when such exhibitions can take place before the public gaze as that of a high official of one of our great corporations, who brazenly announced that he was going to get a divorce, or permit one to be obtained from him by his wife, in order that he might wed the actress who was the partner of his infamy,—there is a need that among patriotic men, whatever their religious convic-

tions may be, there should grow a new appreciation of the home as the school for service in our national life, and for guarding at all hazards its integrity and sacredness.

So this would be my contribution to the thought of this night: that as love was the secret and source of the greatness of Abraham Lincoln, so the development of a spirit of unselfish service is the one most great, most needed, element at this time for the preservation of our industrial, our political, and our social life. I thank you very much, gentlemen. (Prolonged applause.)

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: Rhode Island was the last of the thirteen colonies to enter the Union, and has always enjoyed the distinction of being the smallest state in the Union, but the part she has taken in national affairs has far outstripped them all in general average, based upon population or area in square miles. She contributed much to the formation of the Union and the securing of our independence. She rendered very efficient service in the preservation of that Union during the period of the Civil War; no state in the Union surpassed her in service to the country, and through her eight batteries of light artillery her voice was heard upon more than one hundred battlefields of that war. To the student of history, Tompkin's, Hazard's, Monroe's, Randolph's, Owen's and Adams' batteries are known for distinguished service, for remarkable efficiency and for unsurpassed bravery. Massachusetts sent into the service seventeen batteries of

light artillery and has just cause to be proud of their record made in defense of the Union, but Massachusetts lost less men killed on the field of battle than fell of the brave men belonging to these Rhode Island batteries and it is my pleasure now to introduce to you a Rhode Island artillerist who when a young man under twenty years of age with the rank of Lieutenant received a disabling wound in one of those battles while in command of his battery. I present to you Colonel George O. Eddy of Minneapolis. (Applause.)

ADDRESS.

Col. George O. Eddy.

Your Excellency and Gentlemen of the Society of Colonial Wars. It is very delightful to be presented in so pleasant a manner by your Governor and the speaker is very much to be congratulated who can look into the faces of such a splendid company of gentlemen as this and feel deep in his heart that he is looking into the faces of men who were born into the world at just the right time and just the very best time for them.

If you go back through history and search it as thoroughly as you may you will agree that there is no time in history and no events in the history of the past that you would exchange for the time and the events in which you have yourselves participated. Going back through a long line of ancestors to the early days of this government, you come into close and intimate touch with the founders of the nation, and while you know

that they were brave and courageous, as men and women needed to be in those days, you have that other great satisfaction of knowing that they were also wise, as shown by the splendid, firm and enduring foundation which they then laid and upon which has been reared this magnificent nation of which you are all so proud. You feel in looking back over the past that your kin have left an impress upon every year of the nation's life and you look back upon all those years of the nation from the beginning even to the present day and feel thankful that there is not an act of the nation for which an apology has ever needed to be made.

And now, gentlemen, you are coming, in the very prime of your life, into the greatest event of your life; you are witnessing or are about to witness the greatest scene, the most memorable scene known of nations; you are going to witness the greatest battle ever known in history, and you are going to be participants in that battle and in that way leave your own impress upon the history of this nation. Under the leadership of that matchless man in the White House (applause), seeing this nation arrayed in battle, with lines extending from one coast to the other, embracing men of all parties and of all beliefs, struggling under that leadership in the great battle that is to be fought to establish in this nation purity and honor in public affairs, purity and honor in business affairs, purity and honor in personal affairs, it is the greatest battle that has ever been waged anywhere in history.

And, gentlemen, the victory is sure to come. You, gentlemen, every one of you, are on the firing line,—

you could not be members of this Society unless you were—and it is a splendid battle, and there is plenty of fighting all the way along the line, from coast to coast. You can get in anywhere, you don't have to ask where to go in, you will find splendid fighting everywhere. And that battle will be won, gentlemen. None of you will live to see it won, but it will be won, and this nation, grand and strong and prosperous as it is, engaged in the magnificent work of purifying itself, of making character for itself by insisting upon the individual character of its people, will make you so glad in the last days of your life that you may lift up your hearts and your voices and your hands to Almighty God and say in the words of the old Psalmist,

“Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen.” (Applause.)

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: Pride of patriotic ancestry is a reproach unless the descendant himself is patriotic and self-sacrificing. Less than one-tenth of our national life has been clouded by war. Since 1789, more than one hundred years of peace have blessed our land, and it has been made apparent that, in the long run, the peace patriot is quite as important to the welfare of the country as the patriot in time of war. Red-coats and Gray-coats were by no means our most dangerous enemies. Corrupt men, political demagogues and well-dressed thieves now are, and always have been, the worst enemies of this Republic.

For several years past a wave of reform has been sweeping over the country, and I trust it has not yet

reached its topmost crest. Voting in droves and under the spur of the party lash is fast becoming obsolete. Individual thinking, individual action and individual voting are now recognized as appropriate methods of not only honoring the memory of the patriot dead but of preserving the institutions of civil and religious liberty bequeathed by them to us at so great a cost.

Minnesota is in the fore-front of this reform movement and felicitates herself upon the fact that she now has for Chief Executive, a native-born son of whom she is justly proud, (applause) and whom she is ready to match against the best Governor of any of her sister commonwealths. (Renewed applause.)

I have the pleasure, gentlemen, of presenting to you, as the last speaker of the evening, his Excellency, the Governor of Minnesota. (Great applause.)

ADDRESS.

Governor John A. Johnson.

Your Excellency, and Gentlemen of the Society: In paying a very just tribute to one of the officers of your Society your Governor stated that it was a peculiar function of Governors of this association to be present on occasions like this. My experience for some time past has taught me that in large measure it is also one of the functions of the Governor of the State of Minnesota to be present on occasions like the present. (Laughter.)

The writers of certain dramas have followed the story of human interest with an epilogue. After the intense drama of this evening, it seems to me that it is my function to recite the very uninteresting epilogue in order that you may not abruptly tear away from the intensity of the story, but may go away with that quiet, peaceful feeling which should come after an occasion of this kind.

I am not unmindful of the compliment paid me by this Society in its invitation to be with you on this occasion, and yet I realize that I am not here because of my individual self but that I rather bring you the office which I represent. I am proud to bring that office to this occasion; I am proud to appear here as the representative of the people and join with you in looking back through the mists of almost three hundred years and pay a sympathetic tribute to a class of men who had the bravery to traverse three thousand miles of dangerous billows to conquer a wilderness; to cast their lots and build their homes and fortunes in that wilderness where only savages dwelt before they came.

Before these men of bravery the forest vanished; the savage receded; the valley blossomed; the plain gave way to waving fields, and their building up of a country where the home and the sanctuary should forever be secure, made it possible for the Anglo-Saxon, for all time to come, to control the destinies of North America. And to-night we may sit as did the soldier in the olden time at eventide at the door of his cottage relating to his grand-children the stories of the famous victories of the past.

And yet it occurs to me that while thinking well of the founders of this Republic who made it possible for the humblest boy to become (as the worthy speaker of the evening has said) the central figure of the nation, it might be well for us to pause and reflect and remember that we who live to-day—you at least—would be recreant to them and the things they did unless we improved our full opportunity to solve the problems of to-day and to fight for the future as they fought for it two hundred years and more ago.

I am not among those who believe that this country of ours is in any great danger; I am among those who believe—with all of you, I think—that while the great Ship of State may now and then fall into the trough of the sea, the waves on all sides flecked with the foam of bravery; while our national vessel may at times seem to have lost its tiller and become dismantled; that the mariner who guides it and its destiny can just as clearly see the lighthouse upon the shore as your forefathers saw it two hundred years ago. (Applause.)

A few nights ago it was my privilege to hear a man great in our national life declare he saw no remedy, no relief in the law—the wail of one filled with despair, who sees no hope. But when that man eulogized by Mr. Nye, reared half a century ago, in spite of the protest that sovereign states had rights that could not be denied, that the right to hold human chattels was an obligation of contract that could not be impaired, seeing the light-house on the shore through all the mists and storms, by reason of being endorsed and supported by the conscience of the American people, was able by

a single pen-stroke to destroy three thousand millions of dollars' worth of property and create three millions of free American people; I say to you that the Colonial Sons of America need not despair but can see over the archway "HOPE" written in golden letters. (Applause.)

If our country is torn apart, if it becomes necessary to rebuke leaders and party organizations, if it becomes necessary to entirely destroy parties that this country shall survive, then God speed the time when the party to which I belong and the party to which you belong shall go down. (Great applause.)

I was just as proud of the defeat of my party in Maryland as I was proud of its victory in Pennsylvania. I believe, as has already been stated that the time has come when you and I, if the time must come, ought to surrender not the things we believe in, but joining hands across any chasm, surrender those things which are necessary to be surrendered in order that we may gain an honest administration of law and of the morality which your fore-fathers believed in; that strict obedience to patriotic duty which Abraham Lincoln and George Washington fostered.

At this hour it would be manifestly improper for me to discuss the social conditions, but I imagine that your duty and mine is to do our part in the rearing of new political, moral and social standards. In too many parts of our country society means devotion to bacchanalian revelry and debauchery. It was not so one hundred and fifty and two hundred years ago. I believe in American citizenship, in wealth and in the possession of it, and that the highest standard of citizenship

and duty to-day is to cultivate and foster the spirit of the brotherhood of man.

Last summer, while in Canada, I visited a plain, homely old couple in their home. Although a stranger, they took me in and did so much for me and seemed to feel so badly when I left because they could do no more for the stranger within their gates, that I seemed to have conferred a boon upon them by going there. After a stay of a couple of days in the quaint old Canadian town, it became my pleasure and province to take the boat to return home. As I stood upon the gang-plank about to step into the boat, the plain, homely old man took me by the hand and said, "Good bye, Sir; we could not let you go away without coming down to bid you God-speed to your home, Sir." I said good bye but did not recognize him as the friend who had been so kind to me. I went up to the deck of the boat and upon looking back saw the plain, homely old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs, of Sarnia. My wife said to me, "John, did you recognize Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs?" I replied, "I did not." I hurried back and shook them by the hand and thanked them for their hospitality. With tears streaming down his cheeks the old man said, again, "We couldn't let you go back to your own home without wishing you God-speed, Sir." The boat drew out, and amidst the waving handkerchiefs from the group of people on the landing as I looked back I saw two figures standing. They were those of the homely old couple who had done for me and mine. The time will come when memory will hold but two figures of all that group. I shall forget

the Premier of Ontario and the members of Parliament; I shall forget everybody in that group, except the homely old couple who convinced me that they believed the great duty of man and woman is to do for man and woman. I believe that civilization and citizenship is based upon the broad principle of the love spoken of here tonight which characterized the greatest man our country has ever known, and that you and I, proud as we are of our own state, ought to endeavor to build it up upon that kind of a foundation.

I believe in this great state and its resources; but while we boast of our mines, our fields and our shops, it ought to be our prouder boast that Minnesota leads all the states of the Union in her splendid educational system, because through it must come that development of citizenship demanded by Bishop Edsall, by Col. Eddy, and by Mr. Nye, which was exemplified and symbolized in the great statesman who has been the edifying subject of this evening's entertainment.

This is a peculiar era, but, as I have said before, for all the ills of our times a remedy will be found. It may not be provided by the author of "Frenzied Finance," but it will come, and it will come when the star of political empire has been moved west of the Allegheny mountains (applause); it will come when the American conscience shows out in the yeomanry of Ohio, in the peasantry of Indiana, in the professional ability of Iowa, in the commercial genius of Minnesota; it will come when there is that splendid conglomeration of American citizenship from the Allegheny mountains to the Pacific slope; and we, my friends, belong-

ing to one of the great empire states, can do our full share, and we can do it by consulting not our religious creeds, not our political obligations, but by consulting the highest possible duty that can come to any man—a just reverence and worship for the divine Creator of it all and by a patriotic sense of duty, either in peace or in war, which should be the pride and the boast of every American citizen. (Prolonged applause.)

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: The menu was excellent, the service good, the addresses eloquent, instructive and inspiring; and in behalf of the Society I extend to the eminent gentlemen who have addressed us this evening our sincere and hearty thanks. We will now sing the last verse of America and then stand adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIAL COURT

at the Residence of

GEORGE HENRY DAGGETT.

40 Groveland Terrace, Minneapolis, Minn.,

March 9, 1906.

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: Gentlemen of the Society of Colonial Wars and Friends: Well may we felicitate ourselves, this evening, upon the good fortune that has brought us together under this hospitable roof. This Society, however, is not a stranger to the courtesies of this home, and from the moment we crossed its threshold the welcome has been genuine and sincere, and until our departure no word of regret will fall from the lips of our gracious host and hostess. You will each, in your own way, and in language better than I can command, express your appreciation of the generous hospitality of our esteemed compatriot and his excellent wife.

The program this evening will be something of an innovation. Heretofore, we have considered The Puritan, The Pilgrim, The Cavalier, the Scotch-Irish, The Huguenot, The English, The French, The Spaniard and The Indian; but tonight we will consider the work and fruitage of a colony, not only as a colony, but as a great commonwealth, in the cause of American liberty. Tonight we will all be Virginians, and those who speak to us will doubtless carry us back to "Old Virginia"

the mother of states and statesmen, and I can assure you that it will be a very delightful journey and quickly made, for in the olden time we barely missed being a part of the Old Dominion.

Four hundred years ago, King James, by charter, conferred upon Virginia a vast domain, with a frontage on the Atlantic coast of 400 miles, extending westward to the Mississippi river, and, if her original boundaries had not been changed, that part of Minneapolis lying east of the river would be a part of Virginia tonight. Under the charter granted by King James which conferred this vast domain upon Virginia, when the Union was formed, some dissatisfaction and apprehension arose in the minds of the other states as to the future power of Virginia in this government. There was a feeling that the domain was so vastly greater than that conferred upon the other colonies that she would have more than her rightful voice and power in the affairs of the government, and so Virginia patriotically and voluntarily ceded to the general government all her territory beyond the Ohio river, upon one condition, viz: that this vast territory, when peopled, should be divided into states and that in those states slavery should be forever prohibited.

Within less than four score years thereafter, from the five new states formed out of that territory so generously ceded by Virginia to the national government and dedicated to freedom, tens of thousands of soldiers marched forth to make freedom national, and in bringing it about Virginia was rent in twain and thousands of her noblest sons fell in battle. Dear old Virginia!

She could make her children free but slavery clung to her until Appomattox was reached and this nation under God had a new birth of freedom. (Applause.)

Following our custom, the Historian will present the first address of the evening, and it is with very great pleasure that I introduce to you Mr. George Henry Daggett, who has happily chosen for his subject, "The Sons of Virginia." (Applause.)

THE SONS OF VIRGINIA.

George Henry Daggett.

Your Excellency and Gentlemen: While it is a fact that the great majority of the members of this Society derive their eligibility from New England forbears, very few of us realize how near we came to being Virginians by descent.

In 1584, Virginia was an unexplored wilderness, and yet, even then, Sir Walter Raleigh assured Elizabeth that the climate, the soil, the rivers, bays, mountains, and valleys all combined to render it one of the most attractive spots upon the globe, and won for it the compliment of being named in honor of the Virgin Queen.

What wonder then that nearly a half century later, when these reports had been verified many times over, our Pilgrim Fathers turned with longing eyes to that haven of rest, where they might still have the favor and protection of their King, and yet enjoy religious liberty and be freed from antichristian bondage.

But the failure of the Virginian plantation, and the poleward drift of the little Mayflower combined to identify them with the frozen north, and so tonight we welcome one from the land of our fathers' longing, but not from the land of our ancestral altars.

The history of mankind is made up of the biographies of men; certainly we understand the history of our race most thoroughly in those periods and in those places where we know of the personal lives of their actors, and thus the history of Virginia is bound up in the personal achievements and the individual activities of its citizens.

It is much to say that here occurred the romantic episode of Capt. Smith, and that here was established the first legislative body in North America: that this body protested against the closing of Boston Harbor, and British taxation; that this State led in the subsequent war of the Revolution; and that it bore a prominent part in the war of 1812, and in the war with Mexico; and that the Civil War was more disastrous in its consequences to Virginia than to any other State of the Union; for from first to last its territory was overrun, hundreds of battles took place within its borders, and tens of thousands of its best and bravest fell in battle. These are, indeed, intensely interesting generalities, but who are they who have from the first been cultivating

“This tree, noble in its height, and figure,
Sinewy in its branches,
Green in its garments,
And goodly in its fruit.”

Who are the sons of Virginia, who for centuries have dominated its magnificent destiny? What have they done, and what principles do they represent?

We read in all histories that the Scotch, the Scotch-Irish, the French Huguenots, and the younger sons of English noblemen were the first to tread Virginian shores. We presume, from our knowledge of the characteristics of these various races, each strong in its day and generation, that slow was their blending.

The Scotch were then, as now, sufficient unto themselves, ever living a busy, restless and enterprising life. For indomitable spirit, for sagacity, boldness and prudence; for perseverance, self-command, foresight, and all the virtues which conduce to success in life and especially the frontier life of the early days, the Scots have never been surpassed.

Their often rough exterior, compelling all men to keep their distance, is symbolized by the Thistle of their native downs, but like it, once having gained access to their hearts, you will find them soft and yielding.

The Irish were Celtic and kept to the Celtic speech and manners, but the Scotch-Irish, coming from that part of Ireland adjacent to Scotland, were anglicised.

In natural courage and intelligence, they ranked high. They were an ardent and impetuous race, easily moved to tears or to laughter, to fury or to love. We may discern in their Shamrock a new illusion, a new symbol, for it tells us that though faith after faith has withered like a leaf, theirs is eternal and unchanging.

The Huguenots were driven from their homes like the Pilgrims. They, too, were tried by the fires of persecution and not found wanting. It may be that this was but part of the Eternal Plan—to visit the heart of these people with affliction, to bruise their feet with stones, and tear their flesh with thorns—that, wearied with the vanities and vexations of the older world, they should withdraw from it and cast their lot with others in that morning land, that fairer and newer world which they forever after shall grace. The French Lily, the chalice of the world's tears, the Hawthorn, symbol of Bartholomew, that pure and sweet adornment of the hedges, bursting into the leaves and blossoms of a new life—surely these are twined about that other symbol, the symbol of the Cross, in which has dwelled, like fragrance in a flower, the human soul.

The Cavaliers, the prototype of our early Virginian of the English stock, were dressed in velvet, with plumes and lace, with felt hats gallantly turned and swords proudly worn. They fought for a word, a sign, a knot of ribbon, for pleasure, for nothing. They loved, laughed, paraded, threatened, threw kisses in the air, and at the same time drew their swords, killing themselves to kill time, though it was also the date of savage hatreds. But once over here, away from the malign influences of the Court, they quickly turned to nature and found in the life of a country gentleman all the pleasure, with less of the vice which was inseparably connected with the life they had so heroically left behind.

The country gentleman of those early days had pretty much the same occupations as his descendant of today. He hunted, he shot, he interested himself in dogs, horses, and kindred subjects. No doubt some of his customs have gone out today, and others have taken their places. The line of demarkation between old and new must be the same as that which separates the world of steam and electricity, but the old love for the open-air pastimes that provided exercise and fresh air for the Virginian in the time of the Cavalier, still continues, for it is born in the blood. Truly, his is the symbol of the Rose, the passion of uplifted hearts, and of hearts on fire.

In the years that followed, down through the French and Indian wars with Braddock; with the Great Commander in the Revolution; through 1812-1856-1861, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife of their country, (nothing in the world levels, unites, cements, like a campaign) during all these years, a blending and absorption was going on, through marrying and giving in marriage; throwing off now and then like sparks from the flint, a soldier, a statesman, an orator; until out upon the scene steps the Virginian of today, strong in his inheritance of steadfastness, faith, desire, and action, holding no compromise with the flesh or Mammon; grasping in one hand the high standard of Life and Liberty, in the other, the blade of Damascus, its point sharpened for the enemies of progress, its beautiful blade gleaming with fealty to his country and his friends, its hilt as strong as the principle which he represents, the love for liberty, while behind him is the

rock of a great and magnificent past, and before him the sunrise of a glorious future.

At twilight, in the uncertain shadows, you sometimes perceive, as if in the depths of a convent passage, vague silhouettes assuming form, and tonight I fancy I see a crowd of phantoms peopling these halls with those who have come to life. How thrilling is this evocation of the past! Leading, with slow and stately step, his "forehead gleaming, his eye firm to behold" passes the noble Washington. There is a mute eloquence in his smile, a majestic severity in his frown, a divine charm in his bearing, a speechless energy in his silence.

Washington! Yea, verily—"Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!"

That being of the past which is now shadowed before us, that face that has slept so long in the grave, now bending upon us pale and silent, needs not the living presence to tell us he is Jefferson, the Father of our Constitution. Pain and strife were deeply mingled in his life, yet from it he was able to extract somewhat of the element of sweetness, for he lived long enough to see the fruition of his fondest hopes and to receive the world's adoration.

That faculty which we possess tonight, the communion of spirit with spirit, that pleasant faculty of the memory which enables us to call back the shadows of the past, is again invoked and we hear the voice of Clay. It comes to haunt this presence with a note of

sorrow, because for him the laurel was already cut and his happy days were extinguished in disappointment. Yet he too, was distinguished among men and nations.

Then glide in quick succession the shades of Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, and Taylor. And there, where a lamp of deathless beauty shines like a beacon, passes him whose very name brings to us a flood of emotions—Lee—the loved one; who stood where heroes died as leaves fall! He lives, he is not dead! For many of the great of earth have desired and the gods forbidden; have lain down like Alexander; have fallen like Caesar; have closed imperial eyes and bent before the wind like Napoleon; have risen in strength and passion against the bitterness of destiny; but few of these have kept love enshrined as the crown of years—and this love, this reverence for the memory of him is today what it was yesterday and shall be tomorrow.

Shades of other days! Their world has passed away, and the old order has given place to the new that now surges and seethes over their crumbling bones. They have been but a tide in the seas of life, they have flowed and they have ebbed, but if their hearts were still beating, you would find inscribed thereon these words, "I am a Virginian."

And so we come to this finality. Every Son of Virginia must find in his forefathers an ideal, and the light of that ideal must inspire him and ennoble his present activities. The past must call up to him a scene very pleasant to look upon and suggest dreams for the future sweet to think of. Shall we not also get from it glimpses of hope of a time when all hearts and

all people shall be as one in the inspiration of a common cause—The Cause of Liberty. (Applause.)

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: For reasons that many of you can quite well understand, I find it difficult to properly introduce the next speaker. I suppose in the experience of most of you it has happened, at one time or other, that some friend has come to your home bringing so great a measure of happiness that you found it difficult to find words to properly express a welcome. I consider this such an occasion, and I would prefer that the distinguished guest of the evening should—as I know he does—read the thoughts of our hearts and in them find Minnesota's warmest and most cordial welcome to him personally and to the State from which he came. (Applause.)

Before he speaks, let me relate one of the many incidents in his eventful life that will reveal to you the fineness and the splendid fibre of his character and augment your high respect for him as a man.

It was in the spring of 1864. The war-clouds had hung over the Old Dominion for many dreary months and years; a Union force was marching up that far-famed and beautiful valley of the Shenandoah; the veteran armies of Grant and Lee were engaged in a death struggle in the Wilderness; every Confederate soldier was doing double duty. At Lexington was located the Virginia Military Institute, a school second only to West Point. Within its classic walls were a little over two hundred cadets, between sixteen and eighteen years of age. The war had dragged heavily, but these young

men or boys still hoped that by some fortunate circumstance they might have an opportunity to aid in the defence of their State.

The opportunity came. Gen. Sigel pursued his advance almost unopposed; something must be done, and done at once to stop him. Troops were hurriedly gathered from different points, and on a Sabbath morning, on the 15th day of May, 1864, around the orchards and farms surrounding the quaint little town of Newmarket one of the most remarkable battles of the Civil War was fought.

The exigencies of the case demanded that these cadets should take part in that battle, and two hundred and twenty-five of them marched in the front column and joined in the charge that drove their enemy from the field. Of the two hundred and twenty-five, fifty-six of these men—for they then and there earned the right to full manhood—were killed and wounded. It is to me the most pathetic, inspiring and beautiful picture of that whole long, dreary and fratricidal war. Among the wounded on that memorable field was a fair-faced boy named John S. Wise. (Applause.)

Tonight he is our guest, and we take him to our hearts—a Virginian—an American—a better American because a Virginian and a better Virginian because an American. I present to you, gentlemen, the Hon. John S. Wise, who will speak to us upon "Virginia's Part in the Settlement and Government of the Northwest." (Prolonged applause.)

VIRGINIA'S PART IN THE SETTLEMENT AND
GOVERNMENT OF THE NORTHWEST.

Hon. John S. Wise.

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen: I should certainly be of stone if I failed, at the very outset of what I shall say, to express to you—not in studied language or trope or hyperbole—a heartfelt gratitude and gratification at what has been said here tonight.

I was prepared for your hospitality and your kindness, and if I had reflected but a moment I should have been prepared for this affectionate greeting which I have received at the hands of your chairman, Judge Torrance.

He perhaps did not know, until I told him a few moments ago, that the old school to which he refers has never had but two superintendents: one was Gen. Smith, and the other its present superintendent, Gen. Scott Shipp. Gen. Scott Shipp was the Commandant of cadets when I was a cadet, so you may know he's moving on to Glory. (Laughter.) But he is very much alive. He was a young man (I think only twenty-four) when I was seventeen, (laughter) and that was some forty years ago, or more. (Laughter.) Last year, when we had a reunion of the old cadets who participated in the battle of Newmarket to which Judge Torrance has referred, it was really the most touching experience of my life, for I was the senior officer present in my old company, having been, in that fight, the third corporal, (laughter), which was next to the last. (Laughter.) But, notwithstanding the ravages of time, there were seventeen of us present, and it was a meeting which

may be better pictured than described. Indeed it would have to be described by somebody else than me.

It was a most touching thing to look into the eyes of those old, bent grand-fathers and try to pick out who they were as cadets and boys in the days of which we are talking. After we left,—and I of course got into the talking, and a number of letters about the meeting were received—Gen. Shipp took the trouble to enclose me one note which he had received. It was very kind and very sweet and very touching. It reached me about the time that I was having some little memorials of the meeting bound, so I had it bound with my copy of that day's proceedings as one of the most gratifying compliments I had ever received. (Turning to Judge Torrance) Who wrote it?—I did not know you personally then, Sir, but as Nathan said unto David, "THOU ART THE MAN!" (Laughter and applause.)

Now, perhaps you expected me to deliver an address, an oration, here to-night. There have been times when I have thought it appropriate, as the boy at school said, to "rip with Euripides and canter with Cantharides and sock with Socrates" in an oration (laughter), but it seems to me the subject which you have assigned to me may be more appropriately treated by a calm and dispassionate discussion of the facts, because I propose that Old Virginia shall have her share of what's coming to her before I get through (laughter), and I want to make it more as a lawyer's plea than an orator's appeal.

I presume that the majority of those present are of English antecedents and we felicitate ourselves very

much upon the wonders accomplished by the English race in its great conquest of America. I come from a part of the country which is prone to look upon this as the new part of the country, while you people rather plume yourselves on what you have done in so short a time.

Now, you're nothing of the kind, and you're not new! (Laughter.) If you will go back to the origin of American settlement—and don't think that I am going to lead you up from it year by year (laughter), although my train doesn't leave until 7:50 in the morning (laughter); nevertheless I feel sorry for the nice bowl of drink that I saw brought through here and by the time I let you taste it it will be too weak to be interesting (laughter)—I want you to cast back with me, you people of Minnesota, to who you are and what you are, for a little while, and we will try to get on a little more rapidly and with fewer episodes.

The Spaniard was the man who discovered America, and he discovered a great deal more of it than we give him credit for. He came over here away back in 1493. It is true he only took up permanently San Salvador, Hayti and one or two other islands, as starters; Columbus and his little settlements didn't amount to a great deal in themselves. But when we talk about the old settlements of the East we are losing sight of the fact that, a hundred years before the coast of Virginia was known to an Englishman, the Spaniards had penetrated the whole Southeast and Southwest. Cortez had gone down to the City of Mexico and found the fire-worshippers and man-destroy-

res, where they killed as many as ten thousand in one celebration, where the temples reeked with the stench of human gore that could not be wiped out. Then Balboa went on and settled this miserable little Panama of which we have recently heard so much. (Laughter.) That was settled more than a hundred years before Virginia was settled. A Spanish colony was planted on the James river, in Virginia, a hundred years before Jamestown, but disappeared so completely that very few people except students of history are aware of it, and its location cannot be positively stated to-day.

Then there was De Soto, who gave us pretty good ideas about the Mississippi river, and Ponce de Leon, also, of the Florida country. Afterwards a lot of them (so many of them that we need not enumerate them) penetrated in different ways from down in Mexico into this part of the country that we speak of as unexplored, as high as the Grand Canon of the Yellowstone and made a permanent settlement as high up on the Mississippi as St. Louis. So that this is really the old country of America.

But to the north of us things were being done by other people before the Englishman woke up.

As early as 1497, the French were fishing off the Newfoundland banks and named Cape Breton before any place in America bore an English name. The French tried to settle Sable Island but abandoned it, but they did settle, and settle permanently, Port Royal in Nova Scotia in 1604, three years before John Smith reached Virginia; and Quebec was founded in 1608,

the year after John Smith; twelve years before the English came to Plymouth Rock and six years before the Dutchmen sailed into the Hudson river. But that was not all. They were just as live Frenchmen as ever went anywhere, and they were enterprising, pushing, going people.

Sir Walter Raleigh came over and settled Roanoke Island in 1587 but it was abandoned, and in 1607 Virginia was settled.

Now, what did the English do toward finding out this country? The Spaniards were coming up from the South, and finally penetrated as high, on the west bank of the Mississippi, as St. Louis. My learned friend has slandered Virginia's title. She had title "from ocean to ocean." One of the early Governors of Virginia, I forget which, but very soon after its first settlement, actually brought from England a boat, in sections, to have it carried by his colonists over the mountains and put into the other ocean! You perhaps remember how far they got with it—they reached Manakintown, eighteen miles west of the site of the present city of Richmond. (Laughter.)

Well, what were the Massachusetts people doing?—You may be sure they put it down in a book! (Great Laughter.) They landed, and the first thing they did was to build a town-house. The next thing was to settle around it—and every morning they all went in and wrote down in that book what they had done the day before. (Prolonged laughter.) From that day to this they have written everybody else off the face of the earth! While the Virginian was fox-hunting, the

Massachusetts man was telling what a big man he was—in his own book! (laughter) and, after awhile, he printed it and circulated it until now, he not only believes it himself but he has made everybody else believe it. (Renewed laughter.)

But what were they doing? not what were they talking about. In the matter of pioneering they were doing nothing! (Laughter.) They were sitting there on the bleak New England coast, huddled in little groups, with the Indians dancing around outside and shaking tomahawks at them; and for a hundred years the Massachusetts people never budged from that narrow strip of coast that you could paint tonight on the map of the United States with one wipe of a small brush. The colony of Massachusetts penetrated nowhere in the interior until the Scotch-Irishman came a hundred years later. Their claims as pioneers are absolutely ridiculous! (Laughter.)

But they were as enterprising in this direction as the Dutchman of New Amsterdam. The Dutchman never got beyond Schenectady. He didn't want to see any more of the country when the Indians got thick (laughter), and never budged a foot from where he could jump into his boat and paddle out into the stream, when he heard a war-whoop.

And what were the Virginians doing? Nothing. Why, in the year 1710, when they had been in that Colony one hundred and three years, Gov. Spottswood wrote to the Council in London, that some of his western settlers had discovered the Blue Ridge mountains, not more than a hundred miles distant! (Laughter.)

Well, they were the most absolutely indolent set of colonists that ever landed anywhere.

What had the Frenchman been doing? Why, he had brought a magnificent array of splendid engineers and pioneers and missionaries into this country and had come with the right spirit. Infused with the Frenchman's traditional vitality and spirit of enterprise and research, he had pushed up the St. Lawrence river, which was the natural way of penetrating the Northwest, and had established himself along the whole river in fortified places on its southern bank. He made one fatal blunder which ruined him. But for it he would today be in possession of this whole northwest country. He made the blunder of trying to ingratiate himself with the Algonquin Indians, with whom he was thrown in contact, by participating in their war against the Mohawks and the confederated Indians of western New York, and this made a breach between the French and the Western Confederacy of Indians that cut them off from penetrating (as they would have done but for that) down through the whole region south of the Lakes, to the Mohawk, the Hudson and the Ohio rivers. But he succeeded, notwithstanding, in planting his Colonies all along the St. Lawrence and the Lakes.

There was Champlain, the greatest explorer that ever landed on this continent, who was the first white man to sail on Lake Champlain, right under the noses of those Massachusetts colonists. They never even settled New Hampshire until the Scotch-Irish came, a hundred years afterwards. Champlain named Ver-

mont and it remained a neglected territory until the Revolution, half French—more French than English. Even when England acknowledged our independence Vermont claimed to be a free state, so little had New England to do with its past.

There was LaSalle; there was Frontenac; there was Hennepin; there was Marquette and Joliet, and a great throng of those enterprising Frenchmen, some of them through their religion, some of them through woodcraft, all through their indomitable spirit of adventure, penetrating through this whole section and planting their forts and settlements everywhere. They planted Fort Niagara and Presque Isle (now Erie) whence they found the headwaters of the Ohio; they drifted down the Ohio and established Fort Dequesne, although they didn't dare to go into the Indian country between the Lakes and the Ohio, filled as it was with the hostile nations of Pontiac's confederacy. But from Presque Isle they went on westward on the lake to Detroit; thence to the northern part of Lake Huron to Sault Ste Marie. They came down to the western side of Lake Michigan; settled Racine, and found the portages at the headquarters of the Wabash where Lafayette still perpetuates the memory of the Frenchman; crossed from the lake to the headwaters of the Illinois in the neighborhood of Joliet; named all these places you have out here in Wisconsin with the French names—that State is filled with them—Eau Claire, Prairie du Chien, and a hundred others, many of them taking the names of these explorers; and nothing in the world but the accident that they had antagonized those Indians

prevented them from securing complete and permanent control of this whole western territory.

The Massachusetts Colony never made any explorations. It was so busy with its abstract principles of humanity that it wasn't doing any pioneer business at all. (Laughter.) But Virginia did, beginning about 1640, do something. She organized some sort of an expedition under a Capt. Batts, who started out to find the Pacific Ocean. He got to the headwaters of the Kanaway, as he called it, but went back home and said he had given up the job. (Laughter.) Before that attempt was made LaSalle and other French explorers had navigated all up and down the Mississippi river. LaSalle went down as far as Mexico and was murdered by one of his own faithless people. Among the most romantic episodes in the early explorations of this country is the wonderful shipwreck of those French navigators who were lost for ten years on the western shore of Lake Michigan.

Well, all of Canada and this northwestern country was in the possession of the French until within ten years of the Revolutionary War. So much in the possession of the French, mark you, that when after the great storming of Quebec, France abandoned her American possessions and gave all this magnificent territory to Great Britain and left the task of settling it on our hands; and when later we gained our independence, the Massachusetts Colony had not extended itself sufficiently outside of that little patch of land on which it was planted, to lay a definite claim to what is now the state of Vermont, which claimed to be an independent

state. It was pretty well settled but so individually settled as to be little under the care of what was by some contended to be its parent Colony.

In the meantime the Virginians had become more enterprising. They had, by the blessing of God, an influx of new population—which came in large numbers to our Colony, but to Pennsylvania above all others. A few of these new settlers went to Massachusetts and to its great benefit. I refer to the Scotch-Irishmen, who had been driven out by the deviltry carried on against them in the old country.

It was a virile race, and has proved in this country a remarkably enterprising element. I doubt whether it is not distinctly the strongest race we have. They have been appropriating everything of late years. (Applause.) But, above all, it is pre-eminently the pioneer race of this country. If you reflect upon this you will see that I do not exaggerate.

The Scotch-Irish are not satisfied with lowlands. They want mountains. The moment they landed in Massachusetts they looked around and said, "This is not what we are looking for, show us some mountainous lands." (Laughter.)

They immediately went out and settled and made New Hampshire what it is. Those Pilgrims and Puritans who claim the credit for settling New Hampshire are simply claiming other people's property. (Laughter.) It was the Scotch-Irishmen who went up there then for the first time and settled the new state, and their names and their characteristics are all there yet. They are just as stubborn and just as opinionated and

just as go-ahead and fighting and loving and whiskey-drinking a race as you can find anywhere. (Laughter.)

Look at the names. You can go through that country and see Londonderry and fifty other names that they brought with them. They didn't spring from Massachusetts. They merely passed through Massachusetts and didn't like it. They went up and settled New Hampshire and never have had much to do with Massachusetts since. It is amusing to go to New Hampshire and see and study the inborn, incarnate antagonism that always did exist between those old canny Scotchmen and Puritans. For they are not Irishmen at all, they are nothing but Scotchmen who went over from Scotland and won Ireland for the Protestant King, and then got their pay in the grossest ingratitude and discrimination against them by the English. There isn't a more magnificent episode in history than the siege of Londonderry by which Ireland was saved to the British Protestants against the Catholics. Yet England paid them for their loyalty by refusing to let them marry each other in their own way. She wouldn't let them teach school, wouldn't give them commissions in her service, wouldn't let them have anything, and they became disgusted and came over here—and they made a very good change. (Laughter.)

They came to Virginia by way of Pennsylvania. The population of Pennsylvania, between 1705 and 1735, increased from something like 30,000 to 290,000. The new settlers were principally Scotch-Irish, and there they are yet. Don't fail to notice it, when you go out through western Pennsylvania, that the old Scotch-

Irish Covenanter is right there now—and the German Palatinates, people who had been harried and burned and tortured by the orthodox Christians of England and Germany. They went to Pennsylvania and then moved to Virginia, because, after looking over the Quakers, they were as disgusted with them as the northern Scotch-Irish had been with the Massachusetts settlers. So they moved westward. In western Pennsylvania they had a quarrel among themselves about something or nothing. They had a Governor of their own faith, but they quarreled with him, and then it was that a large body of these German Palatinates and Scotch-Irish rose en masse, and moved across the Potomac to the Valley of the Shenandoah.

Now, mark you, we have got down to 1730. That old Virginia settlement, just like the others in Massachusetts and New York, had been content to live east of the mountains. The Virginia nabobs had made one trip across the mountains. The “Knights of the Golden Horse-shoe” appear. Gov. Spottswood, Mr. William Byrd, Mr. Robert Beverly, Mr. Digges and other so-called cavaliers, bought a fine outfit and rode together through what is now known, I think, as Swift Run Gap, in the Blue Ridge mountains, near by Warrenton or somewhere in Rappahannock or Fauquier county, and took possession of the country known as Sherando. Until this spasm of energy they had been lying there a hundred years and hadn’t waked up. They went over into the Shenandoah valley and drank sixteen different kinds of wine. On the banks of the Shenandoah they buried their empty bottles, containing pa-

pers claiming the river and all the soil it drained as part of the State of Virginia.

In the meantime, silently, without any show, a few Virginia settlers had already straggled over there, for it is God's country, one of the most beautiful in the world. Then came those old Scotch Covenanters and Germans from Pennsylvania. They crossed at Harper's Ferry, back of the mountains, and came down the Shenandoah Valley. The Dutchmen soon rested (as they will) and settled in the lower valley, but the Scotch-Irish found it wasn't mountainous enough to suit them and went on up to Augusta, Rockbridge and Botetourt and there they settled. Thus, entering by the back door, Virginia received the most energetic race that ever came into her borders.

But they didn't stop there. They are the pioneers of America. Just as they had penetrated New Hampshire and Vermont; just as they had moved out in western Pennsylvania until they reached the French settlements; just as in New York they had moved into and settled northern New York and the Mohawk Valley; now, after entering the old Dominion from Pennsylvania, behind the mountains into the Shenandoah valley, they pressed on down through Virginia, to western North Carolina—where, in later days they passed the Mecklenburg resolutions, ahead of everybody else when the Revolutionary struggle came on—and also pressed on southward into South Carolina, where they settled and named the counties of York and Chester and Lancaster in that state. They are as different there today from the other people of South Carolina as the old

Scotch Covenanters were from the French Huguenot. But they were not yet satisfied—these old McClurgs and McDowells and Lewises and Shelbys and Clarks—they poked their investigating noses over the Allegheny mountains, found a fair land beyond and settled it. Pretty soon they had built up for Virginia the county of Transylvania, that territory west of the Alleghenies and south of the Ohio which is now the magnificent state of Kentucky. So, to, in North Carolina, Daniel Boone, another Scotch-Irishman, went down from the north to join his brethren. He lived a little while on the Catawba, but it wasn't wild enough for him and he moved out into Kentucky. Pretty soon another noted Scotch-Irishman, Sevier, straggled off from the North Carolina settlement into Tennessee, just as in later days George Rogers Clark, another Scotch-Irishman, became pioneer of this territory and captured Kaskaskia and Vincennes; and later Lewis and Clark, Scotch-Irishmen, made their exploration to Pikes Peak; and later still, Sam Houston, another Scotch-Irishman, became the pioneer of Texas. The Spaniard, the Frenchman and the Scotch-Irishman did all the early pioneering in this country and the Englishmen have claimed it. (Laughter.)

But I am coming to my ownership of you, my friends. (Laughter.) When we fought Great Britain, we had no United States. Any intelligent person knows that. We executed a limited power of attorney to a Congress by our Legislatures thus creating a thing called the United States, but, really, it was only states united for very limited purposes. It had no President. It was sim-

ply a little defensive confederacy. The states had to vote every dollar of the money needed to maintain it and furnish every soldier and name every officer below the rank of field officer. The affairs of this Congress were conducted by a "Committee of Safety," but there was no such thing as a citizen of the United States. There were citizens of Virginia, citizens of Massachusetts, citizens of Maryland, citizens of North and South Carolina.

Now, what about this territory? It was No Man's Land. The only people that could stay here at all were the gentle French. They were gentle and kind with the Indians. These French missionaries and trappers had ingratiated themselves with the Indians and were dotted about all through the North-west. The Latin races have much less repugnance to amalgamation with savages than the Anglo-Saxon. A negro can go to Paris now and appear on the streets with white women on his arm. The demi-monde of Paris make a great fuss over them. These French trappers and missionaries, (I don't mean to cast any reflection on the monks), all blended with the Indians (laughter); and when the English came they found an unusual number of Indians that were "part Indian and part engineer" as the same condition was described when we built our railroads across the plains.

Very few of the English settlers had moved into the Northwest territory, although a few had passed over the Ohio from Virginia. There were some Moravians who had settled in Ohio. But it was a difficult country to occupy because the Indians, who had been

pressed back from western New York, made Ohio and all this section the home of the confederated hostile tribes and it was a very dangerous place for whites to occupy.

While the Revolutionary war was in progress, George Rogers Clark, a Virginian—one of the most enterprising, bold and forward spirits of his day, sometimes called the Hannibal of the West—under the authority of Virginia (not of the United States), and on his own initiative, fitted out an expedition from the Falls of the Ohio, floated down to a point near its mouth (in those days with their facilities for travel they could not navigate a boat up the Mississippi) debarked, and marching across country, captured the settlement of Kaskaskia in the present state of Illinois.

Of course every Frenchman was an enemy of the British, who had acquired this territory only a short ten years before. The British Governor, Hamilton, had moved his headquarters down from Detroit to what was then called St. Vincent. In the dead of winter and through Indiana mud (which any man who has ever been there knows) Clark took those half-clad vagabonds of his and moved over ice and snow to St. Vincent or Vincennes, captured the British Governor and sent him back to Fincastle, Virginia. Gov. Hamilton admitted this conquest and both French and British settlers attorned to and accepted Virginia's government, and Virginia organized the territory lying north and west of the Ohio into the county of Illinois, extending up and embracing, as Judge Torrance says, all that portion of the Northwest east of the Mississippi.

Then came the recognition of our independence. With the Treaty of Peace in 1783, came the recognition of what—the United States? No; the acknowledgment that the struggling Colonies were thirteen free, separate, sovereign and independent States.

Well, that was plain enough. But when the northern boundary line of the ceded territory was established by the definitive treaty of peace, it was declared to be the centre of the St. Lawrence river; through the centre of Lake Ontario by way of Niagara river; through the centre of Lake Erie; thence through the Straits of St. Clair, and Lake St. Clair up to Lake Huron; thence by Mackinac up to Lake Superior; thence westward to the Lake of the Woods and the sources of the Mississippi river.

Here was an immense territory ceded. It did not belong to Great Britain any more; it was acknowledged as free; but the treaty never attempted to define whose property it was. Who it was that brought order out of that chaos is the question I shall now ask.

I will tell you who made demands upon it. Just as soon as this territory was discussed, Massachusetts laid claim to a slice of it. (Laughter.) As soon as it was declared independent she said that her northern and southern boundaries extended, entitled her to a strip all the way through it. Nobody had ever heard of that before. Connecticut jumped up and said, "Well, my charter gives me all western land unoccupied by others." Both of them claimed the right to ignore the intervening states of Pennsylvania and New York

and then claim a strip of this territory beyond. Sir William Johnson of New York walked up and said,

“When I was treating with Pontiac and the Five Nations, some years ago, they agreed that all the territory occupied by their people should be the property of New York, and I claim it all on behalf of New York.”

And Virginia looked around and said,

“Well, I not only claim it, but I have it. I fought for it. My blood and my treasure were spent to reclaim it. The inhabitants of that territory have attorned to the government of Virginia. It is embraced within my original boundaries—and I am going to keep it or do what I please with it. I will tell you what I will do: if you people will make a formal renunciation of your claims upon it, I will donate all my interest in it to the National Government for the general welfare.”

And it was the first asset, absolutely, that the United States ever had in the world!

The Continental Congress, proceeding under the inspiration of Virginia, framed laws and formulated a plan for the government of the Northwest territory. But the Continental Congress had no more authority to enact the Ordinances of 1787 than it had to revise the New Testament. As Mr. Madison said, the Ordinances of 1787, viewed as the exercise of legal power by the Continental Congress were “without the least color of constitutional authority.” They conferred citizenship by a nation that had no citizens of its own,

(for there was no such thing as a citizen of the United States.) They created citizens of the United States, when it had no citizens of its own. But Congress did enact those immortal Ordinances, and everybody acquiesced in them with the result which we all know.

