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# Selections from Washington, Lincoln, Bryant, Jefferson, and McKinley

ESPECIALLY SELECTED FOR THE USE OF  
GRAMMAR AND HIGH SCHOOLS

BY

F. F. AINSWORTH



CHICAGO  
▲INSWORTH & COMPANY  
1909

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## PREFACE.

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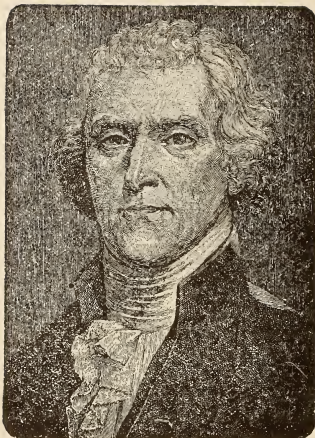
This little book, designed for supplementary reading, careful study as master-pieces in English, and for the inculcation of a patriotic spirit in our young people, contains as no other single volume does, The Declaration of Independence, Washington's Farewell Address, The Emancipation Proclamation, The Gettysburg speech, Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address, and the Last Address of President McKinley. A few of the choicest poems of William Cullen Bryant, patriotic and otherwise, are added.

Notes and Biographical Sketches have been omitted, as it is better to leave these to the inspiration of the teacher and the interest of the pupils.

The selections from Bryant should be properly read and carefully analyzed in reference to their imagery, metre, poetic beauty, and the moral lesson involved, and made so attractive that pupils will be led to acquaint themselves more fully with America's greatest poet of nature.

Libraries abound with biographies of Washington and Lincoln, the two greatest characters in American history.

Some of these will, of course, be read and commented upon in class recitation as an important part of the exercises in connection with a more exhaustive study and analysis of what this book contains. Our young people cannot learn too much of these two great men, and every effort should be put forth by the teachers of youth to induce them to study and imitate those traits of character which cause the people of all nations with one voice to call one "The Father," the other "The Saviour" of his country. Teachers will find close at hand numerous sketches that have been written of Thomas Jefferson, and many addresses presented by distinguished men on the loftiness of purpose that characterized the life of William McKinley, our last martyred president. The birthdays of McKinley, Lincoln and Washington (Jan. 29, Feb. 12, Feb. 22), coming so close together, may well be celebrated in the schools on one and the same day.



THOMAS JEFFERSON

On June 11, 1776, a committee of five was appointed to draft a declaration in compliance with the resolution which had been introduced on June 7, by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, and seconded by John Adams of Massachusetts, declaring that the United Colonies were and of right ought to be free and independent states. The chairman of this committee of five was Thomas Jefferson, who wrote our great charter of freedom. Associated with him were John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingstone. It received the unanimous vote of the Congress on July 4, 1776.

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## THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

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*In Congress, July 4, 1776.*

### THE UNANIMOUS DECLARATION OF THE THIRTEEN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

WHEN in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Gov-

## 6 *DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.*

ernment, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.—Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government.

The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their Public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly,



for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative Powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the meantime exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our People, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the consent of our legislature.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil Power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our Consent:

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury:

## 8 *DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.*

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offenses:

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighboring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with Power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burned our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the work of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethern, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions We have petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free People.

Nor have We been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States, of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name and by Authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.

JOHN HANCOCK.

*New Hampshire*—JOSIAH BARTLETT, WM. WHIPPLE, MATTHEW THORNTON.

*Massachusetts Bay*—SAML. ADAMS, JOHN ADAMS, ROBT. TREAT PAINE, ELBRIDGE GERRY.

*Rhode Island*—STEP. HOPKINS, WILLIAM ELLERY.

*Connecticut*—ROGER SHERMAN, SAM'EL HUNTINGTON,  
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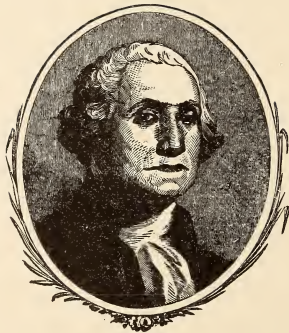
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TH. JEFFERSON, BENJA. HARRISON, THOS. NELSON, jr.,  
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WARD, JUNR., THOMAS LYNCH, JUNR., ARTHUR MIDDLE-  
TON.

*Georgia*—BURTON GWINNETT, LYMAN HALL, GEO. WAL-  
TON.