Now, gentlemen, let us look at them a little more closely. Who framed those Ordinances? George Mason, of Virginia, wrote a Bill of Rights, when Virginia joined in the Continental struggle. It epitomizes and embodies every idea of government—every right of the governed—the consent of the governed—every principle of taxation—expressed in the Ordinances of 1787, expressed too, in the language of that Bill of Rights. Those Virginia resolutions were incorporated into the Ordinances of 1787 as the chart of the government of the Northwest Territory, just as they were afterwards adopted as the ten first amendments of the National Constitution.

I have taken the trouble to look at the constitution of every state of the Northwest Territory, old and new, and I assert that you may search those constitutions in vain for any principle of government in any state in the northwest that is not derived directly from the Virginia Bill of Rights of George Mason.

Oh, I love to hear of the glories of New England—and don't misunderstand me as belittling the value and greatness of New England. I know the services she has performed; they have been magnificent. She is entitled to gratitude for many things I have not time to bestow upon her here. But there is not a more ridiculous old claimer in the world than New England

today. (Laughter.) She claims everything, and calls for proof. New England had no more to do with the proviso in the Ordinances of 1787 that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude should ever exist in this country than though she had not been represented in the Congress. It originated with two old gentlemen from Virginia, Richard Henry Lee and Paul Carrington, and it was concurred in by Patrick Henry.

Paul Carrington and General Rufus Putnam, who were great friends, had indeed organized two companies of settlers in Ohio. At Newburgh, the Revolutionary army became rebels and were about to march on to Washington. Gen. Washington promised that if they would behave themselves he would see that the government made provision for the soldiers by grants of public lands even if it could not pay them their wages, and when the public grants were made Paul Carrington and Rufus Putnam acted upon that promise, one of them taking out a large number of settlers to the Western Reserve in Ohio, the other settling territory in Southern Ohio on the Little Miami, in what is the Virginia Military Reservation. When Virginia ceded her rights in the Northwest Territory she made a reservation of public lands with which to pay her soldiers.

While it is true that Virginia was always backward in the matter of public education she did not undervalue education. It must be remembered that her population was not concentrated like that of townships in New England. The country in Virginia was sparsely settled, the people living two or three miles apart, and she could not afford a system of public schools.

But the history of that old commonwealth shows that there was not a respectable family of position and property that did not have its private tutor and give to its children and those of the people of the lower class in its employment the full benefit of the only education practicable. Not only did Virginia prize education, but it was her representatives who, when these Ordinances of 1787 were passed, demanded, in addition to the prohibition of slavery, (the curse of which she knew as well as anybody, which we were as anxious to be rid of in time and by practical means, because we knew as well as anybody it would ruin the people) it was she who demanded, not only that slavery should be excluded from the Northwestern Territory, but that sections of the public lands in the states to be created in that territory should be devoted to public education; and the strength and wealth of the educational system of every state afterward created out of that territory under the Ordinances of 1787 is directly due to the prescience and love of education which lay at the foundation of these demands of the Virginians when those resolutions of cession were passed.

But, gentlemen, that is not all. It is a matter of interest to you, that every one of your constitutions borrowed its declaration of principles from old Virginia and nowhere else. Not a word is incorporated in any of them which came from any northern settlement. All have come to you as I have described.

Not only that, but a large number of the men among the early pioneers of this country were Virginians. Who whipped Tecumseh? William Henry Harrison,

one of those poor old worn-out James river aristocrats, that we hear about nowadays—who, when Dr. Hull, the Governor of Michigan, utterly failed to sustain his territory, took charge of the territorial forces in the war of 1812, and fought the battle of the Thames and the battle of Raisin River and the battle of Tippecanoe. He was a Virginian.

When I began studying geography, Minnesota was a territory, and a great influx of population from abroad has come into your state since her admission, but one section of Ohio was populated by Virginians. The Indianians and the Kentuckians (who were the same as Virginians) poured over into Michigan.

Stephen Mason was one of the earliest Governors of Michigan, if not the first. That state was largely settled by Virginians, and there a remarkable thing exists today. Poor old Virginia, in the days of her pride and prosperity, parted her garments among her children, and Stephen Mason when her capital had been moved from Williamsburg to Richmond, went back to old Williamsburg, his boyhood home; saw there, in the old capitol, and begged from them the rostrum from which Patrick Henry delivered his famous address before the Virginia convention. They gave it to him and he carried that old rostrum all the way to Chillicothe, which was the first capital of Ohio. (Marietta, I believe, first, Chillicothe next); then, when the Michigan territory was erected into a state it was carried out there, and that rostrum from old Virginia—who, God knows, has got nothing now to give away—is today, at Lansing.

the capital of Michigan, a sacred memento from the source of their political being.

Well, now, my fellow citizens, there has got to be an end to everything, and there must be to this. Virginia was the mother of states and you are one of her children. Nobody else ever claimed you but Virginia, except Sir William Johnson—and nobody believed him! (Laughter.) It is true that but a portion of your state was in her ancient possession, but you have an interest in her that is deep and strong, for she is the source of all your fundamental political faiths.

You differed with her, in time, upon the question of slavery. That was the rock upon which the poor old state split, to bleed as other mortals have done. It is impossible to conceive of a community far-sighted and wise and unselfish enough to abandon a great system the abolition of which would go to the root of its whole economic and social organization. She fought—and God knows she fought in a way that you ought not to be ashamed of (applause)—but the issue was decided against her. In the language of Lee, she “yielded to the power of overwhelming numbers and resources.” Washington was the greatest of her sons, but I am not ashamed or afraid to say, and without irreverence, as one who knew him and watched him and studied his career, that General Lee, in his life and death and daily conduct, came nearer to what was counseled by Jesus as the straight line of life than any mortal I ever knew. When that strife to which he had conscientiously dedicated himself was over, he said to

the brave men who had followed him, the few survivors of his host,

“The end is here. Do not accept it grudgingly. Realize that fate has been against your contention. Accept the result. The dream of a divided nation is past. Hasten to give a renewed and cheerful allegiance to a country which common sense tells you to be a united land for all future time.” (Applause.)

And when the honest men of that state renewed their allegiance, they did it in that way. They came back that way because the Virginian is a peculiar creature. He is not the ideal man which you can sit down and read of in the abstract in books. He is not perfect; he doesn't live by studied rules. Perhaps he is not able to define all the rules which guide him. But there is a something about him that you know, when you meet him, which is more or less peculiar to him.

The Virginian loves Virginia better than anything else in this world or in the world to come, except his God. In a somewhat famous book written by Judge Baldwin, called “Flush Times in Alabama,” he describes the Virginian as one who, when he visits the Alps, measures their altitude by comparing them with Peaks of Otter; or when in the valley of the Nile, judges of its fecundity only by comparison with the James river low-grounds.

He is provincial wherever he goes—and I am not sorry for it. It does not displease me that although I have lived in New York 20 years, everybody calls me

“Mr. Wise, from Virginia.” I am not anxious to be considered a New Yorker; Virginia is good enough for me.

Virginians have an ideal of individual conduct which has been lived up to by a great many of her people and has made them pre-eminent. It was not an accident that she produced George Washington, it was the result of a peculiar civilization. His family was not devoted to counting the cost of living every day or to keeping themselves warm in winter or inventing cook-stoves or studying some abstract question of political, religious or social economics. They were natural people, who loved and dominated and probably fought occasionally. They did not perhaps sufficiently well appreciate the doctrine, “Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves.” Virginia never was a great state of small people. Her co-operative ants never did build up her greatness. But the Virginian never had any utopian ideas about being better than other people. The Virginia gentleman is as true a democrat as any in the world. Nor is he, as a rule, a demagogue. He doesn't say, “There is no hand that fits my hand so wel as the horny hand of the working man.” (Laughter and applause.) But when the horny-handed workingman comes up he says, “How are you, Smith?” “How are you, Jones?” He is essentially fraternal. While there may be something in the antecedents of the Virginia gentleman that Smith knows and that Jones knows, which makes the Virginian feel in his heart that he is a little better in some things than some other people, he has sense enough to know it is nothing

to talk about, much less to boast about. If there be gaps, they are not subjects for discussion, and the Virginian is the last man in the world to thrust them forward or intrude them. But while he is a "mixer" and a democrat, he is at heart an aristocrat to this extent; that he feels that to him from a brave ancestry is committed a trust of manhood and courage and patriotism and fearlessness and leadership and dominion, that has permeated through a long line of his forbears, who have established his claim to succession if he possesses their worth and their courage. He unconsciously asserts himself wherever he goes—he don't say this. If he becomes anything, it is because he feels this and acts on it and has too much sense to assert it.

That pride of ancestry and self-respect has enabled these countrymen of mine to make their impress everywhere. It is what has produced from old Virginia (with nothing left to her but her sedge-patches, her poverty, her local prejudices, and if you please narrow-mindedness and provincialism) men of the type of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and James Madison and James Monroe and John Marshall; and, in later days, the remarkable men of our Civil War. We may discuss these also without being misunderstood now, for you must recognize the strength of Southern generals. It was this family pride and personal courage, as distinguished from great culture or literary attainments or study of social problems which sent to the front and in command on our side Virginians like Lee and Joseph E. Johnston and Pickett and Stonewall Jackson and the unusual majority of the

prominent figures of the South, and gave to the North men like Winfield Scott and George H. Thomas. It is that which makes its impress here. When you see a representative and typical Virginian, it makes you think of something in your own mother or your father, who, however quaint or provincial their ideas may have been, had great, big, soulful ideals, for which they were ready to sacrifice their lives, if need be—of people who would not compromise a principle, but were ready to live up to or die for them, as the occasion required, indifferent of the consequences whether it was life or death, determined in the courage of their conviction, for better or for worse.

And it is that consciousness which makes me feel proud when I see our boys come out here and make their mark. When I heard that Tom Fauntleroy had come here and you had seen what there was in the boy, it gave me a real heart-thump. When Page Morris, who had struggled by my side in old Virginia and battled with our confederate comrades because we thought they were narrow-minded and bigoted about new issues, but found them so set in their ways that we fought ourselves clean backwards over the border; when I heard he had come out here and succeeded I was delighted, for I knew that this was the place for him; that you would appreciate him if the Virginians did not.

Virginia is becoming like Ireland—her sons succeed best away from home. New Yorkers are not impressed by Virginians. They don't care much about these things I have been talking to you about. They are

after money. (Laughter.) A man goes there and finds that they don't care where you come from or what you think or who you are or what you are. Their motto is "get money." The most popular air that has ever been sung in New York, in the twenty years that I have lived there, is, "If you aint got no money, don't come 'round." (Laughter.)

But in the generous West, which, after all, delude itself as it may, derives its inspiration from the old Mother Colony, whose influence can be seen everywhere here, that sort of thing is appreciated. There is a freshness and a naturalness in your people which enables them to appreciate the love of a man for high ideals of private life, the sentiments (and the provincialisms, if you please) of men who love their state next to their God.

These feelings make patriots. They made the great events of the past. They have made this country what it is, and if they are preserved out here and continue to decline in the money centres as they are now doing, your section will in the end triumph and wrest control of our magnificent country from the money-changers and restore it to the keeping of the real people of the United States! (Applause.)

My poor old state has descended so that sons who love her sicken at the sight. The mother of states and statesmen has passed from first, second, fifth, tenth, to—do you know the only thing in the world that Virginia is first in now? If it was not so sad it would be ludicrous. She is first in peanuts! (Laughter.) She

raises more peanuts than any state in the United States. (Renewed laughter.) That is all.

Dismembered! "The spider hath woven his web in the imperial palace and the owl hooteth in the gardens of Afrasaib." She is trying to have a modern celebration. Of course she can't do it. They are no more fit in Virginia for such a task than a cow is to dance the Fisher's Hornpipe. They are not built that way. They will go broke on it, of course. (Laughter.) They haven't got the population. They can't get out an attendance from the Atlantic ocean on the east, or the Dismal Swamp to the south. They have no contiguous population; it will be a dead failure. But it behooves you people, provided the celebration is at Jamestown and not somewhere else, to show your interest in it and to realize how much an integral, essential, radical root—part of your fabric poor old Virginia is. You ought to go to Jamestown.

Certain parties have bought some lots forty miles away from Jamestown, on Hampton Roads, and they are trying to celebrate there, to sell the lots. Well, it behooves the people of the Northwest to say, "We will give you the biggest kind of a celebration, but at Jamestown."

We don't want any lots at Newport News or at Sewall Point; we want to celebrate Jamestown. There is a sensible way to do it, and one which I recommended to the President, but he didn't pay the slightest attention to it (laughter), therefore, I feel at liberty to talk about it. (Renewed laughter.)

Jamestown is absolutely unique, different from any

other place in the United States. The government of the United States ought to buy it. If she can't buy it on reasonable terms she ought to condemn it under the power of eminent domain; she ought to own it. She ought to build a monument there that would adorn the place, and show her profound veneration for the unique history and far-reaching results of the Colony settled there, not only in Virginia and in America, but throughout the world in all ages to come. It is a place of about seventeen hundred acres. It ought to be park-ed; it ought to be dedicated to this country; we can utilize it.

John Smith, in his Narrative, tells us that when he landed he moored his boats to the bank in five fathoms of water. The water is still there. We need, today, more than anything else, a good training school for marines, and a marine depot. By the acquisition of the island the government could utilize a portion of it to build a magnificent marine barracks and could there assemble and drill and prepare marines, both on land and on water, for the water is sufficient for ships. She could also use it as a national militia training-ground and practice march—grounds for the troops at Fortress Monroe. She could build a pike from the island to old Williamsburg, seven miles away, and have a really valuable asset, besides performing a pious, patriotic duty.

But I haven't the slightest idea she will do it. There will be a sort of cheap-john entertainment down there, of some kind, to which the nations of the world will send a few ships. They will fire off a few fire-crackers

and talk about the good old times, and that will end it. Then poor old Virginia will sink back into her modern insignificance and her children will go on emigrating to other lands where they will expand, while she presents to the world the sad spectacle of a mother who took out her own heart to feed her offspring and built up her country at the expense of her own life.

And so, gentlemen, thanking you from the bottom of my heart for being so exceedingly patient and bearing with me so long, I will conclude by begging you that at all times, not only during this passing address which brings the old state a little more prominently into your thoughts, but for all time to come you will keep in your hearts a soft and tender spot for old Virginia, and a memory of the noble part she bore in your settlement and government. (Prolonged applause.)

After singing America the gentlemen repaired to the dining room where dinner was served and after an hour of pleasant intercourse the Social Court adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIAL COURT

held at

THE ABERDEEN NOVEMBER 22d, 1906.

SECRETARY WILLIAM GARDNER WHITE:

Your Excellency and Gentlemen: Among the many delightful meetings of the Society of Colonial Wars, we recall with special pleasure the one held at the home of Senator Washburn, a little more than a year ago, when we were addressed by Governor Guild of Massachusetts and by Dr. Gunsaulus of Chicago.

Those of you who were present at that time remember not only the scholarly oration of Dr. Gunsaulus, but also the charming address of Governor Guild, and his beautiful description of Christmas Eve in the camp of the American Army in Cuba in 1898.

Since that evening it has been our custom, at the opening of each Court of this Society, to call attention to this address of Governor Guild, and in particular to his description of the Christmas celebration, so beautifully portrayed by him.

Because we are honored tonight by the presence of a large number of guests who were not present at the meeting to which reference has been made, it seems appropriate to read Governor Guild's brief description, before we sing together the Portuguese Hymn. In concluding his address, Governor Guild said:

(Here the Secretary read the concluding portion of the address as found upon pages 140 to 142.)

Gentlemen, the spirit of the Puritan—his best spirit in his best hour—the true American spirit of which we shall hear this evening, has surely not departed from this country when that true story can be told of an army of the United States of America. I am sure that at the meetings of this Society, we do well to rehearse that story; to recognize and strive to keep alive that spirit, and to pledge anew our loyalty to the country which that spirit made possible, by singing together that old familiar hymn, sung for centuries by men of every faith, sung by an American Army under the tropical midnight stars:

“How firm a foundation, ye Saints of the Lord,”
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word.”

The hymn was then sung.

GOVERNOR ELL TORRANCE: Compatriots and Gentlemen: A longer period of time than usual has elapsed since our last Social Court, and I feel sure that our meeting this evening will be marked by those pleasurable emotions incident to the reunion of friends after long separation.

In the main, good fortune has attended us since our last and most delightful meeting at the home of Mr. George Henry Daggett; nevertheless, the skies have not been cloudless and at intervals, altogether too frequent, shadows have fallen across our way. Compatriots Eugene Burt, Roscoe Freeman Hersey, Thaddeus Crane Field, and William Sharp Timberlake have entered the abodes of the blest. Their leave-taking was in becoming harmony with lives well lived,

and in cheerful obedience to the Divine order of promotion.

“They’ve slippet awa’, gave little warning,
Let’s not good night, but in some happier clime,
Bid them good morning.”

Ten new members have been received since our last meeting, most of whom are present with us this evening, and in behalf of the Society I extend to them a most cordial and fraternal welcome to its privileges and fellowship.

As the gentlemen of this Society are aware, the annual reports of the Secretary for the years 1900 to 1903 have been published in book form and constitute one of our most valuable tangible assets. These volumes, three in number, contain a full stenographic report of our meetings, including all addresses delivered and such papers as were from time to time presented by the Society’s Historian, and the memorials to deceased members. The purpose of printing these Reports was to put into convenient form for permanent use a complete record of the work of the Society, and our efficient Secretary, Mr. White, is now engaged in editing Vol. 4 which will contain his Report for the years 1904 to 1907, and will in all probability be ready for delivery at an early date. It will be a book of great value and will contain the addresses of the Hon. Curtis Guild, Jr., Governor of Massachusetts; the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D. D., of Chicago, Illinois; of the noted Virginian, Hon. John S. Wise, and will also include the address of the distinguished gentleman to whom it will be our privilege to listen this evening. With these

notable addresses will appear many others of perhaps equal merit delivered by members and friends of the Society residing in Minnesota.

You can, therefore, readily see that this book will further exemplify the excellent work of the Society and will also place its members under additional obligations to Mr. White, whose foresight, wisdom and diligence have prevented our records from "resting in quiet and uneventful obscurity."

Music by the Quartette.

GOVERNOR ELL TORRANCE: In one respect the Society of Colonial Wars is narrow. Its qualifications for membership are clearly defined, and only by strict compliance with every requirement can admission there-to be obtained. But the principles for which the Society stands are as broad as humanity and as expansive as liberty. It stands for the American Idea—the equal rights of men not only under the law but according to natural justice—the right to redress every wrong and to repudiate every burden arbitrarily imposed,—to demand fair play and a square deal without regard to race, religion or previous condition of servitude. The American Idea must eventually become a world idea or perish. The greatest of American prophets declared that this country could not long endure half slave and half free. Neither can the world, in the mighty conflict now being waged, long endure half slave and half free. Freedom and slavery cannot dwell together, and there is not room enough in the world for both; one or the other must perish, and our faith and

hope is in the speedy and complete triumph of the redemptive ideas emblazoned on the flag of our country.

One strong reason for this faith and hope is based upon the broad and patriotic spirit manifested by the Chief Executive of the nation, and tonight we recall with special pride and satisfaction President Roosevelt's world-wide interest exhibited in behalf of the Hebrew race and his deep concern manifested for their emancipation and deliverance from oppression and injustice. The sincerity of his friendship for this illustrious race has been lately emphasized by the appointment of Mr. Strauss as Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and for the first time in the history of this government an American citizen of Jewish birth has been given a Cabinet position. This is as it should be, for to Jewish religion, law and philosophy America is indebted for the best things in her Constitution and in the home life of her people.

It therefore gives me great pleasure to state that we have with us on this occasion a distinguished Hebrew teacher, scholar and divine, a man of national repute, and an orator of unusual grace and power who will deliver the address of the evening.

I have the honor, gentlemen, of presenting to you Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, who has chosen for his subject "The American Spirit." (Applause.)

“THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.”

Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch.

Your Excellency: I thank you for your kind words of introduction. Accept my thanks.

I propose to speak to you tonight on “The American Spirit.” A poet had brought his manuscript to the literary editor of a paper. He had chosen as the theme of his inspired muse, “The Spirit of the Forest.” The literary editor objected, he thought there was no special spirit of the forest; whereupon the poet said, “Do you not know that there is wood alcohol?” (Laughter.)

Now please bear in mind that I want to speak upon “The American Spirit,” and not on the American spirits.

But the question recurs to my lips, and perhaps to your mind. Is there a distinctively American spirit? It seems to us that humanity is, after all, identical; that it does not matter in the foundations of our nature where our cradle was rocked, in what language the ditty was intoned on mother’s lips, in what dialect we learned to whisper our first prayers, where we plighted our troth, under what flag we registered our fealty to our government. Humanity is one. And if there is a spirit that characterizes the race of men is it not the spirit of humanity, and is it not rather treason to this spirit to speak of the American spirit as something distinct, differentiated from any other spirit prevailing on God’s spinning footstool?

But thirty or forty years ago, in Germany, a science sprang into life devoted to the study of national and

racial and ethnological soul-characteristics. The exploration of the soul of the German, the probing of the soul of the Frenchman, the investigation of the soul of the Englishman—these and similar purposes were the consecrated ambition of this new science. And the masters of this new line of investigation established beyond the possibility of a doubt that there is something subtle, untenable perhaps, and yet most dynamic that differentiates a Frenchman from a German, an Englishman from an American, an American from a Russian.

We all have had occasion to notice that when we meet in foreign lands, Americans can and do recognize each other at once as Americans. We know that this woman, that man, even before we have heard him or her speak, is a countryman of ours. There is something about the American that reveals to a trained eye his distinction, his difference from other dwellers on God's globe.

What that is, may not be immediately plain to us, but that it is we have no doubt.

Of dead nations it is more easy to analyze the constituent elements of their national distinction, than it is in the case of nations still in the making. For instance, we know that the Romans had a genius for political organization. We know that the Greeks were the chosen people of art. We know also that the ancient Hebrews were appointed ministers at the altar of religious truth. The monuments left behind—either in stone or in books—of these dead nations help us to understand the characteristic differences of the peoples

under discussion. Standing in the forum of Rome, the visitor, be he learned or unlettered, cannot but feel that here was once the center of the life of a people determined to impress its own will upon the then known world. Every stone there tells the story; proclaims the passion, strong and dominant, in the national soul of Rome; and the ruins of the Parthenon, the few remnants left of the faded glory of the Acropolis tell him who pilgrims thither that he is face to face with the manifestations of a national genius, of a people for whom beauty was the key not only to the universe but to life.

What is it now that tells us what is the distinctive element in the national soul of America? It will be objected that yet there is no national soul of America; America is not yet racial, is not as yet unified. America has been the home of refuge for so many races, and each immigrant carried with him traditions differentiating him from his fellow immigrants of other tongue and different origin, and also from those for whose welcome he pleaded, with whom he intended thereafter to cast his lot. Here in America we have the descendants of the Puritan, the children of the Anglo-Saxon, the progeny of the Celtic tribes. We have those whose poetic muse takes wings at the mention of the old Visigoths of the North. We have those who heard over their cradle the mythology of the Rhine and who in their nursery played the old plays that once kept amused the children of their ancestors in German forests. And we have also the descendants of the more versatile, the more mercurial peoples of Southern Europe. Hither

have come believers in the Cross and proclaimers of the one God. Hither have been driven men persecuted in darkest Russia and in semi-Asia; men who gave up home and future because they felt that their religious salvation was more precious to them than their physical comfort. And therefore they say America has as yet not developed a national consciousness; America has as yet no national soul. Is this true?

If we dive more deeply than the surface we have abundant proof that this conclusion is hasty. It is true the American national life is still in solution. But there is that thread which, if introduced into the solution, causes the different elements at once to crystallize; and there is no doubt in my mind that this wire, so to speak, around which all other elements will crystallize is the Teutonic-Anglo-Saxon strain in our American life and our American civilization. As far as that strain has become appreciated so far we have the abundant evidence of the existence, in energy and ambition, of an American national soul.

We are a nation with a history reaching enough behind us to keep vitalized a national conscience, with a future before us ever and again to re-create this national conscience, this sense of national obligation. Whatever be the component racial elements that here will crystallize around the Anglo-Saxon-Teutonic wire, so to speak,—however different they may be, the process of crystallization has progressed far enough to reveal to the student a definite line of purpose, and that purpose can be studied in the life of this people, in the labor of this people, in the language of this people, in

the ambition and in the hopes of this people. We are a nation. Let us start out with this premise, and being a nation we may say, with the followers of the new science of national psychology, we have a soul, and there are manifestations of American distinctions in the soul life of this our people.

Look at any manifestation of our national life or at any department of our endeavors, and you will find that the American characterization is to "do" things, and, as I have implied, occasionally also to "do" men; but to do things, and to do them with spontaneous decision.

There is for instance, one province in which the preeminence of the American nation is recognized, even in Europe—the province of surgery. The American surgeons are recognized as easily the princes in their field. Why? The German surgeon will hesitate, he will weigh his chances, he will search all sorts of volumes to find whether he has a precedent before undertaking an operation; he will philosophise as to cause and effect; he will weigh most carefully all contingencies near and remote, and in the meantime the patient will die. The American surgeon proceeds at once to do what he thinks ought to be done. He knows that he will have to meet emergencies, but he is prepared for them, and when the emergency arises he does not lose his head. Occasionally the operation is successful and the patient dies, although most frequently the operation is successful and the patient survives; but because one patient might die the German surgeon allows many patients to die. The American surgeon takes his

chance; he knows that perhaps one patient will die, but he has also the confidence that for every one he loses nine or ten or maybe a hundred will be saved. Now that is characteristic of the American surgeon, and because we have had that spirit, under the discipline of our life, demanding conquest of nature, we have accomplished what we have.

The soul of a nation is not dependent on the soil of a nation. I need not tell this assembly that this is a philosophy which a generation ago was generally accepted as profoundly true. Buckle, among others, held that civilization is largely a question of geography, of climate, and of topography. There is a certain amount of variety in this assumption. We are like the old giant of Greek mythology—strong as long as our feet touch mother soil, and if we want to soar higher often we meet the fate of that other Greek character in mythology who sought the sun and seemed to attain his goal when, to his own harm, he learned that he had forgotten that his wings were fastened to his shoulders by treacherous wax. The nearer he rose to the sun's hearth the surer was his undoing. All nations are, to a certain extent, dependent upon the soil that nurtures them. Let us see what results from this observation for our own national life.

Our nation began confronted with a task to reclaim for civilization a continent. Our forests had to be lifted, swamps had to be drained, dreary deserts had to be changed into smiling paradises. Wherever the voice of man had been heard room had to be made for the humming hive of modern bustling industry. We

had to link the eastern slope to its western sister. The pine had to be brought near to the grove of the palms. Difficulties had to be overcome. In one word, we had before us a creative task never set to another nation. And now this task formed the character of this nascent nation. We became a nation of doers; we could not afford to be a nation of dreamers. Climate was kinder to us than it has been to the dwellers of India. Why is the philosophy of India that of contemplation, of meditation? Because life there is so abundant that through its very abundance it neutralizes its own essence. The Indian is a dreamer; he must feel life as a burden. Therefore he speculates on life's undoing. The ultimate star that shines out in the darkness of Indian pessimism promises total eclipse—swept away to nothing; that formulates the fate of the Indian.

We in America could not become dreamers; nor could we become in the beginning poets and philosophers of the type that Germany produces. Germany has been the stepchild of history up to the time when under William I. German national unity was melted on the anvil of war and battle. Having been denied national unity in political organization, the German soul found refuge and solace in a spiritual unity—the poetry of the Fatherland. The German has a Fatherland not built of timber. His Fatherland was constructed of ideas and of ideals. He became a dreamer and a poet. The American people could not become poetic because it had to conquer for a new civilization a new continent. The work was incessant and the work was imperative. The ocean was a gaping chasm. The Old World could

not of what little surplus it had give readily to the New World. Months and months elapsed before the daring sailor ran into port. The American people were forced to rely upon their own energies, and they had to utilize this store to its utmost in unrelenting combat against nature. That made the American people a nation of doers. Perhaps some of us like to "do" even at the present time in a sense in which I would not have you take that word. But on the whole the Americans are doers—they do things.

A second consequence of this consideration is that having to conquer a continent and having but few men to do it with, we came to look upon human life as something exceedingly valuable and human hands as something exceedingly precious. And as the knowledge that we had paucity of hands to do what we had to do grew upon us, our national genius developed into an inventive faculty possessed by no other people of the world. We are inventors. What is the propelling motive of making inventions? In China they have had no inventions since they discovered powder. Why not? Because China has a superabundance of human hands. And wherever human hands are cheap the inventive genius cannot unfold its wings; but where human hands are dear and scarce man is compelled to exercise his ingenuity to save human hands and to accomplish work at the cheapest outlay of human hands, and that accounts for the wonderful mechanical genius characteristic of our nation. We have not had hands to build pyramids, but if we had had the pyramids to build today we should have invented machinery for that pur-

pose; in fact when you go to New York you see they have the machinery. They are running up the skyscrapers—the American pyramids. In the land of the Pharaoh's they didn't invent machinery. Occasionally you read in books that they must have had tremendous engines for transporting those monolithic monsters, but that is a conclusion that I will not allow. They had millions of men under the lash of slavery to drag, for many and many months over roads constructed for that purpose, one huge stone. Their king's wished to preserve their bodies after their death; therefore they wanted to erect monumental sepulchres for themselves that would outlast centuries, and desiring this they ordered millions of slaves to make bricks without straw, to put brick upon brick until the pyramid rose to its height. Human hands were plenty in Egypt, they were cheap. But in America there were few hands, and this lack of hands compelled the American mind to develop its inventive genius. And so we have conquered our continent. We have a population in our land now scarcely larger than that which teems in Germany, and yet we are masters of the continent and are about to become masters of two oceans. We have accomplished this because we have few hands, because this scarcity of hands compelled us to find a substitute for human energy in the energy of the machine. The machine, therefore, has played a considerable part in our national history.

You are patriotic descendants of the men that fought the war of the Revolution. That war, of course, was the gateway to our national existence. In that war for

the first time, perhaps, the Colonists found that whatever their difference of origin may have been, they were under one destiny and therefore under one duty. Here those that were children of the Pilgrims, side by side with the descendants of the Huguenots, and again keeping step with the children of Germany that had settled in Germantown, battled for a common cause, and on the battlefield, even in the Revolutionary period, the national instinct began to assert itself.

But, after all, we were not a complete nation until the great war of the Rebellion. A great many, especially in the southern lands, when asked what they were, would proudly reply, "We are South Carolinians." Have you ever thought why that was? The mystery is easily lifted. In the South they had slave labor, and my claim is that on account of the scarcity of hands the peculiar American genius developed. The South had at that time no provocation to develop a peculiar genius along American lines. I say this not in a spirit of belittling the virtues of the Southerners. I know that many and many a deed of valor, certainly the spirit of chivalry, is credited to them in the ledger of history; but my point is this: having at their ready disposal plenty of hands they treasured excessively the consciousness of their individuality, making no allowance for the full play of the larger life upon them. They were somewhat of the spirit of the baronial feudal lords of Europe who, also proud of their native manor, were the obstacle wherever they were found to national development and national assertion of national power. In the North, when this West had to be

conquered, the scarcity of hands made itself felt, and it was really the West that saved the Union, heroic as were the contributions to that work of redemption and salvation on the part of the Eastern states. What led the armies to victory was, of course, the genius of Grant, the patriotism of Lincoln, but still the invention of agricultural implements made it possible for the young men of the West to leave the plow and shoulder the musket. The South was defeated by the Deerings' inventions. These made it possible to harvest wheat here in the West to feed the nation, so that the boys could go forth knowing that starvation would not be left behind, to battle against those who with slavery limited Nature's boundary and confined the products of their promising lands to the raising of cotton. It was the inventor of agricultural implements that defeated the cotton gin, and the cotton gin again rendered slavery antiquated and obsolete. Take the proper view-point of history, and of American history especially and you will discover abundant evidence that the inventive genius of the American nation always played into the hands of American national destiny, into the hands of American national glory.

We have heard tonight the story, so plainly and yet so pathetically told, of the Christmas Eve in the camp of the American Army of Occupation in Cuba. We were assured that that hymn was the hymn of the Catholic church, the battle-cry of the old Puritans, and as such was the religious re-dedication of the whole American army in that eventful and most suggestive hour. But one thing you were not told: that the Puritan

hymn and the Catholic song are echoes, literally taken, from the book of the ancient Hebrews. (Applause.)

“Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid.”

That fell from the lips first of a Hebrew prophet. Why do I introduce this? Not because the Hebrew sense of ability of mind is clamoring for recognition. That is foreign to my intention. I am an American here (applause), and I take no exception to any description of America that seemingly omits making allowance for my presence as a Jew. But why do I mention this? To draw your attention to the other fact: that there is a wonderful concurrence between the old Hebrew or biblical spirit and the spirit of America—a wonderful concurrence. The strain of Puritan life that runs through American institutions and which is the American soul, is, after all, but an echo of the vocalized heart-string of Israel.

Now, Israel had in small compass the same experience as the American nation. Israel that conquered the land of Canaan had been disciplined in the hard school of privation. We speak of the land of Palestine as “a land flowing with milk and honey.” Poetic license, friends! Even when it flourished it was not a land flowing with milk and honey. By contrast with the desert it was. That waste through which the tribes had pilgrimmed, thirsting and hungry, gave to the poetic inspiration of their prophets the suggestion that the new land was a land of plenty. Hunger had been the daily guest of the people in the desert. Here, at least,

biting hunger was disarmed. Thirst had been night and day their lash. Here at least the scourge was taken out of the hand of this, their arch enemy. And so they spoke of the land of Palestine as a "land flowing with milk and honey." But the stones of Palestine begrudged man the fruitage of his labor. Inch by inch the soil had to be conquered, and even when the seed had sprouted the storm would come and undo in a brief moment of wrath the work of many painful months by man. Hail and torrent swept away and crushed to pulp that which for the farmer had been the solace of his uneasy nights and the hope of the glaring days. And then the locust came. Famine was always to be dreaded, and drought was always a possibility to be calculated with. But this made the ancient Hebrew a doer and a worker. He could not be a dreamer. And that gave the characteristic distinction to ancient Hebrew civilization when it is compared with that of Rome and of Greece and of Assyria and of Egypt. In Egypt we have the house of bondage, not merely because the Hebrews were slaves there, but because the Egyptians themselves were slaves. In Palestine we hear the first vocalization of liberty and the first recognition that "a man's a man, for a' that!" There the proclamation went forth of the equality of all men under the watchful care and by the divine appointment of the one God. This all because they had to work, and thus they conceived even of their God as a worker. Read the opening chapter of Genesis as you will, accept it as literal revelation of what took place when Time was not and Time began to be, or

construe it, as some of us will, as beautiful poetic legends expressive of certain eternally true thoughts, this will strike you: the God of that chapter works, and as He works so He has consecrated labor. No other god works. Do the gods of the Greeks work? They drink nectar, and quaff ambrosia, and indulge in intrigues, but the God of Israel works and labors. That was the Magna Charta of Hebrew freedom, incorporated in Genesis, the freedom through labor and freedom to labor. And as the Israelitish nation under the discipline of society developed these ideas and ideals, so under the discipline of necessity the American nation developed the same ideas; and hence the concurrence in spirit between the Puritan and the Hebrew, and hence the fact that is again characteristic of the American soul, that is again a manifestation of the American spirit, the deep religiousness of the American nation. That cannot be denied. The skeptics of Europe call this hypocrisy and cant. They do not understand the character of the American when they charge him with hypocrisy. No, there is a deep and strong religious fervor pervading the American people, and they who fail to reckon with this will live to see their plans, however ambitious, defeated, and they who outrage the deep religiosity of the American nation will live to regret their presumption. This is a religious nation, for it is attuned to the same key as was the soul of ancient Israel, and hence the American patriot, as did our army in Cuba, will sing, moved to proclamation of the faith that is in him, when his patriotic ardor is at its highest, that old Puritan hymn,

for it is the battle-cry of his freedom, it is the prediction of his destiny,

“Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed.”

There is faith in the American nation. That faith cannot be uprooted and must not be uprooted, for destiny for the American nation spells duty. That we owe to our Puritan ancestors and to our Hebrew progenitors. The consonance of the Hebrew spirit and of the American spirit is vital and is striking. We believe that we are chosen of God. The American nation is chosen—chosen after it has accomplished its task of reclaiming this western bride for civilization—to proclaim its principles to the whole world. We need not fear, we need not be dismayed. Our principles will conquer the world. And as we have found the solution of life in liberty and duty, so through us must the world be brought to the recognition of these high and vital essentials of truth—liberty and duty, conscientiousness and consecration to obligation and responsibility. We are a chosen nation. And whoever classes this consciousness of our election as the manifestation of unhealthy national egotism, is not merely a foreigner in the sanctuary of American soul life, he is even a stranger in the ante-room thereto. Yea, we believe in American destiny, but we believe in the destiny of ideas, not in the destiny of conquest. We conquered this continent for us and for our children; we opened the doors to all who could come and be baptized in this spirit. For the world at large we have not the mailed fist; we have the palm-branch of peace, and we show

them that as we conquer nature by invention and through the alliance formed by us with our own ingenuity and the resources that the mountains have held and the rivers hid away from us, so the world at large may make human life dearer by following in the foot-steps of the American nation, leaving machines to do what is machine work, but leaving men free to feel their humanity, to feel the dignity of their life, and to live the noble life of free men, of men responsible for their action to no one but to their conscience, to the law, and to their God above. That is the American conquest now beginning throughout the world, and wherever you see an American sewing machine, an American typewriter, an American automobile, an American bicycle, you have the indications of a conquest of America, not for material gain but for the spiritual and the intellectual emancipation of the whole race.

A continent was ours, not a small county or a contracted country. Therefore the American soul began to be large and is becoming larger and larger.

Tolerance is another manifestation of the American spirit. Not the tolerance that presumes to have the right to exclude and to persecute—that is wrong tolerance, such tolerance implies that the tolerated is after all a nuisance—but tolerance which recognizes the right to divergence under the consecration of a common purpose.

No one is as free from prejudice as is the American nation. That is due to the opportunities, to the obligations that were laid upon us to conquer a whole conti-

ment. Wherever prejudice has begun to strike root in America it is certain that it is a foreign importation; and the nearer the border is to Europe and the more hospitable the border town is to European Counts and no-accounts the more intense is the prejudice they are beginning to develop. You have no prejudice in the interior of America; it was unknown thirty or forty years ago all over America. If today, here and there, ugly manifestations are visible of the American spirit of prejudice, it is clearly due to the closer contact, perhaps the contaminating contact, between Americans and Europeans. There are on the eastern border-line of America certain American families who deplore that they are simply Americans. They wish to have titles and coronets, and the money earned by the father is often spent for the purchase of that questionable asset a foreign title. In those circles where the foreign titles prevail, and where good American girls are sold into slavery, and worse than slavery, to French Counts and no-accounts—in those circles also you have an exhibition of prejudice—prejudice against the Jews, prejudice against the German, prejudice against each other, prejudice against the common people. We must agree that these people are justified in keeping, among other things, the Jews at a safe distance. For, mind you, these families pretend to be aristocrats, yet they know but very little of their history, and what little they know of their history they are very careful not to divulge, for they would have to acknowledge that their grandfather was, perhaps, a very honest Irish oyster-huckster or a German fur-trapper, and that is not to the taste of a third

generation who wish to be what the descendants of the noble families are in Europe. They even search the old documents of the Office of Heraldry in London and elsewhere to discover that they are really descendants of some noble duke of some kind of European pretensions.

When I was on the Library Board of the City of Chicago, scarce a week passed by but we received requests to purchase all sorts of books on Heraldry, because the applicant was sure that he would find that he was in the sixteenth degree a descendant of some English king or some Scandinavian lord.

And so these people in the East have to be careful not to divulge the extreme brevity of their family traditions. Now they are to meet on an equality a Jewish woman of refinement. Well, that Jewish woman, perhaps, could, if she made the attempt, trace her history back over eighteen centuries and establish a possible connection with that other Jewish woman who was the most blessed of all blessed mothers in giving birth to Him whom most of men have acclaimed as the Lord, and whom all men will crown because of his passion for humanity, his love for his fellows, in whom was a heart as pure as ever beat, a soul as divine as ever took lodgment in human form and mortal shape. Now, of course, it wont do for our new aristocrat to receive on a footing of equality this Jewish woman, with eighteen centuries of history behind her, when she has only a lot of pretension to her credit, and three generations, the first of whom she has to be careful to hide away.

Now this spirit is not American—it is absolutely un-American. We must counteract that spirit, and we have in America an institution that will counteract it, and therefore we must combine to keep that institution intact—and that is the Public School. Just because we are descendants of various races, because we come to this country with traditions that differ, because we have home languages that are not identical, we need some agency to counteract these distracting influences and in their stead to energize the influences that make for the common conscience of a common and a noble American manhood and womanhood.

You cannot inculcate prejudices after a child has learned in the plastic years that, after all, virtue is not a possession exclusively of one set of people, and vice is not the characteristic feature of one group of people. When the children of the rich and the poor, when the children of the learned and the unlearned, when those who work with their heads and those who work with their hands, find their children under the same school discipline, seated on the same bench, learning from the same reader, reciting the same lessons of glorious American history, invoking the same blessing of the American men like Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, Webster, and Roosevelt, then we have the guaranty that no matter what the deleterious influences may be that make up prejudice and caste presumption, they will always be recognized as of exotic origin and as being contradictory to the American Spirit, the spirit of tolerance, the spirit that recognizes the right to differ. As long as there is the resolution to co-oper-

ate under the American destiny and for American duties, that exotic spirit is not the American spirit, but is treason to the flag and promises to undo the work of the builders of this nation unless a timely halt is called.

And now, finally, is this American soul altogether materialistic? Is the emblem of the American ideal the dollar sign? In Europe they say it is; they say we Americans worship gold, that we Americans worship success, and especially in latter years many European writers have raised the contention that the hunger for gold, the passion for success is today enslaving in ever greater degree the American nation. Certain it is that there are symptoms that indicate the very contrary. America is not merely mine and mill, it is not merely foundry and forest, it is not merely stock exchange and slaughter house. We have today American universities, we have today American libraries, we have today American art museums. Who founded them? No government. In Europe the government is the patron, in Europe the government endows these institutions. We are developing American music, and in the large centers of American population we have temples erected for the worship of musical ministry, in the service of musical culture. Who endows these centers? The American people, again. Again, where is a nation so benevolent—so benevolent on so large a scale—as is the American nation? Whenever a cry of distress is heard, spontaneously the American rushes to the rescue. Whenever earthquake or any other terrific power of Nature reminds man that after all his dominion is

not yet definitely established; whenever rush forth the destructive lava, or from the sky leaps the hungry lightning eager for prey and slaughter, the American people run to help those that have felt the blow and whisper into the ears of those about to despair, the message of hope. They re-inforce them with the appeal of courage. Is such a nation materialistic?

But let us for the moment forget these things. Let us agree, and more than agree, that the American people are anxious to control the resources of nature. Money is, after all, only the tribute that nature pays for its own enslavement, and money always represents slavery, the labor spent in putting the manacles on the hands of the demons that operate against man through the forces of Nature. Let us agree that we love money—and we all do; but why does the American love money? Is he like the great men of Florence in the medieval times—a sybarite—either sensual or even intellectual? Does he love money or display? No. Is he the spendthrift that prizes money for what it can buy to tickle the palate with? I know that there are a few of this kind found on the seaboard largely, where the American spirit is diluted by too great a dose of European ingredients; but throughout the American nation, with the exception of a few plague spots, we cannot say that money has yet un-nerved the nation or has emaciated its moral characteristic and its moral strength. Why does the American love money, and what does money represent to him? It represents to him power, energy. The American loves

money not to enjoy it, but to employ it again for higher work and greater work of civilization.

Now, this thirst for power accounts also for the firm element in the American spirit to which I would call your attention—the spirit of optimism. The American knows that he can do things; he values the things that the doing brings to him, the power. Therefore he feels that no matter what may come, he is equal to the occasion, and because we are optimistic we can solve every perplexity and answer every problem that will arise. Great problems are arising—we know it. Under the complex civilization that has developed we have naturally created situations more rapidly than the development of law, for instance, could take cognizance of. And thus while industry and economic complications have entirely, seemingly, outstripped the old individualistic age, our law largely is based on the idea of freedom of contract between individuals. These complications are grave. These perplexities are exceedingly harassing, but we shall solve them. I do not fear that we shall fail. A nation that has conquered a continent, a nation that has established its independence, a nation that has eliminated slavery, a nation that has preserved the Union when so many elements seemed to predict disunion's victory, that nation will also on the broad basis of equality in function, of regard for the humanity of every man, solve the great industrial and economic problem.

And our nation is sober withal, it is not drunk with success. We have solved through the ballot-box problems that other nations scarcely dare approach in the

council of expert students. We decide questions that puzzle specialists in the lines of finance. When the Free Silver issue was on, a German of some prominence as a student of economics paid us a visit. He himself was a member of the German Congress or Reichstag, and out of his own lips I heard his amazement that a nation could risk to decide such a question by decision through the ballot-box. But I took him to the reading room of the Chicago Public Library, and without comment I said, "Peep over the shoulders of these men who are reading here," and he took my advice and came back. He said, "I know now why the American people can risk their experiment. Among the men that I watched here, reading, ninety-nine out of a hundred were engaged in studying treatises on finance." Laboring men, clerks, men engaged in the lower ranks of the commercial army sat there and studied. They studied not out of curiosity; they studied because they felt it was their duty as citizens to try and run down to its ultimate elements this problem, and then to give their decision. A nation so constituted with that spirit of earnest hopefulness will never know failure. will never know defeat.

Of course, we are sometimes too optimistic in our political life, for instance. The reaction against this optimism is plainly visible. We have believed that our cities will take care of themselves and the result is that they have not been taken care of. Our municipalities, are, perhaps, an accusation against our over-indulgence in optimism. We believed that we always had patriots in our city councils. We believed that we

always had patriots as the executive officers of our city administrations. We woke up one day to find that our belief was an illusion. But we shall even solve that problem of municipal administration. Not only the old spirit of America, but that American spirit of hopeful energy and of the energy of hopefulness will be kept alive within us. And Societies like yours, that treasure traditions, that have the consciousness of historic obligation, contribute mightily towards keeping the stream of American idealism pure and limpid.

Ah, happy we Americans; be our fathers among those who fought when the flag was young; or be our fathers among those who merely, like Moses, standing on a high mountain of prospect, looked longingly across the ocean into the land of promise and were happy that their sons could cross the Atlantic and make their home here under the gracious folds of our flag; be our mother tongue whatever it may be—rude accents of Semitic gutturals, or the softer sibilance of southern France, the strong words of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, or the more fluent sibilance of Celtic speech—whatever be our mother tongue, here in America the old Pentecostal miracle is taking place. The tongues of fire leaping from Heaven will enable each American, though in the cradle he heard a divergent dialect, to understand his full Americanism.

And so we Americans ought to be grateful that to us has come a privilege—the privilege of obligation. In our hands is a trust—a trust for all humanity. We have conquered this nation, not for ourselves alone, but for all the children of men. And as to us that

starry banner speaks of light in the night, as its red blushes recall the rising sun and its white the innocence of American womanhood, so may that flag under our guardianship float out across the oceans, and wherever it unfolds its drapery may those who are enslaved take new courage and those who enslave feel new terror.

The free American, with the American spirit, is the prediction and the pledge of free men the world over. (Great applause.)

Music by the Quartette.

GOVERNOR TORRANCE: Certainly it has been a very great pleasure and a treat for us to have Rabbi Hirsch with us this evening, and to listen to his very eloquent, instructive and patriotic address. All I need say or can say is that the intense and unbroken interest paid to his address by every one here tonight is the highest tribute that could be offered to its excellence and merit.

And now, before we retire to the dining room to partake of refreshments, I trust you will tarry a few moments and avail yourselves of the opportunity of personally meeting the Rabbi.

The Social Court closed by singing "America."

After the adjournment the members and their guests repaired to the dining room where a buffet lunch was served and an hour of very pleasant and agreeable social intercourse was indulged in.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GENERAL COURT

AT THE RESIDENCE OF

CHARLES PHELPS NOYES,

119 Virginia Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

December 20, 1906.

The General Court of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Minnesota for the year, 1906, convened at the residence of Mr. Charles Phelps Noyes, 119 Virginia Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota, on the evening of December 20, at 8 o'clock.

The proceedings were as follows:

The meeting was opened by music from a male Quartette, consisting of,

Harry E. George,

J. E. McCaffrey,

W. E. Geddes,

E. E. Woodworth.

In the absence of the Chaplain, prayer was offered by Rev. Edward Craig Mitchell.

All joined in singing the usual Hymn, "Adeste Fideles."

GOVERNOR ELL TORRANCE: Gentlemen, this is an annual General Court of the Society. Heretofore it has usually been strictly a business meeting, and held at the office of the Secretary. Through the courtesy of Ex-Governor Charles Phelps Noyes we were invited to make his home our meeting-place this evening, to transact the business incident to the meeting,

to be followed by some social and intellectual features that will be a little out of the ordinary so far as this annual meeting is concerned, and will be very much appreciated by us all. I congratulate you upon the happy evening that is before you, and I express for you to our host our appreciation of his kindness.

Music by the Quartette.

GOVERNOR ELL TORRANCE: The first order of business will be the report of the Treasurer.

MR. WALTER FREDERICKS MYERS read his report as Treasurer as follows:

SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS

in the

STATE OF MINNESOTA.

Treasurer's Report for the Year Ending Dec. 20, 1906.

RECEIPTS.

Annual Dues	\$645.00
Initiation Fees	180.00
Life Membership Fees.....	150.00
Annual Dinner	196.00
Supplemental Applications	24.00
Rosettes	4.00
Genealogical Work	7.00
Loans	275.00
Balance on Hand Dec. 28 1905.....	83.29
Total	<hr/> \$1,564.29

DISBURSEMENTS.

Entertainments*	\$869.42
Flowers	98.00
Printing	112.51
Secretary's Office, Postage, &c.....	22.20
Official Stenographer	117.50
Application Blanks	1.50
Insurance	6.94
Genealogical Work	20.50
Rosettes	5.30
Dues to General Society.....	25.00
Loans and Interest.....	280.25
Balance on Hand Dec. 20, 1906....	5.17

Total	\$1,564.29

Respectfully submitted,

WALTER FREDERICKS MYERS,

Treasurer.

In connection with the Report of the Treasurer, there was submitted the Report of the Auditing Committee, as follows:

“To the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Minnesota.

The undersigned being the Committee duly appointed to examine the books and accounts of Walter Fredericks Myers Treasurer of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Minnesota for the year ending December 20th 1906, hereby report that we have examined the same and that we find all the books and

accounts of the Treasurer to be correct and in proper form, and in accordance with the report this day submitted by him to this Society.

Yours very truly,

KENNETH CLARK,

WILLIAM BECKWITH GEERY.

Dated St. Paul Minnesota December 20th, 1906."

Thereupon the Treasurer's Report was accepted and approved.

GOVERNOR ELL TORRANCE: The next order of business is the election of Officers, and I will appoint as tellers,

Mr. Frederick Miles Catlin,

Mr. Edwin Sedgwick Chittenden.

Thereupon the ballots were distributed and the vote taken, and the tellers reported that the total number of votes cast was thirty-two for each of the following gentlemen, namely:

GOVERNOR—Edward Charles Stringer.

DEPUTY GOVERNOR—George Henry Daggett.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR—Hon. Edwin Ames Jaggard.

SECRETARY—William Gardner White.

TREASURER—Walter Fredericks Myers.

REGISTRAR—Arthus Ross Rogers.

HISTORIAN—Paul Doty.

GENEALOGIST—Edward Blake Young.

CHANCELLOR—Hon. Loren Warren Collins.

CHAPLAIN—Rt. Rev. Samuel Cook Edsall, D. D.

SURGEON—Jehiel Weston Chamberlin, M. D.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL.

Term ending 1909.

Jesse Ashton Gregg,
Frank Fayette Fletcher,
Edward Hutchins Cutler.

COMMITTEES.

Membership Committee.

Charles Phelps Noyes, (Chairman)
William Beckwith Geery, (Secretary)
Jacob Stone,
Frederick Delos Monfort,
Robert Irving Farrington.

Committee on Historical Documents.

McNeil Vernam Seymour, (Chairman)
Hon. Henry Burleigh Wenzell, (Secretary)
John Townsend,
Robert Bunker Coleman Bement,
John Walker Adams.

GOVERNOR ELL TORANCE: Gentlemen in accordance with the vote announced by the Tellers, I declare the several gentlemen named duly elected as the officers of the Society and members of the respective committees for the ensuing year, and by the same authority I also declare the gentlemen named as members of the Council elected for the term of three years.

Music by the Quartette.

GOVERNOR ELL TORANCE: Gentlemen, for two years I have had the honor of serving you as Governor, and I now avail myself of the privilege of resuming my place in the ranks. It is a matter of regret to us all that the Governor-elect is not able to be present this evening. It gives me great pleasure to now present to you His Excellency, George Henry Daggett, Deputy Governor, who will preside during the remainder of this meeting.

As Deputy Governor Daggett came forward, the retiring Governor said: Mr. Daggett, I am happy to greet you and give you the best chair. (Applause.)

DEPUTY GOVERNOR DAGGETT: Gentlemen of the Society, I suppose I could not show my good sense better than to insist upon the now past-Governor retaining his position in his usual graceful manner. I have already tried to do so and failed signally.

I see that the next order of business is the address to which we are to listen tonight and I shall not attempt to make any long introduction, for two reasons. One is that I have not had time, fortunately, to prepare one, and the other is that the Doctor can usually speak for himself. In fact, I can recall but one occasion when he ever tried to fall back upon another. If I remember, it was shortly after his return from the Old Country, one Sunday evening, and he had given a lecture on what Baedeker said he ought to see; and immediately after the close, one of his hypnotized listeners came to him and said, "Doctor if a trip abroad strikes you in that kind of a way, we will try to send

you abroad again." The Doctor turned to him and said, "Yes, yes, talk it up—talk it up." (Laughter.) So giving the Doctor some of his own medicine, we will let him "talk it up" on the subject "An American Chapter in Mediterranean History."

Doctor Shutter was received with applause, and before proceeding to read his paper said:

The paper of this evening, I may say in just a word, was suggested, and some of the materials of it gathered during a stay of two or three days in the City of Algiers, last winter. There are some things here that Baedeker may have in his next edition, but that I don't think he is "on to" yet.

AN AMERICAN CHAPTER IN MEDITERRANEAN HISTORY.

REV. MARION D. SHUTTER, D. D.,

One of the most interesting cities along the African coast of the Mediterranean is Algiers. Its white houses gradually rise from the superb harbor, upon an amphitheater of beautiful hills crowned with palaces. And far beyond the confines of the city, through evergreens, fruit-trees, and vines, gleam snowy villas, surrounded by gardens. A vision of delight is this dazzling city of the sea. The light-house which stands upon a small rocky island to your right, as you enter the harbor, is called the Penon' and is one of the few extant histori-

cal structures connecting the Algiers of yesterday with the Algiers of to-day; the Algiers of Turks and Arabs with the Algiers of the French; the Algiers of pirates with the Algiers of modern commerce. The tower which forms the basis of this light-house was the old bastion and fortress built by the Spanish in 1510 for the reduction of the city; the Penon itself and the jetty which connects it with the mainland date from 1544 and are the work of Hassan Pasha. Above the entrance is still seen the coat of arms of Spain, carved in the stone, while the tower itself is of Moorish architecture. The inner harbor had already been constructed in 1518, under the reign of Khair-ed-din by Christian slaves and is all the more distinctly a memorial of the dark and cruel times which dragged out so many generations in Algiers. But the light in the Moorish tower no longer sends out its baleful rays to guide the craft of the corsair to safety; it welcomes with its benignant radiance the vessels of all nations to a haven of peace. Thus are the past and present linked.

Then, too, the city today has two distinct quarters which shelter two distinct civilizations,—the old Arab and the modern French. The former quarter which extends from the streets which form the basis of Modern Algiers up to the Casbah—the remains of the palace and fortress of the Deys of Algiers. These Deys were invested with governorship by the Sultan of Turkey; but, in spite of their allegiance to him, they were substantially independent. This Casbah where they dwelt was a magnificent palace, fitted up with every luxury and protected by 200 guns. It contained the government

offices, courts for such justice as was administered, rooms for taking testimony by torture, and dungeons for prisoners of state. A separate building was reserved for the Dey's harem and household. The whole was surrounded with splendid gardens and enclosed by a mighty wall. To-day a broad road cuts through the gardens and walks and walls of the Casbah, and such of the buildings as remain have degenerated into a barracks for infantry. A few of the rooms, however, have been restored, and give one a faint idea of the state in which dwelt the robber chiefs of that time of Algerian predominance, when the most civilized nations of the world paid tribute to this petty and piratical sovereignty.

The old Arab quarter is separated from the Casbah—from which it still takes its name—by the road which I have just mentioned. The streets in this part of the city are very narrow and irregular—so narrow that the overhanging windows almost touch, and that two persons trying to pass below are in danger of becoming wedged between opposite walls; so irregular and crooked that it is almost impossible to tread the labyrinth without a guide. The houses are nearly all painted white and very closely resemble each other, “the only apparent distinctions being the carvings of the street door and the marble or stone of the arcade encircling the door.” The Moorish houses, when one gets into them, display inside an open square court, surrounded on all sides by arcades, with pillars supporting an upper gallery. They are light and airy as the streets are dark and close. The shops are cave-like apertures

which seems almost to have been scooped out of the walls of the houses, and are open to the street. The various trades are carried on in full view of the passers-by. Here a man will be hammering a design on copper or brass vessels; another just at hand will be embroidering ladies' slippers or waistcoats for men; here a jeweler will be making rings and brooches; yonder sits a merchant cross-legged among his cloths and rugs; while near at hand the vendor of vegetables or fish awaits his customers.

"The streets," says one, "seem a curious rendezvous for Old Testament patriarchs and the actors in the Arabian Nights. The idlers on the floor of a Moorish cafe over their coffee and draughts group themselves like a picture of Joseph's brethren; it might be Abraham or Isaac who is driving the flock of brown goats or asses which push you off the pavement."

And as for the Arabian Nights, you meet the characters everywhere,—the Porters, Aladdin, and especially the Forty Thieves,—more than forty; fifty, sixty of them in a single day. The modern part of the city it would be idle to describe. The sixty or seventy thousand French who dwell here have made this quarter of the city a second Paris.

I.

THE FRENCH OCCUPATION.

But while such a description would be superfluous, it might be interesting to spend a moment on the French occupation of Algiers.

When you visit the Casbah, they will point out to you on the right of the entrance within the citadel the pavilion where the incident occurred which finally transferred the city and territory to the dominion of France. During the wars of Napoleon, the Dey of Algiers had supplied grain for the French armies. It was bought by the merchants of Marseilles, but there was a dispute about the matter which was unsettled as late as 1829. Several payments had been made; but the Dey demanded settlement in full according to his own figures which the French government thought were exorbitant, and insisted on an investigation. In one of the numerous debates on the subject, Hussein Pasha, the reigning Dey, became very angry, struck the French Consul with a fan which he held in his hand, and ordered him out of the house. This episode took place in the pavilion of the Casbah, which the guide points out. The Dey refused to make any reparation or apology for the insult, even on the formal demand of the French government. There was thus no alternative but war. Early in 1830, an army of 34,000 men, commanded by General Bourmont and Admiral Duperre, landed at Sidi Ferruch. Against these disciplined troops, the Dey hurled a mob of forty or fifty thousand who broke and scattered at the first onset, like a wave against a rock. In little more than an hour, the battle was over and the French were victorious. By the terms of the capitulation, on July 4, 1830, the French became possessed of the city of Algiers and the forts and harbors depending on it. No mention was made at this time of the provinces or of the

native tribes over which the authority of the Dey was little else than nominal. Owing to this circumstance, after troubles arose. A sort of guerrilla warfare was carried on year after year against the French; but there was one chief in particular, Abd-el-Kader, Dey of Mascara, who showed the most stubborn resistance, coupled with great military skill; and it was not until December, 1847, that, hemmed in on all sides, he yielded himself a prisoner to General Lamorciere. Then the conquest of Algeria was complete. When, in 1871, the French army was withdrawn for the war with Prussia, a general insurrection took place which made it necessary to reconquer a large part of the country; but the troops returned and the work was quickly done. By the end of August, 1871, the authority of France was again supreme. The French have transformed the whole country, developed its resources, established settled industry, expanded its commerce, and brought it into line with twentieth century civilization.

II.

THE BARBARY PIRATES.

But it is not the glorious record of France in this part of the world, that claims our attention to-day; there is an earlier chapter in Mediterranean—in Algerian—history, written by our own nation, that I wish to recall.

That chapter shines upon the opening pages of the century past. Even in the midst of our progress to-

day—with all our achievements,—we turn back with pride and satisfaction to that early record. It was in the waves of the Mediterranean that our present navy was born; it was on the coast of Africa that our arms and our diplomacy liberated the world from the most galling and degrading servitude that barbarism ever imposed upon civilization!

He who sails the blue waters of the Mediterranean to-day, or who visits the thriving cities that stand white and fair around its shores, can not appreciate—can not believe—the conditions that existed a century ago. After the expulsion of the Moors from Spain and the general breaking up of the great Moorish kingdoms of the middle ages, this region had fallen under the nominal control of the Sultans of Turkey. Thousands of refugees from Spain mingled with the wretched populations, and all became the prey of banditti. Says John Fiske:

“Swarms of half-savage chieftains settled down upon the land like locusts, and out of such a pandemonium of robbery and murder as has scarcely been equalled in historic times, the pirate states of Morocco and Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, finally emerged.”

These lands now cursed with the meanest despotisms on earth, had once been rendered illustrious by the genius of Hannibal and the virtues of St. Augustine. The waves that were now ploughed by pirate craft and reddened with innocent blood, had once borne with pride the merchant ships of Phoenicia and Egypt, the

galleys of Greece and Rome,—while they washed the shores of every civilization of the ancient world. The things done daily by the robber chieftains now supreme—to use the phrase of Mr. Fiske:

“Were such as to make a civilized imagination recoil with horror. One of these cheerful creatures”—he continues—“who reigned in the middle of the eighteenth century and was called Muley Abdallah, especially prided himself on his peculiar skill in mounting a horse. Resting his left hand upon his horse’s neck, as he sprang into the saddle he simultaneously swung the sharp scimeter in his right hand so deftly as to cut off the head of his groom who held the bridle. From his behavior in these sportive moods, one may judge what he was capable of on serious occasions. He was a fair sample of the Barbary monarchs.”

While you are at the Casbah in Algiers, they will show you the throne-room where the Dey held his assizes. A chain is suspended across it. It is the chain upon which hung the heads of executed Christian and other slaves, and here they were exposed for twenty-four hours,—doubtless to impress all beholders with the justice of the Dey—after which they were given to the Turkish soldiers who played foot-ball with them in the court-yard of their quarters. At the museum in Algiers, you will find another testimonial to the character of these pirate kings. About the middle of the sixteenth century, St. Geronimo was captured by the corsairs and taken to the city. The Dey ordered him to be buried in mortar, and left there while the mortar

hardened. The fort in which he suffered martyrdom was demolished in 1853, and among the ruins, in a block of concrete, the skeleton of Geronimo was found. The bones were buried in the Cathedral, but the model formed by the body may be seen in the museum to-day. Such were the lords of the African coast and rulers of the Mediterranean.

“The foreign policy of these wretches,” to quote some further words from Mr. Fiske, “was summed up in piracy and blackmail. Their corsairs swept the Mediterranean and ventured far out upon the ocean, capturing merchant vessels, and murdering or enslaving their crews. Of the rich booty, a fixed proportion was paid over to the robber sovereign, and the rest was divided among the gang. So lucrative was this business that it attracted hardy ruffians from all parts of Europe, and the misery they inflicted upon mankind during four centuries was beyond calculation. One of their favorite practices was the kidnapping of eminent or wealthy persons, in the hope of extorting ransom. Cervantes and Vincent de Paul were among the celebrated men who thus tasted the horrors of Moorish slavery.”

These were the conditions one hundred years ago upon this smiling sea and around these sunny shores!

III.

THE ATTITUDE OF EUROPE.

There were only two ways in which safety could be

secured: one was by sending an armed convoy with the merchant ships, the other was by the payment of tribute to the Barbary kings. The idea of sending warships to destroy the pirates and bombard their cities does not seem to have occurred to any European power. Most of them preferred paying tribute.

It seems utterly incredible that France renewed a treaty with Algiers in 1788, for fifty years, agreeing to pay a large sum down, \$200,000 annually, besides large presents to be distributed according to custom every ten years,—to purchase freedom for her commerce. Spain paid for her peace with Algiers, from first to last, from three to five millions of dollars. England sent an annual tribute of \$280,000. This was all the more inexcusable on the part of England, for she was strong enough on the sea to have put an end to the whole disgraceful and outrageous business. But there is reason to believe that she preferred to have this piracy exist, and was willing to purchase immunity for herself that the commerce of weaker competitors might be destroyed. London merchants used to say to Franklin that “if there were no Algiers, it would be worth England’s while to build one.” Even Lord Sheffield published a pamphlet in 1783, in which he said:

“It is not probable the American states will have a very free trade in the Mediterranean; it will not be to the interest of any of the great maritime powers to protect them there from the Barbary States. If they know their interests, they will not encourage the Americans to be carriers—that the

Barbary States are advantageous to the maritime powers is obvious. If they were suppressed, the little states of Italy, etc., would have much more of the carrying trade. The French never showed themselves worse politicians than in encouraging the late armed neutrality. * * * The armed neutrality would be as hurtful to the great maritime powers as the Barbary States are useful. The Americans can not protect themselves from the latter; they can not pretend to a navy."

The selfish and satanic spirit of these sentences characterized the greatest power in the world at that time; murder our competitors and leave us free to range the sea alone! It is true the Americans could not, at that time, "pretend to a navy"; but it was not many years before they had one; and that navy was created for the specific purpose of making a protest for themselves and the world against the abominable piracy at which England connived. No darker blot is upon the flag of that great Empress of the sea; no brighter star in the blue of that banner before which the roving robbers of the Mediterranean went down forever. Let us tell the story.

IV.

AMERICAN NEGOTIATIONS.

One of the saddening reflections to the traveler, as he lands at Algiers and walks through its streets, is that less than one hundred years ago, American vessels were brought captive into the beautiful harbor and American

citizens were sold into slavery in the market-place. Those who were not sold into private slavery were made to serve as slaves to the Dey in any labor he chose to assign. In that condition of bondage, many an American citizen wrought till the grave afforded a happy release. Death was preferable to Algerian fetters.

That which happened to the ships and citizens of other nations happened to our own. Especially was this true after the close of the Revolutionary War, when it was understood that our connection with England had been severed. We had to go for a few years through the same processes that other nations did—negotiating treaties and paying to have them observed. In 1785, John Adams who was then in London made a call upon the Tripolitan Ambassador. This functionary announced to Mr. Adams that

“Turkey, Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria and Morocco were the sovereigns of the Mediterranean and that no nation could navigate the sea without a treaty of peace with them.”

But peace, Mr. Adams soon discovered, was an expensive luxury. Among the beatitudes is a blessing pronounced upon the peace-makers; but in the days of the Barbary pirates, a peace-maker had to back his irenic propositions with a subsidy. The Tripolitan Ambassador then proceeded to demand of Mr. Adams, as the lowest price of a perpetual peace, \$150,000 for his employers and a trifling commission of \$15,000 for himself. Tunis would probably treat on the same terms, but he could not answer for Algiers or Morocco. Mr. Adams found

that peace with all four powers would cost at least a million dollars, but he thought it the best thing that could be done. He was opposed to war simply on account of the expense and the inadequacy of our resources. Mr. Jefferson, on the other hand, quite as decidedly preferred war, believing that the resources would develop with the emergency. There was really no difference of opinion between these great men as to the desirability of chastising the pirates. But perhaps Mr. Adams was nearer right. The nation at this time was not in a condition for war. We had just emerged, exhausted and disorganized, from the Revolution. The Federal Union had not yet been formed. We were four years from the adoption of a Constitution. So the opinion in favor of pacific negotiations prevailed, and the work of treaty-making began. And if ever civilized and honest men had trouble in coming to an understanding with thieves and barbarians, that trouble was encountered by the American commissioners in dealing with the Barbary pirates. They respected nothing and would respect nothing, as we finally found, but a war-ship with shotted guns. And the war-ship had to come at last!

It was in 1785 that Mr. Adams had his interview with the Tripolitan Ambassador. Two years later, in 1787, a treaty had been concluded with the Emperor of Morocco for \$10,000. He was cheap. An attempt was then made to come to an understanding with the Dey of Algiers, and to redeem a number of American captives who were then in his hands. But he held his favors high, and the price of ransom was exorbitant.

Some of these prisoners had been for years in slavery. Some of them were doomed to ten years more before their bonds were broken. They wore chains when at their work. Their daily ration was three small loaves of black bread with a little vinegar. They were clothed with rags. At night a tattered blanket was their only covering even in winter. Their narrow and filthy quarters were crowded with vermin. This was the treatment accorded American citizens in the slave-pens of Algiers. In 1793, the number of American prisoners at Algiers had increased to 115—all the while our nation was trying to negotiate, the pirates were at work on the sea—and among the 115 there remained only 10 of the original captives of 1785; all the rest had perished in their chains. This was the humiliation our nation had to bear on account of its weakness, its lack of unity, and its want of a navy. But the day is rapidly coming when the shame and disgrace will be wiped away!

Seeing how futile were the attempts at conciliation, the National House of Representatives, on January 2, 1794, resolved that “a naval force adequate for the protection of the commerce of the United States against the Algerine forces ought to be provided.” Something had happened since John Adams had had his talk with the wily Tripolitan intriguer. The American Union had been formed. A Constitution had been adopted. We were a nation in every sense, with a national honor to sustain. That resolution of Congress was the creative word that called our navy into existence. Nothing remained of the navy of the Revolution, which had done such masterful service under John Paul Jones.

It had entirely disappeared, and its founder was dead in Paris. Under this resolution, authority was given to build six frigates, and to procure ten smaller vessels to be equipped as galleys. Yet such was the dread, among many good citizens and patriotic statesmen, of anything that might become a permanent armament, that a provision was added to the bill that in case a treaty should be concluded with Algiers before the boats were built, work upon them should stop. Without this provision, the resolution would probably not have passed. There are always good people who deem any measures for the preservation of national self-respect a menace to liberty. They are constantly haunted by the vision of a "man on horseback" who will use the army and navy of his country to enslave his fellow-citizens. They forget how often the "man on horseback" has saved his country, and then when the crisis was past has peacefully sent his war-steed to the plough. The negotiations with Algiers still went on, and in September, 1795, a treaty was reached. But it was the old story. We had to pay a large sum to obtain peace, and an annual tribute in order to prevent our vessels being seized in future. The total cost of fulfilling the treaty was \$1,000,000; while nearly \$2,000,000 had been squandered in all in bribing these pirates to respect our flag. The tribute was paid and the prisoners were ransomed—although at the time our commissioners had to borrow the money, at 25 per cent, of a Jewish banker in Algiers. And it took nearly \$200,000 more to purchase treaty protection from Tunis and Tripoli. And then they were not satisfied, as future events were to

prove. They were always on the lookout for some pretext, however trifling, to break their treaties and insult our nation with fresh demands for blackmail. Such were the scoundrel principalities with which Europe had temporized for centuries and which virtually held the United States in vassalage. For that was the black and bitter meaning of the annual tribute our treaty agreed to pay to Algiers. We were shortly to have this fact burned into us a little deeper.

No sooner had the treaty with Algiers been ratified, than some of our statesmen began to clamor, according to the resolution upon that subject, that work upon our battleships must cease. George Washington was President. He rose—as ever—to the occasion. He meant that the work should go on, and that America should have a navy. In a message to Congress, March 15, 1796, he called attention to the loss and disadvantage that would result from abandoning the work already so well begun, so far advanced. Two days later a committee of the Senate reported that

“It will be expedient to authorize the President of the United States to cause to be completed, with all convenient expedition, two of the said frigates of 44 and one of 36 guns.”

And this recommendation was adopted by an act of Congress, April 20, 1796. In his annual message, December of the same year, Washington emphasized the necessity of a navy.

“To an active external commerce, the protection of a naval force is indispensable. * * * From the best information I have been able to obtain, it

would seem as if our trade in the Mediterranean, without a protecting force will always be insecure, and our citizens exposed to the calamities from which numbers of them have been just relieved. These considerations invite the United States to look to the means and to set about the gradual creation of a navy.”

The voice of Washington was decisive; the navy was assured. Three battle-ships were completed and launched the following year,—the UNITED STATES, CONSTITUTION, and CONSTELLATION. This was the beginning of our present navy. These three staunch men of war were first of a long and honorable line. Born out of the exigencies of our commerce in the Mediterranean, our navy has grown through the century, until it ranks as one of the four greatest navies in the world, and has carried our flag into every sea!

By way of digression, it may be interesting to note that the ship CONSTITUTION, which did such splendid service against the pirates and also in the War of 1812 with England, is still in existence, and to be refitted for the sea. In 1830, the Navy department concluded to break her up and sell the timbers, when Oliver Wendell Holmes issued his passionate protest:

“O better that her shattered hulk,
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And that should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of Storms,
The lightning and the gale!”

Since that time, she has been lying in the Boston navy yard, her decks roofed over. Secretary Bonaparte recommended that she be used for a target. But somehow popular sentiment prevails against destroying, in any manner, this relic of our early navy and its achievements. And now the CONSTITUTION is to be devoted to a new career of usefulness.

V.

THE PROTEST OF CAPTAIN BAINBRIDGE.

While we were preparing the means of defending our interests in the Mediterranean, and of protesting against the outrages on our ships and citizens, an incident occurred. We can not think of it today without shame and indignation. It makes an American feel even now, when he reaches Algiers, that he wants to break something,—although the Dey and his pirates long ago rotted in infamy back to dishonored dust.

Captain William Bainbridge, a high-minded gentleman and a brave officer, was sent, in 1800, to take the annual tribute money to the Dey of Algiers, in a national frigate called the GEORGE WASHINGTON. It was humiliating to Captain Bainbridge to have to carry tribute money, and all the more so to have to carry it in a ship that bore such an honored name. But he acted under orders. In a letter to Congress, however, he said:

“I hope I may never agā'n be sent to Algiers with tribute, unless I am authorized to deliver it from the mouth of a cannon!”

The Dey commanded him to carry an Ambassador with messages and presents to the Sultan at Constantinople. When Bainbridge and the American consul remonstrated, the Dey insolently exclaimed:

“English, French and Spanish ships of war have done the same. You pay me tribute because you are my slaves. I have therefore a right to order you as I may think proper!”

And there was no alternative. Bainbridge had to submit. The Dey had spoken the cold, cruel, and insulting truth. A nation that pays tribute is in the position of a conquered province. And that was the position of the United States with reference to Algiers. Bainbridge had to go to Constantinople on business for the Dey of Algiers and carry the Algerine flag at the main—the flag of his country in the second place. In addition to his own crew of 131 men, he had to take the Algerian ambassador and his suite of one hundred negro women and children, four horses, one hundred and fifty sheep, twenty-five horned cattle, four lions, four tigers, four antelopes, twelve parrots, and funds and regalia amounting to \$1,000,000. In addition to the disgrace of it all, there was much discomfort from overcrowding. The religious observances of so large a number of Mohammedans considerably hindered the working of the ship. At their prayers, which were performed five times a day, it was necessary to face towards Mecca; and whenever the ship tacked, they were obliged to change direction accordingly,—sometimes with a suddenness that was disastrous to the

prayer. So that one of their number was stationed at the compass to insure correctness of position. The prayers had to get to Mecca whatever happened; it was of secondary importance that they should get to Heaven. The appearance of the GEORGE WASHINGTON at Constantinople soon brought an officer on board who inquired under what flag the ship sailed. When told, he went ashore to report. He soon returned saying that the government had never heard of such a nation as the United States. Captain Bainbridge then explained that he came from the New World discovered by Columbus. This was satisfactory. That event had penetrated to the far East. The officer returned, bringing tokens of peace. The ship was brought into the inner harbor. The Sultan had seen the vessel as she passed his palace, and noticing the stars on the flag was much impressed. From the fact that his own flag bore one of the heavenly bodies, the moon, he inferred that the two countries must be alike in laws, religion, and customs. The stars must surely be related to the moon. Captain Bainbridge made an excellent impression at Constantinople; and when he sailed away, he bore the good will of the Sultan for himself and the American people. From that time forth, the United States were known in the Turkish capital. But the insult of the Algerian ruffian rankled. Not only did Captain Bainbridge feel it, but the President and the Nation. It was never forgotten nor forgiven. It helped on the final catastrophe of piracy in the Mediterranean. To be called "slaves" and treated as such by the half-savage cut-throat and robber who

masqueraded as a king. was something the temper of the American people would not stand. They have at last found out what a navy is good for and the subject will not again have to be argued. They have found that it is not a menace to freedom, but an instrument for the protection of commerce, for the suppression of violence, robbery, and murder on the ocean, for the maintenance of national honor wherever the waters roll. Look upon the next picture!

VI.

AN ARMED DEMONSTRATION.

It is the year 1801. Washington has been gathered to his fathers, and Thomas Jefferson is President. The robber chiefs of the Barbary States are not content with their treaties. Like Solomon's "daughters of the horse-leech," they are still crying, "Give! Give!" The ruler of Tripoli thinks that he has not made as good a bargain as his fellow-thieves. The Pasha of Tunis feels aggrieved that he has not had as large a present as the Dey of Algiers. So with threats and bluster they demand tribute, tribute, and more tribute! No one had any reason to think that they would keep their solemn promises. William Eaton was right, when he said:

"There is but one language which can be held with these people, and that is **TERROR.**"

What is Jefferson's reply?

Jefferson sends Commodore Dale with a squadron of three frigates and a sloop of war to make a naval de-

monstration on the coast of Barbary. This is his answer, and it is the first time in history that such an answer has been made to the perennial and universal demand for blackmail. What are Commodore Dale's instructions?

“Should you find, on your arrival at Gibraltar, that the Barbary powers have declared war on the United States, you will then distribute your force in such manner * * * as to best protect our commerce and chastise their insolence, by sinking, burning, and destroying their vessels wherever you shall find them.”

This is refreshing. A new leaf has been turned in American history. Those instructions also opened a new era in Mediterranean affairs; and Commodore Dale carried them out to the letter. Upon arriving at Gibraltar, he found two Tripolitan cruisers watching for American vessels. They found some, but not the kind for which they were looking. The frigate Philadelphia blockaded them, while Bainbridge, with the Essex, convoyed our merchantmen in safety to their destined ports. The Commodore himself, in the frigate President, proceeded to cruise off Tripoli, followed by the schooner Experiment, which soon captured a Tripolitan cruiser of 14 guns. after a lively fight.

“All her guns and small arms, with everything else of value, were thrown overboard, and she was sent back to Tripoli an empty hulk.”

twenty of her crew having been killed and thirty wounded while the Experiment sustained no damage

whatever and lost not a single man. Something new under the sun had happened. This was a novel experience. Nothing like this had ever taken place before. The pirate kings began to "sit up and take notice." The Pasha of Tripoli was so enraged by the fate of his cruiser that he took the poor captain, Mohammed Sous, set him backwards on a mule with the tail for a bridle, paraded him thus through the streets of the city, and then had him bastinadoed. The immediate effect of this sort of punishment and the fact that there was a new power in the Mediterranean,—was that it was difficult to man the new cruisers that Tripoli was trying to fit out. Men who had formerly been eager for adventure, when it was all on one side, now took time to think before they risked being sunk in the sea or bastinadoed at home.

"The Barbary powers were, for a time, overawed," says Schouler, "and the United States thus set the first example among Christian nations of making REPRISALS instead of RANSOM the rule of security against these commercial marauders. In this respect, Jefferson's conduct was applauded by men of all parties."

VII.

THE WAR WITH TRIPOLI.

This, however, was but the beginning. There is much more work for the navy to do. The Dey has not yet been sufficiently punished for his insolent demands for tribute, for having cut down the flag-staff over the

American consulate and dismissed the consul. The sea is not yet safe.

A desultory warfare was kept up for several years because our Navy, however efficient, was not yet large and strong enough to end it all by a decisive blow. During these years, however, the Tripolitan cruisers kept pretty close in the harbor. They were practically blockaded. Not many of them ventured out into the open, and piracy upon the seas is carried on by others. The Tripolitan corsairs have all they can attend to at home. From time to time our warships entered the harbor, destroying from first to last, eight or nine of the sheltered vessels and inflicting great damage on the town. Still our force was not strong enough to compel surrender. Then occurred a serious accident which retarded our progress and gave rise to future complications. Captain Bainbridge, who had been compelled to take that trip to Constantinople for the Dey of Algiers, chased a Tripolitan cruiser into shoal water, and was hauling off when his frigate, the Philadelphia, struck a reef at the mouth of the harbor. Every effort was made to float her, but without success; at last she was surrounded by Tripolitan gunboats, and Bainbridge struck his flag. The Tripolitans, after a few days, floated the frigate, and brought her under the guns of the castle. The officers became prisoners of war, and the crew, three hundred or more, were put to hard labor. They were beaten and maltreated by many of their task-masters, and sometimes were bastinadoed. At night they were locked up in their dismal prison. When anything happened to exasperate or enrage the

Tripolitans, they took it out on their captives, who then were subjected to more than their usual allowance of insult and hardship. This went on for nineteen months. To say nothing of the feelings of the prisoners, the loss of the Philadelphia cast a heavy gloom over the little squadron. They could so ill afford the loss, and it seemed to lengthen indefinitely the work they had in hand. But out of that misfortune was born one of the bravest deeds of history.

The Tripolitans had repaired and refitted the captured Philadelphia, and manned her with one hundred guns. The Americans were determined that she should not be used against them. Commodore Preble conceived a plan to render that accidental victory of Tripoli a barren one. The execution he entrusted to a young lieutenant named Stephen Decatur. We shall hear of him again. He was to take a captured Tripolitan craft, re-christened the Intrepid, and with a crew of seventy-five men to sail from Syracuse, enter the harbor of Tripoli at night, board the Philadelphia, and burn her under the castle guns. The order was literally obeyed. Decatur ran into the harbor at 10 o'clock on the night of February 10, 1804; boarded the frigate within half gun-shot of the Pasha's castle, drove the Tripolitan crew overboard, set the ship on fire, remained alongside until the flames were beyond control, and then withdrew without losing a man.

"The success of this enterprise," says Morris, "added much to the reputation of the Navy, both at home and abroad; great credit was given and was justly due to Commodore Preble, who directed

and first designed it, and to Lieutenant Decatur, who volunteered to execute it, and to whose coolness, self-possession, resource, and intrepidity its success was in an eminent degree due."

When Admiral Nelson, who was at that time blockading Toulon, heard of it, he called it, "the most bold and daring act of the age." In the light of that burning ship, the world saw of what temper the American Navy was; of what stuff its officers and men were made, and wondered and rejoiced. The pirate chief of Tripoli saw it and raged and trembled.

This act of heroism helped to hasten the crisis. The little squadron kept at work. Now and then a pirate craft would be destroyed and prisoners taken. Now and then an assault would be made upon the city, doing immense damage to the buildings. All the while, Commodore Preble was gathering his forces for a final bombardment. Six or seven boats were borrowed of Naples. Then word came that Commodore Barron was to succeed Preble and was on his way with reinforcements for the faithful squadron. Preble went on till his successor arrived. The new commander had now quite a formidable array of ships of war before the city. In the meantime, under the inspiration of William Eaton, the brother of the Pasha, who felt that he had been cheated out of the throne, with a force of Arabs and supported by American warships, had captured the nearby town of Derne, and was on his way to Tripoli. But the Pasha was now ready to make peace, and before Eaton could arrive, a treaty had been concluded with Colonel Lear the American consul. The

Pasha was thoroughly frightened; but he still held a great advantage in the three hundred American prisoners. His capital might be taken—he realized that; he might not be able to escape himself, but he could prevent the escape or release of those prisoners, by putting them to death, unless hostilities ceased. This Colonel Lear was convinced he would do. But his high and mighty pretensions had disappeared, and he accepted at last very moderate terms. The prisoners were exchanged man for man, as far as they went; but the Pasha had more than Commodore Preble, and a difference of \$60,000 in money was allowed; but it was definitely agreed that no future tribute should be paid and that American ships were to be forever free from his roving craft. It was also agreed that prisoners should be exchanged in case of future war, and surrendered without ransom at the conclusion of peace.

“This treaty, however,” says S. Lane-Poole, “awakened the conscience of Europe, and from the day it was signed, the power of the Barbary Corsairs began to wane. The older countries saw their duty more clearly, and ceased to legalize robbery on the high seas.”

VIII.

THE WAR WITH ALGIERS AND THE CLOSING SCENE.

For some years, there was comparative quiet on the Mediterranean; then came our War with England in 1812. While this war was in progress, our navy was occupied in dealing with our great adversary.

The Barbary States naturally thought that we were

going to get the worst of it; that we should be so humbled and weakened, that we could no longer protect our commerce. High British officials encouraged them in that notion, as the sequel will show. So Tunis and Tripoli broke loose and began to work at the old trade,—capturing certain American vessels. Then the Dey of Algiers, not content with the manner in which his tribute was paid, captured an American ship and reduced its crew to slavery. We bided our time. The War with England was ended, and we had not been crushed. On land and sea our arms were victorious. The treaty of peace with Great Britain concluded, the thunderbolts were forged for the Barbary States, which were to smite them in the dust forever!

On the 20th of May, 1815, Stephen Decatur, whose heroic deed in destroying the *Philadelphia* had filled the world with his fame, sailed with a large squadron from New York, for the Mediterranean. His flagship was the *Guerriere*, which he had taken from the British, in the War of 1812. Two days after passing Gibraltar, he captured the largest Algerine frigate afloat, the *Mashouda*, of 46 guns, and commanded by Reïs Hammada, greatest of all Barbary corsairs. He was killed and thirty of his men, while the rest of the crew, 406 in number were taken prisoners. The *Mashouda* was sent into Carthage, under convoy of the *Macedonian*. Soon after, the Algerine brig *Estedio*, of twenty-two guns, was taken; twenty-two of her crew had been slain, and eighty were taken prisoners. The *Estedio* was convoyed after the *Mashouda* to Carthage. Decatur then pushed on to Algiers, where he dictated terms of peace

to the Dey. These were the terms: that tribute in any form should cease forever; that the Americans in the Dey's power should be immediately released; that the Dey should pay \$10,000 compensation for the seizure of the Edwin and other American property, and restore certain American property still in his hands; that any Christian slave in Algiers who should escape to a United States vessel was to be emancipated; that captives, in the event of future wars, were to be treated as prisoners of war, and not as slaves. The Dey's commissioners wanted a truce declared, while they considered. This was refused. They begged for three hours.

“Not a minute. If your squadron appears in sight before the treaty is actually signed by the Dey and the prisoners sent off, our squadron will capture or sink your ships!”

The commissioners left, and the treaty was signed and returned in time to prevent a battle with the Algerian fleet, which had just appeared upon the horizon. Consul-general Shaler went ashore at once, and the \$10,000 stipulated in the treaty and all the American property that could be recovered was delivered to him. The Dey's minister turned to the British consul and bitterly reproached him:

“You told us that the Americans would be swept from the seas in six months, by your navy, and now they make war upon us with some of your own vessels which they have taken!”

The treaty which Decatur obtained far exceeded anything that any Christian nation had ever made with Algiers, and was really the death-blow to the piracy and white-slavery along the African coast. Again the sails were hoisted to the breeze, and when Decatur next cast anchor, it was before Tunis. He demanded of the Dey, \$46,000 for the American ships he captured during the War with England. The Dey was indifferent. Decatur insisted. The Dey wanted a year's time. Decatur demanded cash, and it was paid. Then off to Tripoli.

“Thirty thousand, if you please, Sir Pasha,” said Decatur, “for those two prizes of ours you gave up to the British, when they told you that our navy was done for!”

The Pasha talked war. Some one told him of what had just happened at Algiers and Tunis. He did not talk war quite so hard. Then it occurred to him that he had met this man—this man Decatur before. There was something familiar about him. The more he thought of it, the more distinctly he remembered that this was the man who had blown up the Philadelphia right under the guns of his castle. He might do something equally awkward again. It would be just like him. So the Pasha decided to accommodate his friend Decatur and let him have the money; but he had only \$25,000 about him at the time; so Decatur took that amount, and the liberty of ten Danish and Sicilian captives for the balance!

Trouble with Barbary States, so far as America

was concerned, was now practically at end. Their pretensions were blown to the winds.. The Navy which they had been the occasion of calling into existence had done its work upon them and they lay shattered and broken. The next year England disposed of the remains when Lord Exmouth bombarded Algiers. For what he had accomplished, Decatur received the thanks of all Europe; and on the assembling of Congress, in 1815, President Madison began his message to that body with a high eulogium upon his success against the Barbary States. Pope Pius VII, declared that the Americans had done more for Christendom against the North African pirates, than all the powers of Europe united!

IX.

CONCLUSION OF THE CHAPTER.

And so we come to the end of our story. This is the American Chapter in Mediterranean History. It is a chapter that we read to-day with feelings of gratitude for those who wrote it.

When we think that, in an age when older and mightier nations were powerless before a race of miscreants who lived by destroying commerce and selling the crews of peaceful vessels into slavery; when we think that for the very purpose of resisting the outrages and oppressions and exactions of these bloody scoundrels, our navy was called into existence; that we set the world an example of meeting pillage and murder, not with tribute, but with loaded cannon; that after varying fortunes, the stalwart little navy thus launched

upon that troubled sea, put an end to piracy in the Mediterranean, not only for ourselves but for all the world; and that our country thus rendered an inestimable service to all mankind—when we think of all this, it ought to make us thankful to God for the past, loyal to the present, serene and confident for the years to be!

And so, as our ship draws slowly out of the harbor of Algiers, and we take our last look at the peaceful waters glowing in the sun; at the white houses and the green hills around about; at the frowning Casbah up yonder, with its terrible memories,—we know that the reason why the myriad ships of all nations, now coming and going in all these Southern ports, sail the blue waters unvexed; the reason why, when there is a survival of that old habit of kidnapping now and then, an American president can say to the ruler of Morocco, “Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead,”—is because one hundred years ago our infant navy hoisted in those skies, over those waters, the flag of the United States, and under its rainbow of hope fought its good fight against piracy, slavery, blackmail and butchery—and WON!

As far back as history goes, there was war on the Mediterranean. There Egyptian and Roman galleys, Greek triremes, Spanish galleons, English men-of-war, have met and clashed; but never have those blue waters been ploughed in a conflict more important, against enemies of the human race more savage and cruel, and in behalf of rights and principles more sacred, than those involved in the conflict between America and the pirates of Barbary! And amid the ruins of those dead empires that girdle the historic sea, and on the scroll of vanished civilizations, and among the great and good

of Egypt, Greece, and Rome,—the Muse of History has written the names of Dale, and Preble, and Bainbridge, and Stephen Decatur, heroes of the new civilization of the West, representatives of a land which is “heir of all the ages and foremost in the ranks of time!”

REV. EDWARD C. MITCHELL: Your Excellency, I move that we pass a vote of thanks to Rev. Dr. Shutter for this most exhaustive, but not exhausting, account of our war.

Seconded by Mr. Chittenden and others.

The motion was carried by a rising vote.

Music by the Quartette.

DEPUTY GOVERNOR DAGGETT: Is there anything further to come before us in the way of business?

Secretary White: Nothing further.

The meeting closed by singing “America.”

PROCEEDINGS OF THE INFORMAL SOCIAL
COURT

held at

THE ABERDEEN OCTOBER 31, 1907.

GOVERNOR EDWARD CHARLES STRINGER:

Members of the Society of Colonial Wars and Guests:
The pleasure was denied me of being present at the annual meeting in December last. Other and stronger ties drew me away from St. Paul, and, while the annual election was in progress, I was in the land where prehistoric men lived and loved, warred and died and passed away from the memory of man, and the only evidence of whose existence is their dwellings in the cliffs; the land where the Apaches and Pimas drag out today a monotonous existence.