GEORGE WASHINGTON

# WASHINGTON.

February 22, 1732—December 18, 1799.

## FAREWELL ADDRESS.

“Virginia gave us this imperial man,  
Cast in the massive mould  
Of those high-statured ages old,  
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;

\* \* \* \* \*

Mother of states and undiminished men,  
‘Thou gavest us a country giving him.’”

—LOWELL, “Under the Old Elm.”

## FAREWELL ADDRESS.

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Washington issued his farewell address to the people of the United States, September 17, 1796, which was a few months before the expiration of his second term as President. He had been mentioned for a third term, and he took this course to show to the people that he did not consider it wise for him to undertake the responsibility of the high office another four years.

He had earned the rest he so much craved, but was permitted to live only three short years in peace and retirement at his beautiful home at Mount Vernon on the banks of the Potomac.

In reading this address, which, if not a model, is a most excellent specimen of good English, we should remember that it was written more than a hundred years ago, and by one who had rendered the greatest possible service to his country.

It is a prophecy. The dangers he points out have been met and are by no means passed. Civil war rent the land in twain and its healing cost thousands of precious lives and many millions of borrowed treasure. The antagonism between capital and labor is far from being ended.

The evils that threaten good government in our large cities are increasing. There is scarcely a plea or a warning in this whole address that is not applicable to the present condition of affairs in our Nation. Its reading and study should be made a most earnest and emphatic lesson in the duties and importance of true patriotism and high-minded citizenship.

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**F**RRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: The period for a new election of a citizen, to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.



I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that, in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust I will only say that I have with good intentions contributed toward the organization and administration of the government the best ex-

ertions of which a fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious in the outset of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that, if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guaranty of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, and of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquility at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that from different causes and from different quarters much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most

constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of America, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings and successes.

But these considerations, however powerful they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the production of the latter great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The

South in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and, while it contributes in different ways to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The East, in a like intercourse with the West, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets of its own productions to the weight, influence and future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations, and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same governments, which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they

will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty. In this sense it is that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the Union as a primary object of patriotic desire. Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as a matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourself too much against the jealousies and heart-burnings which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head; they

have seen, in the negotiation by the executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of policy in the general government and in the Atlantic States unfriendly to their interests in regard to the Mississippi; they have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties, that with Great Britain and that with Spain, which secure to them everything they could desire, in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the Union by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren and connect them with aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a constitution of government better calculated than your former for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But

the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.

However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretext. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the constitution, alterations, which will impair the energy of the



system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember, especially, that, for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little less than a name where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of persons and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discrimination. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled or repressed; but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful

despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of the men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continued mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the public councils, and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another, foment occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the doors to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion, that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This within certain limits is probably true, and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to preserve its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution, in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the forms of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern, some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician equally with the pious man ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the

security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation deserts the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it, is to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertion in time of peace to discharge the debts, which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belong to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should cooperate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that

no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment, inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties), ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be, that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachment for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges toward another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence, frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed and bloody con-

tests. The nation, prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of nations has been the victim.

So likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one, the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions, by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill-will and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld. And it gives to ambitious, corrupted or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation), facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practice the art of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and power-

ful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens), the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defense against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike for another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distinct situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality, we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under

the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors



from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character, that; by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion, which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude of your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting war in Europe, my proclamation of the 22d of April, 1793, is the index of my plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of your Representatives in both Houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to

take, and was bound in duty and interest to take, a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it, with moderation, perseverance and firmness.

The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe, that, according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the belligerent powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself

and his progenitors for several generations; I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors and dangers.

**GEORGE WASHINGTON.**



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

# LINCOLN.

February 12, 1809—April 15, 1865.

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## I. EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

January 1, 1863.

## II. SPEECH AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG.

November 19, 1863.

## III. SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

March 4, 1865.

“For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,  
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast  
Of the unexhausted West,  
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,  
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

\* \* \* \* \*

Great captains, with their guns and drums,  
Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
But at last silence comes;  
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,  
Our children shall behold his fame,  
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
New birth of our new soil, the first American.”

—“LOWELL, Commemoration Ode.”

## EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Lincoln issued the preliminary proclamation concerning the freeing of the slaves, about four millions in all, on September 22, 1862.

In his message to Congress he said: "In giving freedom to the slave we assumed freedom to the free honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth. \* \* \*

The way is placid, peaceful, glorious, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud and God must forever bless."