I embrace the first opportunity of expressing to the members of this Society my keen appreciation of the high honor conferred upon me in my election as Governor. I confess that I enter upon my duties with trepidation, when I remember the character and the quality of the men who have preceded me in this office. My heart had well-nigh failed me, when my worthy friend Judge Torrance revived my flagging courage by the cheering statement that the Secretary was the whole thing and the Governor a mere side-issue and a necessary evil. (Laughter and applause). Fortunate it is for the Society that the Secretary has not been called to the company of his numerous Colonial ancestors, which are legion. Abra-

ham Lincoln, when asked how long the legs of a man ought to be, said "long enough to reach to the ground," and the function, I am informed, of the Governor of this Society is simply to keep the Secretary in touch with Mother Earth. (Laughter).

Under these benign influences and in this goodly company, remote from the hardships and dangers which our Colonial ancestors endured and braved, it is difficult for us to fully realize at what cost our heritage was bought and through what tribulations came the blessings we enjoy. Out of the crucible of nations came the Colonial stock, not all pure gold—of necessity dross was there—but in the refining of time the baser elements were eliminated and the pure gold of magnificent manhood shone resplendant through all the long travail incident to the birth of liberty (applause) and was a potent factor in the establishment of this government—a democracy simple in its beginning, but by growth and development a world-power—today, the most complex democracy the world has ever seen. It would be barren of results to recount in this presence the progressive steps of this nation through the nineteenth century. We are tonight more interested in the present than in the past.

There is before you on this program a list of subjects which to me evidence the ingenuity and the logical mind of our Secretary. "Democracy of the Twentieth Century" in the light of "Individualism in the Law" and under both our "Civic Responsibilities." I think the Secretary might have placed after this list, "E Pluribus Unum."

What is the democracy of the twentieth century? Well may the question be asked, for I doubt if the babe of 1776 would recognize its descendent in this year of our Lord 1907. This is an age of specialization. Everything moves in grooves. Experts there are in every branch and department of business and the professions and the courts have long recognized what value there is in expert testimony. He who has tested and touched democracy among the Dutch of Pennsylvania, and (shall it be said) the purer air of Nebraska, possesses the qualifications of an expert and may speak with authority on "Democracy of the Twentieth Century."

I have the honor and the pleasure of introducing Rev. Henry C. Swearingen D. D., who will address you upon the topic named. (Applause).

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Rev. Henry C. Swearingen, D. D.

Honorable Governor, Members of the Society of Colonial Wars and other gentlemen present: I beg to acknowledge my indebtedness to the officers of this Society for the honor of sitting at your table tonight as a guest. The feeling of gratitude which I have for being invited to speak, is, however, one that I am able to restrain. I feel a certain embarrassment, gentlemen, that I am asked to speak first, being so much of a stranger in the city of St. Paul; and yet probably I have more confidence in myself at this stage

of the proceedings than I may have after hearing Dr. Smith and Mr. Justice Jaggard.

I suppose an occasion such as this and a topic such as has been assigned to me invite to indulgence in those patriotic sentiments which warm the blood and quicken the pulses. It may be because my Dutch blood is sluggish or, perhaps, because I am prone to take a serious view of life, but indulgences of this character do not appeal to me as they do to some. These present times seem to me to be so significant, the conditions under which we are living point so clearly to a great future—they lay upon intelligent patriots such heavy responsibilities—that instead of merely glorying in the career of our ancestors, does it not become us to think seriously of the duties which fall to our lot in the opening of this twentieth century?

Political prophesy is one of the most uncertain things in which a man may indulge. It is impossible for anyone in this opening decade of the twentieth century to foretell, with any degree of accuracy, the type of democracy which will be developed by the middle of the century, much less at the close of it. Who could have foretold ten years ago the new relations of our American republic, the new place which it was to take in international affairs? who could have predicted a half century ago the history of the Japanese empire? In history it is usually the unexpected which happens. There is, of course, an evolution in political affairs. There has been a gradual movement toward better things in the government of nations, but this evolution has not followed any fixed line, nor has it

moved with steady pace. The things which may occur within the next ten years, if they were to be disclosed to us tonight, might surprise us beyond measure. Our country may have a much more rapid development than we anticipate; on the other hand, conditions may arise which will retard its development or turn that development into another course; so that all one can do, in predicting the democracy of the coming century, is to estimate, so nearly as possible, the conditions which at present obtain and the tendencies that have been disclosed recently.

I am sure we all appreciate the fact that we have here on this American continent a governmental experiment on a scale vaster than any which has ever been seen in the history of the world. There are many peculiarities in our political system. We have attempted to establish a government by resolution, and we have succeeded appreciably. Across the water the government of Old England is the product of experience; it is a development of years; its constitution is one that has been tested in the life of that people. Our revolutionary fathers, after they had won their independence, gathered by their representatives in convention and struck off at a single time a resolution, (for that is what the constitution amounted to) afterward adopted by the people of the Colonies, which contained an expression of the fundamental principles according to which this government should be administered. Now, that was a very daring thing to do, for the reason that it is never possible for the wisest men of any age to express the thought of future

generations. Whenever we reduce principles (be they political, religious or social) to definite statement, we have, in a way, fettered them as to their application in the future. I think we are to be congratulated that when our forefathers determined to build a government upon a written constitution, there arose in the course of our history those who were able to interpret that instrument as a constitution rather than as a statute. To have construed the constitution as a statute according to strict canons of interpretation would have fettered this government for all time to come. I am sure the members of the legal profession present will give me the privilege of laying a tribute at the feet of one of their number when I say that perhaps to John Marshall, rather than to any other single individual, this country is indebted for its wonderful development. (Applause.) John Marshall expounded the political philosophy which Daniel Webster and his colleagues popularized in the forum of the United States Senate and which was finally crystallized and made a part of our national policy by the arbitrament of war. The result is that we have a democracy which, while it is safely guided by definitely declared principles, is yet free to develop in every direction through the liberal application of those principles to new conditions as they arise.

Such a development is inevitable. The history of a nation is made, for the most part, by certain social forces that lie deep and that cannot be wholly restrained or controlled either by legislation or by the courts. The democracy of the twentieth century will be a

democracy which the conditions of the twentieth century require; and whatever may be our written constitution, whatever the judicial interpretation of that instrument, we shall develop in the next century a type of democracy such as the wisdom and patriotism and conscience of the American people decide to be required. (Applause.)

We have before our courts at the present time some very important problems. I think we are all agreed that the next two years will probably make history for us at a rapid pace. There are fundamental questions involved, but whatever may be the judicial determination of those questions for the present, the courts of the future will reflect (as do the courts of the present and as they ought to reflect) the intelligence and the moral sentiment and the experience of the nation. How fortunate we have been that in the decision of the great questions which have arisen for adjudication in the history of the American republic, our fundamental principles of government have been construed in the broadest and most liberal spirit; and in the twentieth century, we have reason to believe, that same spirit will control in determining our national career.

Time need not be expended in detailing before you the changed conditions under which we are living. When the government was established we had on the Eastern seaboard a few Colonies with a strongly developed Colonial spirit, even with Colonial jealousies, each desirous of maintaining its place in the family of Colonies and reluctant to yield any of its powers to the general government.

Today we have a vast continent thickly populated, comparatively speaking; a domain that stretches from ocean to ocean. We have developed a consciousness of national unity. We have lost the feeling of provincialism which was prevalent at the day our constitution was adopted. We have lost, to a certain extent, our jealousy of the sovereignty and rights of the states. We have been bound together by railways and other means of communication. The people of New York and of California are in closer communication today than were the people of New York and Connecticut when the government was established. The feeling which existed at that time in reference to the type of national government which could safely be established has been, under these new conditions, greatly modified. There has been, very naturally, and it seems to me necessarily, a tremendous movement in this country toward centralism. Perhaps this has been fostered somewhat by the issue of the great Civil War in the sixties, when certain constitutional questions and governmental policies were deemed to have been settled and so taken out of the form of debate. However that may be, the coming together of our people by these means of inter-communication, the building up of great business enterprises with interests reaching over the whole continent, the development of our resources, the diffusion of intelligence among the people—all these have tended to give us a national spirit and a consciousness of national unity which are sure to express themselves in the future.

Time was when a Senator of the United States would

resign his seat in that august body to accept the governorship of a state. That day has now passed. However we may account for it somehow we have lost interest in our state legislatures and in their action. Somehow we have come to feel that a state law is not so sacredly binding, or at least that it will not be so faithfully enforced, as a national law. Local interest has been withdrawn from our state affairs and to a very large extent divided between national interests and municipal concerns. A contest in one of the great cities, such as New York or Cleveland or Chicago, involving the chief magistracy of such municipalities, occasions a wider public interest than a state election. That is indicative of the trend of affairs. The people of this imperial commonwealth of Minnesota, proud as they are of their state, of its government, of the efficiency with which it has been administered, are more deeply interested, nevertheless, in the affairs of our national government than they are in the affairs of their own commonwealth. The people follow in the public press the doings of the national Congress as they do not follow the proceedings of their state legislature. These are indications of the extent to which we have yielded in our devotion to local provincial interests and have accepted a broader view of our national life. It has not been due to laws that have been enacted nor to the ascendancy of any political party; it has been due rather to the constant and the inevitable operation of certain great social and political forces with which we must reckon. Such conditions excite the fears of many good citizens.

There are those who view with the deepest apprehension the extension of the powers of the Federal government. But whether we regard this tendency with satisfaction or with alarm, is it not true that we must make up our minds to the fact that these things are inevitable? The tendencies of the time, the necessary effect of our commercial organization—to say nothing of our political education—are in this direction.

If it be true that in the future we shall develop a type of democracy in which the Federal government will be still more strongly centralized than at present, is it not well for us to take into consideration that there are in operation other forces which serve as a check upon this tendency? You recall the historic controversy between Alexander Hamilton and his followers and Thomas Jefferson and his disciples. Hamilton feared the Paris mob; Jefferson was in terror of the British aristocracy. We have never been in any real danger from either of these sources. Alexander Hamilton, following the bent of his mind and the teachings of the political philosophy to which he adhered, advocated a government strongly centralized in its national administration. Thomas Jefferson, on the other hand, believed in a government with widely distributed powers, a government that could be brought close to the people, and one readily responsive to the will of the people. Is it not a singular fact that if those two great mentors of political faith were alive tonight, each of them could find reason for congratulating himself as a prophet of the future, because not only have these fundamental and underlying na-

tional conditions and tendencies, just referred to, been moving directly in the course of centralism, but another fact, toward the comprehension of which our people need to be educated, is that this strongly centralized Federal administration is rapidly becoming a popular government? The very fact that the people take an interest in it is evidence that the dangers of centralism are in a degree balanced already. I venture the opinion that the representative of the city of St. Paul in the national congress feels himself more directly responsible to the people of this city than your representatives in the state legislature. We are electing the President of the United States by a popular vote, against the express purpose of the founders of the government. We have accomplished it by indirection, but it is only another instance which shows how we can adjust our political institutions to the demands of the time. We have practically accomplished the election of the United States Senators by popular vote. I am not acquainted with your practice here, but in many of the states—notably in the state which I left when I came to Minnesota—a United States Senator is nominated by the same methods under which state officers and county officers are nominated, and is practically chosen by the people. The Federal government, while it has been extending its powers, at the same time has been brought nearer to the people; so that the dangers from centralism are those which we can regard with complacency.

It is an interesting fact that these great questions are coming to the front once more. As respects the

tendencies of our democracy, there have been two periods in our history, divided by the Civil War. Until about the time of that great conflict all political questions, all governmental policies, all enactments, all proposals bearing upon our national life were regarded from the view point of political theory. Even the great slavery question, which disturbed the politics of the American nation for forty years, was not viewed in its moral phases until very near the opening of the Civil War. It was regarded from the standpoint of constitutional interpretation. In time conditions arose which gradually forced its moral aspects upon public attention, but for a long period the existence and the extension of slavery were favored or opposed not upon the ground of the moral character of the institution, but upon the basis of the powers of the government in the premises granted by the national constitution. So also other public concerns were treated, each being weighed in the balance of governmental theory.

With the Civil War, however, there came a marked change in our national temper. Since that day, all public affairs have been viewed not so much from the standpoint of political theory as of economic theory; and it is interesting to observe that the question of the relation between the Federal government and the state and local governments now being pressed to the fore as a living issue is occasioned by economic conditions. This has been true probably because, since the Civil War, our commercial development has been marked. I can remember every presidential contest since that between Horace Greeley and General Grant.

I was not old enough to appreciate the issues of that campaign, but I recollect well the issues of the contest between Hayes and Tilden and of every one since that time; and I am sure you will confirm the truth of this statement that every presidential battle since 1876 has been waged upon economic issues. And now we are face to face with the question as to the part the national government shall take in our future development because commercial interests and exigencies are calling upon us to apply this principle to new conditions.

I, therefore, view the future with the utmost complacency. What the democracy of the twentieth century will be is not for us to say, perhaps. It must be a democracy that is broad enough, liberal enough—a democracy that is sufficiently elastic and adaptable not only to meet the needs of every section of this vast domain, but a democracy that can assimilate all the elements of population in the wide world. Not only are the different sections of our country coming together, the Pacific coast touching hands with the Atlantic coast, but the means of communication have been extended throughout the whole world. We are brothers of the Oriental. We meet on the highways of trade the sons of the East; and whatever may have been our expedients in past and whatever degree of success has attended our efforts to keep ourselves in isolation from undesirable foreign elements, the bringing together of the ends of the earth will bring to our shores, sooner or later, the representatives of every civilization on this round globe. And before this century has closed, I venture to predict, we must face

the question of maintaining a government which is broad enough and sufficiently elastic and adaptable to assimilate these widely different elements of population.

How one's heart glows as one turns his eyes toward the future! Heretofore the East has been the dominating factor in our country's government, but it will not be so in the future. Some of these states of the great middle West, of the Mississippi Valley, now have a predominating influence in our national councils. If the plan recently suggested by the President of the United States, (in my judgment, the most statesman-like policy that he has proposed) the plan for internal development upon a vast scale, is carried out, there will be added to the United States an immense line of sea-coast. These interior commonwealths will be on the seaboard and this great Mississippi Valley will be the seat of an empire whose financial and social and intellectual power no man dare venture to predict. (Applause.)

It may be that as time goes on the star of empire will still take its way westward, but certain it is that standing at the threshold of this century we already see the dawning of the day when this middle West will be the leading influence in our national life. And that means much to a man who has been reared in the East, particularly in Pennsylvania, as Mr. Justice Jaggard and myself have been. Perhaps you men of the West do not realize as you should the fact that the government is nearer to the people in these western commonwealths than in any other part of the country.

The government is nearer to the people and the people are nearer to the soil,—two very important conditions as we face the mighty problems of the future. The soil has always been a great civilizing agency and with these vast prairies opening up for cultivation, with their capacity for sustaining an immense population, with the great development of our agricultural interests in the years to come, as our farming shall be done according to modern improved, scientific methods, and with the government responsive to the independent will of the people as in no other part of our republic, I hail with satisfaction (although I am a loyal son of the East) the passing of the sceptre of power to the Mississippi Valley! (Applause.)

Now, I will not indulge further in prophesies. The prophet's business is about the easiest in which a man can engage, for, either his predictions are of so little importance that they are forgotten, or he never lives to see the day of their fulfillment. But I am sure that every man, as he looks toward the past tonight, rejoicing in the noble history that has been made by the American republic and as a son of the Colonial fathers has breathed their spirit and has been actuated by their purposes, and then turns toward the future and contemplates the possibilities of this nation, commercial and social and religious; as he sees stretching over these vast plains a great population of intelligent people working out the problems of civilization upon the most favorable stage that has ever been erected for this mighty task, his heart may beat with just pride that he is the son of such fathers, that he has "come to

the kingdom for such a time as this," and that he greets a future so full of glowing promise. I thank you. (Applause.)

THE GOVERNOR: Some one has made the assertion (whom I do not remember and for the truth of the assertion I do not vouch) that in no case of great national importance has the Supreme Court of the United States, within the last three-quarters of a century, rendered an unanimous decision. There are those who profess to see danger to the perpetuity of a government the members of whose highest court do not agree as to what the law is or what it ought to be—failing to recognize the fact that this is the most convincing evidence of the virility and courage of the members of that court. Human intelligence is swayed by heredity and environment, whether it be of the bench or of the people. What phase of individualism in the law Judge Jaggard will speak upon, I do not know—and I don't believe the Judge himself yet knows (laughter), but it is not needful that he should know in advance. A bubbling fountain of pure water always sends out fresh and sweet draughts to those who quaff it. At the bar most liberal, on the bench a strict constructionist; off the bench—well, you will best judge after you have heard him on "Individualism in the Law.

I have the pleasure of introducing one to whom you have listened many times with pleasure—Judge Edwin Ames Jaggard. (Applause.)

THE ADOPTION OF THE COMMON LAW BY THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

Hon. Edwin Ames Jaggard.

Your Excellency and Gentlemen: It is natural that I should feel out of place because I sit next to a prophet who foretold curious things (Dr. Swearingen) and to a seer who has actually seen the truth (the Governor). He says that neither of us know what phase of "Individualism in the Law" I am to talk about. He is right. Nor do I know that I am "a springing fountain of water." Gentlemen in great commercial centers are supposed to have a monopoly of that function. It would be mighty uncomfortable to be confused with any fellow who stands as a wet nurse to watered stock. (Laughter.) It is quite certain that I am not going to bore you (Laughter) about "Individualism in the Law," but on another subject. The situation recalls Josh Billings' lecture on "Mules." He began by saying: "It is not mules but cows that give milk." Then he talked of everything save mules. To that subject he never referred. At the end of his lecture, he remarked: "Now, my friends, I have told you all I know about mules except one thing. If I were called upon to pronounce a eulogy over the body of a dead mule, I would take no fool chances. I would pronounce that eulogy standing at its head." (Laughter.) I know that a judge who indulges in much individualism in the law is likely to resemble an animal nearly related to a mule. I also know that what I am to say will

chiefly concern "The Adoption of the Common Law by the American Colonies."

The Common Law, gentlemen, as we know it, is to be found in thousands of closely printed books containing the deliberate utterances of men upon the bench who occasionally appear to have known something and who certainly have said something continually. Even at this day we are appalled by "the uncounted myriads of precedents." And the mills of the West Publishing Company grind unceasingly. The Civil Law is contained in a few books. One may open them and easily find what is the clear law applicable to his controversy. If we had adopted the Civil Law instead of the Common Law, and had enforced the rule once in vogue in Austria which forbade the recording of precedents, this maelstrom of our "literary deluge" would not have existed and we might have had one simple intelligible code. The situation of a Civil Law lawyer who would attempt to find out what the Common Law is would be like a modern navigator in Noah's ark. That venerable patriarch was the most wonderful navigator the world has ever seen. When he went out to sea, it was to the biggest sea that ever man sailed upon. The Circuit Court of Appeals has said that it was a cyclone that blew down the Smith Avenue bridge but that was a gentle zephyr in comparison with the winds that blew when Noah sailed his overladen boat on that colossal sea. He had not sail nor motor power. He had neither chart nor compass. His difficulties were not so great as would be those of a Civil Law lawyer who would undertake to go into the present sea of Common Law

precedents and to try through currents of opposing thought to reach safely the port of certain and logical conclusion.

The Civil Law is an inheritance from Rome. The splendor of the material power of that Empire is now a tradition, a dream. Its practical power survives in the Roman church and in the Civil Law. That Law rules all nations of the civilized world save those which speak English and their dependencies. Its domination is not, however, undisputed, for while through all continental jurisprudence there runs a golden thread of Roman law, its warp and woof, as a matter of fact, is local, home made law resembling our Common Law. In Germany, for example, it has been found necessary to recognize and provide in addition to the modern Roman Law (*Heutiges Romanisches Recht*) the German Private Law (*Deutsches Privat Recht*).

Mr. James Bryce has pointed out that the fundamental differences in the diffusion throughout the civilized world of these two methods of regulations are: First, that the Civil Law has progressed by conquest; the Common Law by peaceful adoption; second, that the Civil Law has been substantially changed by local private law while the Common Law has remained curiously unaffected by extension. The history of the adoption of the Common Law by the American colonies seems to demonstrate the essential soundness of these conclusions.

In the Portuguese Spanish and French colonies the Civil Law acquired a foothold. It governed Florida, Louisiana and Quebec. It asserted itself in some of

the thirteen colonies through the Established Church. Ulpian's original generalization, reproduced as the foundation of Justinian's Institute, was this: "Precepta juris sunt haec; vivere honeste; alterum non laedere, suum cuique tribuere." This was somewhat freely translated into the English catechism by Goodrich, Bishop of Ely, a learned civilian. The law of that church was in certain parts of the country enforced as the law of man. In Virginia, for example, if a man did not go to church once a day, he was liable to spend six months in the galleys. If he failed to attend Sunday services, he would have done well to have prepared for the hereafter. The fraternity of anglers did not thrive in Virginia. (Laughter.)

To speak seriously, however, the force which is regarded as having tended especially to the adoption of the Civil Law was the revolutionary sympathy with French philosophy, the current detestation of feudalism, the devotion to republican simplicity and the popular revolt against the English government. The colonists were at war with England and in alliance with France. The incorporation of at least a part of the French law into our system resulted. For example, the Physiocrats are largely responsible for the foundation of our present vicious system of taxation.

Why, then, did our forefathers cling to the Common Law and reject the Civil Law? Why, in view of the confusion and uncertainty and prolixity of the one and the clearness, simplicity and directness of the other, did they adopt the English system and reject the French? This question has been variously answered.

In circles of most eminent scholarship, the adoption of the Common Law has been attributed to the appearance and circulation of Blackstone's Commentaries. The first of those Commentaries appeared twelve years after the delivery of the original lectures in 1765. Three other volumes were given to the world in the course of the four succeeding years. Their appreciation in America was instantaneous and universal. More copies were sold here than in England. The practical American mind was impressed with the reasoning lucidity and system of the commentator, and with the inherent excellence of those laws which he himself regarded as "the highest embodiment of human wisdom." The effect of the presence of these monumental works was emphasized by the condition of the literature of the Civil Law at that time. The current opinion that the revival of the Civil Law dates from the discovery of the Pandects in the monastery of Amalfi in the middle of the 12th century has been pronounced unsound and unreasonable. (Finlayson's Notes to 1 Reeves' History of English Law. 73.) Certainly the accidental discovery of the Commentaries of Gaius by Bluhme at Verona 1816 and the creation of the Code Napoleon gave to the civilized world the Civil Law which governs the largest part of it today. It is to be noted, however, that before the time of the Revolution the Common Law and the Civil Law alike consisted of *disjecta membra*. In point of fact, moreover, the adoption of the Common Law by the original thirteen states was the outcome, first of the racial history and nature of the colonists, and, second,

of their own previous adoption of the English system.

The original colonists were largely English by birth or by descent. They venerated English tradition; prized English liberties; aspired to English ideals. Their ancestors had fought for Magna Charta, had died in the service of Pym, Cromwell or Charles. The Common Law was, moreover, peculiarly suited to their necessities. Flexible as to all its details, adapting itself to local conditions, and created by the will of the people, it conformed in its substance to the common sense view by the common people of common justice. It was the natural, as it was the inevitable, system finally adopted by the colonists. As his Excellency has happily phrased it: "They were swayed by heredity and environment." They were determined to be a law unto themselves. Their judges of the law they made elective; their judges of fact they selected from their own numbers. They could see nothing but executive tyranny in a judge appointed by the government. The Civil Law practically involved the abolition of trial by jury. That method of trial was the key-stone in the arch of their conception of the proper system for the administration of the law. In rebellion against religious and civic authority alike, our independent forefathers insisted upon a weak and local government. They wanted little of that. They entertained generally little respect, and less affection, for lawyers. Thomas Jefferson crystallized pre-existing convictions in his aphorism: "The best government is the least government."

On an occasion like this when the Society of Colonial

Wars or when the Sons of the Revolution meet together, we naturally turn our minds to Massachusetts. That was one place in particular in which "individualism in the law" was rampant. The compact drawn on the Mayflower created essentially a partnership. The Puritan fathers were so stern, so desperately earnest in purpose, so consecrated to religion, so permeated with the truth of the Scriptures that they could accept no human law. The form of government they formulated later was theocratic, the law Jewish. It would be rather interesting, but inconvenient here, to consider at length how utterly impossible it would be for ecclesiasticism to become the law of any free state. The experience of Massachusetts itself serves as a good illustration of its futility. The courts were ecclesiastical. For example, the Salem witchcraft court was made up of the famous Judge Sewall and Chief Justice Stoughton, who had both been educated for the ministry, "Wait Still" Winthrop and another who were practicing physicians, and three others who were merchants. It was men so untrained in the law who were able to find proof of witchcraft in the fact that the accused had a wart on his nose or a mole on his face. The theocratic law did not lay much stress on liberty, equality or fraternity. The dispute whether Cotton Mather tried to kidnap William Penn has been thought to have been settled by a letter for whose authenticity I do not vouch—now said to be in the possession of George A. Reynolds of Hartford, Connecticut. It is as follows:

“Boston, Sep. ye 15th, 1682.

To Ye Aged and Beloved John Higginson:

There be at sea a shippe called ‘Ye Welcome,’ R. Greenway, master, which has aboard an hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penne, who is ye chief scampe, at the head of them.

Ye General Court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Hulett of ye brig Pro-passe to waylaye sed ‘Welcome’ as near ye coast of Codde as may be and make captive ye said Penne and his ungodly crew so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new countre with ye heathen worships of these people.

Much spoyle may be made by selling ye whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch goode prices in rum and sugar and shall not only do ye Lord good service in punishing ye wicked but we shall make great good for his ministers and people. Master Hulett feels hopeful and I will send ye down news when his shippe comes back.

Yours in ye bowels of Christ,

COTTON MATHER.”

The code which governed Massachusetts for many years was ostensibly evolved by Rev. Nathaniel Ward. It gave judges power to “inflict penalties according to God’s word.” One Thomas Lechford—a sort of lawyer whom the lamented Mr. Wheelock would have called “a half imbecile shyster” and have apologized by substituting “a wholly imbecile shyster”—assisted in its production. It contemplated no bar, but ingenious in punishment, the court it created repeatedly disciplined, and finally in effect disbarred Lechford. Lawyers were as “the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet.” Chief Justice Atwood, having visited Boston, resented its insults

and described the court methods as "abhorrent to the laws of England and of all other nations." The original charter—it is familiar to us—was annulled. Under the Commissioner, Sir Edmund Andros, the Common Law was adopted in 1688. The first professional lawyer who became judge was Lynde in 1712.

"*Similia similibus curantur.*" For this reaction came largely, though indirectly, from the free spirits who were driven from the original Puritan colonies. They settled, for example, in New Hampshire and Vermont. The commission of these colonies ordered that legal proceedings be "consonant to the laws of England, regard being had to the condition of the colonies." No superstitious veneration for precedent for its own sake, however existed. The sturdy chief justice, Livermore, said when an English authority was cited to him: "Every tub must stand on its own bottom." The history in Rhode Island corresponded.

The Southern colonies exhibited a similar experimenting with different forms of government and the final acceptance of the Common Law.

While Virginia was in a measure governed by a theocracy, its court commissioners were required in 1681 to take this oath: "You shall do equal right to poor and to rich after your cunning, wit and power, and as near as may be after the laws of the realm of England." Virginia showed the general colonial dislike of lawyers. An act was passed expelling "mercenary lawyers." This was subsequently repealed but was succeeded by a prohibition that any one should plead or advise for reward. Thus was the profession

of law hamstrung. The experiment tried in South Carolina is a conspicuous demonstration of the futility of "Individualism in the Law." John Locke, contributed the sociological experiment of his "Fundamental Constitutions" consisting of 120 articles. He undertook to establish an elaborate feudalism. At an early date "dissatisfaction introduced animosity and animosity in its turn brought forth change." The Common Law was adopted early in the 18th century.

Maryland was for a time under the domestic regulation of a feudal chief. It was not, however, free from peculiarities of a theocracy. Blasphemy and idolatry there, as in Massachusetts, were capital crimes. About the middle of the 17th century it was provided that when the laws of the province were silent, justice was to be administered according to the laws of England. Soon afterwards English law books were ordered to be purchased for use of various county courts.

In the Middle States the Common Law met the friendliest reception. This was not generally true of the judges. Gov. Nichols of New York wrote Clarendon in 1665: "The very name of justice of the peace is held an abomination; so strong a hold has Democracy taken in these parts." A little more than 100 years later lawyers were prohibited from appearing in the Assembly. The early history of New Jersey contains no promise of the now famous "Jersey justice." It was early represented to England as being "without law or gospel, having neither judge nor priest." In Delaware no professionally trained judge held office before the Revolution. All these states, however, ac-

cepted the law of England as the foundation of their jurisprudence before the war with England.

Pennsylvania was the early home of the Common Law. The very charter granted by Charles II provided that the laws on property and crime should be the same as in England until altered by the proprietor. William Penn interfered little. It may not be without interest to note this aberration from the Common Law: the judicial oath was by affirmance by the uplifted hand. At one time the palm of the hand of a felon was branded. So when the Quaker held up his palm he showed that he had never been disqualified from testifying because of conviction as a criminal. The Quakers did not lead peaceful lives. The Dutch waged war upon them; Massachusetts beat them; the South abused them. In North Carolina it was said "they had the cunning to set the country in a flame and to set all but themselves in arms against each other." (Laughter.) At home, however, they were friendly and exhibited the characteristics which leads Berks county to keep on voting for Andrew Jackson; for it appears quite clearly that the colony continued to administer in undisturbed tranquility the laws of King James long after he had ceased to rule. (1 Chalmers, 206.) (Laughter.) Law-abiding by nature and peace-loving by religion, the Quakers accepted the Common Law not only without protest but with hearty good will. Penn sought to induce trained lawyers to abide in the City of Brotherly Love. The community welcomed them and paid them. The bar was the aristocracy of the colony as it now is of the commonwealth. To this

attitude was due the unequalled eminence of the "Philadelphia lawyer" at the time of the formation of the constitution and of the first sitting of the Federal Supreme Court in Independence Hall.

Thus, my friends, the Common Law became the judicial system of this nation. Government by corporation, theocracies, modified fendalism and philosophy's experiment, failed. Not the legislatures nor the judges nor the lawyers, nor to any great extent, particular individuals made that law. It was the creation of history. That Common Law was the formulae of sufficiently crystallized public opinion and the expression of our racial character.

Individualism in the law, I take it, is like quackery to the physician, like frenzied finance to the banker, and like heresy to the churchman. It is likely to be an exceedingly dangerous quantity. What right has any judge to make the law? "*Jus dicere non jus dare.*" He is bound to be backward; he is bound to be behind the times; he is bound to be an old fogey. The law and the gospel, the courts and the church are inevitably conservative. As one, however, studies the development of our law, there appear a few persons who leave on it the stamp of their individuality as did Jeremy Bentham, off the bench, and John Marshall, on it; but these master minds are rare. Even the lawyer is ahead of the judge. (Laughter.) He presents the advanced attitude of truth. Then the judge gives, not individualism in the law, but as nearly as he can get at it, what is the historic law and the natural law. It is habitual for scientists to originate;

for in their laboratories they ask new questions of nature. It is natural for clergymen to consult the great Book of Books and then feel as if, though not inspired themselves, they had drawn wisdom from a book of inspiration. In a measure the judge and the lawyer are asking questions of nature and go to the books which contain in a different sense the inspiration of the great men of the past. What is municipal law? Is municipal law a thing that you or I, that a court or that a legislature creates or is it a thing created by the same Infinite Power which has given the laws of morals, the laws of physics, the laws of chemistry? Is it something that exists in nature of which we are the students, which in a limited and humble way is to a lawyer and to a judge a science? Or is law mere history and expediency? The conviction forces itself on me that our law-suits are, in a measure, like experiments in a laboratory, that we lawyers and judges and citizens are finally turning our eyes to that Truth of which our Light is the imperfect shadow. (Applause.)

Music by the Quartette.

THE GOVERNOR: In the complex relations of human life, men are awakening, as never before, to a realization of the fact that they do not live unto themselves alone. As was said in that noted convention at Cleveland, a short time ago, even the clergy, are being "emancipated from the traditional forms of doctrine in the interests of the vital essentials of religion and the welfare of man." Church Unity is a topic of the hour.

It will never become a reality, but out of the effort will come a better understanding, a broader charity, a clearer conception of individual responsibility, not in matters of religion alone, but in relation to the whole social fabric. I am informed that Dr. Smith is one of the "emancipated," but that he still remains a "self-respecting clergyman" notwithstanding his emancipation, and the declaration of Judge Jaggard to the contrary. (Laughter.)

I have the honor of introducing the next speaker, Rev. Samuel G. Smith, D. D., who will address you upon "Social Responsibilities." (Applause.)

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES.

Rev. Samuel G. Smith, D. D.

Your Excellency and Gentlemen: In spite of the skepticism of the presiding officer, the statesmanlike estimate of the first speaker, Dr. Swearingen, and the clerical illumination of Judge Jaggard, I will venture to say a few words even at this late hour.

The topic assigned me is a serious topic. It is not the sort of a theme that belongs to an after-dinner speech—Social Responsibilities—and yet I take it that it fits the Society of Colonial Wars. You are respectable looking gentlemen—and while I have been looking at you, I have been thinking what a fine crowd has developed from such an obscure and doubtful ancestry (laughter). When I remember that doubtless many of you are the descendants of men who were exiled, not by their own wills but by legal arrange-

ments (laughter), and that many of your forefathers indulged in white slavery to atone for the sins they had committed in elder civilizations; and when I see how you have survived, and how you have come out of it all into respectability, I still believe in the human race. (Laughter.) When I reflect that such a noble set of people as I have before me tonight are the descendants in large part of men who were transported, it seems to me a great occasion, an occasion of great solemnity and also of great hope. I congratulate you, gentlemen, on the distance that you have come from those early times. (Laughter.)

Now, Judge Jaggard has talked about the law and he has made a beautiful argument for the validity of the courts as the register of public opinion, and all that sort of thing. I am not going to go into that, I leave it to be settled by Judge Jaggard and the Dispatch. (Laughter.) They know about the Supreme Court and the Supreme Court knows about them (laughter), so I have nothing further to say upon that matter.

Early man was not a social being. The earliest men were few and solitary; they were cowards; they were incapable of social organization. The development of civilization has been an increase of the social power; the possibility of men living together has been the great cultural conquest of the centuries, and we, tonight, standing in the foremost files of time, represent the achievement of men in learning to live together, to trust each other and to work together, and this, I take it, is the fine flower of that thing that we call social responsibility.

The greatest man of antiquity was a municipal character, a man who engaged in municipal government. I suppose that some of you gentlemen here tonight would hardly regard it as a special compliment to be mentioned in connection with the alderman from your ward. You would doubt whether you ought to run, perhaps chiefly because you would doubt whether you would be elected if you did run (laughter); but the greatest man of antiquity was a municipal character. He was an orator, he was a philosopher, he was a statesman. He covered the beautiful hill that stood back of his city with the most remarkable collection of marbles that was ever chiseled by human hands. He turned all his genius into the development of his own city. You all know him. Though he has been dead more than 2,000 years, he is still one of the chiefest characters in human history, and yet his whole sphere of activity was in the realm of the municipality. He did not live in a town so large as the city of St. Paul and yet the purple shadows that stood over the mountains beyond his home were to him an inspiration of action and achievement. And I mention tonight the great Greek name of Pericles, the master man in municipal life in all the ages. And if such a man could devote himself and his genius to municipal affairs and give the strength of his manhood and the glory of his life to making his town a better town to live in, and could shed the glory of Athens over all of the succeeding centuries, I simply say to you gentlemen that there is no man here before me tonight that can doubt that a municipal career offers to him also immortality.

And let us believe with such faith that social responsibility may be a reality in human life.

I do not agree with the doctrine of the first speaker. I was charmed with his philosophy; I was charmed with his eloquence, but I cannot agree that at this present time it is useful for the American Republic that the national government should assume the responsibilities that belong to the states. I still stand by the constitution; I still believe that all the powers that are not given in the constitution to the national government inhere in the states; I still believe in the value of local responsibility and local patriotism; I still believe that it is the duty of every community to work out its own salvation,—and when I say that, I do not mean that I underestimate the great achievement of our splendid chief magistrate. I do not agree with the roll-call of the Ananias Society; I do not agree that all the men who differ from him are liars; I do not agree that all the people who differ from him in regard to nature are necessarily nature fakirs, but as to his splendid patriotism, as to the moral quality of his character, as to the exalted purpose of his action, there can be no question, and here, tonight, in this great presence, the representatives of those who have participated in the Colonial Wars, I say, “All hail to Theodore Roosevelt, one of the finest Presidents that the United States has ever had.” (Applause.)

But I want to say to you, tonight, that social responsibility is the duty of living for others. The belief that a man's life is a social one must not be taken lightly or cheaply. The time has come in our modern

civilization when every man of power must regard his power under the rules of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Let him who will be the greatest among you be your servant; let him who would be chief be your minister.

There is a story—I do not know whether it is proper to tell in this presence, but I will dare to tell it—the story of a man who died and went up to the pearly gates and wanted to get in, and St. Peter asked him how he expected to get in, and he said, “Well, I have been a good citizen.” but Peter says, “That won’t do; you can’t get in because you have been a good citizen.” “Well,” he says, “I was kind to the poor.” “You were?” Peter showed great interest, and he took down the receiver and called up the recording angel and he says, “Mr. is here. He says he wants to get in because he has been good to the poor. What have you to his credit?” The recording angel replies, “I will look.” And he turned over the ledger and found the name. “Well,” he says, “I find that once he gave ten cents to a tramp.” “Anything else?” “Yes; once he gave five cents to a beggar.” “Is that all?” “Yes, that is all.” Peter scratched his head and said, “What do you recommend in this case?” And the recording angel said, “Give him back his fifteen cents and let him go to hell.” (Laughter.)

Gentlemen, the working out of personal salvation through social responsibility is not to be done cheaply. What we need in modern life is the passion and power that made men martyrs in the elder days. We are willing to be comfortable; we are willing to succeed; we are willing that life should go on in the same soft

and easy manner and we try to dodge our responsibilities to the public; but who is there that is willing to march up against the opposing forces when it means humiliation, when it means shame, when it means death? I call upon you gentlemen, who are the descendants of those great heroes who laid the foundations of this great nation, the men of the Mayflower, who, in that little cabin, made their Compact, (a compact that had in it nothing commercial, nothing economic, no question of dividing the spoils but simply the question of the establishment of institutions upon the land toward which they were going.) that was founded in freedom, morality and righteousness; I call upon you gentlemen,—some of you perhaps the descendants of those men who settled Virginia and the Carolinas, whose chief thought was for institutions, law and righteousness, and equity between man and man,—and I ask you, what are your views of social responsibility? I take it that this is a serious question that has been proposed to me,—a little bit out of order, not belonging to an after-dinner speech,—but, after all, fundamental to every man's highest life; what are our views of social responsibility? Then I look out upon our great country. I think of the multitudes who have come hither from every land in the countries of Europe, from some of the countries of the Orient; a great seething mass of humanity, stirred by elemental passions, controlled by ancient and alien laws and civilizations. It is our business—we who are the seed corn of the American republic—to see how we can fashion these men into Americans. And what is it to be an American?

I take it that an American is a man who believes, first of all, in individual responsibility; I take it that the time will never come when the burden that belongs to any man's back can very well be shifted to his neighbor; I take it that the American stands for the old New England principle that every man must work out his own salvation; I take it that the American stands for social capacity, for the capacity to absorb the Hungarian, the Irishman, the Scandinavian and work him over until he shall love the Constitution and love the flag even as we love the Constitution and as we love the flag. I take it that it is our business to feel that our great creative institutions,—the public schools and the press and the church, these great organs for making men over—shall be made more efficient in the days to come than they have been in the days past. If we are to believe in our country, it means that the seed corn of the country shall have at heart its vital responsibilities. We are not to continue as we have continued. The fact is, there must be more conscience, more effort, more power in the moral forces of our land than we have had in the years past. The fact of the business is we have, as a people, been anxious to succeed, anxious to prosper; and if a man has a good bank account, if he has no troubles in his family, no troubles in his business, he is content and rests there. I tell you, gentlemen, in this great hour that that method of living means ruin to the American republic. We can only live, we can only survive by a universal missionary spirit. I use that word "missionary" not in any narrow sense; I do not mean by the word "mission-

ary" religious missionaries alone, I do not mean educational missionaries alone, I mean this: that every man must feel the responsibility for his neighbor and must feel that he has not done his duty by his country when he has paid his taxes, when he has paid his debts and when he has been square in business (though that is a great thing) but he will only have done his duty as a patriot when he has spent his forces in trying to recreate the raw material of Europe and make these men Americans in a real and true sense. (Applause.)

We have come to a parting of the ways. The time has come when real and earnest words must be spoken; when men of wealth, men of power, men of influence, men of character must feel that upon them are laid such responsibilities as no men have ever felt in human history. The Greeks had no such responsibility; the Romans had no such responsibility; the Apostles of the Master had no such responsibility. We stand at the end of the ages, the world is flowing toward us; free government is on trial; law is on trial; justice is on trial; equity is on trial. What will be the outcome depends upon the character and quality of the Sons of the Pilgrims, the Puritans, and the Cavaliers. Have we enough of the native American stuff to act as a leaven to transform these alien elements and to make one great nation that loves law, constitution, flag, government? Can we hope for these things? I believe that we can.

I want to say a word of cheer,—there has been so much in the newspapers, so much current doubt of American institutions, so many scandals in high

finance, so many burdens that have come to us from men who have betrayed their trust, that the common people believe that every man in position is a potential scoundrel, if not an actual scoundrel. I do not believe it. I believe that at the present time there is such a quickening of conscience in this country as has not existed for the last fifty years. I believe that there is a raising of the tone of our city, our government, our social, our political life. The time has come when no man will have political position unless the people believe that he is able to serve the people better than any other man. The time has come when men who have financial responsibility will be held to a stricter account than this or any country has ever realized in the past. The time has come when we are going to have an honest trade-mark, that is to say, when leather will mean leather, and sugar will mean sugar, and butter will mean butter, and whatever men have to sell will mean just what it is labeled. The time has come for new equities, new revelations of truth, new forms of righteousness, and we who are here tonight have our responsibility for the community in which we live. Can the American people fail or falter? It seems to me impossible.

God has given us the finest continent in all the world. Between the waters of the Atlantic and the gracious waves of the Pacific there lies more material wealth than in any part of this globe. We have behind us a glorious history, not only the heroism of those who were your progenitors, those who fought in the Colonial Wars but those who fought in the Revo-

lution and those who fought in the War of the Rebellion and those who have struggled in those finer contests for principle and for righteousness; and these things are our heritage. We stand as the inheriters of all this legacy of power, character and righteousness. If we fail we are the most miserable people that this world has ever seen. We are called to be worthy of our responsibilities. This is the social duty and the social law.

Our nation is entering upon a career of grandeur such as the imagination of man cannot conceive. Eighty millions today, one hundred millions tomorrow, three hundred millions when your children take from your faltering hands the rudder of power; wealth glutting the desires of men beyond all the dreams of all the ages; intellectual triumph, prophesied by our universities, by our intellectual life, by the growth of our literature; and here is to be the great final apotheosis of democracy. It must not be that men, whom God has loved and whom God has blessed, as he has loved and blessed us, will fail or falter. It must be that at the alters of our country we shall once again bow down and swear our fealty to all the service of God and to all the service of man that belongs to our nation and its history. When we have done it, and when the American people and their descendants upon these shores feel and understand their social responsibility, then shall be born, in the providence of God, a nation in which law shall be equity, the administration of government shall be righteousness, the future shall glow

with an atmosphere of benediction and peace, and America will lead the procession of the nations out into the future over the mountains of difficulty, over the delectable mountains, out into the new heaven and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. (Applause.)

All joined in singing America, after which the General Court adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ANNUAL BUSINESS
COURT HELD AT THE OFFICE OF THE
SECRETARY, DECEMBER 30, 1907.

The Annual Business Court of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Minnesota for the year 1907 convened at the Office of the Secretary, No. 513 Globe Building, St. Paul, Minnesota, Monday afternoon, December 30th, at 4 o'clock.

The proceedings were as follows:

The Court was called to order by the Governor, and prayer was offered by the Chaplain, Rt. Rev. Samuel Cook Edsall, D. D.

The following Officers, Gentlemen of the Council and Members of the various Committees were elected by unanimous ballot vote:

Governor,

EDWARD CHARLES STRINGER

Deputy Governor,

GEORGE HENRY DAGGETT.

Lieutenant Governor,

JAMES HENRY SKINNER.

Secretary,

WILLIAM GARDNER WHITE.

Treasurer,

WALTER FREDERICKS MYERS

Registrar,

EDMUND JOSEPH PHELPS.

Historian,

PAUL DOTY.

Genealogist,

EDWARD BLAKE YOUNG.

Chancellor,

HON. CHARLES MONROE START.

Chaplain,

RT. REV. SAMUEL COOK EDSALL, D. D.

Surgeon,

CHARLES EASTWICK SMITH, M. D.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL.

Term Expiring 1910,

EVERETT HOSKINS BAILEY.

FRANKLIN LEWIS GREENLEAF.

JEREMIAH CLARK STEWART, M. D.

COMMITTEES.

Membership Committee,

CHARLES PHELPS NOYES (Chairman).

FREDERICK DELOS MONFORT (Secretary)

EBEN FREME WELLS.

ELL TORRANCE.

JOHN TOWNSEND.

Committee on Historical Documents,

HENRY PRATT UPHAM.

REV. EDWARD CRAIG MITCHELL.

HON. WILLIAM DREW WASHBURN.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

REV. EDWARD SAVAGE DOBBIN.

Mr. Walter Fredericks Myers, the Treasurer of the Society submitted his report for the year ending December 30, 1907, as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 30, 1907.

RECEIPTS.

Annual Dues	\$530.00
Initiation Fees	30.00
Genealogical Fees	31.75
Sale of Register	3.00
From Members for Informal Court.....	108.00
Cash on hand Dec. 20, 1906.....	5.17
	<hr/>
	\$707.92

DISBURSEMENTS.

Printing, Postage, &c.....	\$191.66
Supplemental Blanks	3.00
Entertainments	321.60
Flowers	25.65
Annual Dues to General Society.....	25.00
Insurance	5.02
Genealogical Work	22.25
Stenographer	108.90
Cash on hand Dec. 30, 1907.....	4.84
	<hr/>
	\$707.92

WALTER FREDERICKS MYERS.

Treasurer.

In connection with the Treasurer's Report, the duly appointed Auditing Committee submitted their report as follows:

The undersigned being the Committee duly appointed to examine the books and accounts of Walter Fredericks Myers, Treasurer of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Minnesota, for the year ending December 30, 1907, hereby report that we have examined the same and that we find all the books and accounts of the Treasurer to be correct and in proper form, and in accordance with the report this day submitted by him to this Society.

HERBERT MORTIMER TEMPLE,

FREDERICK DELOS MONFORT,

Auditing Committee.

Dated, St. Paul, Minn., December 30, 1907.

The Report of the Treasurer was unanimously accepted and adopted.

No other business was transacted and at 4 o'clock and 30 minutes P. M. the meeting adjourned.

MEMBERSHIP.

Since the publication of the last Report twenty-eight new members have been admitted to the Society, namely:

Society No. 149. REV. ARTHUR WADSWORTH
FARNUM. St. Joseph, Missouri.

Mr. Farnum is a Clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and resides at present at St. Joseph, Missouri. He traces his descent from Ensign Jeremiah Whipple, who was Ensign of the 6th Company of the 2nd Massachusetts Regiment, commanded by Col. Winthrop Hilton "of the Land Forces on the Intended Expedition to Nova Scotia," by virtue of a commission dated April 23, 1707.

Society No. 150. FORREST HOY ORTON, D. D. S.,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Dr. Orton is a Dentist practicing his profession in St. Paul, and traces his descent from Thomas Orton, who was elected a Deputy to the General Court of Connecticut in 1684.

Society No. 151. RT. REV. SAMUEL COOK ED-
SALL, D. D., Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. Edsall is Bishop of Minnesota in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and traces his descent from Col. James Frye, of Andover, Mass., who was Colonel of the Essex County Regiment enlisted for the expedition against Crown Point in 1756.

Society No. 152. MAJOR HARRY LOVEJOY ROGERS, Paymaster, U. S. Army,

St. Paul, Minnesota.

Major Rogers is the Chief Paymaster of the United States Army of the Department of Dakota, stationed at St. Paul, Minnesota. He traces his descent from Lieut. Joseph Rogers, of Duxbury, Mass., who was a member of the Duxbury Company commanded by Capt. Myles Standish and was also Lieut. in Capt. Matthew Fuller's Company in 1647.

Society No. 153. EUGENE BURT,

St. Paul, Minnesota.

Eugene Burt was Agent of the Great Western Stove Company of St. Paul, Minnesota, when he joined the Society. He afterwards removed to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, and has since died. He traces his descent from Lieut. Nathaniel Burt, who was a Lieutenant in Capt. Luke Hitchcock's Company in the Regiment commanded by Col. Ephraim Williams, which took part in the expedition against Crown Point in August and September, 1755. Lieut. Burt participated in an attack upon the French and their Indian Allies near Lake George, September 8, 1755, and was killed during that battle. He was also Sergeant in the Company commanded by Ensign William Stebbins of Springfield, Massachusetts, which marched from Springfield to Hatfield in the month of August, 1748.

Society No. 154. HON. FRANCIS MARION CROSBY,
Hastings, Minnesota.

Judge Crosby is a Judge of the District Court for the First Judicial District, and resides at Hastings, Minnesota. He traces his descent from John Allen, who assisted in the defense of Deerfield when the town was attacked by Indians Feb. 29, 1704, and was killed by Indians May 11, 1704.

Society No. 155. LEWIS HENRY MEAD,
Shell Lake, Wisconsin.

Mr. Mead is an Attorney at Law, residing at Shell Lake, Wisconsin, and is County Attorney for the County of Washburn in that State. He traces his descent from Zebulon Mead, who was Lieutenant of Capt. Peter Vander Burgh's Company, Dutchess County, New York, which served during the months of July, August and September, 1755.

Society No. 156. McNEIL VERNAM SEYMOUR,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Seymour is an Attorney at Law practicing his profession in St. Paul, Minnesota, and traces his descent from Rev. Samuel Stone, of Hartford, Connecticut, who was Chaplain to Col. Mason's Troops in the Pequot War, 1637, and received from the General Court of Connecticut a grant of land for his services rendered during that war.

Society No. 157. FRANK BILLINGS KELLOGG,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Kellogg is an Attorney at Law residing in St. Paul, Minnesota, and traces his descent from Lieut. Joseph Kellogg of Hadley, Massachusetts, who served as Sergeant of Capt. William Turner's Company, and took part in the "Falls Fight" May 19, 1676. He was appointed Ensign of the Hadley Foot Company by the General Court of Massachusetts May 9, 1676, and was appointed Lieutenant of the same Company Sept. 16, 1678.

Society No. 158. THOMAS DAVIS MERRILL,
Duluth, Minnesota.

Mr. Merrill is engaged in the Lumber Business in Duluth, Minnesota, and traces his descent from Daniel Merrill, of Newbury, Mass., who was a member of the Newbury Company commanded by Captain Thomas Noyes in 1688. He was also a member of Lieut. Col. Thomas Noyes' Company of "Snowshoe Men" in 1706.

Society No. 159. FRANCIS JOSEPH BIRD,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Mr. Bird is a Retail Merchant in Minneapolis, and traces his descent from Capt. Ephraim Doolittle, who was Captain of a Company in his Majesty's service and served from April, 1755, until Sept., 1755, in an Expedition against Crown Point.

Society No. 160. CORDENIO ARNOLD SEVERANCE,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Severance is an Attorney at Law practicing his profession in St. Paul, Minnesota, and traces his descent from Jonathan Severance of Deerfield, who served in the Deerfield Company, commanded by Capt. Thomas Wells in the French and Indian War, 1746.

Society No. 161. PAUL DOTY,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Doty is Secretary and General Manager of the St. Paul Gas Light Company of St. Paul, Minnesota, and came to our Society by transfer of his membership from the Society in Michigan. He traces his descent from Edward Doty, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, who was a Mayflower passenger and one of the signers of the Compact; a member of Capt. Myles Standish's Military Company and took part in the "First Encounter" December 8, 1620.

Society No. 162. WILLIAM THOMAS McMURRAN,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. McMurrán is an Attorney at Law practicing his profession in St. Paul, Minnesota, and traces his descent from John Curtis 2d, who was a member of the Council and a Major General in Virginia.

Society No. 163. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON STOWELL,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Stowell is a retired Manufacturer, whose residence is in St. Paul, Minnesota. He traces his descent from Henry Bowen, who was Ensign of a Company commanded by Capt. Isaac Johnson at the "Great Swamp Fight" December 19, 1675.

Society No. 164. EDWIN MORTON WARE.

St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Ware is the Senior member of the firm of E. M. & H. F. Ware, who are engaged in the Real Estate and Mortgage Loan business in St. Paul, Minnesota. He traces his descent from William Cooper, who was a member of the Colonial Assembly of West Jersey from the Third or Irish Tenth in 1682, 1683 and 1685.

Society No. 165. HOWARD FITHIAN WARE,

St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Ware is the Junior Member of the firm of E. M. & H. F. Ware who are engaged in the Real Estate and Mortgage Loan business in St. Paul, Minnesota. He traces his descent from William Cooper, who was a member of the Colonial Assembly of West Jersey from the Third or Irish Tenth in 1682, 1683 and 1685.

Society No. 166. ROBERT LESLIE WARE,

St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Ware is engaged in the Real Estate and Mortgage Loan business in St. Paul, Minnesota, and traces his descent from William Cooper, who was a member of the Colonial Assembly of West Jersey from the Third or Irish Tenth in 1682, 1683 and 1685.

Society No. 167. GEORGE BERTRAM WARE,

St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Ware is manager of the Department of Railway and Manufacturing Supplies at Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk and Company, St. Paul, Minnesota, and traces his descent from William Cooper, who was a member of the Colonial Assembly of West Jersey from the Third or Irish Tenth in 1682, 1683 and 1685.

Society No. 168. JAMES SPENCER BRYANT,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Bryant is Teller of The Merchants National Bank of St. Paul, Minnesota, and traces his descent from Capt. Jonathan Danforth of Billerica, Massachusetts, who was Lieutenant of the Billerica Military Company in the Regiment commanded by Maj. Daniel Gookin in King Phillip's War, 1675. He was commissioned Captain in 1683, and served in the Expedition against Canada under Sir William Phipps in 1690.

Society No. 169. ARTHUR ROSS ROGERS,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Mr. Rogers is a Lumber Merchant in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and traces his descent from Joseph Tilden, who served in the Scituate Military Company and was appointed Ensign of that company by the Plymouth Colony General Court June 29, 1652.

Society No. 170. MACKAY JAMES THOMPSON,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Thompson is a dealer in Farm Land Securities, and resides in St. Paul, Minnesota. He traces his descent from Edward Converse, of Woburn, who was a Deputy from Woburn to the Massachusetts General Court in 1660.

Society No. 171. LUTHER BISHOP ARNOLD,
Duluth, Minnesota.

Mr. Arnold is a Railroad Land Commissioner at Duluth, Minnesota. He traces his descent from Capt.

Roger Clap, of Dorchester, Mass., who was appointed Lieutenant of the Dorchester Train Band in 1644 and Captain at a later date; was also appointed Second Sergeant of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in 1647, and Lieutenant of the Company in 1655; was appointed to the command of Castle William August 1, 1665, by the General Court of Massachusetts, and held the position until 1686; was a Deputy from Dorchester in 1647, 1652 to 1655, 1657, 1659 to 1664 and 1671.

Society No. 172. HERBERT MORTIMER TEMPLE,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Temple is a Public Accountant and Auditor, residing in St. Paul, Minnesota, and traces his descent from Abraham Temple of Charlestown, Massachusetts, who was a member of Capt. Nathaniel Davenport's Company, which served in King Philip's War in 1675-76. He took part in the "Great Swamp Fight" December 19, 1675.

Society No. 173. HENRY BENBROOKE HALL.

St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Hall is Merchandise Buyer for Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Company of St. Paul, Minnesota, and traces his descent from Asahel Hall of Wallingford, Connecticut, who in October, 1764, was commissioned Capt. of the Second Company or Train Band in the town of Wallingford, by the Connecticut General Assembly.

Society No. 174. EDWIN WHITE,

St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. White is a dealer in Investment Securities and Commercial Paper, and resides in St. Paul, Minnesota. He is the St. Paul correspondent of Spencer Trask & Co. of New York City. He traces his descent from Resolved White, who was a Mayflower passenger, but too young to sign the Compact; with the exception of John Cooke, he was the last survivor of the Pilgrim Company; was also a member of the Scituate Military Company in 1643, and served under Capt. Nicholas Manning in King Philip's War, 1675.

Society No. 175. PHILIP BARSTOW HUNT,

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Mr. Hunt is a General Life Insurance Agent, with offices in St. Paul, Minnesota, but resides in Minneapolis, Minnesota. He traces his descent from Gov. John Webster of Connecticut, who was one of the original proprietors of Hartford in 1636; a Magistrate continuously from 1639 to 1654; First Magistrate 1657, 1658, and 1659; Deputy Governor of Connecticut, 1655; Governor of Connecticut 1656; one of the leaders of the Hadley Company, to which town he moved in 1659; appointed Magistrate at Hadley May 31, 1660.

Society No. 176. FRANK GRIGGS McMILLAN.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Mr. McMillan is a Contractor in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and traces his descent from Col. Andrew McMillan, who was Colonel of the 15th New Hampshire Regiment in 1774, and who received a grant of land from the Provincial Government of New Hampshire for services in "The Old French War."

**MEMBERS WHO HAVE TRANSFERRED THEIR
MEMBERSHIP.**

ALANSON PECKHAM LATHROP, (Soc. No. 145)
has transferred his membership to the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Michigan.

GEORGE CLARKE SQUIRES, (Soc. No. 119)
has transferred his membership to the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of New York.

MEMBERS WHO HAVE RESIGNED.

KENNETH ROBERTSON, (Soc. No. 141)

LYMAN THEODORE POWELL, (Soc. No. 134)

GEORGE CHASE CHRISTIAN, (Soc. No. 38)

Have resigned their membership in the Society.

**MEMBERS DROPPED FOR NON-PAYMENT OF
DUES.**

EDWIN BELL, Capt. U. S. A., (Soc. No. 129)

EDWARD PENFIELD TOWNE, (Soc. No. 108)

HENRY SHELDON JUDSON, (Soc. No. 140)

CHARLES EDWARD NASON HOWARD, Lieut.
U. S. A., (Soc. No. 85)

Have been dropped from the rolls of the Society for non-payment of their annual dues.

DECEASED MEMBERS.

The Society has lost nine members by death since the publication of the last Report, namely:

- WILLIAM SHARP TIMBERLAKE, (Soc. No. 65.)
 STEVENS GRAHAM RUSSELL (Soc. No 105.)
 EUGENE BURT (Soc. No. 153.)
 WILLIAM PARKER JEWETT (Soc. No. 114.)
 ROSCOE FREEMAN HERSEY (Soc. No. 57.)
 GEORGE BROOKS YOUNG (Soc. No. 117.)
 THADDEUS CRANE FIELD (Soc. No. 111.)
 GEORGE ENOCH POND, Brig. Gen. U. S. A. (Soc. No. 115.)
 ARTHUR LOCKWOOD WAGNER, Col. U. S. A. (Soc. No. 128.)

MEMBERSHIP JANUARY 1, 1908.

The membership of the Society at this date is as follows:

Members elected to date.....	176
Resigned	10
Dropped	12
Transferred	9
Died	20
Present Membership.....	125

In accordance with our usual custom memorials of our deceased members properly find a place in this report. These various memorials are as follows:

ARTHUR LOCKWOOD WAGNER.

Colonel Arthur Lockwood Wagner, the foremost American military strategist and writer of our time, was born March 16, 1853, at an obscure little village in Southern Illinois, called Ottawa. It is an evidence of the democratic character of our National Academy, that without any particular political or social influence, young Wagner was able to secure a cadetship at West Point, where he graduated number forty in a class of forty-three.

While at West Point, Cadet Wagner was not noted for high scholarship, nor did he give any particular evidence of that taste for military letters which subsequently marked his career. His fun-loving nature often got him into hot water with the authorities, and in later years he often adverted to the not infrequent periods of his cadet life, spent under duress in "light prison."

From his subsequent achievements, it is plain that his was a mind which matured slowly, and which required time and experience to develop to its full capacity.

After graduation, young Wagner was assigned to the Sixth U. S. Infantry, and in a modest way, took part with his regiment in the Sioux Indian Campaign of 1876-77, in Dakota and Montana, and in the Ute Campaign of 1880-81, in Colorado and Utah.

From 1882 to 1885 he occupied the chair of military science and tactics at the East Florida Seminary, Gainesville, Florida, during which period (1883) he was

awarded the gold medal of the Military Service Institution of the United States, for a prize essay entitled "The Military Necessities of the United States and the Best Provisions for Meeting Them."

Upon his return to the United States, he was made Commandant of the Staff College at Leavenworth, and from this highly complimentary position was appointed to the General Staff of the Army, and Director of the Army War College. Meanwhile, easily recognized as the foremost American authority on military science and tactics, Colonel Wagner served successively as Chief Umpire at the Army Maneuvers at Fort Riley, Kansas; West Point, Kentucky; and at Manassas, Virginia, and also of the National Guard of Ohio, at Athens, Ohio. In the spring of 1905, the President decided to make him a Brigadier-General, and it was indeed the irony of fate that his commission as such was engrossed and ready for signature on the very day, June 17, 1905, that, overtaken by the Grim Reaper, Colonel Wagner passed peacefully away at Asheville, North Carolina. As part compensation it is good to know that Colonel Wagner died, fully believing that his ambition had been realized, in having gained the coveted star.

In addition to many important magazine articles and essays, Colonel Wagner was the author of "The Campaign of Koniggratz" (1889). "The Service of Security and Information" (1893). "Organization and Tactics" (1895). "A Catechism of Outpost Duty" (1896) and other works. His literary style was marked by extreme simplicity and clearness—qualities which he carried into

his oral lectures and critiques. His published works have not only been standard text-books for our army during the past ten years, but have received flattering recognition abroad.

While Wagner was still a First Lieutenant of Infantry, he was detailed Assistant Instructor, and Instructor, Department of Military Art, U. S. Infantry and Cavalry School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he remained until March 23, 1897. It was here that Wagner first came into note as a critical student of military history, and it is safe to say that no officer of our army left so deep an impress of individuality on the post graduate schools at Fort Leavenworth, as did Captain Wagner. His marked genius for the highest duties of staff administration led to his selection by the President in the year 1896 for appointment as Major and Assistant Adjutant General, and during the two years preceding the Spanish-American War he was Chief of the Division of Military Information of the War Department.

At the immediate outbreak of war, Lieut. Colonel Wagner was designated as a member of the Joint Board to harmonize military and naval operations, commonly known as the Strategic Board, and during the historic summer of 1898, he was a member of General Miles' Staff. He accompanied General Shafter's Army to Santiago-de-Cuba, and was present at El Caney and the subsequent battles leading up to the surrender of the city. He then joined General Miles' headquarters and took part in the military operations in Porto Rico.

After a short tour of duty at St. Paul, Minnesota.

during the year 1899, as Adjutant General of the Department of Dakota, Colonel Wagner was detached for Philippine service, and occupied important Staff positions during the period from 1899 to 1902, in connection with the suppression of the Philippine Insurrection in Northern and Southern Luzon.

During this tour of tropical service, his health became impaired, and although never so seriously affected as to incapacitate him for work, Colonel Wagner's Philippine service undoubtedly contributed in a great measure to his final illness and death.

Col. Wagner's charming personality won the lasting friendship of the people of all classes. The question of rank never appeared in his intimacies, and his agreeable cordiality was as spontaneous and natural towards the lowest ranking Lieutenant as towards the Brigadier General. To National Guard Officers of all grades, he was always a helpful and willing mentor, and his criticisms of their military mistakes were so absolutely just and devoid of pedantry, that they were ever received with most appreciative friendliness.

In the untimely death of Arthur Lockwood Wagner, the Regular Army and the National Guard, as well as the many Patriotic Societies to which he belonged, have lost a loyal friend, and an illustrious exponent of military science.

WILLIAM PARKER JEWETT.

William Parker Jewett was born in Plainfield, Connecticut, August 24, 1848, and died suddenly in St. Paul, Minnesota, August 17, 1905.

He was the son of Dr. Charles Jewett, and Lucy Adams, his mother being seventh in descent from Miles Standish and likewise from Gov. William Bradford.

From Plainfield he accompanied his father to Millbury, Massachusetts in 1850, and afterwards to Batavia, Illinois, and in 1857 to Faribault, Minnesota, where his father located on a farm, which is still in the possession of the Jewett family. In 1863 the family removed to Chicago, Illinois, where as a boy of fifteen, he attended the Bryant and Stratton Business College and won a scholarship. He then went to Providence, Rhode Island, and graduated at the Bryant and Stratton College of that City, after a two years' course. In 1865 he returned to Minnesota and made his home in St. Paul, and was employed under State Auditor Whitcomb as a Land Clerk, and also as draughtsman in the United States Surveyor General's Office in St. Paul. He was for some time State Land Agent of Minnesota, having been appointed to this position by Gov. John S. Pillsbury, to adjust the University land grant, and it is pleasant to say that in the discharge of this duty he was very successful, having gained for the University very large tracts of land, which were thought to be unobtainable. In 1879 he was employed as Clerk in the Land Department of the St. Paul and

Sioux City Railroad Company, and as the result of faithful service, was eventually appointed to the responsible office of Land Commissioner, which he filled with conspicuous ability until about four years prior to his death, ending his service with this company as one of its Trustees in the final disposition of its land interests. In the interval he studied law and graduated with honor from the Legal Department of the University of Minnesota, and for a few years prior to his death, he devoted himself almost exclusively to his law business.

Mr. Jewett was twice married. First to Mary L. Bowe, by whom he had one daughter, Mrs. George G. Forbes, who was for some time Director of Kindergarten work in the St. Paul public schools, and who still resides here. His second wife was Ella P. Lamb, who with his daughter, survives him.

Mr. Jewett attained high rank in Masonic circles, having received the degrees of Lodge, Chapter, Council and Commandery in St. Paul in 1872 and 1873, and the Scottish Rite Degrees in 1885. In 1892 he was crowned Inspector General, Honorary 33rd Degree, the highest in that rite. He served with distinction in various official capacities, and in 1893, was at the head of Royal Arch Masonry in Minnesota. He was presented with an elegant Past Grand High Priest's jewel by the Grand Chapter in 1903.

He was elected a companion of the First Class by Inheritance of the Minnesota Commandery of the Military Order of The Loyal Legion of the United States, January 6, 1900, and was also a member of the Society

of Mayflower Descendants and of the Sons of the American Revolution.

He was a member and faithful attendant of The House of Hope Presbyterian Church, and it can justly be said that he was faithful to all trusts reposed in him and was universally regarded as genial and courteous in personal demeanor and that he was a man of the highest and strictest integrity.

He was buried in Oakland Cemetery, St. Paul, Minnesota, August 19, 1905.

ROSCOE FREEMAN HERSEY.

Roscoe Freeman Hersey was born at Milford, Maine, July 18, 1841, and died at Bangor, Maine, October 1, 1906. He was descended from a family noted for its active participation in the Revolutionary War, his great-grandfather having been a Colonel in the Continental Army under Gen. Washington.

As a child he attended the public schools at Bangor, and completed his education at Hopedale, Massachusetts.

Early in the Civil War he assisted in organizing Company F. 18th Maine Infantry, the name of which was shortly changed to the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, and was mustered in as Second Lieut. of the Company July 31, 1862. This regiment is said to have suffered a greater loss than was suffered by any regiment during any single engagement of the Civil War. A little later he was promoted to be Captain of the Company, his commission to date from March 1, 1863. He took

part in the Defense of Washington from August 27, 1862 to May 15, 1864, and participated in the battle of Spottsylvania in May, 1864, where he was severely wounded in the ankle. One result of this wound was a desperate struggle on his part to save his leg. The attending surgeon, fearing gangrene, insisted upon an operation, but a brother Mason, passing the car upon which he was lying, overheard his entreaties, and promised to be responsible for him until they could reach Washington. Through the influence of Hannibal Hamlin, then Vice-President and a life long friend of the family, he was permitted to return to Bangor for the purpose of receiving special treatment for his ankle. The wound refused to heal, and amputation seemed imminent; when one day in a spirit of fun, Col. Hersey gave a very lively kick, which caused him to lose his balance and to fall down a flight of stairs. The result of this kick was the dislodgment of a small piece of the bullet, and the early healing of the wound. He was brevetted Colonel for faithful services during the war, and was mustered out October 29, 1864. After the close of the war he was engaged in business in New Orleans until 1867, when he removed to Stillwater, Minnesota, where he took an active part in the lumber business, which had been established by his father, Gen. Samuel F. Hersey, of Bangor, Maine, and Isaac Staples, of Stillwater, Minnesota. He resided about a year in Stillwater, and then moved to Lake City, Minnesota, where he had charge of a branch of the business until 1874, when he returned to Stillwater. Gen. Samuel F. Hersey died in 1875, leaving four sons, of whom

Col. Hersey was the eldest. Upon these sons devolved the management of their father's estate, and by reason of his recent experience in and his knowledge of the property throughout the West, Col. Hersey was perhaps the most prominent in the management of the estate, and continued in its active management for the balance of his life. He lived in Stillwater from 1874 until 1887, when he removed to St. Paul, where he resided at the time of his death. While a resident of Stillwater, he was elected a member of the State Senate in 1877.

Col. Hersey married Eva Celestia Wardell, of Bangor, Maine, January 4, 1864, and she still survives him. Three children were born of this marriage, namely a son, Clinton Burnet Hersey, who was drowned August 4, 1899, being at that time in his twenty-fourth year, and two daughters, Mrs. Sherman Finch and Mrs. D. A. Mudge, both of whom survive him and reside in St. Paul.

Col. Hersey usually attended the Protestant-Episcopal Church and for many years served as Vestryman of Ascension Church in Stillwater. He received the degrees of Symbolic Masonry in Bangor, Maine, and at the time of his death was a member of Lodge, Chapter and Commandery at Stillwater.

He was a fine type of the true American citizen, a most estimable gentleman, and always ready to promote the best interests of the community in which he lived. In his home he was a kind and indulgent husband and father, a man of genial disposition, kind and considerate, and if he had a fault, it was his extreme

loyalty to and confidence in those whom he counted his friends. As a citizen, he was always ready to do his entire duty to his country, and to his fellow-citizens.

His remains were interred in Oakland Cemetery, St. Paul, Minnesota, October 5, 1906.

EUGENE BURT.

Eugene Burt was the oldest son of Nathaniel S. and Eleanor Burt, the other children being Nathaniel, Mary and Lucy. He was born in New York, April 12th, 1841, on Franklin Street, which was then near the center of the residential section, but which has long been given over to the wholesale dry goods industry. At that time, on the corner of Broadway and Broome Street, there was located an unusually fine school, called the Mechanic's School. Here Eugene Burt obtained his education. When he was about fifteen years of age the family removed to Brooklyn, and he left school to enter the employ of Walsh and Coulters, dealers in wholesale hardware. He began with the humble duties of an office boy and his position was no sinecure, but demanded long hours of faithful work. Learning rapidly and thoroughly one detail after another belonging to the business, young Burt soon displayed such exceptional qualities of industry and reliability, that at the beginning of his second year his salary of \$150 per year was doubled and his duties correspondingly increased.

If the definition of genius means "an infinite capacity

for taking pains," then the talents of Eugene Burt fell little short of securing for him that title. Blessed with an unusual memory, he also possessed keen judgment and an aptitude for mastering business details that, combined with a passion for thoroughness, made his services of the highest value. It was not many years before he became head bookkeeper and confidential man for the business concern, and, in addition to these duties, transacted all the private business for Mr. Walsh. This latter was no small task, as Mr. Walsh was a man of wide and varied interests, and one who commanded great respect and confidence among his fellow merchants. He was chosen executor for many estates, one of them being the estate of the elder Henry James, father of the celebrated author, Henry James, and of Professor William James of Harvard. Mr. Walsh was also Treasurer of the New York Orphan Asylum, and filled many offices of trust and honor for other prominent societies.

The association of Eugene Burt with Mr. Walsh was more like that of father and son than merely that of employer and trusted clerk, the young man having full power of attorney to transact business and to sign checks,—a power never given by that firm to any other employee. This harmonious and beautiful relation continued for nearly a quarter of a century, a period covering the Civil War, when perhaps the business interests of the country were more centered in New York than will ever again be the case.

Mr. Walsh severed his active relations with the original firm in the early seventies, but Mr. Burt con-

tinued to act as his confidential agent until the death of Mr. Walsh. The firm of Walsh and Coulters changed its personnel several times after the retirement of Mr. Walsh, but as Mr. Burt's relation to Mr. Coulters was not less cordial than to Mr. Walsh, his position in the firm remained unchanged until the firm finally dissolved partnership and the members retired from active business life. Mr. Walsh died in 1880 beloved and respected by all who knew him.

Among the treasures most prized by Mr. Burt was a beautiful portrait of Mr. Walsh given to him by the Walsh family, as well as the many letters written to him by Mr. Walsh, all testifying to the love and confidence shown by the older man whom the younger one had served so faithfully and well during the long years of their companionship.

On the entire breaking up of the old firm, Mr. Burt associated himself for about three years with the Buffalo Door and Sash Company, which had an office in Brooklyn. Various business changes followed until the year 1894, when he made a radical change by going to St. Paul, Minnesota, to take charge of an office located in that city.

While he had made his home in New York, his younger brother, Nathaniel, had gone West, and in course of time had become identified with a large manufacturing concern known as The Great Western Stove Company. The main works were (and still are) located at Leavenworth, Kansas, but a branch had been opened in St. Paul, and it was to superintend this department that Mr. Burt was called to that city.

Although of a very conservative temperament and retiring nature, it took but a comparatively short time for him to become deeply attached to St. Paul. Here he spent some of the happiest years of his life, identifying himself thoroughly and heartily with the place and making many warm friends.

In August, 1904, business conditions made it seem wise to close the branch located by the Company in St. Paul, and this gave Mr. Burt an opportunity to take a needed holiday and to visit eastern friends. The next year was spent in and around New York, Washington and Boston until late in the summer of 1905 when, during a visit to Plymouth, Mass., the Great Western Stove Works again called him west, this time to establish a branch in Oklahoma City. This he did in his usual thorough manner, and in the early spring of 1906 turned it over to the man whom he had trained to fill his position, deciding that he had continued long enough in active business. While visiting his brother in Leavenworth, he was taken seriously ill. Upon partially recovering he again pushed on, hoping to reach the East, but was able to travel only as far as St. Paul, where he was again prostrated. His illness continued for weeks, and in this western home, surrounded by loving friends, and ministered to by his devoted wife, he entered into his long rest on July 5th, 1906. During his illness he often expressed the deepest gratitude that he was again in "God's country," as he called Minnesota, and seemed entirely satisfied to remain there. A simple stone in beautiful Oakland

marks the resting place of this "Son of the Colonial Wars."

The record of this descendant of an old New England family is that of a modest, unassuming man, who would have been thoroughly averse to claiming that he was in any way entitled to unusual honors. His life was not unlike that of many another faithful, upright, trusted, confidential agent. What made him remarkable was his unusual literary and artistic taste. His nature was so quiet and retiring that it was only his few intimate friends who knew how keen was his delight in books and works of art. His taste was for the old dramatists and essayists, and his library was not only large, but was chosen with a skill and discriminating taste that won the admiration of all who visited it. Portfolios of rare prints were treasured not only for their own beauty, but for their suitability in extra-illustrating the volumes that most appealed to his fancy. It was almost a marvel that a man whose everyday life was that of the prosaic routine of business could yet find time to appreciate and accumulate the treasures of books, prints, engravings, miniatures and other works of art that filled his home. Not a small factor in the development of his taste was undoubtedly his fondness for the drama, fostered during the years of early manhood by his opportunities to see those great masters of the mimic art who made those years so remarkable in the dramatic art history of this country. Edwin Forrest, the elder Booth, and his scarcely less famous sons; Charles Kean, Macready, Charlotte Cushman, and a host of lesser stars, swayed the minds and

emotions of men in the plays of Shakespeare and the later dramatists with a power scarcely appreciated by the present generation. This privilege which Mr. Burt so thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated, was reinforced by his acquaintance with the famous book-stores of New York. In a half dozen famous shops where works of art and libraries are bought and sold, he was a constant visitor and a not-undesirable customer. His keen appreciation gave him the entre into the inner sanctums where rare and costly volumes were displayed to the few, and here he spent many, many hours absorbing knowledge and saturating himself with a love for the beautiful in all its forms.

To a few intimate friends was known his remarkable memory. Apparently without effort he could repeat page after page and voice character after character from his beloved Shakespeare, and from many of the early English dramas, giving to each character such force and meaning as showed not only how keen was his appreciation, but also that if fate had placed him in a position where his oratorical powers had received cultivation he might have readily have filled a more conspicuous place in the world.

Eugene Burt married in 1875 Anna Lucretia Pearse of New York, who survives him. He leaves no children. His brother Nathaniel has two sons, Nathaniel and Eugene. Mary and Lucy Burt, sisters of Eugene, died a few years ago.

THADDEUS CRANE FIELD.

Thaddeus Crane Field was born November 1, 1836, in the Town of Somers, Westchester County, State of New York; married Julia Shelton Ingersoll, daughter of Daniel Wesley Ingersoll, March 3, 1859; died at his home in St. Paul, Minnesota, February 10, 1906. He was descended from Revolutionary stock through both maternal and paternal lines—and on his father's side from Robert Titus of Rehoboth, Massachusetts, a soldier of note in the Colonial Wars. He was educated in the country schools of the farming district in which he was born, followed by a course in the Clinton Liberal Institute at Clinton, New York, from which he graduated at the age of nineteen.

Mr. Field came to St. Paul in the spring of 1856 and entered the employ of D. W. Ingersoll in the dry goods business. In 1859 he was admitted as a partner and from that partnership was finally evolved the present corporation, Field-Schlick & Co. The management of the business was, from Mr. Field's earliest connection with it, entrusted to him and at the time of his death he was, and for many years had been, the president of the corporation. This is Mr. Field's business record and a brief review of it will be of interest. For nearly fifty years, without interruption, his time and attention were devoted to the single purpose of firmly establishing, maintaining and administering a dry-goods business which should not only be able to meet the ever increasing demands imposed upon it in a rapidly growing community, but, at the same time, gain for it a repu-

tation and a name which should be above reproach and a financial standing which could not be doubted. He succeeded beyond his brightest expectations. During this long period of time a number of wide spread financial disturbances swept over our country bringing in their train almost universal ruin, bankruptcy and destruction of credit. Mr. Field's firm came successfully through them all and emerged with unimpaired credit and added honors. This was due as much as anything else, to his vigorous prosecution of the business, the avoidance of temptations to invest in real estate speculations or outside ventures, and to the fact that he was regarded as a man of honor and integrity. So he advanced year by year through sunshine and through storm, to ultimate success. The esprit de corps in his establishment was remarkable and it was due, as much as anything else, to his force of character and to the fact that his employees knew him to be honorable, just and fair. He possessed a keen sense of right and wrong and was remarkably accurate in his judgments and opinions of men.

Ordinarily one might expect that a business life so intense and arduous in its exactions would tend to narrow and contract a man's ideas and views of life, induce selfishness and lack of interest in matters pertaining to the general welfare, but, with Mr. Field, the contrary, proved true. As the years went by he devoted much of his time to his books, his friends and the study of public affairs. In the church with which he was connected and of which he was for many years an honored trustee he took a deep interest and to it he gave

liberally both in time and money. Of an extremely sensitive and sympathetic nature, as he increased in wealth his charities grew and he keenly enjoyed giving, not only because of the good he did, but for the real pleasure it gave him to make other people happy. Readily approachable and willing to help he will long be remembered as the firm friend and generous contributor to every worthy object in the city of his residence.

Much of Mr. Field's leisure was spent out of doors. Some years before his death he purchased the old homestead in Westchester County, New York, and established there his summer home. Devoted to nature and to the study and cultivation of its fruits and flowers, fond of horses and every living thing, it was on this farm that he spent what were perhaps the happiest days of his life. No one, who visited him there, can ever forget the cordiality of his welcome, the warmth of his hospitality or the sense of regret when departing. It afforded him sincere pleasure to there greet his friends, show them the beauties of the old home and drive with them over and across the hills of Westchester County. When you came away you were better for having been there and were impressed with the fact that you had been entertained by one of God's noble-men of whom it could truly be said that he was a christian and a gentleman.

Mr. Field was thoroughly domestic in his tastes and habits of life; of a retiring disposition, avoiding public mention or notoriety; reserved in the expression of his thoughts, but a keen observer and a good listener. A man of fine character, indomitable courage and strong

will; tenacious in his opinions yet open to conviction if in error; holding in high esteem the good opinion of his business associates and friends. Men of like character, temperament and views of life are perhaps not as often met with now as formerly and this is to be regretted. Mr. Field was an estimable gentleman, a worthy citizen, honorable in all his dealings; his life was an inspiration.

STEVENS GRAHAM RUSSELL.

Stevens Graham Russell was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, June 27, 1861, his parents being Charles J. Russell and Catherine Webster Merrill, both of whom were natives of Plymouth, New Hampshire, where the Russell family has resided for several generations. Mr. Russell's ancestors were prominently identified with the early history of New Hampshire in civil as well as in military capacities. His grandfather, Moor Russell, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and took part in the Battle of Bunker Hill. He conducted a general store in Plymouth under the firm name of Webster-Russell & Company, which is still in existence and the ownership of which has descended from father to son to the present generation. The business has always been managed under the same firm name and has occupied the same building which, however, has received additions from time to time as the exigencies of the business demanded. Mr. Russell's father conducted this store for many years and at a later date moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he engaged in banking business until 1867, when

he removed to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he lived until the time of his death.

Another of Mr. Russell's ancestors, who was closely associated with the history of New Hampshire for many years was his Great-Great Grandfather, Josiah Copp, who was one of the earliest settlers of the town of Warren, in that State. His name appears almost uninterruptedly upon the history of that town from 1768 to 1789, and during that period he was known as an ardent patriot and a man of marked influence in the community. At the beginning of the Revolution the town of Warren raised a company of men and paid them for serving in several campaigns, although it was still unorganized as a municipality. At the time of the Burgoyne invasion, the citizens of the New Hampshire towns gathered under the direction of Gen. Stark and the first training in the town of Warren took place on the farm of Josiah Copp, who fought under Gen. Stark at the Battle of Bennington. He was also appointed to furnish supplies for the army in Grafton County, and in 1780 he and Obadiah Clement were chosen to provide soldiers for service in the war. In the records of the Committee of Safety, Josiah Copp's name appears as having rendered distinguished service in the cause of the Colonies.

Another ancestor, Stephen Wells, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, served as a Private in Capt. Moody's Company at the battle of White Plains in 1776, and the record of his Ancestors who rendered service in the cause of the Colonies prior to the Revolution, will be found in the "Register of Members and Ancestors," published by this Society.

Stevens Graham Russell was educated in the public schools of Milwaukee, graduating from the East Side High School in 1879, after which he began his business life as an employee of The Steam Supply Company of Milwaukee. After a year or two passed in the employ of that Company he went with the Metropolitan Land and Iron Company, and was very shortly made manager of its business at Metropolitan, Michigan. He was then twenty-one years of age.

He afterwards located in Chicago with the Whitebreast Fuel Company and in 1887 he became connected with the Sales Department of the Northwestern Fuel Company and came to St. Paul as an employee of that Company in 1888. During the next fourteen years Mr. Russell was connected with the Sales Department of this Company in various capacities, being promoted from time to time, until in 1897 he became Manager of Sales.

His ability and agreeable character gave him a wide and favorable acquaintance in the coal trade, and he was highly esteemed by all with whom he associated.

He resigned this position on account of ill health and was absent in Denver for nearly two years, when he returned once more to St. Paul and became Manager of the Youghiogeny & Lehigh Coal Company. His health, however, was unequal to this task and after a little time he resigned and went again to Denver, where he died March 15, 1904.

GEORGE ENOCH POND.

Brigadier General George Enoch Pond, United States Army, retired, was born at Brooklyn, Connecticut, July 5th, 1847, and died suddenly of apoplexy at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, November 20, 1907, aged 60 years, 4 months and 15 days. His father was Reverend Enoch Pond, a Congregationalist minister. Of his immediate family only a son, Captain George Bahnson Pond, United States Army, and a brother, Commander Charles Fremont Pond, United States Navy, survive him.

When a mere lad General Pond enlisted as a private in Company "K," Twenty-first Connecticut Infantry, December 9th, 1863. In the following year, at the battle of Drury's Bluff, this boy soldier was wounded in the leg; but he continued to serve in the volunteer army until the close of the Civil War, when he was honorably discharged, June 7th, 1865. Three years later, July 1st, 1868, he reported as a cadet at the United States Military Academy, and notwithstanding a severe injury received in the riding hall, which necessitated his absence during a month or six weeks from his studies and, indeed, from the post of West Point, he graduated easily with his class, June 14th, 1872, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant of the Eighth United States Cavalry, in which regiment he served with great credit upon the plains and received his first promotion, January 15th, 1881.

During his graduating furlough he had left his northern home to visit a former class and room-mate, in a small southern town, where he met his future wife.

They were married October 10th, 1876, and a son and a daughter were the fruit of their happy union. He learned to love his wife's quiet home as he did his own, and there, where he himself was beloved by everybody, he was to die among her people, having been preceded to the grave by less than two months by his faithful helpmate, to whom he was devotedly attached.

The old wound in his leg never ceased to trouble General Pond, and when, after more than eleven years' service in the line, he applied for a position in the staff, he was appointed Captain and Assistant Quartermaster, October 23, 1883. He served with distinction in every grade, from private to Colonel, principally in the Quartermaster's Department, where his reputation as an able, energetic and scrupulously honest administrator was deservedly very high. While on duty as a Captain in the office of the Quartermaster General, he was engaged in preparing standard plans for the various buildings of our military garrisons, which admirable work merited and received the hearty commendation, both of his immediate superiors and of the Inspector General of the Army. Thereafter, for many years, his duties were principally the superintendence of such constructions, in which he disbursed millions of dollars and the large and important posts of Fort Riley, Kansas, Madison Barracks, New York, and Plattsburg Barracks, New York, (which stand today after more than twenty years' wear and tear of use and exposure to the elements as solid, firm and durable in their outward form and architectural symmetry as they were when turned over to the Government in 1887

to 1893) will long remain as monuments to his ability, foresight, industry and integrity.

General Pond is justly entitled to the credit of being the pioneer in what may be considered as the modern method of construction of barracks, officers' quarters, offices, storehouses and other buildings at military posts throughout the United States, and all that has been done in that direction since he designed the admirable plans which were adopted about 1887 for the new buildings then erected at Fort Riley, Kansas, and later carried out with modifications required by difference in climate and building material available at the other posts named, is in the nature of improvements suggested by advanced methods of construction that have been developed in the last ten or fifteen years, but based upon the solid foundations and ideas first formed and developed by General, then Captain Pond.

To General Pond's persistency and aggressiveness is also due the reconstruction following the old lines of the buildings of old Fort Snelling, which, but for his action, would have been wholly removed and swept away by the commercialism of modern progress.

More or less criticism has appeared in regard to the plans of saving or rebuilding certain parts of the old Fort, due largely to a misunderstanding of the true situation. The issue was this: more buildings were needed for the increased garrison at Fort Snelling. The only place where proper sites for them could be found was ground occupied by the old Fort. The spirit of utilitarianism was in favor of sweeping away everything on the ground occupied by the old stone structures and beginning anew. Opposed to this was the

unformed vague argument of a number of sentimentalists who insisted that the old structures should be kept in their original form and adapted to the new uses for which buildings were needed. Insistence on this scheme would no doubt have resulted in abandoning the plan of further enlarging Fort Snelling and providing for the increased garrison elsewhere. It is due, as stated, to General Pond's persevering, patient and intelligent action that a middle course was adopted, and as much as possible of the form and features of the old Fort preserved.

He was promoted to a Majority, February 11th, 1897, and was Chief Quartermaster at different times, of several military departments and, during the Hispano-American War, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel of Volunteers, of the Fourth Army Corps, commanded by Major General Coppinger, and as Colonel of Volunteers, of the Seventh Army Corps, commanded by Major General Fitzhugh Lee. Subsequently he was Chief Quartermaster at our headquarters in Havana, Cuba, until honorably discharged from the volunteer service, May 12, 1899. In the regular service he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and Deputy Quartermaster General, October 26th, 1901, and to Colonel and Assistant Quartermaster General, January 20th, 1904, in which capacity he was assigned to duty in the office of his Chief, in the War Department at Washington. On February 16, 1907, at his own request, and after more than forty years service, he was retired with the rank of Brigadier General by virtue of meritorious service rendered during the Civil War. So much for his varied and interesting military record.

At an early age General Pond joined the Episcopal Church, of which he remained, throughout his life, a devout and steadfast communicant. He was likewise a member of the Loyal Legion and of other military orders, as well as a Royal Arch Mason, and he derived great pleasure from the exercise of the peculiar rites of the Masonic fraternity. Yet he was neither an ascetic nor a mystic. On the contrary, his religion was of the cheerful, frank and hopeful kind, but at the same time unostentatious and unobtrusive. During his residence in St. Paul for several years he was active in civil, religious and military affairs. He was for over five years a Vestryman of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and also a teacher of a class of young men. He followed the career of these pupils with great interest and several of them are today in military service through his influence. When he left St. Paul for his official appointment at Washington, D. C., the citizens of St. Paul tendered him a farewell banquet, at which time they presented him a dinner set of silver as a testimonial of the esteem in which he was held.

As a cadet and young officer he was never known to utter an obscene or profane word. He simply thought no evil. Indeed, he was the most guileless and lovable of men, but he did not lack firmness or stability on this account. As gentle as a woman, he was nevertheless a manly man. When the occasion demanded, he could be stern and immovable. He performed his duty under all circumstances. This was the keynote to his character. In every situation of life he could be depended upon; yet when a Corporal and a Sergeant in the corps of cadets it pained him inexpressibly to report his

friends for any dereliction of duty. This fact consoled him when, perhaps because of the rarity of his reports, he was not promoted to the usually coveted grade of Cadet Officer. He, himself, was very soldierly, however, and of handsome and attractive presence.

The death of his daughter, a beautiful and accomplished girl just entering young womanhood, and the sudden taking away of his beloved wife, were terrible and cruel blows which he bore, however, with Christian fortitude; but to the writer of this brief memoir he wrote that he had no desire to live—that he longed to join his dear departed ones. In his case, this was no morbid fancy. He was neither old nor ill, and his friends had every reason to hope for the long and peaceful retirement to which his distinguished services had entitled him.

Brigadier General Pond will long be remembered as a Christian Soldier and Patriot.

GEORGE BROOKS YOUNG.

George Brooks Young was born July 25, 1840, in Boston, Massachusetts, and died December 30, 1906, at his residence in St. Paul, Minnesota. He was the son of Rev. Alexander Young, who was a Unitarian Clergyman and an Overseer of Harvard College. His ancestors were early settlers in the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay Colonies and were people of importance and consequence in the annals of New England. He was educated in the schools of Boston, having attended from 1849 to 1856 the Adams School, T. Kidder's School and the Boston Latin School. He en-

tered Harvard College in 1856 and graduated in 1860. In the fall of that year he entered the law office of Henry A. Scudder of Boston, as a law student, where he remained for about a year. On April 19, 1861, he joined the New England Guards, Fourth Battalion of Infantry, and on April 25th. of the same year was ordered to Fort Independence, and was ordered home on May 25, 1861. In the fall of the same year he entered Harvard Law School, and graduated in 1863, receiving the degree of A. M.

In 1864 he went to New York City and for some time engaged in post-graduate study in the office of William Curtis Noyes, and in November of that year was admitted to the bar. He then entered the office of David Dudley Field and for a time occupied the position of Managing Clerk. After leaving that office he engaged in independent practice until 1870, when he came to Minneapolis and was admitted to the Bar of this State. He continued to reside in Minneapolis, and to practice law in that city for about four years. In April, 1874, he was appointed by Gov. Davis as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Chief Justice Ripley and the consequent appointment of Chief Justice McMillan, to the higher position. His term of office expired in May, 1875, when he removed to St. Paul, where he remained in active practice until his death.