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## EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

*January 1, 1863.*

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Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to-wit:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any state or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons and will do no act or acts to repress such persons or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the states and parts of states, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and

the fact that any state, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such state shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such state, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore; I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the first day above mentioned, order and designate, as the states and parts of states wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to-wit:

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemine, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Marie, St. Martin and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans), Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkely, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Anne and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth), and which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And, by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated states and parts of states are and henceforth shall be free; and that the Executive Govern-

ment of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defense; and I recommend to them that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my name, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and [L.S.] sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State.*

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## GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

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This address, brief as it is, is one of the purest gems in the whole realm of literature. It should be committed to memory by every pupil in our schools. The long and studied oration delivered by Edward Everett on the same occasion is one of the masterpieces of American rhetoric and oratory. He was our greatest scholar and most finished speaker, and yet these few utterances of the martyr President will be read by millions while the great oration remains dust-covered on the shelves of the scholar's library. It is



said that Mr. Everett told Mr. Lincoln he would gladly give his forty pages for Mr. Lincoln's twenty lines.

The relation of the battle of Gettysburg to the Civil war should be carefully studied. The field should be explained, the cemetery and monument described and pupils should be encouraged to learn all possible from books and from their friends in the Grand Army of the Republic, about this, the most hotly contested, bloody and decisive battle of the entire civil war.

[See Mowry's History of the United States, Appendix F, for a statement of the circumstances under which it was prepared.]

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**F**OURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

## SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

March 4, 1865.

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The second inaugural of President Lincoln is a veritable classic in English. The briefest inaugural ever delivered by any president to the American people, it came in the darkest hour of the nation's history, and near the close of the hottest war of the nineteenth century.

This war was a fierce fratricidal strife for the settlement of the question which for fifty years had affected creed and court and commerce, viz.: the question of States' Rights, or an Indivisible Union. More than a million dollars a day every day for four years were expended and more than half a million of lives sacrificed to establish the perpetuity of the Union.

The freedom of the slave was only an incident, but an important incident of the struggle. Lincoln calls slavery "somehow the cause of the war," because it was only through the perpetuation of the doctrine of States' Rights that slavery could be extended or perhaps even allowed to exist. Wisdom, patience, forbearance, generosity, courage, faith, each quality contending with the other for strength and excellence in his character, are all shown in this very brief but superlatively masterful address. Although the tablets of brass and stone upon which it may be inscribed may perish, it will never fade from the memory of man, but ever help to usher in the hour when God shall reign and justice be enthroned.

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## FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN:

At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the greatest contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encourag-

ing to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in this city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest, was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but

woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him?

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword; as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.





WILLIAM MCKINLEY

# McKINLEY.

January 29, 1843—September 14, 1901.

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Address delivered at the Pan-American Exposition,  
Buffalo, N. Y., September 5, 1901.

This retrospective view of what the nineteenth century accomplished, and the presentation of the needs and possibilities of the twentieth century along the lines of national and international commerce and comity, was a masterpiece of forensic efforts, and will remain a memorable specimen of excellent English.

In many statements it is epigrammatic; it is full of the optimistic spirit; the doctrine of reciprocity was never more clearly outlined. His own plans and purposes for the progress of the nation and the advancement of the world following the "victories of peace," are succinctly and strongly stated. It is a valuable lesson in history, geography, commerce and patriotism. From the Declaration of Independence to this memorable address of William McKinley, from 1776 to 1901, what vast achievements have been accomplished in discovery in invention, in trade and commerce, in agriculture and manufacture and best of all in the progress of human liberty and the amelioration of mankind.

William McKinley was a great man, a good man, and it has been said of him that "from birth he was following God's way under the guidance of his mother—the old-fashioned mother truly worthy of that precious name."

Again it is said and this should be impressed upon our young people, "His main endeavor seemed to be to acquire an education so as to put himself in a position to aid in bettering the straightened circumstances which surrounded the family. He toiled at his books, labored at anything that presented itself during vacations to earn money for more books and more schooling."

We may change and then apply to him the couplet he used:

He will live beyond his too short living,  
With praises and thanksgiving.

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## LAST ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

*September 5, 1901.*

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I am glad to be again in the City of Buffalo and exchange greetings with her people, to whose generous hospitality I am not a stranger, and with whose good will I have been repeatedly and signally honored.

To-day I have additional satisfaction in meeting and



giving welcome to the foreign representatives assembled here, whose presence and participation in this exposition have contributed in so marked a degree to its interests and success. To the commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British colonies, the French colonies, the republics of Mexico and of Central and South America, and the commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who share with us in this undertaking, we give the hand of fellowship and felicitate with them upon the triumphs of art, science, education and manufacture which the old has bequeathed to the new century.

Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people, and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student.

Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step. Comparison of ideas is always educational, and as such instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts, and even the whims of the people and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and low prices to win their favor.

The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves or with other people, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less so in the future. Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming and manufacture and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no further advanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be.

The Pan-American Exposition has done its work thoroughly, presenting in its exhibits evidences of the highest skill and illustrating the progress of the human family in the western hemisphere. This portion of the earth has no cause for humiliation, for the part it has performed in the march of civilization. It has not accomplished everything; far from it. It has simply done its best, and without vanity or boastfulness and recognizing the manifold achievements of others, it invites the friendly rivalry of all the powers in the peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce, and will co-operate with all in advancing the highest and best interests of humanity.

The wisdom and energy of all nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry and invention is an international asset and a common glory. After all, how near one to another is every part of the world. Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples, and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced.

Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are exchanged as never before, and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time, and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by the fathers.

Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom. The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring everywhere, and the press foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the plans and purposes of the nations. Market prices of products

and of securities are hourly known in every commercial mart, and the investments of the people extend beyond their own national boundaries into the remotest parts of the earth. Vast transactions are conducted and international exchanges are made by the tick of the cable. Every event of interest is immediately bulletined.

The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor. It took a special messenger of the government, with every facility known at the time for rapid travel, nineteen days to go from the City of Washington to New Orleans with a message to General Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed.

How different now! We reached General Miles in Porto Rico by cable, and he was able through the military telegraph to stop his army on the firing line with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. We knew almost instantly of the first shots fired at Santiago, and the subsequent surrender of the Spanish forces was known at Washington within less than an hour of its consummation. The first ship of Cervera's fleet had hardly emerged from that historic harbor when the fact was flashed to our capital and the swift destruction that followed was announced immediately through the wonderful medium of telegraphy.

So accustomed are we to safe and easy communication with distant lands that its temporary interruption even in ordinary times, results in loss and inconvenience. We shall never forget the days of anxious waiting and awful suspense when no information was permitted to be sent from Peking, and the diplomatic representatives of the nations in China, cut off from all communication inside and outside of the walled capital, were surrounded

by an angry and misguided mob that threatened their lives; nor the joy that thrilled the world when a single message from the government of the United States brought through our minister the first news of the safety of the besieged diplomats.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe. Now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas.

God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other the less occasion is there for misunderstandings and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

My fellow-citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability.

That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty is the care and security of these deposits, and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect or of undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom

on the part of the manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises, which have grown to such great proportions, affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention.

Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain, we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, so that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor.

Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Re-

reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If perchance some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?

Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamers have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the eastern coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the convenience to carry it to the buyer.

We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

We must build the isthmian canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communications with the western coasts of Central America, South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed.

In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the new world. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably asso-

ciated with the Pan-American movement, which finds this practical and substantial expression, and which we all hope will be firmly advanced by the Pan-American congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico.

The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear, this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to

“Make it live beyond its too short living  
With praises and thanksgiving.”

Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened the ambitions fired and the high achievements that will be wrought through this exposition?

Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all but, more essential than these relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure.

Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.



**WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT**



# BRYANT.

November 3, 1794—June 12, 1878.

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- I. THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.
- II. THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW.
- III. THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.
- IV. A FOREST HYMN.
- V. THANATOPSIS.
- VI. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

How calm, cool and meditative is the spot, in the very heart of nature, where the poet permits his "thoughts go up the long, dim path of years back to the earliest days of liberty." Note the strong and striking contrast in the Personifications of Freedom and Tyranny. The one seems born of heaven, "A bearded man, armed to the teeth," and sent forth Divinely appointed to strengthen the character and inspire the souls of mankind; the other, born of hades, "feebler yet subtler," crowned as the genius of evil and mischief seems commissioned to sow the seeds of injustice, and thwart the consummation of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

The poem whether read, committed or analyzed, is worthy our patient, patriotic study.