Soon after coming to St. Paul he formed a partnership with Stanford Newell under the firm name of Young and Newell, which firm was dissolved in 1881. In January, 1883, he entered into partnership with

William H. Lightner, under the firm name of Young and Lightner, and in 1892, his nephew, Edward Blake Young, became a member of the firm, which continued in existence until terminated by the death of Judge Young.

From 1875 to 1892, he was the Reporter of the Supreme Court, and compiled 27 volumes of the Minnesota Reports, being Volumes 21 to 47, inclusive. For some time prior to his death he lectured in the Law Department of the University of Minnesota, on the subject of "Conflict of Laws."

During the twenty-three years of his practice in St. Paul, Judge Young conducted some of the most important litigation of the State. He was counsel in the legal proceedings resulting in the acquisition of its railway by the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway Company; conducted the litigation arising out of the land grants of that road, and of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, as well as the land grants of other Railway Companies; defended the suit brought by Farley against Messrs. Hill, Kittson, Stephen and Smith for a one-fifth interest in the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway; was Chief Counsel for the Northern Securities Company in all the merger litigation and prepared the main brief and made an argument in the case, both in the Circuit Court and on appeal in the Supreme Court of the United States.

He was, indeed, a great lawyer, and his reputation was not confined to his own state, but he was well known among other great lawyers, railroad capitalists and officials, and men engaged and interested in large enterprises throughout the Eastern and Western

States. Few men have more adorned the legal profession than Judge Young. Gifted with a remarkable and retentive memory, a clear and analytical mind and unusual habits of industry and thoroughness, he acquired a vast knowledge, not only of the law, but of history and of general literature. This knowledge was always at his command, and it is not too much to say of him that he was a ripe scholar, and a profound thinker. His reading covered a wide range, not only in the law, but also in general literature and his study of the history of the law was particularly directed to noting and analyzing its changes and its growth as it adapted itself to advancing civilization.

His love of books and of his chosen profession so occupied his time and attention that the circle of his personal acquaintance was not large, but those who had the good fortune to come within it will remember his charming conversation and his kind and genial ways.

Judge Young was married at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, on September 28, 1870, to Ellen Olivia Fellows, only daughter of Daniel Fellows, and a descendant of Gov. Thomas Mayhew, who in 1841 became not only Governor, but also patentee and proprietor of Martha's Vineyard and other islands. Mrs. Young died January 20, 1905. Judge and Mrs. Young had no children, and both are buried at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard.

One of the leading lawyers of Minnesota, who knew him best, has said of him:

“Judge Young was a man of books, scholarship and culture. While he was also a man of friend-

ship and human sympathies, his prevailing passion as I esteem Judge Young, was for knowledge and learning. Combined with this passion was a wonderful memory and an infinite capacity for labor. No task was too great for Judge Young to undertake. The result of this was that at his ripe age he was full of learning. He had accumulated a wonderful knowledge of the law. He not only knew the principles and the principal cases of the law, but his mind was full of collateral learning. A man could not fail to be a man of great ability when such qualities are combined as they were in Judge Young, with a logical and remarkably lucid and clear mind."

Another of his associates at the Bar, who enjoyed his personal acquaintance and intimate friendship, has said of him:

"To strangers he was reserved in manner, but those whom he admitted to his friendship forgot that fact. To his friends it was a delight to meet him. Even a casual meeting lighted up his face, seemed to kindle in him the fire of friendship and to diffuse warmth and good cheer. He was a man singularly averse to any verbal expression of feeling, but whenever any person in whom he was interested, could benefit by his word or act, he was tireless in his effort to help him. No one, who reads his appreciative memorial of Chief Justice McMillan in Volume 67 of the Minnesota Reports, can doubt that he possessed great warmth of feeling."

And one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court has very fitly described his character as follows:

"His mental operations were judicial by nature. His argument was invariably enlightened and un-

prejudiced. His comprehensive vision saw all sides of a controversy fully and fairly. Even as an advocate, intense in conviction and indignant at wrong, he relied solely upon the temperate presentation of legitimate considerations. He stood in eloquent antithesis to the lay conception of the small lawyer. Astuteness he had in a large degree; but of sharpness he had none. His dexterity in handling facts was sometimes startling, but their distortion was as impossible to him as their misrepresentation. Of the art of drilling a witness, he was as guileless as a child. He knew no cunning, and absolute honesty was the basis of his shrewdness. 'Perfect candor was his sword and shield.' His scorn of technical subterfuge was too instinctive to be called lofty. With emphasis he pointed out to his scholars that not in a score of years had a case been reversed in an English appellate court on mere error in evidence or practice.

His great ability, learning and industry were at the disposal of his clients, but never was his conscience controlled to subserve any interest for which he was, however ardent, a protagonist. This was entirely unconscious. Cant was precluded by the inherent logic of his mind. None the less he ridiculed the logic of the schoolmen. Even the study of John Stuart Mill he used to condemn as futile. He often said to me, 'You can no more learn from logic how to think than you can learn from grammar how to talk.' His general distrust of metaphysics was characteristic of a mind eminently practical alike in both analysis and synthesis.

He was, I believe, the most erudite man at the bar of this state in its history. His knowledge was wisdom; his learning a philosopher's and not a

pedant's. One was at a loss which to admire most, the variety, the readiness or the aptness of his quotations from ancients and moderns. His memory was photographic; his perception instantaneous, his observation exact. However extensive the details of law or fact presented, his powers of reflection were employed without the subtraction because of any effort of reproduction.

A genial spirit illuminated all his labor, and he worked night and day with a swiftness excelled only by his precision. He was happy in his work; pleased with some quaint turn of expression; delighted by the discovery of unexpected confirmation by authority, or of unanticipated and favorable evidence. The brilliancy of his mental processes depended upon hard practical good sense. A keen and ever alert sense of humor saved him from too fine distinctions, and from following close reasoning into any absurdity. The soundness of his judgment has been demonstrated time and time again by the prescience with which he foresaw and foretold what the famous men of commerce had failed to anticipate.

The world knew little of his emotional life. Unobtrusive, undemonstrative and self-contained he always was. The flower of the kindness of his nature grew in retirement. He came to the easy, generous and open hospitality of the West from the formal conventionalities of a more highly crystallized civilization. The impression made on him was deep. He retained the refinement of the environment of his birth, and added to it the cordiality and breezy optimism of his adopted home. His social life, based upon the worship of qualities, not of accidents, was simple, full of charm and singularly generous. Its elevating influence was widely extended. He loyally followed his early

friends in this state through subsequent fortune and misfortune. He did not waste his affection by undertaking to spread it over an impossible large number of people. Whom he loved he loved well. His inner feelings were occasionally revealed to the public; as when he said at the memorial exercises of his dead friend, James B. Beals, 'He wore the white flower of a blameless life.'

The influence of such a man and of such a character can hardly be over-estimated, and in his death the State has lost one of its most noble characters.

WILLIAM SHARP TIMBERLAKE.

William Sharp Timberlake was born in Matteawan, New York, August 13, 1843, and died of heart disease in St. Paul, Minnesota, September 10, 1906, after a year's battle with illness and suffering.

While a mere lad his parents died, and he lived for a short time with an uncle in the City of New York, after which he moved to Chicago, and a little later came to Minneapolis, where he was employed for a time in a wholesale grocery establishment. After leaving Minneapolis he resided for a few years in Madison, Wisconsin, and then moved once more to Chicago, where he married Jane Eliza Dutcher, on the 6th day of June, 1865. A little later, and while still a young man, Mr. Timberlake came to St. Paul, where substantially all of his business life was spent, and where he became well known for his integrity and faithfulness. For nearly forty years he served the St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Company as Bookkeeper,

Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, with unexampled zeal and fidelity.

Although a public-spirited citizen, and always interested in the affairs of the city, where he spent his life, he never held any public office, except that of President of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission, a work in which he was greatly interested. He was an ardent hunter, and in hunting and fishing he found almost his only recreation. He was largely instrumental in procuring the passage of the early game laws in Minnesota, which have done so much to protect the game and fish in this state, and during the latter part of his life, he devoted much time in the work of the Game and Fish Commission.

His energy and thoughts, however, were almost entirely devoted to the work of the Company, which he served so faithfully, and it is said by the officers of that Company that for a period of thirty-eight years no entry appears upon the Balance Sheet, Journal or General Ledger of the Company in any other handwriting than that of Mr. Timberlake, a record which is not only remarkable but almost unparalleled. In announcing his death, the Officers of that Company speak of him and of his faithful service in the following beautiful language:

“Painstaking and singularly accurate in work, affable and courteous to his associates, upright in character, genial and kindly in disposition, a tender and loving husband and father, he filled the measure of man’s usefulness to the world and died as he lived, a true Christian gentleman.

To his co-workers who will never again see the familiar face or hear the friendly voice, the loss is irreparable.”

Mr. Timberlake was naturally of a quiet and retiring disposition and while he did not lack for friends, it may truly be said of him that his friendships were characterized by their abiding strength, rather than by their number. To those who knew him best he was singularly attractive and agreeable, both in manner and conversation and will perhaps be better remembered as a genuine example of the gentleman of the old school, than in any other manner.

Mr. Timberlake came from distinguished ancestry. Capt. Francois Rombout, one of his Ancestors, was Captain of the New York Colonial Forces in 1684; Mayor of New York in 1679, and a member of the New York Provincial Council in 1691. Another Ancestor, Lieutenant Roger Brett, served in the Expedition against Canada in 1714. Lieutenant William Teller, still another of his Ancestors, was Corporal at Fort Orange in 1639, and Lieutenant of a Foot Company at Albany in 1669. Paulus VanDervoort, from whom he was descended, served in the Company commanded by Capt. Nathaniel Hazen, of Queens County, New York in 1715, and Judge Abraham Schenck of King's County, New York, another Ancestor, represented that County in the New York Colonial Assembly from 1759 to 1768, and was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1767.

Mr. Timberlake is survived by his widow, and by four children, Channing Seabury Timberlake, who resides in New York City, William Lewis Timberlake and Emma Nelson Timberlake, both of whom reside in St. Paul, and Minnie Virginia Preston, who resides in Seattle, Washington.

The Secretary had planned to close the Report at this point and to deliver it to members early in 1908. For many reasons, however, its publication was so considerably delayed that it seemed wise to include therein the transactions of the year 1908. As finally completed the Report covers the doings of the Society for the year 1904 to 1908, inclusive, thus including in a single volume the material that would naturally have been published in at least two Reports.

Society of Colonial Wars

IN THE

State of Minnesota



Secretary's Report



1908



PROCEEDINGS OF THE GENERAL COURT

held at

THE ABERDEEN, ST. PAUL.

JANUARY THIRD, 1908.

The General Court convened at the Aberdeen, St. Paul, Friday evening, January Third, 1908, at Seven o'clock, and including guests, eighty-four gentlemen were present.

The speakers of the evening were Hon. Daniel W. Lawler of St. Paul, and Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University.

Music was furnished by the usual male quartette, consisting of Harry E. George, E. H. Weatherbee, J. E. McCaffrey, Robert C. Geddes.

After the dinner the exercises were as follows:

Music by the Quartette.

GOVERNOR EDWARD CHARLES STRINGER: It has grown into a custom in the Society of Colonial Wars to devote one Court of the year to the consideration of colonial historic events, and at one other such court to dwell upon more abstruse topics. The subjects announced on the program before you indicate that the distinguished speakers of this evening will dwell upon matters of importance relative to our own times, of

intricate business relations and of the duties of business men to national and state government. I assume, also, from these topics, that it will be our pleasure to listen to a portrayal of the influence upon succeeding generations of the lives of certain of our great men of generations past; of the blending of adverse traits of character in the formation of the composite character of today; of their transmittal unimpaired, and of the potency of these characters in the formation of our national life.

The American citizen has a noble heritage. Garfield said: "There is not now, and never was, on the earth, a people who had so many and so weighty reasons for loving their country and thanking God for civil and religious liberties, as our own." We love most that which has cost us most in effort and in sacrifice. He who would weigh these reasons, many and weighty, and would estimate the value of his heritage, must turn far back in the pages of history, to the days when the Spanish power, which, controlling so much of the surface of the earth, sought also to master this continent; back to De Soto marching from Florida to the Mississippi river and perishing with his followers upon its banks; to Balboa, standing upon the Isthmus of Panama and looking out upon the waters of the Pacific, with true Spanish effrontery, claiming for his master all the waters before him and all the lands those waters washed; back to Cortez marching from Vera Cruz to Mexico, and 300 years of Spanish rule over that part of the continent; to the conflicts with the Aborigines of the land; to our forefathers in the heat of summer and in the cold of winter, ever armed, ready for conflict; back

to the Indian and Colonial Wars; to the long seven years' conflict with Great Britain for the independence of those colonies, when every mile of soil, from Massachusetts to Virginia, was stained with patriot blood; to the re-establishment of maritime rights in 1812; to the annexation and acquisition of Florida, of Louisiana, of Texas and of California; and in these later days, and the later pages of history, to the internecine conflict from 1861 to 1865, when the sands of the nation's life were running; on to the days of reconstruction which followed; to the acquisition of Alaska and the annexation of Hawaii; and in these still later days to the acquisition of those Islands of the sea where order has been brought out of chaos and whose inhabitants have been taught the true value of law and order and civil liberty,—all this and infinitely more are “many and weighty reasons” for loving this country and thanking God that we are a part of it. Truly he who near at hand or from afar looks upon the land over which today floats the banner of freedom, and compares it with the colonial possessions of over one hundred and fifty years ago, may well exclaim: “What manner of men are these who have conquered land and sea and have never known ultimate defeat?”

But the first topic for tonight concerns this day and generation and not the past. We will first have the pleasure of listening to the quartette. (Applause.)

Music by the Quartette.

THE GOVERNOR: This is a distinctively commercial age. The growth of our business, the growth of our commerce has been phenomenal, and in greater or

less degree it has affected the characteristics of this people. John Stuart Mill, speaking of America, once said that it was all middle class and that England's superiority consisted in having a leisured, wealthy, highly educated, respectable class above pecuniary temptations to keep up the standard of morals and manners; America's fault was what had always belonged to commercial classes—passion for gain, love of luxury, breathless competition, management of education by commercial standards, over-estimate of commercial success.

We look to Mr. Lawler tonight to refute the statement of John Stuart Mill, and will have the pleasure of listening to him on the topic, "The Duty of Business Men to the State." I have the honor of introducing the Honorable Daniel W. Lawler. (Applause.)

THE DUTY OF THE BUSINESS MAN TO THE STATE.

HON. DANIEL W. LAWLER.

MR. LAWLER: Worthy Governor, Members of the Society of Colonial Wars and Invited Guests: In choosing the subject which has been assigned to me, and which I shall briefly discuss, I am sure that the committee had no intention of implying that the business men of the United States were not faithful to every obligation. The history of this land demonstrates that true as the professions have been in time of trial and stress; true as the sacred ministry has been to every principle of American liberty, from the day when the

Pilgrims first landed at Plymouth Rock; true as have been in the history of this land and the history of that other land from which most who sit around these tables tonight derive their origin, the members of the noble profession to which I have the honor to belong; true as the members of the great military calling have been in all the days of American history, it is also true that from the very foundation of this country, down to our own appointed hour, the business men of America, in war as well as in peace, have faithfully discharged every duty cast upon them. (Applause.) He would be but a shallow reader of the history of this land who would not remember that during the trying days of American history it was a business man of America, Robert Morris, who pledged and lost his entire fortune that Washington might achieve the British surrender at Saratoga; that a business man, Benjamin Franklin, negotiated our loans with France; that a business man, Charles Carroll of Carrollton proudly signed the Declaration telling the English King where he might be found. And in our day, he would be but a shallow reader and an insincere critic who would for a moment maintain that the business men of the Republic are recreant to any trust. In times of political excitement, in the dark days of American political history, it has been the business man of America and not the dweller on the farm; it has been the dweller in the city who stemmed the tide of political heresy, whether it was Populism, Repudiation or Bryanism (Applause), and in regard to Bryanism I may say to some of my neighbors (laughter) that I refer, when I speak, to the Bryanism of 1896 and not to the Bryanism of 1908 (Applause.)

A Voice: "The same old Bryan."

It is a charge often repeated against the business men of this country that they do not take sufficient interest in public affairs. It is a popular error that the average business man is unwilling to accept political office if it be at the sacrifice of his own interests. In the criminal jurisprudence of the Common Law there was a doctrine that made it a criminal offense for a man not to accept certain offices to which he was elected or appointed. That principle has never been adopted as part of the Common Law of any American state. It is, perhaps, a subject of congratulation for the members of the party that is apparently dominant today in the United States that it is not a criminal offense for a man to refuse a nomination or an election to the Presidency of the United States. (Laughter and applause.) And it is equally, I believe, a matter of congratulation among the members of the other political party that their leader will never stand in peril of any such indictment. (Laughter and applause.)

The business men of the communities in which I have lived have never been unwilling to contribute their quota of sacrifice in accepting and honorably and ably discharging the duties of public office. During the time when I have been a resident of St. Paul the ward in which we are sitting tonight, ably represented as it now is, has been represented by men in the Common Council, mind you, who bore the honored names of Cornish, Otis, Kerr and Sanborn. (Applause.)

Our business men are perhaps remiss in the discharge of some public duties. They admire the jury system. (Laughter.) It is the Palladium of our liberty. It is one of the holiest and brightest heritages that

we have received from the generations which have gone before, but there is not a business man in this splendid audience tonight, who, if he were summoned to serve for two weeks, during a period of two years, upon a jury, in a nisi prius court, would not, in the first place, give the sheriff a box of cigars to not make personal service, and, in the next place, would not request the Judge of the District Court to excuse him from jury duty. (Laughter.)

There is not a business man in this room, perhaps, with the exception of those who have occupied public position, who ever graced the inside of a public school building while it was in operation within the corporate limits of the city of Saint Paul. We love our common school system. Every American knows that it is the foundation of American liberty. Palsied be the hand that would destroy it, but there is not one father out of a thousand fathers who will take enough actual, living interest in the conduct of the public schools of the city of St. Paul, where his children are reared into citizenship, to encourage the children or encourage the teacher by the mighty influence of his presence. (Applause.)

The business men have one fault, I believe—and I am partial to their faults for I stand before you tonight in a position which absolutely prevents me from making any unkindly criticism or saying anything which may be unpopular. (Laughter.) The business men of this community—and when I say this community I mean the community of every other American city—are prone to severely criticise, and sincerely so, the conduct and the motives of men who hold public office.

The honesty of an Alderman has become a satirical proverb, and yet the Aldermen are what we make them. The Aldermen are the representatives of the average intelligence and the average honesty of the community which elects them. The Aldermen and the Councilmen and the County Commissioners of San Francisco, who were indicted and convicted for corruption in office were but a reflex and product of the dishonesty of the Presidents of railroad companies and of telephone companies who corrupted them in the discharge of their public duty. (Applause.) There never has been a bribe-taker unless there has been a bribe-giver, and it has only been within the past five years that the public conscience of the voters of the American Republic has been awakened to a realizing sense of the truth that the man who takes a bribe is no worse than the man who gives it.

How many business men in this audience tonight, representative as it is of the great business communities of Minnesota; how many business men are there here tonight who have visited yonder marble capitol, the pride and the wonder of the Northwestern States, the architectural creation of an architect of St. Paul, and largely the business creation of a distinguished business man of St. Paul and member of this Society—Mr. Channing Seabury. (Applause.) The business men in Minnesota can be counted upon the fingers of my two hands who, during the erection of that building, called there and examined it for the purpose of holding up the hands and giving encouragement to the patriotic and public-spirited men who gave their time, more valuable than money, to the erection of that

great palace in which are housed, and will be housed for generations to come, the state officers of the state of Minnesota. These are some of the particulars in which the business men are lax. But the conscience of this great people has been awakened and I believe that a new era is dawning upon this republic. I believe that within the life of those who sit about these boards tonight, there will be a higher standard of official duty and a higher standard in the discharge of the duty which every citizen owes to the state. The business men need no eulogy from any speaker. Upon their effort, upon their brain and their brawn, upon their sacrifice and their energy, upon their honesty and their patriotism have been erected these great states of which we are proud to be citizens. Wherever the American flag floats today, it represents a business man, whether it floats in the far-off Islands of the Philippines, or on the desolate plains of South Africa; over the sheep-farms of Australia, or the snow-carpeted prairies of Canada; wherever it floats, beneath it is the product of the business man of these communities; and as it floats in the breeze it represents not only the majesty of this Republic, but also the high ideals of the business men of this great state. And I believe in the new era which is dawning upon the public life of America, and for which, primarily, are responsible the men who today control the public affairs of this great nation. I care not what criticism may be passed upon them in other ways, and I say that to the President of the United States and to his faithful Cabinet, representing as they do the unblemished integrity of the American people, is due the reawakening of the na-

tional conscience which in the days to come will rebuild and recreate the political ideals of the American Republic. And in that coming day the business men of America will be found in the forefront of that March of Progress, carrying the flag of the Union, where it always has been and where, in the providence of God, it always shall be, in the very vanguard of civilization. (Applause.)

Music by the Quartette.

THE GOVERNOR: The history of Connecticut is replete with the deeds of the Lyon and the Phelps families. Judah Phelps and William Lyon were companions in arms, and when the foot guard of New Haven, after the alarm at Lexington, marched to Cambridge, Capt. William Lyon marched at their head. Somewhere, somehow, at some time, the God of War was dethroned and the Goddess of Love enthroned and William Lyon Phelps came into this world. Peace, however, has her victories as well as war, and New Haven, in the state of Connecticut, has seen these victories in both. I am told that whenever there is placed upon the stage a play which portrays human passion, human ambition, human emotions and human aspirations, the students of Yale are sought as the first critics, and if it passes that critical audience, its success is assured. I have in my library two volumes that are very dear to their owners, one of them bearing the date of 1905 and the other 1907. This evening I compared the pages of these two volumes for the purpose of ascertaining the opinion of that most critical audience, (the student body of New Haven) as to the character-

istics and qualities of certain professors in Yale University. It is there written (and I read, so that I may not be in error).

The favorite professor in Yale University—Phelps—

The pleasantest professor—Phelps—

The brightest professor—Phelps—

The best professor—Phelps—

I will not read further.

I would like to say something of Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards, but I have upon my left hand one who is doubly a descendant. (I do not mean he is twins of Jonathan Edwards) and on my right hand a descendant of William Lyon, and "discretion being the better part of valor" I content myself with the honor and pleasure of introducing Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale University, who will address you upon the subject, "Two Representatives of American Character—Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin." (Applause.)

"TWO REPRESENTATIVES OF AMERICAN
CHARACTER: JONATHAN EDWARDS
AND BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."

PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

It is a very curious thing that, in the lives of two great colonial men, every single prominent trait in American character today can be plainly seen. Really, the contrast between these two men is so extreme, so

dramatic, that I know of nothing like it in biographical history. If you take Jonathan Edwards, on the one hand, and Benjamin Franklin, on the other, you will see that each man had exactly what the other had not, and you will see that the two, taken together, make up precisely the whole of American character as it is to-day.

These two men were strictly contemporary. Jonathan Edwards was born in 1703 and died in 1758; Franklin was born in 1706 and died in 1790. You see how far the man of the world outlived the man of God! Now, although both of these men were born in New England, their intellectual lives were as far asunder as the East is from the West.

Edwards' father and grandfather were clergymen; he himself was a Yale graduate, a college tutor, a preacher in New York and in Northampton, Massachusetts, and a missionary to the Indians. I do not know that anything represents more clearly the tremendous progress of this country than to remember that Jonathan Edwards was a missionary to the Indians,—not in Oklahoma but in Massachusetts,—and that he finally became President of Princeton College.

At the age of ten, Edwards wrote an essay ridiculing the materialistic conception of God; and as a man who spent thirteen hours a day in his study, his favorite studies were logic, philosophy and metaphysics; studies, (for some reason, unknown to me) which John Milton had assigned as one of the favorite pastimes of hell. (Laughter.) You will remember that, in "Paradise Lost," the more leisurely, peaceful, and literary

lost souls, spend their time in the study of metaphysics!

Milton says:

Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

Edwards' resolutions and his diary—you know in those days everybody wrote resolutions and everybody kept a diary, (laughter)—show his constant introspection. He was burdened with something that I am afraid does not trouble us very much today,—that was conviction of sin,—that formed so prominent a part in the intellectual life of our ancestors, that caused at times so much mental anguish, and yet helped to form that rock-like stability of character so noble in New England life. His outward life was uneventful, but his inward life was a succession of hills and valleys, the slough of despond alternating with the delectable mountains, from which he obtained glimpses of the glories of the saints of God.

I should like to read to you an extract from Jonathan Edwards' diary, not only that you may see what kind of diaries our ancestors kept, but how those diaries differed from the journals that you gentlemen keep today. See if they sound anything like this:

My support was in contemplations of the heavenly state; (as I find in my diary for May 1, 1723), it was a comfort to think of that state, where there is fullness of joy; where reigns heavenly calm, and delightful love, without alloy; where there are continually the dearest expressions of this love; where those persons, who appear so lovely in this

world, will really be inexpressibly more lovely, and full of love to us. And how sweetly will the mutual lovers join together to sing the praises of God and the Lamb. I continued much in the same frame, in general, as when at New York until I went to New Haven as tutor to the college. After I went to New Haven I sunk in religion. (Laughter.)

So, by the diary, New Haven was even then as desperately a wicked place as it is universally conceded to be today!

He says, again:

It has been a remarkable week with me, with respect to despondencies, fears, perplexities, multitudes of cares and distraction of thought; being the week I came hither (to New Haven) in order to entrance upon the office of tutor of the college. I have now abundant reason to be convinced of the troublesomeness and perpetual vexation of the world.

Imagine the Freshmen and Sophomores under the tutorship of Jonathan Edwards. I do not know which party enjoyed the contact the most keenly.

Edwards took his religious principles from the Bible, and his nature found its power in religious passion. In order to understand a nature like that, you and I must remember that every emotional part of our lives,—those of us who love music, those of us who love art, those of us who love literature, those of us who love nature,—that all of those kindly emotions, had in Edwards only one channel, only one outlet, religious passion; this was the consuming passion of the man's life. But with him religion was not merely an emotional

thing, his intellect was of that highly philosophical order that refused to regard life as a riddle except as one to be solved. He must have what you and I get along without and what most people, somehow or other, get along without. He must have intellectual satisfaction in his religious life. He could not tolerate the idea of two contradictory notions dwelling peacefully in his mind, as most of us find, sooner or later, that somehow or other is the case. We observe Edwards, accordingly, seeking and finding what so few, perhaps, have ever found,—absolute constancy in his religious belief, backed up with the full courage of his convictions. Thus he denied the freedom of the will.

Now, the freedom of the will is most dear to Christians. The whole theory of jurisprudence, for example, is based on the freedom of the will, the whole Christian idea of remorse and repentance is based on the freedom of the will. But Edwards calmly denied this, because it would not square with the doctrine of predestination. In addition, the same doctrine, of predestination, made it necessary for him to believe that the majority of people that he met on the street were all going straight to hell-fire.

Edwards was a kindly, generous man, and it was a terrible thing for him to believe, at first, that the majority of his friends and neighbors were all going to everlasting torture. Such was the intellectual consistency of this man's mind, however, and the domination of his ideas that he not only swallowed this doctrine but he finally declared that it actually tasted good. He accepted this doctrine of predestination for the majority of people to eternal torture and said,

“This doctrine has very often appeared exceeding pleasant, bright and sweet.”

The sermons of Edwards, while not eloquent like those of Jeremy Taylor or Phillips Brooks, had a certain kind of eloquence described in Mommsen's History of Rome. He makes a sharp comparison there between two kinds of eloquence, the eloquence of Cicero and that of Julius Caesar. Now, the eloquence of Cicero was the eloquence of “rounded periods,” and the eloquence of Caesar was that of “deeply-felt thought.” Edwards in the pulpit was perfectly calm and glacial in manner. There was nothing of the melodramatic or magic-lantern about his style. He described the torments of the damned not in a pictorial manner, but merely as though he were making a clear and mathematical demonstration; and this manner of his, his subdued tone, his calmness, the accuracy of his language, added tenfold to the horror of his descriptions, because it seemed for the moment as though it must be certain truth. Some of you here tonight, ministers and all of us, at some time or other, have heard sermons. How do they compare with this extract that I wish to read to you, of Edwards' most famous sermon, in which he describes the last abode,—not of some big criminal, but of the vast majority of the persons whom one meets daily on the street:

It is everlasting wrath. It would be dreadful to suffer this fierceness and wrath of Almighty God one moment; but you must suffer it to all eternity; there will be no end to this exquisite, horrible misery; when you look forward, you shall see a long forever, a boundless duration before you, which will swallow up your thoughts, and amaze

your soul; and you will absolutely despair of ever having any deliverance, any end, any mitigation, any rest at all; you will know certainly that you must wear out long ages, millions of millions of ages, in wrestling and conflicting with this Almighty merciless vengeance; and when you have done so, when so many ages have actually been spent by you in this manner, you will know that all is but a point to what remains. So that your punishment will indeed be infinite. If we knew that there was one person, and but one, in the whole congregation, that was to be the subject of this misery, what an awful thing it would be to think of. If we knew who it was, what an awful sight would it be to see such a person! How might all the rest of the congregation lift up a lamentable and bitter cry over him! But, alas! Instead of one, how many is it likely will remember this discourse in hell! And it would be a wonder if some that are now present should not be in hell in a very short time, before this year is out. And it would be no wonder if some persons, that now sit here in some seats in this meeting house, in health, and quiet and security, should be there before tomorrow morning!" (Laughter.)

You laugh at that sermon. Why? We are not all sure, apparently, that we are going to heaven, but we all seem to be quite sure that we are not going to hell. That is one change that has come over religious thought.

Now, when Edwards delivered that sermon, people shrieked for mercy, cried out from their seats in terror, in agony. He has often been blamed for that discourse and it has been called cruel, atrocious and outrageous. Why, gentlemen, for my part, I honor him for it. I do

not believe his words, of course, but he believed them. Now, I like to hear a man say exactly what he believes. He believed that absolutely, and he had the absolute courage of his conviction. When you get right to the bottom of it, in the old days of religious torture, such as our ancestors enjoyed, it was not because they were cruel, it was because they were absolutely sincere, because they were "cock-sure" that they were right. Queen Mary was not a bloody woman. She was simply certain that she was right, and when she burned Protestants at the stake she did what she thought was right and that it was far better to have a few put to torture, in order to free a lot of people who would burn in hell forever. The real reason today why we have so much religious tolerance is not merely because we have grown more kind-hearted (of course that has something to do with it), it is because we have not the assurance or the conviction that our forefathers had.

We cannot deny that Edwards was a great man. He had remarkable powers, all of which he spent in the exposition of what he believed to be God's truth. He was undoubtedly the greatest metaphysician that this country has ever produced; and yet, I think, perhaps, he was greatest as an ancestor. I am very glad we have tonight with us a living illustration of his powers in that direction. (Referring to Rev. M. D. Edwards, pastor of Dayton Avenue Presbyterian church, of St. Paul). I don't know how it is on the streets of St. Paul and Minneapolis, but in New Haven every person you meet on the street is a lineal descendant of Jonathan Edwards (laughter), so it is rather difficult to talk about him. As an ancestor he was a

conspicuous and shining success. So far as I know, he made only one mistake. He was a grandfather of Aaron Burr. I do not know that we can hold him entirely accountable for that. In fact, I think Edwards' ancestry is very good,—say four or five generations removed. I should not care to have Edwards for my father,—it would be a little too close to the central fire, but say, having him five or six generations removed, he would contribute that tonic quality to the blood which some of us perhaps need. (Laughter.)

As we have learned the chief facts of Edwards' life from his own writings, so we learn the chief facts of Franklin's life and career from his Autobiography. And, remember, that Franklin's Autobiography is as truthfully frank as Pepy's Diary, only, instead of writing it in cipher, he wrote it openly, in English, and wrote it to his son. Edwards represents the religious, Calvinistic, paternal side of the true life and thought, which is still prominent in American character. Mr. Lawler alluded to it tonight when he spoke of the conscience of the business men; and it is nothing but the survival of Edwards in the American people and American character.

Franklin represents the other side, the essentially Yankee shrewdness and hard, common-sense, practical judgment, caution, humor, which is still a very striking element in American character. The two men together, then, represent the two great sides of colonial life and thought, which have today united, and a careful study of the two men will bring out, I say, their essential traits in American character.

Let us look now a moment at his Autobiography.

There may be some here who have not yet read that Autobiography. I almost envy you; for if there is anyone here who has not read it, you have before you one of the most delightful experiences that comes to anyone anywhere.

Franklin began to write this autobiography in 1771, in the old village of Twyford, England, where he was visiting the Bishop of St. Asaph. He wrote it for an illegitimate son, the only son who grew up. Curiously enough, this son afterwards became Governor of New Jersey, and a thorn in his father's side. He reminds us of the famous speech in King Lear:

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.

This man, in turn, had an illegitimate son, William Temple Franklin, who, as we shall see, edited the Autobiography in 1818.

The publication of the Autobiography is as curious as any of the facts it contains. Franklin died in 1790, and in 1791 the Autobiography was first published, at Paris, in French. Some rascal got hold of a copy (we do not know now how) and published this pirate edition in the French language. In 1793, two English translations from the French appeared in London, so that the first English appearance of this Autobiography was a translation from the French. Then in 1818 the Autobiography, supposedly as written by Franklin himself, was published by his grandson, his literary executor, William Temple Franklin. This is interesting, because those of you who have read the Autobiography have almost certainly read it in this edition, which is the common, cheap edition, that is still sold more than

any other. William Temple Franklin was a poor editor; he could not have been worse. In the first place, he owned the original manuscript of his grandfather. He swapped that with a Frenchman, merely to have a cleaner copy for the printer, so that he did not print from the original at all. In the second place, he made over twelve hundred changes in the text. So that the copy, I say, most of you still read, is the wrong copy, and nearly all of these changes were made in the direction of what William Temple Franklin regarded as literary elegance. He said, "Of course grandfather was a great man and all that, but he was a rough man and didn't know how to write the English language. Now, I, with the advantage of culture, and so on, will improve his language for him." Here is one of the specimens of the way he maimed the old man's diction. Franklin described a certain occasion, when he was a boy with the printer Keimer, and Governor Keith came into the office. Keimer of course, thought the Governor came to call upon him; but he wanted to see the boy, and Keimer was amazed that the Governor should walk into the shop to see the apprentice. Franklin writes—the original Franklin—"Keimer stared like a pig poisoned." I never saw a pig poisoned, but the figure to me is perfectly clear. Imagine a pig's expression when he gets hold of something that constricts him! (Laughter.) William Temple Franklin thought that was inelegant—"Keimer stared like a pig poisoned," and he made it read, "Keimer stared with astonishment,"—taking all the life out of it, of course.

Meanwhile the autograph copy was lost. Having been handed down from family to family it entirely

disappeared, and it remained for John Bigelow (who, thank Heaven, is still living) to find it. He was ninety years old last November, and John Bigelow is a man worthy to have found Franklin's manuscript. The last time I saw John Bigelow he was then eighty-six years old and I saw him at midnight sitting up at dinner with a big cigar in the corner of his lips, apparently having the time of his life. Bigelow himself is a living illustration of the happy old age so characteristic of his great prototype. Bigelow was the American Minister to France in 1868. He said, "I will find that original manuscript," hunted all over France and finally discovered it, bought it at an enormous price, and published it in 1868. So that this Autobiography which was mainly written in 1771, was not correctly printed until 1868; and those of you who contemplate buying a copy, be sure you get Bigelow's edition, for all others are spurious.

But to turn from the outside of the Autobiography to the inside, what is the secret of the charm of this wonderful book? because, as someone has said, "It has all the charm of Robinson Crusoe." I think myself the charm of Franklin's Autobiography is simply this, we are listening to an old man talking. You remember that splendid passage in Plato's Republic, where Socrates sits down and talks with the old man who is over eighty years old. There are few things in the world that I enjoy more than talking with old men. You take an old man who has lived a useful life, whose mind is clear, who has had a great deal of experience; talking with him is much better than reading a book. It seems almost as though you were getting wisdom

at the fountain head, as though there were no professor of literature to bother you. And in reading Franklin it is exactly as though he sat on one side of the fireplace and you on the other and he was talking, talking. One thing impresses me enormously at the very beginning of Franklin's Autobiography, his declaration that, if he had the chance, he would be willing to live his whole life right over again. Is there anybody here who would be willing to do that? Franklin says, "If I had the chance, I should like to live my whole life over again, only asking the same advantages that authors have in a second edition, to correct the faults of the first." Oh, well, we would all do that, probably, every one of us, but, he adds—and this is the amazing statement: "Even if that were denied, I should still accept the offer."

I remember reading in the preface of one of Julian Hawthorne's books, "No civilized man has ever been found who would be willing to live his life over again." Julian forgot Benjamin, who certainly was "civilized," and to my mind it is extremely encouraging to see an old man saying, "If I had the chance, I would live my life over again." You remember the phrase in Tennyson's "Grandmother," "Happy has been my life, but I would not live it again."

Though Franklin was a man of enormous experience and had seen all sides of human weakness and selfishness and deceit, he was never cynical, never pessimistic, and in him, at any rate, we do not find that familiar quarrel that has characterized every phase of every period of the world's history, the familiar quarrel between the old generation and the new. What is it that

makes old men generally so pessimistic and the young generation so optimistic? Why is it that they say, "In my day the boys were all studious and serious and the girls decent, retiring and well-behaved"? Why is it that they say that "The world is now all going to the bow-wows"? Is it that they are leaving the game and cannot bear that it should go on without them, or is it because age has somehow narrowed their sympathies and made it impossible for them to look either on the younger generation or on the future of the world with calmness and faith?

Now, in Franklin, you never find a trace of that. He always faced the future cheerfully, happily, courageously, and, to my mind, it is immensely encouraging to find a man who knows so much more than most of us, who has that attitude toward life. The great thing is his personality. He was not a great writer, in the strictly literary and rhetorical sense, but, wholly apart from the man's ability, there was a personal charm about him. Franklin had more personal magnetism than almost any other American who ever lived. Indeed, just one of his achievements, which I have never seen recorded, is one of the greatest of all. Franklin spent his life talking, not in making public speeches, as a rule, but in doing work, persuading people to do what he wanted them to do; and, so far as I can find out, although he spent his whole life talking, he never bored anybody. Think of putting on a man's tombstone those four words—"He Never Bored Anybody!" (Laughter.) He deserves a front row in the celestial choir! (Laughter.)

Furthermore, Franklin is always modern. I should

like to give you a little illustration of how useful Franklin is even in emergencies of etiquette. Now, I know you will not believe this story I am going to tell you, because it is too good to be true, but I do not care whether you believe it or not, because I know it is true. It happened to me. My wife and I were visiting in Detroit, some years ago, and we had been at a friend's house exactly three days, and I said to my friend, "We shall take the train to New York this afternoon." He, like a polite host, said, "Stay a week, anyhow." I said, "No, I really think we ought to go, we have been here three days." He urged us to stay longer, and while we were sparring about it and I was trying to think what to say next, I carelessly picked up a little book lying on the table, Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac," and, I give you my word for it, I opened the book so that my finger fell upon this passage: "Fish and visitors stink in three days!" (Laughter.) It was like a voice from Heaven. Talk about those people who open their Bibles at random! We left that afternoon.

In reading the Autobiography, however, even the most careless and ardent reader notices one great deficiency in the book and in Franklin's character, the complete lack of something, which, for want of a better name, we call Spirituality. In Edwards that quality is salient; in Franklin it is simply absent. In the resolutions that the two men wrote (for even Franklin found time to write out his resolutions), we get the key to their respective characters.

I should like to read two or three of Edwards' resolutions. He says:

"Being sensible that I am unable to do anything

without God's help, I do humbly entreat him by his grace to enable me to keep these resolutions so far as they are agreeable to his will, for Christ's sake.

First, Resolved, that I will do whatsoever I think to be most to God's glory and my own good, profit and pleasure, on the whole; without any consideration of the time, whether now, or never so many myriads of ages hence.

Resolved, when I think of any theorem in divinity to be solved, immediately to do what I can toward solving it.

Resolved, to inquire every night, as I am going to bed, wherein I have been negligent, what sin I have committed, and wherein I have denied myself.

Resolved, never to speak anything that is ridiculous, or matter of laughter, on the Lord's day.

Resolved, never to act as if I were any way my own, but entirely and altogether God's.

Resolved, to endeavor to my utmost to act as I can think I should do, if I had already seen the happiness of heaven, and hell's torments.

Resolved, with the greatest openness to declare my ways to God, and lay open my soul to him; all my sins, temptations, difficulties, sorrows, fears, hopes, desires, and everything, and every circumstance; according to Dr. Manton's 27th Sermon on the 119th Psalm."

This is Franklin:

"TEMPERANCE. Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

"MODERATION. Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

"TRANQUILITY. Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

"HUMILITY. Imitate Jesus and Socrates."

You see the difference in those two men. One is thinking entirely of his attitude toward God, of the welfare of his soul; the other is thinking entirely of his duty to himself and his neighbors. One man is thinking entirely of this world, the other man's heart is set on the other. Edwards was a Puritan, Franklin was a child of this world. Like the great Goethe—You remember Goethe has been called the wisest man of modern times—Goethe not only was a world-child, but he called himself a world-child. Goethe, like almost all wise men, hated cranks, could not endure them at all; and in his famous Autobiography he describes a couple of them. As he was going toward Cologne, one day they were dining in a hotel, and he writes:

“The prophets sat on either side,
The world-child sat between.”

Franklin was a bold man, with no consciousness of sin; he never seems to have had the slightest religious fear; he never was afraid of God or hell; he wasn't afraid of anything. Edwards, who had never done anything wrong in his life, would lie awake all night thinking about some imaginary sin and beat his head upon the floor on account of it; Franklin would commit some great sin and write down in his diary “Another erratum” and proceed with the day's work.

Franklin was a practical man. He reached morality not by dogma but by the gateway of reason. Or, to complete the parallel between the two men, we might say that while Edwards' face was turned toward heaven, in an agony of prayer, Franklin was looking at the same place and calmly bottling the lightning for practical purposes.

“The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.” But Franklin was not a Christian in the ordinary sense, he lacked the spiritual side of Christianity. It is interesting to remember that he reached the Christian’s goal by the roadway of practical experience. One of the descriptions of the Founder of Christianity was, “He went about doing good,” and surely no American has ever lived who illustrated that better than Franklin. And a very curious thing to me is this: While Franklin’s was a skeptical mind, yet he believed in two things: in prayer and in Providence. Now, I know one professor in the Harvard Divinity School who does not believe in prayer, and it is rather remarkable that Benjamin Franklin should have believed in those two things, namely, in prayer and in Providence. He thoroughly believed that his own life had been guided by Divine Providence.

The keynote to Franklin, however, is curiosity. I do not mean by that the busy curiosity that is sometimes rather wickedly called feminine curiosity,—a desire to poke your nose into your neighbor’s affairs,—he was too big a man to care anything about that. I mean curiosity of a higher sense, the desire to know. He had no reverence whatever for precedent, authority—those things to him were ciphers, they meant nothing. He must inquire into everything for himself. It was this quality that produced his great discoveries in electricity. Do you know, when I was a small boy, I thought that was all Franklin did. When anybody mentioned the name “Benjamin Franklin” I saw a rainstorm and a portly man with a big belly and big

knickerbockers, with silk stockings and buckles on his shoes, flying a kite with a key attached to it, drawing the lightning from the clouds. That discovery alone would have immortalized him, but that was a mere half-holiday in the busy life of this man. He invented the Franklin stove, still named after him. He went into people's houses and said, "These houses are warm but they are full of smoke. Let's have a stove that will give warmth and eat its own smoke," and he invented the Franklin stove,—still the best open stove in the world. The street-lamps which were considered new (until the Welsbach burners came in) with straight panes of glass, that we used to break with stones and snowballs,—as you remember, no doubt—were the invention of Franklin. He went along the streets of London at night and noticed that the lamps were very bright when they were first lit, but that about 10 o'clock the globes became cloudy and dark. Isn't it curious that it never occurred to them to put in an air-draft? The thing is simple,—raise the top of the lamp and you have an air-draft from the bottom to the top. He did it. They are still used. Some of you to-night are wearing double spectacles. Those were the invention of Franklin. Franklin sat and took dinner with French ladies constantly. "I have always enjoyed looking at beautiful women," he says; "that is one of the pleasures of my life. And when I eat in France it is important that I should see what I have to eat before it goes into my mouth. I could not look at the women and at what I ate at the same time and it was a nuisance to be changing my glasses, so it occurred to me, why not have a glass through the top of which

I could see the women and the lower part what I ate?" So he adopted that plan, and "Now," he says, "I am perfectly comfortable." (Laughter.) The fact of it is that everything Franklin saw, from a thunder-storm to a lamp-post, was a problem to be solved for the practical benefit of mankind.

Franklin was always harping on economy. The late Jefferson Davis, whom some of you may have heard of, said that "Franklin was the incarnation of the peddling tuppenny Yankee." Now, the real answer to that accusation is Franklin's own life. No man was more wisely generous than he, no man a more steady or regular subscriber to the public good, nor did any man ever cultivate the habit of cheerful financial assistance as he did. If God really "loves a cheerful giver" he must have loved Franklin. Franklin always gave as though it were a pleasure,—he gave with the same pleasure as that with which you cut off a dividend-coupon; he enjoyed it, it was one of the privileges of life; and this is the great thing about Franklin's teaching of economy, and this is where it is sharply differentiated from the modern materialistic ideal held up by writers like Kipling and speakers like Mr. Schwab; namely, the ideal of riches. You may hunt all the way through Franklin's works and you will never find anywhere riches held up as an ideal.

God forbid that I should say anything against riches. I should be very glad indeed to be a rich man. No professor in a university can ever say anything against riches. Where should we be if it were not for riches? Franklin never held out riches as a goal, it was independence. He said, "If your income is more than your

outgo, then you are an independent man, then you are nobody's slave; you stand on your own feet, you do not have to be carried by your friends or your family or the community." And that was the goal—independence and not riches.