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## THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

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HERE are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines,  
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground  
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up  
Unsovn, and die ungathered. It is sweet  
To linger here, among the flitting birds  
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds  
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass  
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set  
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—  
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—  
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,  
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

Oh FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,  
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,  
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap  
With which the Roman master crowned the slave  
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,  
Armed to the teeth art thou; one mailed hand  
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,

Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred  
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs  
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched  
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;  
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.  
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,  
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,  
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound  
The links are shivered, and the prison walls  
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth.  
As springs the flame above a burning pile,  
And shoutest to the nations, who return  
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands;  
Thou wert twin born with man. In pleasant fields,  
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,  
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,  
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.  
Thou by his side, amid the tangle wood,  
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,  
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw  
The earliest furrow on the mountain side,  
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,  
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,  
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,  
Is later born than thou; and as he meets  
The grave defiance of thine elder eye  
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years  
But he shall fade into a feebler age;  
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,  
And spring them on thy careless steps, and slap  
His withered hands, and from their ambush call  
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send  
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms

To catch the gaze, and uttering graceful words  
 To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,  
 Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread  
 That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms  
 With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet  
 Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by  
 Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids  
 In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,  
 And thou must watch and combat till the day  
 Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest  
 Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,  
 These old and friendly solitudes invite  
 Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees  
 Were young upon the unviolated earth,  
 And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,  
 Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

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## THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW.

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There is a difference of opinion regarding the real value of fairy tales for children. Bryant has however, placed this story so far back in the realms of antiquity, and has at the same time given us such a true picture of death, at the finger touch of the icy cold and pointed a moral therewithal, that it can but be interesting and profitable to those who like to personify the inanimate as the poet has "The Little People of the Snow."

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*Alice.* One of your old world stories, Uncle John,  
 Such as you tell us by the winter fire,  
 Till we all wonder it has grown so late.

*Uncle John.* The story of the witch that ground to death  
 Two children in her mill, or will you have  
 The tale of Goody Cutpurse?

*Alice.* Nay now, nay;  
 Those stories are too childish, Uncle John;

Too childish even for little Willy here,  
 And I am older, two good years, than he;  
 No, let us have a tale of elves that ride  
 By night with jingling reins, or gnomes of the mine,  
 Or water-fairies, such as you know how  
 To spin, till Willy's eyes forget to wink,  
 And good Aunt Mary, busy as she is,  
 Lays down her knitting.

*Uncle John.*

Listen to me, then.

'T was in the olden time, long, long ago,  
 And long before the great oak at our door  
 Was yet an acorn, on a mountain's side  
 Lived, with his wife, a cottager. They dwelt  
 Beside a glen and near a dashing brook,  
 A pleasant spot in spring, where first the wren  
 Was heard to chatter, and, among the grass,  
 Flowers opened earliest; but when winter came,  
 That little brook was fringed with other flowers,—  
 White flowers, with crystal leaf and stem, that grew  
 In clear November nights. And, later still,  
 That mountain glen was filled with drifted snows  
 From side to side, that one might walk across,  
 While, many a fathom deep, below, the brook  
 Sang to itself, and leapt and trotted on  
 Unfrozen, o'er its pebbles, toward the vale.

*Alice.* A mountain's side, you said; the Alps, perhaps,  
 Or our own Alleghanies.

*Uncle John.*

Not so fast'

My young geographer, for then the Alps,  
 With their broad pastures, haply were untrod  
 Of herdsman's foot, and never human voice  
 Had sounded in the woods that overhang  
 Our Alleghany's streams. I think it was  
 Upon the slopes of the great Caucasus,  
 Or where the rivulets of Ararat  
 Seek the Armenian vales. That mountain rose  
 So high, that, on its top, the winter snow

Was never melted, and the cottages  
Among the summer blossoms, far below,  
Saw its white peaks in August from their door.

One little maiden, in that cottage home,  
Dwelt with her parents, light of heart and limb,  
Bright, restless, thoughtless, fitting here and there  
Like sunshine on the uneasy ocean waves,  
And sometimes she forgot what she was bid,  
As Alice does.

*Alice.*

Or Willy, quite as oft.

*Uncle John.* But you are older, Alice, two good years  
And should be wiser. Eva was the name  
Of this young maiden, now twelve summers old.