Furthermore, his generosity always took a practical form. Here is a letter that he wrote, which I will just mention, because I cannot help thinking how pleased the man that got that letter must have been. There are some people who write letters whose handwriting on the envelope you are glad to see and you open the letter with an anticipatory smile because you know it is going to contain something pleasant; there are others who never write you unless they want something, and when you see their handwriting you say to yourself, "What the devil does he want now?" (Laughter.) Franklin cultivated a habit of writing letters that gave pleasure. He got a letter from a friend of his. Incidentally, in the course of that letter, he wrote: "My eyes are troubling me so now that I cannot use them nor read." What would you and I do if we got a letter like that? I am sure I should write, "I am sorry to observe in the letter that your eyes are troubling you. Cheer up, old man, I don't believe it is anything serious, probably it will pass off after a while," and dismiss the subject from my mind. Franklin in replying did not say he was sorry for the man, but said, "You mention your eyes are troubling you,—this is probably because you haven't got the right spectacles. I enclose in this letter a complete set of spectacles, from the weakest to the strongest. You try every single one of these until you get the right number.

Save all the stronger ones for use as you grow older and give away all the weaker ones to some young man who is afflicted as you are." You can't beat that letter.

Then there were some people out West who wrote to Franklin and said, "We have named our town after you." (Every state in the Union has a town named after him.) They said, "We have built a church and we should like to have you give a donation to put a bell in the belfry." Franklin replied, "I am very much flattered that you should have named your town after me." And he said, "I notice that you want money for a bell for your church. I enclose the money, "but," he said, "don't buy a bell, but books for the church library, because I have always preferred sense to sound." (Laughter.)

Franklin has often been called the typical American; but in one respect he was not at all the typical American because he entirely lacked one typical American quality and that is nervousness. You know nervous prostration has actually been called "Americanitis," it is so common. Perhaps it isn't common at all in Minnesota or in St. Paul, but in New Haven, where I come from, all of my friends have either just had nervous prostration, are now having it or are just about to have it. (Laughter.) Franklin had the temperament of a Dutchman; he was phlegmatic, calm. In one resolution he said, "Be not disturbed at trifles or at accidents common or unavoidable." If you could persuade a man to live up to that precept you would do more for him than you would by giving him a million dollars. As a man said, "When I came to die, I found I had been tortured all my life with various evils, the majority

of which had never happened." Why can't we learn anything from other people's experience. Why must we always go on our own way and suffer for ourselves? Franklin had this calmness that enabled him to do a prodigious amount of work because he wasted no time in worry or alarm or excitement, but he judged his enemies fairly. This is one of the greatest traits in his character. He judged his enemies with the same coolness that he judged his friends. This Gov. Keith who sent him to Europe on a wild-goose chase—There are many boys who if they had arrived in England without a cent in their pockets and without a friend in the world, as Keith sent Franklin over there, as a practical joke, would have killed themselves;—Franklin speaks of it and he says, "Wasn't that an unjust thing that Keith did to me? and yet," he says, "some of the best laws passed in Pennsylvania were got through by Gov. Keith!"

He is a modern man. I should like to point that out in a variety of things, but I shall finish inside of ten minutes, and I shall mention, therefore, only two ways in which Franklin's astounding modernity comes out in his writing. One is a big thing and the other is a little thing. The big thing is war. Franklin said, "All wars are follies." That is absolutely right. He makes no exception; there isn't any exception, never has been an exception. He says, "All wars are follies, very expensive, and very mischievous. When will mankind be convinced of this and agree to settle their differences by arbitration?" Of course every orator says that today. Nobody lives up to it except a very few. But, practically, nobody said it except Franklin in his day.

“When,” he said, “will mankind be convinced of this and agree to settle their differences by arbitration?” You know perfectly well, gentlemen, that the people that come after us—I do not know how soon, how late—it may be one hundred years, it may be two hundred years, will regard you and me as uncivilized. They will—and we shall deserve it—there is no question about it—because we still believe in war. Now, of course, it is not my business to say how this country could have avoided the war of the Revolution, or the war of 1861, or even the Spanish-American war. I have no doubt myself that the war of 1812 was a silly war, and the war with Mexico a wicked war; and all these other wars, it is not my business to say how they could have been avoided, because I am not a statesman. All I say is that the people in the future that come after us will find a way to avoid war.

May I show you, by one extremely homely illustration, how ridiculous war is? Some of you may some day have a vote to cast as to whether we shall or shall not go to war. I own a little plat of ground in New Haven about fifty feet front, on which my house stands. Suppose when I get back there, next Tuesday, I find that my neighbor, with whom I am at present living on good terms, has pushed the fence one foot to the north and taken one foot of my property. I say, “What has the fellow done that for?” And I go to work and put it back and he pushes it over again, and I say, “What do you mean by changing my fence?” He says, “Because I choose to have it there.” I say, “You let it be, I choose to have it here,” and we come to blows, and we strike each other; we roll in the dirt, we clinch

each other, and fight, and finally in the rough-and-tumble, I am used up, can't go on, and I say, "Put the fence where you like." That would be published in the newspapers; that would be a scandal; all New Haven would laugh at us, even stupid school-boys would think we were hoodlums, and everybody would say, "What a fool you were to fight over it. Isn't there a law? Can't you go to a judge or a referee? Can't you get that settled?" And yet, gentlemen, suppose that tomorrow Great Britain should put down the boundary of Canada half a mile into the state of Minnesota, what would happen? Why, practically every newspaper in this state, and not only in this state, but all over the United States, would say "Fight! Let's go to war!" The amazing thing about it is this: If we should go to war, thousands and thousands of people who are now serving their country in the best possible way, namely by bringing up families and educating their children in honest industry, would leave their homes and be butchered, be murdered, be crippled for life; and the astounding thing is that nobody would think it was ridiculous and that everybody would think it was right, and not only right, but rational and sensible; and yet they would say my neighbor and I were fools. Fighting and duelling are nothing like war, because duelling has one merit; whoever gets killed in a duel, we are better off without him. Franklin was right, and the day will come when everybody will admit he was right. That is the big thing.

And the other is a very small thing but one which will some day come up in education. Franklin foresaw one of the great difficulties that people have today who

earn their living by writing, by figuring and by using the right hand alone. "The left hand doesn't get a show at all," he said, "the right hand does everything." He said, "Bring up all the children to learn to write with both hands, to use both hands." Do you know, I never saw but one person in my life who could write with both hands. It is one of the rarest accomplishments. I saw one baseball pitcher who could pitch with either hand, and one person, a writing teacher, who could write with both hands. That is a very rare accomplishment, but it is something that all children ought to learn. There are a number of people whose living is entirely dependent on their ability to write, to figure; suppose an accident happens, or they get "writer's cramp" or a touch of rheumatism, or anything of that sort, they are apt to be shut out of their livelihood. Today, in England, in secondary education, they are taking up that very problem, of teaching children to write with both hands. There is the big thing and the little thing that Franklin foresaw.

It is often said that the lesson of his life shows what industry can do. Nothing can be further from the truth. The results of Franklin's work were not done by industry. Franklin was a genius. Industry never did what he did, it was genius. Of course it seems that you and I, who have not got genius, have got to have all the more of industry, even more than he had; but he had that extraordinary thing that everybody instinctively recognizes, and that is genius. Those of you who like to believe in heredity, who find everything in heredity, what are you going to do with Franklin's case or the case of Keats? What are you

going to do with Carlyle, whose father was a common mason? Nobody can tell why one should have genius and another not. Franklin was one of seventeen children—a rather small family for those days! Nor did he occupy a conspicuous place in the procession. He was neither the oldest nor the youngest child. He was third from the end, a very inconspicuous place. Neither his father or mother or a single one of the other sixteen children ever betrayed the slightest trace of genius. What of him? Matthew Arnold said, "He was the greatest American who ever lived," and I do believe that Franklin was the greatest man who ever lived on the western hemisphere. I do not know of anybody who could possibly, in intellectual endowment, be ranked above him. Where did he get it? Who knows?

Think what he did in diplomacy alone. He was an uneducated man. It has always been a great pleasure to me to remember that Yale University was the first learned institution in the world to give Franklin a degree. And Franklin mentions that in a letter to the President of Yale with gratitude. He, like Edwards, was a Yale man. The University gave him the degree of M. A., and after that the universities in America and Europe followed suit.

Franklin went to Europe and there came in contact with men who had been trained in diplomacy from the cradle, university graduates, men whose fathers and grandfathers were diplomats; and this rough, uncultivated man was the greatest diplomat of them all. And to his son, with some pride, he quoted, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." and **he added**, "I have stood before five."

The fact is Franklin's common sense became genius. Like Abraham Lincoln, his practical judgment in affairs of this world was almost infallible. He was our greatest American diplomat. In history he was a great scientist before there was any organized science. His statesmanship was surpassed by no contemporary. The most popular American book was written by him. He is the only American who signed the Declaration of Independence, the French Treaty of Alliance, the Treaty of Peace and the United States Constitution. His name is at the bottom of all four of those documents. In municipal affairs he was a multitudinous blessing; he was the most useful man of his day. And, to sum all up, we might say, if Edwards were alive today, he would be a splendid president of a theological seminary; if Franklin were alive today he would be a splendid mayor of an American city.

Let us hope, then, that the American of the future will be the real combination of the two men, that he will have something of Edwards' spirituality and earnestness and passion for righteousness, and at the same time have Franklin's truthfulness, humor, common sense, usefulness and wisdom. (Applause.)

Honorable Governor and Gentlemen: I cannot possibly sit down, even now, without saying just a word to you of how deeply I appreciate your kindness in inviting me to come from so far away to address such a gathering as this, such a representative gathering of men. It has been a great pleasure to me to be here tonight. I have appreciated immensely the compliment of being asked to address the Society of Colonial Wars. I am proud to represent the University to which

I have devoted my life. I remember when I was an undergraduate, over twenty years ago, I heard Mr. Lawler speak for a prize in New Haven—he got the prize (applause)—and it is pleasant to me to be here tonight and see how the promise that he gave then has been fulfilled here at the same table. I can only thank you with all my heart sincerely for having asked me to come here. I shall not forget it. (Applause.)

THE GOVERNOR: The Society of Colonial Wars extends to you, sir, its most sincere thanks, and to Mr. Lawler, also, for the incomparable addresses which you have given us tonight.

AMERICA.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE INFORMAL SOCIAL
COURT

held at

THE MINNESOTA CLUB, ST. PAUL,
NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD, 1908.

An Informal Social Court of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Minnesota was held at the Minnesota Club, St. Paul, on the evening of November Twenty-third, 1908, at Seven o'clock to commemorate
THE SIGNING OF THE COMPACT IN THE
CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER,
NOVEMBER ELEVENTH, 1620.

Including guests, seventy-seven gentlemen were present and the occasion was more than usually pleasant and enjoyable.

The speakers of the evening were Rev. Samuel Banks Nelson, D. D., of Minneapolis; Rev. Harry P. Dewey, D. D., of Minneapolis, and Hon. Clarence B. Miller, of Duluth.

Music was furnished by the usual male quartette, consisting of

Harry E. George,
Robert C. Geddes,
J. E. McCaffrey,
E. H. Weatherbee.

After dinner the exercises of the evening were as follows:

GOVERNOR EDWARD CHARLES STRINGER:
We are in the midst of historic days—anniversaries of Colonial and Revolutionary events. Memories crowd

thick and fast upon us. Tonight our thoughts are, in part at least, invited to the establishment for the first time of civil and religious liberty upon this Western Continent—to the planting of the first seeds of democracy in the soil of the New World. The wanderings of Ulysses and Aeneas are extolled in song and story to the enjoyment of scholars of all ages,—wanderings born of caprice and the spirit of adventure; but the bard will find little material for an epic poem in the persecution and cruel sufferings of that little band which fled from England to the Netherlands and, ultimately, embarked on the Mayflower for the unexplored shores of the New World. They were animated neither by caprice, the spirit of adventure, or the lust of gain. Freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience was their impelling motive. They were the pioneers of liberty in thought and in civil government. When they sailed from the Old World, their intention was to locate on the northern lands of the Virginia company, but by accident or design, they were approaching the inhospitable shores far to the north, where the Virginia Company had no rights. There was need of recognized authority and some form of civil government. Each man was free and the equal of his fellows, and this equality must be preserved and this freedom remain unrestricted, save by the consent of the subject. To accomplish this an immortal act was performed.

On the 11th day of November, 1620, two hundred and eighty-eight years ago, the adult males of that little company gathered in the cabin of the Mayflower as she approached the shores of Cape Cod and entered

into that world-famous Compact which proclaimed civil and religious liberty in the "new" England. That Compact there entered into is the briefest declaration of independence recorded on the pages of history. They covenanted and agreed:

"In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc., Having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and, by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

Thus was tersely expressed the highest human conception of ideal civil government. Of this Compact the historian Bancroft says:

"In the cabin of the Mayflower, Humanity recovered its rights and instituted government on the basis of 'equal rights,' enacted by all people for 'the general good.'

When they landed with that constitution, free republican government for the first time existed in the world, 'Democratic liberty and independent Christian worship started into being.'"

History so records the beginning. Who shall dare to attempt to estimate the influence of that Compact and the Pilgrims' teachings upon all ages since and to come! Governor Bradford, the second Governor of the Colony, says in his diary, "We did think that we might become at least as stepping stones to some greater thing." Even with prophetic eye, he could not have seen the "greater thing" wrought by the influence of the spirit and proclamation of that Pilgrim band. In all the history of the World, we cannot find an influence so controlling set in motion by so small a body of men. While the modesty of Governor Bradford is to be commended, we do not agree with him in the accuracy of the figure of speech. Stepping stones inert, with no power of expansion or elevation beyond their dead level in no sense express the dynamic forces which sent out streams of influence from the Pilgrim band—an influence still exerted and still potential in matters both civil and religious. The Compact entered into in the cabin of the Mayflower constitutes the basis of the Constitution of the United States, and the basis of the Constitution of every state in the Union. True it was a seed of slow growth, but it has withstood the storms of nearly three hundred years—and the end is not yet.

Music by the Quartette.

GOVERNOR STRINGER: It seems to be always the fault of the clergy to turn things upside down, and to put into force and effect that well known saying, "the first shall be last and the last first." On account of marital relations Dr. Nelson will be the first speaker

this evening and Dr. Dewey will be last. I know something about Calvin, but about the man, Kelvin, I know nothing. I suppose Calvin would have said, "you will be damned if you do," and I imagine this other fellow will say "you will be damned if you don't." Dr. Nelson will tell us further in this regard, and I take great pleasure in introducing him at this time. He will speak to us upon "Calvin and Kelvin."

CALVIN AND KELVIN.

Rev. Samuel Banks Nelson, D. D.

Your Excellency and Gentlemen: In listening again to the recital of the Compact in the cabin of the Mayflower it impressed me with the great thoughts which animated the breasts of the people on that ship. They certainly did strike a sort of a masonic level, didn't they; before they got to the country to which they were going, to find whether there was any nice soft or seductive valleys or beautiful lowlands, as compared with the rough hills of their native land; before they were in position to find pickings and leavings they agreed to do it on the square, and to meet on the level of equality in all things. When I learned to write it was in a copy-book which had lithographic lines, for examples, and one was, "Be slow to promise and quick to perform." It does occur to one as he looks abroad nowadays and notices the vagaries in society, the law's delay and all other things that make life even in America, friends, flat and stale, what a dull and unbearable time it must have been for the people on the Mayflower, and in this condition and in these surround-

ings came about that horizontal masonic equality which worked for the civilization of the United States. It is such a difficult thing to realize, you know. It is such a very high standard to fasten on posterity. The Roman Empire affords no such example of "easy marks" as were found in the cabin of the Mayflower. In the Roman Empire the spirit of the whole great realm was what Nietzsche, I think, called "master morality." The strong were superior, the cunning were masterful, the weak and the innocent were the doughheads, were inferior, and were slaves. The vicious were on top and the innocent were beneath them. There was no such thing as a compact of the character brought out in the Mayflower anywhere in the Roman Empire, at least not at all associated with its canons of government, and any small body of men who had attempted anything of the kind would have been regarded by the master minds of the Roman Empire very much as Wall street regards the "gentle lambs."

We should look upon them as rather innocent and not at all hard-headed. Now, the Roman Empire was filled with a feeling of "master morality" and the word "good" had for its significance, strong and mighty, and masterful, and great and superior, and the word "evil" had for its significance the weak, the inferior, the servants of the stronger and the smarter.

Well, along came Christianity and it took the side of the slaves and the inferior and the downtrodden and the oppressed, and by virtue of Christianity these people who were regarded by the master-minds of Rome as a cheap kind of people, as an inferior sort of people,

that you hire for five dollars a week and fire when you please, went to church on Sunday and they became Christians, and by virtue of the power of truth, or as it was called, the truth in Christianity, they knocked out the big people and the masterful people and got on top. Then there came the renaissance of letters and learning and people again took up the old classics, and from reading the old classics they became imbued with the spirit of that old "master morality," and the hour seemed again about to strike when "he would take who had the power and he would keep who could;" when the second rate fellows would be the servants of the first rate; but along came Luther and the Reformation, and called for the renaissance of Christian fraternity, and ever since we have had Christian compacts and what we call civil governments, and people meeting with rites and ceremonies and singing psalms and learning liberty and equality and fraternity.

Now, what do we behold in our own time, dear friends? We behold the pious women going to church and taking their children so long as they are minors; we behold the great politician or quondam statesman once in a year at Thanksgiving dragging in the name of the Deity; we behold the decadence of the pious kind, and once more the supremacy of the old "master morality." In the cabin of the Mayflower what they signed was a compact and not a contract. The contract is surrounded with sanctions and he who violates it, is punished. A contract is the basis for an action, but a compact is only the basis for a plea. The compact, of course, is more ethical and spiritual than a contract, but that is just the trouble nowadays. It is

because the ethical appeals seem to fall on indifferent ears; it is because the spiritual plea does not seem to create the same thrill in the bosom of American manhood that it did in the bosoms of the men in the Mayflower; it is because it runs off of their backs like water off a duck that the compact fails, and that we find it necessary to reach outside for laws and resort to statutory sanctions in order to make the descendants of the men of the Mayflower come within contagious distance of the sentiments and spirit of the Compact in the cabin of that ship. In those old, old times before the Compact, when "master morality" was supreme, some people thought they ruled by divine right. They thought that the other people served by social contract. Their prerogatives of rule were to be tempered with mercy, moderated with cheap justice, but that moderation and tempering, was only by force of a compact on the part of the ruler. The people might only appeal to him to do so, but no such weak bond had he over his subjects, he had the power of contract, for by a very vicious legal fiction it was taken for granted that they had contracted to obey him in toto, and that he was a very absolute monarch. The men on the Mayflower seemed to have such confidence in one another that they believed in the force of the mutual compact and it was taken for granted that there was within them a conscience alive unto God and unto good works. They felt that.

"If conscience had but the power as she has the right she would absolutely govern the world." They felt that conscience did absolutely govern them. They had the

power of religious renaissance and sincerity, the fear of God and love for the brotherhood of man in their souls. You will observe that compacts of this kind can only be kept by a spirit which binds the conscience of the compactors with such a religious fervor and enthusiasm and love for God and hatred of vice, and brotherly kindness, as will at all times inform and inspire the letter of the compact with religious and true significance; but if that religious spirit which was in the breasts of the compactors of the Mayflower dies down you will notice there is nothing to drive the wheels of conscience when it becomes inconvenient, unpleasant or irksome to live up to the spirit of brotherly love in that compact, and that therefore with a decadence of the true religion which existed in the cabin of the Mayflower there comes a weakening of the terms and the power of the compact.

Well, now, the church and state were both saturated with Roman law; a great many of you know what that means perhaps better than I do. The technicalities of the Roman law, the spirit of the Roman law ran all through the theology of the church and ran through the nomenclature of state functions, pomp, ceremony, power, subjection, and subjugation, and court methods, and procedures. The only department of knowledge that had not become saturated with Roman law was that of metaphysics and so it would follow that in metaphysical studies men would find truth free from the leading strings of the Roman law, and its vices, civic and religious. Since Roman law lived and breathed in the spirit of "master morality" and gave birth to absolutism in the civic life of masters and

slaves, the metaphysician asked the question, "Who was most likely to come to the conclusion which would be most free from that same spirit of 'master morality'?"

Here enters John Calvin. In his contemplation of the world, its existence and the purpose of its existence; its great Creator and his manifold wisdom in the world; the moral governorship of the Creator in the world; his providential interference in the world; his fingermarks and his footprints in the corridors of history John Calvin thought his God superior to the God of the "master morality" of the Roman law. He thought of God as the divine Father, and equality of man was a deduction from the fatherhood of God. With the Prophet Amos he beheld God as the God of universal justice. That two and two "are" four, and never "made" four. That they are four universally. That where such a spirit of exactness runs through figures there is likely to be found the same spirit of exactness in human logic if it be unbiased.

And in that spirit of exact thinking, looking to God for divine guidance, John Calvin evolved the theory of government based on the brotherhood of man under the divine fatherhood of one God, ruler of us all. It is this kind of religious freedom that became our civil freedom, and while we so often talk about "civil and religious" liberty, I wonder why we put "civil" first. Since it goes without saying that it was within the conception of "religious" equality that "civil" liberties were borne. Now, John Calvin said that God had given us magistrates to govern by reason of sin, and that we should therefore receive them faithfully and

obey them loyally. The powers that be are ordained of God, in order to preserve civilization from the license of the lawbreaker.

Legislatures and legislators exist only for one purpose and that is to maintain security among the people for whom they legislate and justify their existence by creating a sense of security. Joseph Parker of London said, "Every night I turn the key in my front door lock and I thereby draw up an indictment against society." We all feel that were it not for sinners locksmiths and legislators could go begging.

John Calvin went further and he said that the impulse to break the law which becomes very strong in all of us, and therefore in the best of us at times, requires that the people should be watchful that those who were appointed over them to prevent them from breaking the law should themselves not be lawbreakers. And he cries out, "Oh, ye people, to whom God hath given liberty to choose your own magistrates beware that you do not prove yourselves unworthy by appointing rascals to positions of authority."

Hence the watchword "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Now, when you trace back these watchwords of civil society, the "sense of security," "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," our "right to choose our own magistrates" and the "magistrates are the terror of evildoers," you find them all in the metaphysics of John Calvin, and dear friends, such a mind was needed, that in its cold and abstruse thought far removed from self-interest and the trend of that masterful morality of the vicious Roman law we might begin again on a virgin soil and on a new foundation,

the temple of equality and raise the temple of true religious and civil liberties since that had been utterly spoiled and its old primitive classic features destroyed by the masterful spirit of the Roman conqueror.

Now, John Calvin was the original osteopath. He tried to get at the nerve centers and squeeze them a bit with a view of equalizing the circulation in the body politic—and ecclesiastic; there is no doubt it was suffering from a swelled head in both of those departments, and there is no doubt that the poor extremities farthest away from the positions and functions, sinecures and perquisites, of the head were rather poorly supplied and were very cold indeed. Just before I left home this evening, glancing into the Strand Magazine I saw the pictures and the descriptions of the Esperanto City; the city that shall be built by the combined talent and the cosmopolitan fraternity of all sorts and conditions of human beings on this earth when they get commingled and speak one tongue and have a fellow-feeling one for the other, and in that new city there are all varieties of architecture of the world, and they try to take the lines of all of them and run them into a certain architectural mixture that will be pleasing to the Esperantist's eye; they try to take the lines of the masculine and feminine attire and run them into garments that will be pleasing to the eyes of Esperantist males and females. It makes me think of the story of a Baptist minister who went to be pastor in a little town called Fairfort, just outside of Rochester, New York, where I used to live. He said he went to call on a family belonging to his church, living just outside the village, and that as

he was talking to the mother and daughter in the living room in came a boy, a green boy, a lanky looking fellow about twenty with a big quid of chewing tobacco in his cheek, and as he came in he squirted on the threshold and the mother and daughter seemed very much annoyed and they soon made an occasion for asking him to go out in the yard and do something that seemed to be very necessary in the way of chores. When they got him out they began apologies for James' unseemly conduct and his rather unkempt appearance and they said, "Pastor, we are sorry to tell you that our James is very odd; when he was a very little boy a heavy limb from an apple tree in the orchard fell on his head and he has never been the same since." They were too quick because Jim had stopped to tie his shoe lace outside of the door and Jim stuck his head into the door and said, "Pastor, take my word for it, that limb struck this whole blamed family." (Laughter.)

Now our whole society, in its manners and customs, has to be apologized for, in the light of our early national history and traditional upbringing. We feel as if the tower of Babel had struck us all and confounded our views of right and wrong and wrought havoc with our fraternal dispositions. As Esperanto is designed to smooth out the diversities of the world's various tongues and enable man to held converse with his brother man the wide-world over, so likewise the spirit of brotherly love as displayed in the Mayflower Compact, is the solvent of the misunderstandings, disputes and sufferings of a selfish world.

It seems a gigantic task, amidst our Babeldom to get men to accept a common speech like Esperanto.

We prefer our gutterals and sputterals because they show our individuality and nationality. An Irishman would feel that there was no place for his eloquent brogue, and a Yankee would fear that in the dulcet tones of this new tongue, he could never stand up before a Ways and Means Committee at Washington and ask for a cold one hundred per cent. "ad valorem." But there must be a "get together boys." The ferment of a holy discontent is working. We need a consanguineous sentiment, a deeper fraternal sense of things. This Compact was a successful "get together" plan of our National Forefathers, and the hour is striking when in the same spirit of Christian brotherhood we must adopt an order and method of closer fellowship and mutual helpfulness.

We are told now-a-days that Psychology is our newest science. Its last word is that in the background of our feelings lies our most potent human energy. That as a man feels the fallacy of an argument before he is able to put his finger on its logical weakness, or as he feels a truth in his whole being "which he can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal," that so it is in the realm of feeling we reach the highest truth and find the power for our noblest efforts. This was manifestly true in the case of the Compactors of the Mayflower. To speed on the sea with a strange land before them, home ties severed forever, with hardships and danger sure to meet them when land was touched, they looked into one another's faces, felt the tie of common blood, felt the glory of their common traditions, sang praises to the Lord of their triumphant past, prayed for Divine guidance to a happy future, and in "one faith, and

hope and love" all selfishness was swept out of their hearts and the compact of loyalty, "each for all and all for each," was signed. The Compact is the bed-rock of the Constitution of the United States, which is broad-based on the people's feeling of loyalty to liberty, equality and fraternity. And so the Compact testifies to the power of religious feeling, and it will only be by the same power that it shall be sustained in the toil and moil of our work-a-day life.

I am conscious of the difficulty of maintaining the regnant power of religious feeling in the hearts of our great population. The Mayflower men in a crisis of fortune stood shoulder to shoulder and heart spoke to heart. But we in "piping times of peace and plenty" find it easy to backslide from the high religiousness of our fathers. Such a function as this tonight must act as tonic to our neglected and weakened sense of brotherhood. The religious spirit runs all through that Compact like the water-mark in the paper on which it was written, and you cannot get meaning out of it today if you don't bring Christian faith in your heart to the reading of it.

It was no civil document, it was a religious confession of political faith, for practice in private and public life.

I have selected Lord Kelvin as our second land mark. He has just passed away, and was regarded as our greatest living physicist. The temper of our time is scientific, and I use Kelvin as a text to call attention to the difference between the mood of the Mayflower and the mood of our ship of state. Our

fathers took more things in faith than we do. We use the scientific test. You have to show me, says the man of the hour. Well, if we will only believe what can be scientifically proven, John Calvin may be put on the highest shelf, for we won't need him much. He cannot show you. Oh, I beg his pardon, he can show you, what I might call "facts of the mind" which have close correspondence with the feeling of the heart, but he cannot show you by observation, after the manner of conclusions drawn from so-called scientific data, that his God is the kind of God he says, or that religion should be ordered after the fashion that he maintained civil liberty could alone stand on. And furthermore, if we are the men of the "show-me-or-I-won't-believe-it" sort, then we are very far removed from the temper of the men of the Mayflower. In this sense they were totally unscientific. They walked by faith more than by sight. Charles Kingsley used to say that "there is always light enough to get home, even in a London fog." But I have been in a London fog when the blind beggar could find his way home, and the grey-eyed, sharp seeing business men were lost and went astray. Oh, friends, the compactors of the Mayflower "felt" their way by the sense of right and truth, and love and Christian loyalty, they "felt" their way out of tyranny to freedom, out of darkness into light, for the God who speaks to the conscience and heart had said to them, "This is the way, walk ye in it." How different is the temper of our time. We want electric flash lights to blaze the way, and charts to cheer the way, for we will not go forward unless we know where we are coming out at. Hence necessary reforms

hang fire while we are looking for a sane and safe and easy method.

The mountain tops of vision cannot be reached like Pike's Peak, by rail and a cushioned seat. The pioneer motto still holds. It is still "Pike's Peak or bust." The heroic crew of the Mayflower were developed by struggle and effort and hazard. Mount Sinai is eight thousand feet high of almost perpendicular granite and the King of Kings will not take a foot off it so that "modern" men may reach perfection's sacred height by any royal or easy path. Dante described the path to happiness when he said "We are cleansed by climbing."

Since it is the pure in heart that see God, it follows that only men in the spirit of the Godly compactors can scent the aroma of such a compact, appreciate its sentiments and live its principles.

In our present day scientific spirit, we not only modify our creed, but we muzzle its ministers and this is surely contrary to the time of the men of the Mayflower, for their expedition was planned and the good ship set sail under the benediction of a saintly pastor.

This scientific spirit in which we live seeks to bring down the moral governor of the universe to the common level of a constitutional ruler and the divine "ought," if not rejected, is modified by the democratic "I don't have to."

Our citizens on all hands declare that the land is deluged with graft and corruption. But recently the staid and sober editor of the New York Observer (an American of Americans) declared that "the Republic is still only an experiment." Now if any man feels that the foundations of our government have become

shaky, or that the Puritan spirit is dying out, he must attribute this deplorable decadence to the inferior spirit of our time, as contrasted with the spirit of the Calvinistic forefathers.

So then, Mr. Governor and brothers of the Society of Colonial Wars, this is my thesis; the Compact was born in religious feeling, and it can never be worked out in practice by the scientific temper.

John Calvin used to say that the Bible was to him a pair of spectacles through which he looked to see God. You and I are so very much more scientific than that founder of Republics, that we are afraid to look at it, lest we should find God through it.

Now if my note sounds doleful, do not set me down for a pessimist. You supplied me with a theme when you talked about celebrating the Signing of the Mayflower Compact, and I must stick to my text.

If you believe the practice of the principles of the Compact in early New England history proved it to be a true charter of liberty, founded on fundamental varieties, then you must believe its sentiments in order to produce the same good fruit.

I was much interested when at school in the book of Walter Bagehot on the English Constitution. Bagehot believed British Constitutional forms superior to the American, and yet he adds: "Nevertheless the men of Massachusetts can make any form of government a success." Now when I read that I deemed it high praise of the Puritan spirit that even a keen and critical British jurist should so applaud the virtues of New England men, though he failed to appreciate our Republican cast of government.

Mr. Governor and brothers, let us begin again to steer the ship of state by this glorious old "Magna Charta," and once again let all the world see that the men of the United States, inspired by the spirit of their heroic and godly sires, have not deserted the good old ship of state, that "our" Mayflower, though of longer keel and swifter sail, is built on the same lines of beauty, strength and grace, and the good old seaworthy lines "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" especially "Fraternity."

Music by the Quartette.

GOVERNOR STRINGER: I have the authority of the President of a great State University for saying that the Episcopalians are reformed Roman Catholics; that the Presbyterians are reformed Episcopalians; that Congregationalists are reformed Presbyterians, and that the Pilgrims were reformed Congregationalists. In the next address, the subject of which is "The Compact the Great Charter of American Democracy," we will hear from a reformed Episcopalian on that document, and I have the pleasure of introducing the Hon. Clarence B. Miller, Congressman for this state from Duluth. (Applause.)

THE COMPACT, THE GREAT CHARTER OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

HON. CLARENCE B. MILLER.

Your Excellency, and Gentlemen of the Society of
Colonial Wars:—

While I am heartily sensible of the distinguished honor you have conferred upon me by inviting me to

participate in these proceedings, I notice your committee, in the exercise of a wise circumspection, has seen fit to place me on the program where I cannot possibly do any harm. I am preceded by a minister and to be followed by one. You are now, no doubt, fortified against any heresy I may utter, and if perchance, I shall be able to beguile you from the paths of rectitude, the celebrated divine who is to follow will gather you back into the fold. This situation reminds one of the man who went home to attend his father in his last illness, and upon returning, the neighbors inquired what his father's last words were, and he replied: "Father had no last words; mother was with him to the end." So I do not see how the Law can possibly hope to get in the last word at this feast.

That feature of the work of the Pilgrim Fathers which has been assigned to me for discussion, calls for a treatment considerably different from that to which you have already listened. Some facts of history arrange themselves before the vision with no less than dramatic splendor. Whatever repose our mind may be in, however calm be our feelings, as we look down the vista and observe the centuries of preparation and the centuries of fruition, we behold the imperial meaning these events have for mankind, and the soul is stirred. Among such events, on account of its political and civic bearing, do we place the coming of the Mayflower Pilgrims. This journey was big with importance to human freedom. The political history of the preceding centuries made necessary the migration. Evolution in the political world is as apparent as in

the physical, and almost as scientific. It discloses a survival of the fittest,—the fittest political institution to serve the best in man. The advance of liberal, political ideas over the world, and in recent years even to the thrones of monarchies that have held unquestioned sway for thousands of years, is not due to accident, but to growth resulting in supremacy of the best. In this evolutionary process many political ideas have disappeared, and they ought to have disappeared. The genius of a political system which can be calculated to survive the mutations of time, while it gives protection to society, must at the same time, maintain freedom and liberty in the individual. And this to every individual. Whatever strata social evolution may produce, there must be political equality. The result may be a leveling of some, but will be an elevation of more.

This pilgrimage of the Pilgrim Fathers forms a connecting link between the true idea of liberty evolved in the preceding centuries and the adoption and diffusion of that idea among the peoples of the earth.

Our fancy often reverts to the remarkable efflorescence of beauty, culture and intelligence produced by the Greek civilization, and we are entertained by the philosophical disquisitions on politics indulged in by a Plato and an Aristotle, but in practical politics the Greeks were a failure. Their civilization was dependent upon the perpetuity of the State, and yet their conception of a State was merely a city or a group of cities, loosely tied together. There was lacking the essential of a political entity, supported by the personal patriotism of all the subjects whose individual rights

and liberties were by it secured. The whole fabric rested upon the backs of unnumbered slaves, and while the top was beautiful the foundation was disgraceful. As such this Grecian political idea perished, and forms but a flashlight in the darkness of the centuries.

We have listened with the utmost pleasure tonight to some account of the great work the Romans did for the religious and moral part of man. We perhaps more frequently hear reference made to the political achievements of this great people, and this, I suppose, because they conquered about everything in sight. But their idea of a state was practically that of a city, Rome was the state, and moreover, but a few of all the millions under Roman rule ever attained the exalted condition of Roman citizenship. There were special privileges and rights for some, half liberties for others, while the beautiful and cultured Greek walked the streets of Rome a slave.

These political notions of state and citizen were pushed generally over the earth, but happily for human freedom, received a definite and fatal check in the wild woods of the North, when the legions of Rome, led by her greatest warriors, were crushed and scattered by the fierce and at times bloodthirsty valor of the giant Teutons. The irresistible onslaught of these northern barbarians hurled back the Roman advance and saved the Teutonic ideas of individual liberty and freedom to the world. And what were these ideas? That every person was a citizen and that all citizens had equal rights. That among these rights was a voice in the making of all laws and in the selection of all rulers. Beneath the spreading arms of some giant oak all the

members of the tribe though rude in manner and clad in skins, gathered to discharge their political duties. By beating their huge spears against their massive shields they enacted laws and elected leaders. Here was the beginning and early exercise of pure democracy.

A few centuries later we find these priceless conceptions of individual liberty and democracy carried bodily by a portion of these Teutons and planted firmly on the soil of England. The township and the town meeting thus became units of political England, and individual liberty under democratic conditions, an ancient landmark. As the population multiplied society became more complex, and the political system shaped itself accordingly, but never departing from original principles, never deviating from fundamental doctrines. Thus we are told that on Salisbury plain sixty thousand gathered on one occasion, directly to perform the functions of government in a thoroughly democratic manner.

But over this fair land of blooming liberties, a storm gathers, moving from the south. A Norman horde sweeps the country, bringing French culture, French refinement, French language, and at the same time Latin-French political ideas, feudalism and an ecclesiastical hierarchy that all but smothers Saxon principles of liberty and democracy. We find the Anglo-Saxon township fading into the Norman-French manor and later into the parish as the ecclesiastical forces become more firmly entrenched. And so, at the time these Pilgrim Fathers began their migration we find that the old Anglo-Saxon township had lost its strength, and al-

most its identity, while the sturdy yeomanry gathered in town meeting had become little more than an historical memory. It is indeed fortunate the pilgrimage was made at the time it was. When this handful of people separated themselves from Great Britain they were filled with revolt, revolt towards religious restrictions, and, to their mind, oppression; unconsciously they at the same time were in revolt against many of the political institutions, which through Norman influence, had become intertwined with ecclesiastical institutions. These were not common men,—their thought was fashioned and their conduct guided by principle; the courage of their hearts was matched by the vigor of their intellects; they hated oppression, they loved liberty. Interwoven with every fibre of their being were the Anglo-Saxon principles of government and individual liberty in their pristine vigor. They brought these principles with them, not from design, but from necessity; they could no more leave them behind than they could leave their thoughts behind.

Accordingly when these hardy voyagers reached the shores of America and found themselves far north of their intended destination, and murmurs of discontent arose, the Anglo-Saxon love of order asserted itself and, in the evening of Nov. 11th, 1620, they drew up the historic writing known as the Mayflower Compact which all were compelled to sign. This is a great document, not for what it contains, but for what it stands, not for a government formed, but for the character of government agreed to be formed. They joined in executing the instrument, binding themselves to organize a body politic under the law.

These last three words are prodigious with meaning. Here is first expressed in written form the Anglo-Saxon conception of the majesty of the law. It is a conception that has been handed down to the modern world through Anglo-Saxon channels and through no other. It is a conception that has been foreign to other nations and other peoples, until the oppressed have reached out to it and lived. These hardy pioneers bound themselves to institute a government under the law—what law? Not the law of the Romans, not the law of the Romanized Continental, but the ancient law of the Angles and Saxons; not a law handed down from a superior power to an inferior people, not the gift of a sovereign or the command of a tyrant, but the peoples' own law, conceived by them, enacted by them, to be obeyed by them. When once enacted as the expressed wish of the people, it becomes clothed with the majesty of sovereign power and the sanctity of highest wisdom. Our fathers thus decreed that the government to be formed should be of law and not of men,—a distinction the great Webster pronounced the most important in all political evolution. It implies equality before the law, for the law belongs to all the people alike. It implies universal obedience to the law, for all are under the law, none are superior to it. Even today there is one law for governmental officials, one law for rulers, and another law for the citizens in practically all European countries, but in America there is one law for all—one law for President, one law for Judge, one law for the humblest citizen, and herein lies the great safeguard of political equality.

Those political philosophers who gave wings to their

imagination and fancied that government was but a social compact, a voluntary assemblage of individuals who each gave up certain personal rights to the organization as a whole, have pointed out this Mayflower Compact as illustrative of the working of that theory, but in doing so, have fallen into grave error. The government to be formed and that which was formed, partook nothing of the new, untried or speculative. It was to be the old Anglo-Saxon form of government, pure and undefiled. It is of the highest importance that in their zeal to throw off obnoxious forms of religious government, they threw off modifications of Anglo-Saxon political institutions; that in their zeal for religious liberty they took unto themselves political liberty. In New England, therefore, the town meeting of the old days—many centuries ago—was given a new birth and entered upon a new life. There the Anglo-Saxon love of liberty, love of democracy, were given to the world afresh that they might flourish and mature, to the benefit of mankind, amid surroundings calculated to give them most rapid and vigorous growth. We are therefore indebted to these persecuted and sturdy men for transmitting to America those principles of government, which, in the evolutions of the ages will no doubt give character to the political institutions of man; and we look back with deep reverence to this document as a written expression of their great purpose.

Those who settled and gave character to the political institutions in the southern colonies, were of a different, though worthy type. These cavaliers were imbued with Norman notions and ecclesiastical influences, and so we there find the county as a local political unit

with the parish and sometimes the manor existing as subdivisions. In the framing of a great government for this united nation, these two influences came somewhat into conflict, and just as the genius of liberty and independence first rose among the New England hills, giving direction and hope to all the colonies, so from the same great source came those political conceptions which, by reason of their pre-eminent power to give man that form of government designed for him "by nature and by nature's God," eventually triumphed and gave character to the entire scheme of American government.

From the cabin of the little Mayflower—as it rolled in the cold waters of a stormy sea,—a light shone out upon the darkness of a hemisphere; by its faint glow this noble document was drawn, sending the light of political and individual liberty unto all the blessed peoples that should inhabit the land.

A little time before this notable event, another ship was sailing toward America. It was a ship of war, full rigged and armed, the flag of Holland flying at the mast. It was bent on a different mission. Its hold was packed with imprisoned Africans, and they were sold in slavery to Virginia planters. There was thus established the curse of slavery upon American soil, an institution that came near bringing destruction to American government and to American liberty, one that was removed only by the superior strength of the Anglo-Saxon liberties planted firmly in the North.

Then may we not extend reverential respect to these noble Pilgrims who planted the seeds of Anglo-Saxon liberties so firmly on American soil, and to this price-

less document they framed to express their great purpose; and dedicate ourselves, their descendants through many generations, to the patriotic work of maintaining those liberties in their original purity and pristine strength. (Long continued applause.)

GOVERNOR STRINGER: It is pleasing to notice that in essentials there is no greater difference between the reformed Presbyterian and the Congregationalist than there is between the reformed members of the other sects. From the Pilgrims we come to the Puritans. Of all those who come under that term there was no greater power among them than that of the minister. Dr. Nelson has spoken of the decadence of that power in the present time, but in the day of the Pilgrims and in the day of the Puritans, the minister was the entire power behind the throne. In the pulpit, out of the pulpit, in politics, in business, the minister was the guiding and controlling power, and we shall now have the pleasure of listening to Dr. Harry P. Dewey, of Minneapolis, who will speak to us upon "The Puritan Preacher and his Message to our day."

I take great pleasure in introducing Dr. Dewey.

THE PURITAN PREACHER AND HIS MESSAGE
TO OUR DAY.

REV. HARRY P. DEWEY, D. D., PLYMOUTH CHURCH,
MINNEAPOLIS.

The general theme of the evening, to which we recur with unflinching persistency each December, seems not to lose its interest. The creed, as a system at least, with which Puritanism itself has been associated so closely has passed or is passing; but Puritanism itself seems to show no signs of decrepitude. Like the antebellum martyr its body lies mouldering in the grave, but its soul goes marching on. The special topic, "The Puritan Preacher," puts us at a point of vantage, for if there is any one who has more completely been the exponent of the Puritan idea, that one is the Puritan preacher. However we consider the Puritan spirit: whether we view it as a force in literature, producing "Hamlet" and the "Faery Queen," and later "Paradise Lost" and "Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Scarlet Letter" and "Idylls of the King;" or as a force in the academic world, laying the foundations of the common school and building Harvard and Yale; or as a force in scientific research, illuminating the mind of a Bacon and a Huxley; or as a force in philosophical thought stimulating the brain of a Locke and an Edwards; or as a force in politics, directing, as Fiske has said, a Voltaire and a Rousseau, a Mazzini and a Stein, and, as we may add, wielding the sword at Marston Moor and at Bunker Hill and at Gettysburg, completing the democracy of Cromwell in the democracy

of Washington and Lincoln, and Roosevelt, creating and cementing these United States; or as a force in the ecclesiastical realm, enfranchising a church, and writing in brilliant letters such names as Baxter and Owen and Howe and Robinson and Cotton and Dwight and Taylor and Bushnell and Beecher and Storrs and Brooks;—however we think of the operations of the Puritan spirit, it is always to be traced in its origins to the fountain heads of religion.

The first thing to be said about the Puritan preacher is, that he was a diligent religious thinker. He did not always think correctly, but his quest was a mighty one, and like an athlete he trained himself for his task. We sometimes speak of ourselves as a very busy people, and ministers are prone to assert that they are not exempted from the general pressure. Occasionally some clergyman takes the public into his confidence and in the pages of a magazine over an anonymous signature tells the world how many are the demands upon him. But even those of us who are subjected to the most numerous and exacting calls may well stand abashed before the herculean labors of these men of old. Think of Eliot translating the Bible into a barbaric tongue. Think of John Cotton, of whom it is said that he preached twice on Sunday, gave three lectures in church during the week, besides a daily lecture in his own house, visited his parish diligently, and catechised the children; in addition to all this was sponsor for the whole community in civic affairs, and also found time to give the public four hundred publications, which included a volume on medicine, seven volumes of New England history, and an

extensive commentary upon the entire Bible; working twelve hours a day as a regular allotment and topping off at night for a sedative with what he called "a sweet morsel of Calvin." Think of Increase Mather, reading and writing Latin and Greek and speaking fluently in the former language; working sixteen hours a day; beginning his sermons on Monday, finishing them on Friday night, and spending all day Saturday committing them to memory. Verily, there was no quarter for the shirk in the profession in those days, and the general execration of the sluggard was expressed by Thomas Shepard, who is reputed to have said: "God will curse that man's labors who lumbers up and down in the world all the week and then, upon Saturday, in the afternoon, goes to his study, whereas God knows that time were little enough to pray in, weep in and get his heart in a fit frame of mind for the duties of the approaching Sabbath."