Now you must know that, in those early times,  
When autumn days grew pale, there came a troop  
Of childlike forms from that cold mountain top;  
With trailing garments through the air they came,  
Or walked the ground with girded loins, and threw  
Spangles of silvery frost upon the grass,  
And edged the brook with glistening parapets;  
And built it crystal bridges, touched the pool,  
And turned its face to glass, or, rising thence,  
They shook, from their full laps, the soft, light snow,  
And buried the great earth, as autumn winds  
Bury the forest floor in heaps of leaves.

A beautiful race were they, with baby brows,  
And fair, bright locks, and voices like the sound  
Of steps on the crisp snow, in which they talked  
With man, as friend with friend. A merry sight  
It was, when, crowding round the traveller,  
They smote him with their heaviest snow-flakes, flung  
Needles of frost in handfuls at his cheeks,  
And, of the light wreaths of his smoking breath,  
Wove a white fringe for his brown beard, and laughed  
Their slender laugh to see him wink and grin  
And make grim faces as he floundered on.

But, when the spring came on, what terror reigned

Among these Little People of the Snow!  
 To them the sun's warm beams were shafts of fire,  
 And the soft south-wind was the wind of death.  
 Away they flew, all with a pretty scowl  
 Upon their childish faces, to the north,  
 Or scampered upward to the mountain's top,  
 And there defied the enemy, the Spring;  
 Skipping and dancing on the frozen peaks.  
 And moulding little snow-balls in their palms,  
 And rolling them, to crush her flowers below,  
 Down the steep snow-fields.

*Alice.* That, too, must have been  
 A merry sight to look at.

*Uncle John.* You are right,  
 But I must speak of graver matters now.

Mid-winter was the time, and Eva stood  
 Within the cottage, all prepared to dare  
 The outer cold, with ample furry robe  
 Close belted round her waist, and boots of fur,  
 And a broad kerchief, which her mother's hand  
 Had closely drawn about her ruddy cheek.  
 "Now, stay not long abroad," said the good dame,  
 "For sharp is the outer air, and, mark me well,  
 Go not upon the snow beyond the spot  
 Where the great linden bounds the neighboring field".

The little maiden promised, and went forth,  
 And climbed the rounded snow-swells firm with frost  
 Beneath her feet, and slid, with balancing arms,  
 Into the hollows. Once, as up a drift  
 She slowly rose, before her, in the way,  
 She saw a little creature lily-cheeked,  
 With flowing flaxen locks, and faint blue eyes,  
 That gleamed like ice, and robe that only seemed  
 Of a more shadowy whiteness than her cheek.  
 On a smooth bank she sat.

*Alice.* She must have been  
 One of your Little People of the Snow.

*Uncle John.* She was so, and, as Eva now drew near,  
 The tiny creature bounded from her seat;  
 "And come," she said, "my pretty friend; to-day  
 We will be playmates. I have watched thee long,  
 And seen how well thou lov'st to walk these drifts,  
 And scoop their fair sides into little cells,  
 And carve them with quaint figures, huge-limbed men,  
 Lions, and griffins. We will have, to-day,  
 A merry ramble over these bright fields,  
 And thou shalt see what thou hast never seen'".

On went the pair, until they reached the bound  
 Where the great linden stood, set deep in snow,  
 Up to the lower branches. "Here we stop",  
 Said Eva, "for my mother has my word  
 That I will go no farther than this tree".  
 Then the snow-maiden laughed; "And what is this?  
 This fear of the pure snow, the innocent snow,  
 That never harmed aught living? Thou may'st roam  
 For leagues beyond this garden, and return  
 In safety; here the grim wolf never prowls,  
 And here the eagle of our mountain crags  
 Preys not in winter. I will show the way  
 And bring thee safely home. Thy mother, sure,  
 Counsell'd thee thus because thou hadst no guide'".

By such smooth words was Eva won to break  
 Her promise, and went on with her new friend,  
 Over the glistening snow and down a bank  
 Where a white shelf, wrought by the eddying wind,  
 Like to a billow's crest in the great sea,  
 Curtained an opening. "Look, we enter here".  
 And straight, beneath the fair o'erhanging fold,  
 Entered the little pair that hill of snow,  
 Walking along a passage with white walls,  
 And a white vault above where snow-stars shed  
 A wintry twilight. Eva moved in awe,  
 And held her peace, but the snow-maiden smiled,  
 And talked and tripped along, as, down the way,



Deeper they went into that mountainous drift.