And what were those duties? Take a sample service. Fifteen minutes by way of invocation; this followed by from thirty to sixty minutes devoted to the exposition of Scripture; then a long prayer as extended as all the time that has preceded; then a sermon that was considered short if it was not twice as long as the prayer; an interval for dinner; and a return to the sanctuary to repeat the morning process with certain minor reductions. And the striking thing about it all is, that not only the ministers but the people also seemed to enjoy it. Thus we hear of a competent critic who listened to John Cotton, while the glass was twice turned, saying, that he is "much pleased with the manner and matter of the speaker." It is related that

Thomas Hooker, preaching to a large congregation in Cambridge, became suddenly indisposed after fifteen minutes, whereupon he declared that "he had neither length nor matter to continue in," but retiring for a half hour, he returned and proceeded for two hours, and, as the gratified biographer avers, "to good purpose." Even more significant, is the testimony of a Harvard student, who said that a certain Mr. Torrey prayed before the students for two hours and then stopped for lack of time, much to the regret of the young men, for, as the student adds, "they would gladly have heard him an hour longer." The more remarkable is this interest when we remember that these devotional exercises were not commonly enlivened by sparkling epigrams, by graphic allusions to literature and history, or even by many illustrations from the common affairs of life, but were for the most part solid meat from start to finish with no milk whatsoever for babes, requiring for their digestion strenuous intellectual gymnastics. Occasionally, it is true, there was a touch of the sensational, as when Latimer, who was one of the earliest of the Puritan preachers, made a statement that "when the devil was a bishop he was always in residence;" or, as when William Perkins, castigating the hearers of somnolent tendencies, said that when one fell asleep in the sanctuary it was as if one had come into church as a corpse to have one's funeral sermon preached by the minister.

But for the most part such stimulants were not employed. Yet for two hundred years the churches of Boston are said to have been crowded, and the mid-week lectures became so popular and the people were

so wont to neglect their business to attend them, and were sometimes so inclined to come from great distances, even to the injury of their health, that the General Court was obliged to take the matter in hand and to put certain restrictions upon this religious dissipation. "Yes," says Higginson, writing to his friends in the old world about the attractions in the new world,—“the best of it all is, we have plenty of preaching.” Now, say what you will as to the fact that these people did not have the diversions which you and I enjoy; say what you will as to the fact that the minister was obliged, as one recently has described him, to be newspaper and library and telegraph and Atlantic cable and even other medium of news, to the community; yet, in this age of ours when people are disposed to go to church more to be entertained than to be instructed, and being there wish their stay as abbreviated as possible, and when many prefer to take their spiritual pabulum by absent treatment, it is worth while to pause in meditation before this remarkable fact. That men and women, yes, and children, in any condition of life, could relish such persistent and elongated attention to religious reflections when they were given to them in the forms of foreordination, and justification by faith, and imputation of righteousness, and irresistibility of grace, and perseverance of saints, is nothing less than astounding! For vigorous intellectual grip, both on the part of preacher and of congregation, there has been no equal to it in the entire history of the Christian church. The distinction has been drawn between Chatham and Burke that the one gave men motives and the other gave them reasons;

that one made them act and the other made them think; and surely the Burkes in the long run are more influential than the Chathams. The Puritan preacher, thought, and by his thinking excited the mental processes in all with whom he came in contact.

Splendid were the explorations of this thinker as he pioneered into the Infinite, for his quest was nothing less than that. Some one, seeing Lincoln in a recumbent posture, asked him how long he thought a man's legs should be, and the profound statesman replied that he thought they should always be long enough to reach to the ground. The Puritan wished to touch bottom; he was seeking the basal things. His great cry was that of Jacob wrestling with the heavenly adversary by the ford Jabbok,—“Tell me thy name!” He realized, as few have realized, that behind the logical development of our life is always the inevitable premise, God. He was content to stand before no inferior court. He pushed his case up to the tribunal of the Highest, and, like Job of old, he stood contending with God, if perchance he might be vindicated. It is true, his conception of the Deity was one-sided and unbalanced; that he overlaid Fatherhood with Sovereignty, and mercy with justice, and reason and love with arbitrary will; yet the thing we have to appreciate in him is, that he never could forget the supreme factor in making up his account. For though he might take the wings of the morning to the uttermost parts of the earth, or rise up into Heaven, or descend into Hell, or stand forth in the light, or be covered with the darkness, he was always sensible that the two participants in the drama of existence, with whom he had most

concern, were God and his own soul. No wonder that one of the great preachers could say, that it was better and easier for a man to please one God in his sermons than many men.

Over against the Divine One the Puritan saw himself. He has been accused of exalting God at the expense of man, and the charge is fairly made; but his creed was always belied in its results; for wherever Puritanism went it uplifted the individual. He might think that God passed over whom He would and chose whom He would, that he himself was totally depraved, sold unto sin, and yet the remarkable thing is, however much inconsistency it betrays, that he never lost his sense of responsibility. Logically he ought to have been a Mohammedan, the self-acknowledged victim of fate, but such he never thought himself to be. "It is a tough work, a wonderful hard matter, to be saved" said one of the preachers; "'Tis a thousand to one," said Hooker, individualizing his congregation, "if ever thou be one of that small number whom God hath picked out to escape the wrath to come." But, mark you, never did the preacher pronounce the final doom upon his hearer. There was always the door of hope, there was always the possibility of deliverance, and the shining goal lifted up to the most debased was a lofty one indeed, for no one has ever conceived reconciliation with God as a more glorious thing than as it filled the mind of the Puritan. And just in proportion as God was magnified to his imagination, and he felt the heinousness of his sin and yet the greatness of his responsibility, by that much was he emboldened to rise up from the dust and stand upon his feet, and with the

Hebraic consciousness of God in his soul to assert the Hebraic consciousness of man in his nobility, to see himself in the description of the 8th Psalm "a little lower than the angels and crowned with glory and honor."

Was it an overdone individualism, as a writer of our day declares? Perhaps so; and yet there is something to be said in this connection. Samuel Hopkins thought that a man should be willing to be damned for the glory of God, but that idea was not native to the deeper consciousness of Puritanism; rather was its instinctive feeling expressed by the protest of Nathaniel Taylor, who said that no man could cheerfully resign himself to God's glory if the resignation meant his self-destruction. Nor, on the other hand, was it natural to the Puritan to efface himself for the good of others. Dr. Mark Hopkins, in whose veins the Puritan blood ran full and strong, used to tell his students that it was impossible to love one's fellowmen if one did not first love one's self. Self-sacrifice does not mean self-extinction. John Watson heralded the new revival whose dominant note, he said, would be different from that heard in all preceding revivals,—not, "What shall I do to be saved?" but "What shall I do to save others?" Ah! yes, but we shall not be likely to ask how we can save others, unless we are trying to save ourselves. Jesus bids us lose ourselves for His sake and the Gospel's, and yet He always assures us that losing means finding. A man cannot, however humble he may be, think of himself as other than the center of the universe. He cannot cease wondering why he is himself, and not someone else. Puritanism made modern

democracy. How? By exciting in the individual man the recognition of his personal worth, and in the light of that discovery causing him to see the equal worth of every other man. Puritanism created modern missions. How? By making a disciple feel his own dignity before his Maker, and then kindling within him the instinct of fair play and sending him forth to make others see that they also have claim upon the high privilege he has found. Nobly is this inevitable impulse of Christian benevolence expressed by that early president of Williams College, Dr. Griffin, who was surcharged with the spirit of the New England fathers when, at the close of a great sermon on "The Kingdom of Christ," he exclaimed,—“I solemnly aver that if there were but one heathen in the whole world, and he in the remotest country of Asia, if there were no higher reason to confine us at home, it would be worth the pains for all the people in America to embark to carry the Gospel to him.” That was the dignity of the human soul yielding to the inference of universal brotherhood. No, the Puritan instinct could not produce such a hymn as we sometimes sing, a hymn that may do for Brahmins but is not fit for Christians,—

“Oh, to be nothing, nothing”

Rather does the spontaneous music of the Puritan faith find its wings in those 18th century lines,—

“To serve the present age
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master’s will,”

with this logical prelude in the stanza with which the hymn begins,—

“A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.”

The greatness of God! The greatness of the human soul! These are the two dicta of Puritanism. And the Puritan thought that the mighty God was not only dealing with his soul, but speaking to it.

He heard the Divine Voice in the Scriptures. And his reverence for the Bible as an oracle is betokened by the custom of the New England churches which required the congregation to rise when the minister read his text. The homage of the riper scholars for the Book was indicated by John Eliot, when he said that he was sure that Hebrew was fit to be the universal language and was quite confident that it would be the medium of intercourse in Heaven—not perhaps a very enticing recommendation of Paradise to those of us who have painful recollections of the seminary. Moreover, it is worth noting that the Puritan’s first real intimacy with the Bible was the discovery of it as a great literature. In the earlier stages of the Puritan era, when there was little other literature of account, and when the Bible was held in the custody of priests and in the closer reserve of a language which few could understand, suddenly the seals were unloosed and the Book became the property of all. What a find it was! What inexhaustible mines of treasures were revealed! What food for the mind! What stimulus for the imagination! What answerings to all the yearnings of the spirit! And how the Book must have seemed to pulse and throb with the rich warm life of the Hebrew

people! How that vital experience in the ages past must have seemed to touch every present human interest and to compass all present affairs! And when we consider that the realistic story was cast in almost every conceivable literary form;—in prose and poetry; in drama and prophecy; in allegory and narrative; in history and fiction, is it any wonder that the Book was thought to furnish authority for all matters of personal faith and practice, authentic models for Church and State, and to pronounce a judgment upon all the actions of life from which there could be no appeal.

It is true that the Puritan had no scientific conception of the Book; that every word in it to him was received as inspired; all parts reckoned as of equal value. Nevertheless, he was the forerunner of the modern critic, for, mark you, in the New England churches he would not read this Book without expounding it. No “dumb reading” could satisfy him. If the voice of God was in the volume, the human listener must interpret the message. Reason must be invoked at every step, just as you and I invoke it. In this day we are wont to lament that the Bible is not revered as it once was, but there is encouragement for believing that reason is to lead us to a new appreciation of it. We, too, are to discover it, even now are discovering it, as a great literature; a literature, which with marvelous adaptability, fits in with the problems of this age, as it has fitted in with the problems of every age preceding; a literature which holds the world’s supremest classics, such as the exquisite lyrics of the Psalms, the eloquent prophecies of Isaiah, the incomparable words of Jesus which are exhibitions of the consummate art of speech;

a literature which from beginning to end in all its varying forms is simply the story of the experience of a people who felt, as no people ever have felt, that they were under the pressure of the Infinite Spirit, and were recipients of messages from that Eternal Word who made the world and is ever seeking to utter Himself to His creatures.

Again, the Puritan heard the Voice through nature. Literally the evening red and the morning gray seemed to him not merely signs of the atmospheric conditions, but indications of the counsels of the Eternal One. He found spiritual suggestions in the most trivial material phenomena. Thus it is said that Cotton Mather, walking along the street and beholding a small man, felt himself moved to pray, "God, give that man high attainments;" and seeing a lame man, he exclaimed, "Lord, make that man to walk uprightly;" and seeing a Negro, he ejaculated, "Lord, wash that poor soul." Judge Sewall is said to have felt it very significant that the President of Harvard College should die just at the close of a solar eclipse. And the first Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony is reported to have had a book containing the Psalms and the New Testament and the Book of Common Prayer, which was attacked by mice, and when the rodents devoured only the last portion of the volume, his Excellency concluded that a judgment was pronounced upon Episcopacy. But not only did the Puritan find the evidence of God's judgments and blessings in the forces of nature; sometimes he saw in the outward pageant of material things the veil which but thinly screens the Infinite Presence; as when Jonathan Edwards, viewing the birds and the

flowers and the sky, had "sweet contemplations of God;" or fixing himself so that he could watch the process of a storm, felt that he was listening to the thunders of God's voice. Now, we have a different interpretation of nature in some respects. We no longer think of the air as peopled with malevolent spirits that attack hapless victims and bewitch them. We no longer think that earthquakes are chastisements. We are very much of that disposition indicated by the old Puritan preacher somewhat in advance of his time, who when exchanging pulpits and being asked to pray for rain, thus responded to the popular request: "Oh, Lord, this people ask that we pray for rain, and so we do, but Thou knowest, O Lord, that what the soil needs is dressin'." Nevertheless, we still think of Providence as in and over all events. We believe that the purposes of God are manifested in the laws within us and without us through decrees that are as inexorable as any John Calvin ever conceived. We are coming to feel, under the lead of such men as Lord Kelvin and Sir Oliver Lodge, that the things we touch and see are not the realest things, but rather something else which we name "force" and which is but another name for spirit. Yes, we are accepting the great definition of Herbert Spencer; and our life, we are sure, is unfolding and enlarging through adjustment of internal relations to external relations, through the adjustment of the soul within us to that environment which is something more than "infinite and eternal energy," as Spencer named it, which is nothing less than a Personal God who literally rides upon the wings of the wind and covers Himself with light as with a garment.

Once more, the Puritan heard the Voice in his soul. With what might seem almost an irreverent daring he ventured to pry into the counsels of the Infinite, but he also dared to look into himself; sometimes with an over nice and painful scrutiny, with a too morbid analyzing of motives, with a tendency, as one has expressed it, "to keep a too strict debit and credit account with God;" but in all this he was the forerunner of the modern psychologist. Who would dare say, in view of the phenomena of hypnotism and mental suggestion and all the findings of the psychical investigator, that the discoveries of the next ten years may not be more remarkable in the realm of matter than in the realm of spirit? Whatever he said, the Puritan had some hintings of that sub-conscious self of whom we hear so much today; he began to feel that infinity is not only outside of us but within us. He, like the great German, stood in awe of the moral law in his own soul; like the writer of old he felt that he was "fearfully and wonderfully made;" and as he listened to the monitions that came to him as he waited of the hidden man within the chambers of the heart, such evidence was there of a directing spirit not his own, that he came to be assured, as a modern poet has declared, that

"Whatever creed be taught
Whatever land be trod,
Man's conscience
Is the oracle of God."

All this made him serious and sometimes grave and gloomy. The influence of his theology toward inducing the sombre, austere mind. was, it has been fairly

urged, abetted by his surroundings in this new world; by the mysterious sea ever reminding him of his isolation; by the impenetrable forest filled with foes and stretching away to unknown depths, and by the reluctant soil under his feet. We do not desire his austerity and gloom, but we should desire something of his seriousness,—not the seriousness of the long face and the sigh, but the seriousness which comes from a clear sense of the responsibility of living, of the infinite privilege of duty, of the uncompromising warfare within us and around us between good and evil; and from the realization of God. More of that seriousness, then more statesmen and fewer politicians; more books that are epoch-making, fewer books written to sell; more newspapers directing opinion and giving people what they need, fewer newspapers merely reflecting opinion and giving people only what they want; fewer preachers touched by the itching to have a hearing at any cost, and more preachers obedient to the injunction expressed by one of the noblest of them among us, who in conversation a little while ago, as the temptation upon the minister today to say the sensational thing and let down the ideal was referred to, exclaimed,—“No, let us not yield to the temptation; let us die under a decent flag;” more of that seriousness, and then more of character in men and women, for that was what the Puritan demanded. His disposition was expressed by that preacher who, after the custom of the times, being asked to pray for an afflicted family from whose bosom the husband and father had just been taken,—a rich man but not without his faults,—thus addressed the Throne of Justice:

“O Lord, we know that thy servant was a good provider for his family, but, beyond this, his friends think, and we think, that the less said the better.” It has been urged that the Puritan was not friendly to art, but Milton said that “if one is to write a poem, one must first be a poem.” And Charles Kingsley in staunchly defending the Puritan against the indictment, declared, that if he did not create an art, he lived an artistic life, that his life was full of the romance of glory and beauty.

Nor was this life of the Puritan altogether unrelieved by brightness. Milton loved music, Hutchinson was fond of painting, and we are told that when Cromwell gave a wedding reception to his daughter “forty-two violins furnished sweet music” for the occasion, and that the company “danced and frolicked until four o’clock of a November morning.” We recently heard that upon the back of one of the sermons of Jonathan Edwards had been found a little account of some purchases which the preacher made during a sojourn in Boston; and among the articles noted were several long clay pipes and a goodly amount of jewelry for Mrs. Edwards. Possibly Edwards was an exception, for there was not a little disinclination to tobacco in those early days; and yet, on the other hand, we read, that when the Elders were in conclave at Cambridge, the General Court thought it gracious and considerate to send them twelve gallons of sack and six gallons of wine. And surely that stern life which our fathers lived was favorable to “the friendly glow and the softer flame.” It has been remarked as almost pathetic, as an indication of the noble sentimentalism that underlay the rough

exterior and could not be altogether suppressed, that when John Cotton, in going to Boston to preside over its first church, preached his opening sermon, he chose his text from the Song of Solomon. There is nothing more exquisite in the rhapsodies of Dante over Beatrice than that description given by Edwards of Sarah Pierrepont—the girl in New Haven whom he wishes to marry. The letters between Mrs. Browning and Robert Browning do not surpass, if indeed they equal, those missives sent across the sea between John Winslow and his wife,—she remaining yonder in England waiting the summons to come, and he here leading the van in the struggle with the wilderness. Listen to him as he says: “The thought of thee gives me many kind refreshings; what then, will thy sweet society be, the dearest to me of all earthly comforts!” He tells her that one letter from her to him is better than three letters from him to her, and so he writes often and long. And she replies: “There are many reasons why I love thee, whereof I will mention two,—the first that thou lovest God, and secondly, for that thou lovest me.” Oh let us keep in mind Brewster, and Carver, and Endicott, and Higginson, and all those sturdy men and women who laid the foundation of the State; but in this day, when there are so many malevolent influences imperiling the family, let us not fail to treasure in lasting memory John Alden and Priscilla Mullens. Let us teach our children in the schools and read and re-read ourselves, those immortal lines of Longfellow, as he describes the bridal procession moving on to their new habitation:

“Happy husband and wife. and friends conversing together.

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,

Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,

Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always, Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.”

Such were the people who composed many of our earlier Congregational churches. Such were the people and such their shepherds. Today we take from the ancestral library the old volumes, and the sermons seem painfully uninteresting, yet sometimes they furnish us wonderously terse and simple and direct reading, as when we peruse those discourses of Eliot, of which it was said that they were waters “such as lambs could wade in or elephants could swim in.” And there is in the discolored pages still the evidence of great preparation, the quivering earnestness, the unswerving tread straight on, of the preacher, as he goes through all the subdivisions to the ultimate climax, the inevitable “application.” Yes, it is clear, that the preacher is marshalling all the great doctrines that he may focus them upon the heart and conscience and will of the hearer. Moreover, behind the sermon is the man, such a man here and there as makes us modern shepherds feel humiliated indeed, for we hear the congregation saying of him things like this: “The grave, godly, judicious Mr. Hooker;” “the holy, heavenly, sweet-affecting, soul-ravishing Mr. Shepard!” No, we are not up to that; but though there be more of clay

in us, still is it true that while we are in the world as they were in the world, we must seek, like them, to be not of the world.

One thing is evident. This preacher has been upon his knees, yes, and some of the congregation have been upon their knees. The bread, frozen by the chilling air, may "rattle sadly upon the plate," as we are told it did, in the Old South Church, and there may be little in the environment to excite devotional feeling, and yet those communicants realized, as no congregations ever have done since the primitive days of discipleship, the meaning of that name which they gave to their churches—"Meeting House." Today, as then, is it true, that the power of the preacher and laymen alike, if they are to be successful in their work, however the terms of that success may be reckoned, must be that which was ascribed to Richard Baxter—one of the most fruitful of all the Puritan preachers: "His power was that of a man who had been alone with his Lord and had looked into the face of his Lord." No wonder that when Baxter came to die, in the severe struggle of the last hours he could say—"I am in pain, but I have peace." The Puritan preacher was the diligent thinker and the great religious lover,—like Paul the metaphysician, yet constrained by the love of Christ like John, the plummet of whose reason fell into the very depths of the Incarnation, yet with sweet trustful affection leaning upon the bosom of his Master. No tribute could be more coveted than that which is said to have been written upon the stone marking the grave of a young Puritan preacher, who was cut off in the morning, but who left this world much beloved by

his people:—"The ashes of a hard student, a good scholar, and a great Christian."

All joined in singing "America" and the Court then adjourned.

St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 28, 1908.

Pursuant to due notice the Annual Business Court of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Minnesota was held this day at the office of the Secretary, at Four o'clock P. M., and a quorum being present, the following business was transacted:

In the absence of the Governor and Lieutenant Governor, Mr. Paul Doty was elected to preside at the meeting as Governor Pro Tempore.

Rev. Maurice Dwight Edwards, Chaplain of the Society, offered prayer.

Upon motion it was voted that the meeting proceed to the election of Officers, Gentlemen of the Council and Committees for the ensuing year, and the Governor appointed William Beckwith Geery and Jehiel Weston Chamberlin, M. D., as Tellers to canvass the votes.

The Tellers reported that the following gentlemen were elected as Officers, Gentlemen of the Council and Committees for the ensuing year, namely:—

OFFICERS.

Governor—William Eddy Richardson.

Deputy Governor—Edmund Joseph Phelps.

Lieutenant Governor—James Henry Skinner.

Secretary—William Gardner White.

Treasurer—Walter Fredericks Myers.

Registrar—Edward Blake Young.

Historian—Harry Edward Whitney, M. A.

Genealogist—Fremont Nathan Jaynes.

Chancellor—Hon. Charles Monroe Start.

Chaplain—Rev. Maurice Dwight Edwards, D. D.

Surgeon—Everton Judson Abbott, M. D.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL.

Term Expiring 1911:

Frank Irving Whitney.
Kenneth Clark.
William Beckwith Geery.

COMMITTEES.

Membership Committee:

Charles Phelps Noyes (Chairman).
Frederick Delos Monfort (Secretary).
Eben Freme Wells.
Ell Torrance.
John Townsend.

Committee on Historical Documents:

Henry Pratt Upham (Chairman).
Rev. Edward Craig Mitchell.
Hon. William Drew Washburn.
John Quincy Adams.
Edward Savage Dobbin.

Thereupon it was voted to accept the Report of the Tellers and the foregoing gentlemen were declared duly elected to their respective offices.

Mr. Walter Fredericks Myers, as the Treasurer of the Society, submitted the following Report:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF THE
SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS IN THE
STATE OF MINNESOTA.
RECEIPTS.

From members for entertainments.....	\$442.00
” Yale Alumni.....	45.00
” Sale of Registers.....	3.00
” Initiation Fees.....	280.00
” Genealogical Fees.....	15.00
” Annual Dues.....	630.00
” Sale of Rosettes.....	4.25
” Loan from Bank.....	100.00
” Cash on hand Dec. 27, 1907.....	4.84
	\$1,524.09

DISBURSEMENTS.

Speakers	\$200.00
Entertainments	820.09
Printing	330.10
Dues to General Society.....	25.00
Genealogist	14.00
Postage	21.64
Insurance	5.02
Stenographer	35.00
Flowers	41.24
Cash on hand.....	32.00
	\$1,524.09

Respectfully submitted,
WALTER FREDERICKS MYERS,
Treasurer.

In connection therewith the Auditing Committee, duly appointed to audit and examine the books of the Treasurer, submitted the following Report:

St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 28, 1908.

The undersigned, being the Committee duly appointed to examine the books and accounts of Walter Fredericks Myers, Treasurer of the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Minnesota, for the year ending December 28th, 1908, hereby report that we have examined the same and that we find all the books and records of the Treasurer to be correct and in proper form, and in accordance with the Report this day submitted by him to this Society.

FREDERICK DELOS MONFORT,

WILLIAM BECKWITH GEERY,

Auditing Committee.

Thereupon it was voted that the Report of the Treasurer be duly accepted and approved.

No other business was transacted at the meeting and at 4:30 o'clock P. M. the Annual Business Court adjourned.

MEMBERSHIP.

During the year 1908, Fourteen new members were admitted to the Society, namely:

Society No. 177. REV. MAURICE DWIGHT EDWARDS, D. D.,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Dr. Edwards is a Clergyman of the Presbyterian Church. He graduated from Hamilton College in 1870, and from Auburn Theological Seminary in 1874. He was installed Pastor of the Dayton Ave. Presbyterian Church, St. Paul, October 27, 1874, and that pastorate still continues. He received the degree of D. D. from Hamilton College in 1892.

Dr. Edwards traces his descent from Gov. Thomas Dudley, who was Deputy Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony for many years, and Governor in 1634, 1640, 1644, 1645 and 1649. He was also Commissioner for Military Affairs in 1635; chosen Major General in 1644; Commissioner for the United Colonies in 1643, 1647 and 1649, and President of the United Colonies upon two occasions. A detailed statement of the services rendered in the cause of the Colonies by Gov. Thomas Dudley is found in the "Register of Members and Ancestors," at page 435.

Society No. 178. EVERETT BUELL KIRK,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Kirk resides in St. Paul, Minnesota, and is engaged in no active business. He traces his descent from Deacon Samuel Allen, Jr., who was a Deputy to

the Massachusetts General Court from Bridgewater in 1693, and a member of Capt. Thomas Hayward's Company in King Philip's War.

Society No. 179. WILLIAM HUNTINGTON FOBES,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Fobes is the Assistant Treasurer of the Northwestern Fuel Company, St. Paul, and traces his descent from Governor William Bradford, of Plymouth Colony. A detailed statement of the services rendered by Gov. Bradford, in the cause of the Colonies is found in the "Register of Members and Ancestors," at page 421.

Society No. 180. PAYSON HENRY GILBERT,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Gilbert resides in St. Paul, and is engaged in the Real Estate and Insurance business. He traces his descent from Thomas Gridley, Sr., who served under Capt. John Mason in the Pequot War, in 1637, and was a member of the Company from Windsor, Connecticut.

Society No. 181. HENRY SELLERS GREGG,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Mr. Gregg resides in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and is engaged as a jobber and manufacturer of heavy hardware. He traces his descent from Thomas Hazen, Sr., who served under Maj. Appleton in King Philip's War, and who took part in the "Great Swamp Fight" Dec. 16, 1675.

Society No. 182. CHARLES McILRATH POWER,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Power is President of the St. Paul Foundry Company, St. Paul, and traces his descent from Capt. Arthur Fenner, who was commissioned Captain of the King's Garrison in Providence, Rhode Island, in June, 1676. He was Commissioner from Providence in 1653, 1655, 1659, 1660, 1662 and 1663; Governor's Assistant for fifteen years, between 1657 and 1686; Deputy to the Rhode Island General Assembly in 1664; Commissioner to determine the Colonial boundaries, 1659; Agent of the Colonies to England, September, 1683; Judge of Court of Common Pleas in 1687.

Society No. 183. GEORGE CENTER POWER,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Power is President of the Second National Bank, of St. Paul, and a brother of Charles McIlrath Power (Society No. 182), and traces his descent from the same ancestor, Capt. Arthur Fenner.

Society No. 184. MOSES EDWIN CLAPP,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Clapp resides in St. Paul, and is one of the United States Senators from Minnesota. He traces his descent from Capt. John Gallop, who came to Massachusetts in 1633, and settled in Taunton, Massachusetts. Capt. Gallop was one of the most noted Indian fighters of his day. While still a mere lad, he aided his father in what has been called the "First Naval Engage-

ment" in New England waters, when in 1636 two men and two boys attacked and captured a pinnace, manned by fourteen Indians, who had murdered John Oldham. This murder led to the Pequot War, in which Capt. John Gallop participated, and for his services he was granted 100 acres of land by the General Court of Connecticut. When King Philip's War broke out, he was given command of one of the Connecticut companies and was one of the six Captains killed in the "Great Swamp Fight," December 19, 1675. He was Deputy from Stonington, in 1665.

Society No. 185. HENRY EDWIN SMITH,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Smith is General Sales Agent of the Northwestern Fuel Company, St. Paul, and traces his descent from Sergeant John Dickinson, who was the Sergeant of Capt. William Turner's Company, which participated in King Philip's War. He was killed in the "Falls Fight" May 19, 1676.

Society No. 186. JOHN HENRY HOBART LYON,
Faribault, Minnesota.

Mr. Lyon is Headmaster of Shattuck School at Faribault, Minnesota, and traces his descent from Thomas Lyon, Second, who was a member of Col. Robert Hunter's Company of Fusileers, mustered in New York and Westchester Counties, February 24, 1711, for service on the Canadian Frontier.

Society No. 187. WARD COTTON BURTON,

Deep Haven, Minnesota.

Mr. Burton is a merchant and manufacturer residing at Deephaven, but doing business in Minneapolis. He traces his descent from Jonathan Burton, who was a private in Capt. Gidding's Company of Colonel Bailey's Regiment, which took part in the expedition against Louisburg, 1759.

Society No. 188. GEORGE BISHOP LANE,

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Mr. Lane is a dealer in commercial paper, residing at Minneapolis, and traces his descent from Captain John Lane, of Stratford, Connecticut, who was created a Lieutenant in the 12th Company of the 7th Connecticut Regiment, May 14, 1752, and who was commissioned Captain, May 9, 1754.

Society No. 189. HARVEY BLATCHFORD SMITH,

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Mr. Smith is the Manager of the Guarantee Cement and Stone Company of Minneapolis, and resides in that city. He traces his descent from Governor William Bradford, of Plymouth Colony. A detailed statement of the services rendered by Governor Bradford in the cause of the Colonies is found in the Register of Members and Ancestors, at page 432.

Society No. 190. GEORGE COLT BAGLEY,

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Mr. Bagley resides in Minneapolis and is the owner and manager of grain elevators in that city. He traces

his descent from Captain John Colt, of Lyme, Connecticut, who was commissioned Ensign of Captain William Ely's Company in Lyme, Connecticut, in May, 1709; commissioned Lieutenant of the same Company in October, 1717; commissioned Captain, October 10, 1723. He was also Deputy to the General Assembly of Connecticut for eleven sessions between 1712 and 1731.

MEMBERS DROPPED FOR NON-PAYMENT OF DUES.

ARTHUR CONVERSE ANDERSON, (Society No. 110),

WILLIAM PETIT TROWBRIDGE, (Society No. 48),

have been dropped from the rolls of the Society for non-payment of their annual dues.

DECEASED MEMBERS.

The Society has lost five members by death during the year 1908, namely:

EDWIN SEDGWICK CHITTENDEN, (Society No. 16.)

PARIS FLETCHER, (Society No. 79.)

FRANKLIN LEWIS GREENLEAF, (Society No. 26.)

DANIEL ROGERS NOYES, (Society No. 30.)

FRANCIS WILLIAM WOODWARD, (Society No. 116.)

MEMBERSHIP JANUARY 1, 1909.

The membership of the Society at this date is as follows:

Members elected to date	190	
Resigned	10	
Dropped	14	
Transferred	9	
Died	25	58
	—	—
Present membership		132

In accordance with our usual custom, memorials of our deceased members properly find a place in this report. These various memorials are as follows:

FRANCIS WILLIAM WOODWARD.

The death of Francis William Woodward on January 13, 1908, in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, was the loss of a highly honored public citizen. With his clear head, kind heart and hand ever ready to help, he has left behind him the remembrance of a character exceptionally strong.

He was born in Ithaca, New York, December 19, 1830, and was the second son of William Amos Woodward and his wife, Frances Mary Evertsen. The Woodwards were of sturdy New England stock. Richard Woodward, the ancestor, sailed in the ship *Elizabeth*, with his wife, Rose, and two sons, George and John, from Ipswich, England, in 1634, and settled in Watertown, Mass.

Among the famous names in the history of the Dutch Commonwealth there is not one that is more honorable than the name of Evertsen. The Evertsens were indeed a very remarkable family and no list of the Dutch Admirals would be complete without special mention of them. Lieutenant Admiral Johan Evertsen of Tiesland (the ancestor) was undoubtedly the greatest of them.

“I desire, said he, to give my life for the Commonwealth, as my father, (Commodore Johan Evertsen), one of my sons, and four of my brothers, have already had the good fortune to die on the bed of honor, in various battles with the enemy.” He and his brother, Vice Admiral Cornelius Evertsen were slain in a sea fight with the British fleet on August 5th, 1666. They were buried in one grave and a splendid marble monument in the Cathedral of Middleburg. records the virtues and heroism of these great men.

The Nicolls (his grandmother's line) were a lordly race,—rich, gifted and imperious. They trace to William the Conqueror, Alfred the Great and Charlemagne.

His Huguenot ancestor, Elias Boudinot (Elie Boudinot), fled from LaRochelle, France, upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He married, soon after, in London, England, his second wife. Susanne Papin, widow of Benjamin D'Harriette. She was such an ardent Protestant that in order to get her away in her flight from France, she was rolled down to the ship in a barrel. Boudinot was made Freeman of New York in 1687. He was a founder of the French Church in New York, which stood on the site of the present Produce Exchange. Their daughter, Madeleine, married

Edward Holland, Mayor of the city of New York.

Another ancestor, Charity Floyd, married secondly, the Rev. Samuel Johnson, first President of King's College, New York, and their son, Dr. William Samuel Johnson, was the first President of Columbia College, now Columbia University.

At the age of ten years, Francis William Woodward moved with his parents to New York City, where he was educated at the Grammar School of the New York University, under its head-master, Mr. Hobby. With his father, he became interested in locating soldier's land warrants, after the Mexican War and went West several times. He married October 1st, 1862, Anne Jay, daughter of Geo. P. Delaplaine, of Madison, Wisconsin, a pioneer of note, a descendant of the celebrated Revolutionary War Governor of New Jersey, William Livingston.

After his marriage, Mr. Woodward became one of the first settlers of Rutherford, New Jersey, and built a house there. Associated with his brother, George Evertsen Woodward, he bought "The Horticulturist," a magazine devoted to horticulture, in New York, and became one of its editors. In connection with this he took up the study of landscape gardening, which was always a great pleasure to him. In 1869, he moved to Eau Claire, Wisconsin, which was situated on an ancient sea beach, without a spear of grass or a flower. His smooth velvety lawn and greenhouse of choice flowers was an object lesson to his neighbors. His flowers were lavishly given to bedeck every wedding feast. The artistic sense of the community was aroused, and now Eau Claire has become a "City Beautiful."

He laid out and managed the construction of the drive to the top of Mount Tom, a free gift, and later to Mount Simon, cutting vistas here and there, enabling the citizens to drink in the views that his artistic genius and skill opened. His tastes were all refined and his chief recreation was music. He played on several instruments, including the piano and organ. In his later years he carried with him a fine toned zither, which contributed greatly to the entertainment of his friends. His large wheat farm in Minnesota, and his orange groves in Florida were the pleasures of his declining years.

He was an incorporator, in February, 1872, of the Bank of Eau Claire, of which he became the first president, which office he continued to hold until January, 1885, when he retired. He was a member of the Common Council for several years.

He had two children, daughters. The elder, Mary Delaplaine, married Dr. Charles Galloway Strong and died in 1892. The second daughter, Harriet, the wife of Caleb Forbes Davis, of Chicago, survives with three children, the eldest of whom bears the name of Francis Woodward Davis.

DANIEL ROGERS NOYES.

Daniel Rogers Noyes, (Soc. No. 30) son of Daniel Rogers and Phoebe (Lord) Noyes, came of a long line of men and women prominent in the colonial history of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. He was born in Lyme, Conn., Nov. 10, 1836 and died in St. Paul, April 13, 1908.

In his veins flowed the blood of staunch upholders of liberty, both civil and religious, and he showed himself worthy of his ancestry by an unusual public spirit and a devotion to the welfare of the church as well as the state. Among his ancestors are many whose names are familiar to this Society, such as Rev. James Noyes, the first pastor of Newbury, Mass., called "the blessed light of Newbury;" his son, Rev. James Noyes, first pastor of Stonington, Conn., one of the early graduates of Harvard, one of the founders of Yale College, and who served for several years as Chairman of its first Board of Trustees; Judge Nathaniel Lynde of Saybrook, Conn., the first Treasurer of Yale, who gave his home for the use of the infant college; Gov. William Coddington and Gov. Peleg Sanford both of Rhode Island; William Hutchinson and his illustrious wife, Anne, who were banished from Boston because of their religious belief and fled, with a large number of sympathizers, to Narragansett Bay, where they began the Colony of Rhode Island.

Mr. Noyes's great-great grandfather, Capt. Thomas Noyes, served in the Colonial Wars, his great-grandfather, Col. Joseph Noyes and his grandfather, Col. Thomas Noyes, both had active service as commissioned officers in the War of the Revolution, and his father, Col. Daniel R. Noyes, in the War of 1812, while he himself was a volunteer in the Civil War.

Later, after some years of business life in New York, Mr. Noyes's health failed and he became so much of an invalid that he was obliged to rest and travel for several years. In the autumn of 1867, by the advice of his physician, he came to St. Paul to try the climate,

and finding it helpful, removed his family here. The following spring he established the wholesale drug house of Noyes, Pett and Co., changed first to Noyes Bros. and, in 1871, to Noyes Brothers and Cutler. Of this firm he was the head and continued in the active management until the time of his death.

Mr. Noyes held many positions of honor and influence, public and private. In this city nearly every organization, whether commercial, philanthropic, or for the city development, felt the influence of his buoyant, sanguine nature, his optimism and his wise counsel. His interest in the cause of education led him to follow gifts with service, being for thirty-two years a Trustee of Carleton College, and at the time of his death, a Regent of the State University.

His tastes were broad and refined and he was actuated in his private and public life by strong religious feeling. For many years an Elder in the House of Hope Presbyterian Church, his work was not limited to its local affairs. He was an important factor in the growth of the Presbyterian Church in Minnesota during the past forty years, a wise adviser and a generous supporter. He received some of the highest honors his church at large had to give in recognition of his Christian character and his zeal for his Master. He was a member of the Creed Revision Commission of the Presbyterian Church, Vice-Moderator of the General Assembly of 1902 and one of the delegates to the Missionary Conference at Shanghai, China, in 1907.

His charities were wide-spread and munificent; no good cause that was brought to his notice failed of obtaining his help and encouragement, while to the poor

he was always a faithful and kind friend. Few lives have made the impress on this city that his has done and few received more tokens of honor at their close.

FRANKLIN LEWIS GREENLEAF.

Franklin Lewis Greenleaf was born at Boston, Massachusetts, October 7, 1847, and died at Minneapolis, Minnesota, Feb. 7, 1908.

His early years were spent in the city of his birth, for which he had great affection. Graduating at Channing Hall School, he was employed by one of the old mercantile firms of Boston until about the age of 19, when he located in business at Denver, Colorado, from which place he came to Minneapolis in 1868, where he was engaged in mercantile pursuits until his death.

He early became engaged in the flour milling business and was several times President of the Millers' Association of Minneapolis. He was also an active member of the National Millers' Association and served as its President. The Chamber of Commerce of Minneapolis also elected him as its President for repeated terms.

During the later years of his life he was at the head of the Minnesota Grain Inspection Bureau.

A man of rugged New England honesty, faithful to the traditions of a large and honored Colonial ancestry, he filled a high place in the business world and was universally trusted and respected. His integrity was ingrained in his nature. In civic life too he was a faith-

ful servant to the municipality in which he lived, serving several terms in the Council of the City.

On Jan. 13, 1875, he married Miss Florence Cahill, the eldest daughter of William F. Cahill, a prominent miller of Minneapolis. Mrs. Greenleaf was a woman of extraordinary beauty, whose attractions and kindness of heart, drew about her a large circle of friends and threw a gleam of sunshine on his life all too briefly. But the cross thus laid upon him he bore manfully and patiently, as a loyal and loving husband.

Mr. Greenleaf, although possessed of that trait of undemonstrativeness, peculiar to the New England temperament, possessed also those traits of character which often accompany this feature of a Puritan ancestry.

Reticent, almost timid in his shrinking from any display of feeling, there burned deep in his nature the live coals of loyalty and tenderness. He was a true friend, an unostentatious but loyal citizen, a kind father and a faithful husband.

His associates of the Society of Colonial Wars of the State of Minnesota, will cherish the memory of a good man, possessed of sterling integrity but without ostentation and whose interest was always active in its affairs.

Among his large circle of friends and acquaintances he will always be remembered for the honorable, consistent life he led among them, in civil, in domestic, and in mercantile affairs, a memory which will always remain bright with the virtues of a good man.

PARIS FLETCHER.

Paris Fletcher was born July 7th, 1863, at Bridport, Addison County, Vermont, one of five children of Albert Augustus and Delia Murray Fletcher.

He was descended from a long line of distinguished warriors, legislators and preachers of New England, among whom are found Howlands, Champlins, Burts and Miners, names familiar to those acquainted with the military history of the colonies. In King Philip's war, the Pequot war, later French and Indian wars, and the war of the Revolution, his ancestors are found on the rolls in numbers. His christian name was derived from the Rev. Samuel Parris, pastor at Salem, Mass., in 1689.

Of the Fletcher family, Timothy Fletcher of Concord, Mass., was a noted Indian fighter and scout in 1767; James Fletcher, Sr., of Concord, lost his life in the Nova Scotia expedition of 1755; and James Fletcher, grandfather of Paris, served in the Revolutionary war from 1775 to 1779.

Paris Fletcher lived in Bridport until 1881 when with his parents he moved to Middlebury, Vermont. In 1882 he went to Forsyth, Old Custer Co., Montana, where he engaged in the cattle business, and for five years lived the free and healthful life of a western ranchman. In 1887 he came to St. Paul to reside, entered the office of Henry Hale, and engaged in the real estate business. Shortly afterward, upon the death of Henry Hale, he formed a partnership with the late Charles E. Clarke, and under the firm name of Clarke & Fletcher, they occupied a prominent position among

the successful real estate men of the city, until the death of Paris Fletcher, September 7th, 1908.

Among their most notable business achievements was the successful management of the extensive estate of Henry Hale. By wise and economical management, this property, practically insolvent in the early nineties, was developed and conserved until a very handsome equity exists today for eventual distribution to the legatees including the City of St. Paul, which will benefit largely from their faithful administration.

On June 19, 1889, Mr. Fletcher married Carolyn, daughter of William G. Gates, who survives him. Their beautiful and artistic home on the shores of White Bear Lake, is one of the most charming country residences in the state. There a wide circle of devoted friends has enjoyed a generous hospitality.

Of his personality it may be said that Paris Fletcher possessed to a high degree those qualities which render a man beloved by friends and neighbors. Always considerate and unselfish in his treatment of others, courteous and kind to all, he attracted sincere regard from a host of acquaintances, and warm affection from his more intimate associates. His sudden death in the prime of a successful manhood has brought a lasting sorrow to many who appreciated his fine qualities and enjoyed the privilege of his unaffected friendship.

EDWIN SEDGWICK CHITTENDEN.

Edwin Sedgwick Chittenden, son of Major Hervey Orville Chittenden, and Nancy Cowles, was born in Rensselaerville, Albany County, New York, January 1, 1843.

He was educated in the Public Schools of Rensselaerville and Durham, New York, and also attended the Albany Academy and the West Durham Seminary, and graduated at the University of Rochester with the degree of A. B., in 1865. He was married at Rensselaerville, Sept. 28, 1870, to Minerva Elmina Moore, the daughter of Robert C. H. Moore and Frances Carter, both of Albany.

While a resident of New York he served as Clerk of the Judiciary Committee of the New York Assembly, in 1865 and 1867, and was admitted to the Bar at Albany, December 5, 1867. Soon after his admission to the Bar, he was appointed Assistant Solicitor of the Department of State, at Washington, and served in that capacity from 1867 to 1869, his particular duty being to examine the so-called "Alabama Claims," and in the discharge of his duties he compiled five volumes of "Alabama Correspondence."

Mr. Chittenden reached St. Paul, October 8, 1869, and soon after formed a partnership for the practice of law with Harvey Officer. This partnership continued until 1873. Thereafter, until his death, he resided continuously in St. Paul, and was engaged in the practice of law and in the real estate and loan business.

Mr. Chittenden was always active in matters pertaining to the City of St. Paul, and for many years was a member of the Commercial Club, and one of the most active members of its City Development Committee. He was influential in local Grand Army circles, being a member of Acker Post No. 2, and its Post Commander in the year 1907. He was also a member of

the New York Society of Mayflower Descendants and of the Minnesota Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

He served as a Private in Company H., 54th Regiment of New York Volunteers, in 1864, and was a member of several Militia Companies in Minnesota, between the years 1872 and 1883. He perfected the law under which the National Guard of Minnesota was organized, and under which it was conducted until the year 1895.

Mr. Chittenden was descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors who rendered distinguished service in the cause of the Colonies, and in the Revolutionary War. Among these ancestors were Stephen Hopkins and Edward Doty, both of whom were Mayflower passengers.

Maj. William Chittenden, of Guilford, Conn., who was one of the founders of that town and one of the signers of the "Covenant of June 1, 1639," and very prominent in the affairs of the Town and Colony.

Lieut. William Pratt of Hartford and Saybrook, Conn., who served in the Pequot War under Capt. John Mason.

John Clark, of Cambridge, Mass., and of Hartford, Conn., who likewise served in the Pequot War in the Company from Hartford.

Sergeant John Booth, of Stratford, who took part in the "Great Swamp Fight" December 19, 1775.

Col. John Talcott, of Hartford, Conn., an account of whose life and public services will be found in the Register of Members and Ancestors, issued by this Society in 1901.

Among his ancestors, who served in the Revolution-

ary War, were Jairus Chittenden of Guilford, Conn., and his father, Daniel Chittenden, then over 70 years of age.

Capt. John Cowles, whose Regiment was engaged in the Battle of Germantown, and which spent the winter at Valley Forge.

Capt. Benjamin Bidwell, of Durham, New York, whose Regiment was at Boston in 1775, and which also participated in the Burgoyne Campaign, in New York.

Abner Payne, of Truro, Mass., who served in the French and Indian War, as a Private in the Regiment commanded by Col. Thomas Doty, in 1758, and who served also during the Revolution as a Private in the Company of Capt. Samuel Briggs.

Many other of Mr. Chittenden's ancestors rendered valuable and important services, and his own interest in all patriotic organizations was well known to his friends and associates.

Few members of this Society were more deeply interested in its affairs and few were more regular in attendance upon its Courts and other functions.

His wife died several years ago and he is survived by one daughter, Minerva E. Chittenden, wife of Edward R. Coppock, an officer in the United States Regular Army.

At the time of his death Mr. Chittenden was visiting his daughter at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, where he died after a short illness October 8, 1908. He was buried in Oakland cemetery, St. Paul.

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Faribault, Minn.

WICKWIRE, ARTHUR MANLEY. (Soc. No. 123).

New York City, N. Y.

WINTON, WILLIAM CRAYTON. (Soc. No. 109).

Duluth, Minn.

YOUNG, EDWARD BLAKE. (Soc. No. 125).

St. Paul, Minn.

4767