And now the white walls widened, and the vault  
Swelled upward, like some vast cathedral dome,  
Such as the Florentine, who bore the name  
Of Heaven's most potent angel, reared long since,  
Or the unknown builder of that wondrous fane,  
The glory of Burgos. Here a garden lay,  
In which the Little People of the Snow  
Were wont to take their pastime when their tasks  
Upon the mountain's side and in the clouds  
Were ended. Here they taught the silent frost  
To mock, in stem and spray, and leaf and flower,  
The growths of summer. Here the palm upreared  
Its white columnar trunk and spotless sheaf  
Of plume-like leaves; here cedars, huge as those  
Of Lebanon, stretched far their level boughs,  
Yet pale and shadowless; the sturdy oak  
Stood, with its huge gnarled roots of seeming strength,  
Fast anchored in the glistening bank; light sprays  
Of myrtle, roses in their bud and bloom,  
Drooped by the winding walks; yet all seemed wrought  
Of stainless alabaster; up the trees  
Ran the lithe jessamine, with stalk and leaf  
Colorless as her flowers. "Go softly on",  
Said the snow-maiden; "touch not, with thy hand,  
The frail creation round thee, and beware  
To sweep it with thy skirts. Now look above.  
How sumptuously these bowers are lighted up  
With shifting gleams that softly come and go!  
These are the northern lights, such as thou seest  
In the midwinter nights, cold, wandering flames,  
That float, with our processions, through the air;  
And, here within our winter palaces,  
Mimic the glorious daybreak". Then she told  
How, when the wind, in the long winter nights,  
Swept the light snows into the hollow dell,  
She and her comrades guided to its place

Each wandering flake, and piled them quaintly up,  
 In shapely colonnade and glistening arch,  
 With shadowy aisles between, or bade them grow  
 Beneath their little hands, to bowery walks  
 In gardens such as these, and, o'er them all,  
 Built the broad roof. "But thou hast yet to see  
 A fairer sight," she said, and led the way  
 To where a window of pellucid ice  
 Stood in the wall of snow, beside their path.  
 "Look, but thou may'st not enter". Eva looked,  
 And lo! a glorious hall, from whose high vault  
 Stripes of soft light, ruddy, and delicate green,  
 And tender blue, flowered downward to the floor  
 And far around, as if the aerial hosts,  
 That march on high by night, with beamy spears,  
 And streaming banners, to that place had brought  
 Their radiant flags to grace a festival.

And in that hall a joyous multitude  
 Of those by whom its glistening walls were reared,  
 Whirled in a merry dance to silvery sounds,  
 That rang from cymbals of transparent ice,  
 And ice-cups, quivering to the skilful touch  
 Of little fingers. Round and round they flew,  
 As when, in spring, about a chimney top,  
 A cloud of twittering swallows, just returned,  
 Wheel round and round, and turn and wheel again,  
 Unwinding their swift track. So rapidly  
 Flowered the meandering stream of that fair dance,  
 Beneath that dome of light. Bright eyes that looked  
 From under lily brows, and gauzy scarfs  
 Sparkling like snow-wreaths in the early sun,  
 Shot by the window in their mazy whirl.  
 And there stood Eva, wondering at the sight  
 Of those bright revellers and that graceful sweep  
 Of motion as they passed her;—long she gazed,  
 And listened long to the sweet sounds that thrilled  
 The frosty air, till now the encroaching cold

Recalled her to herself. "Too long, too long I linger here", she said, and then she sprang into the path, and with a hurried step followed it upward. Ever by her side her little guide kept pace. As on they went Eva bemoaned her fault: "What must they think—The dear ones in the cottage, while so long, Hour after hour, I stay without? I know That they will seek me far and near, and weep To find me not. How could I, wickedly, Neglect the charge they gave me?" As she spoke, The hot tears started to her eyes; she knelt In the mid path. "Father! forgive this sin; Forgive myself I cannot"—thus she prayed, And rose and hastened onward. When, at last, They reached the outer air, the clear north breathed A bitter cold, from which she shrank with dread, But the snow-maiden bounded as she felt The cutting blast, and uttered shouts of joy, And skipped, with boundless glee, from drift to drift, And danced round Eva, as she labored up The mounds of snow. "Ah me! I feel my eyes Grow heavy," Eva said; "they swim with sleep; I cannot walk for utter weariness, And I must rest a moment on this bank, But let it not be long." As thus she spoke, In half-formed words, she sank on the smooth snow, With closing lids. Her guide composed the robe About her limbs, and said, "A pleasant spot Is this to slumber in; on such a couch Oft have I slept away the winter night, And had the sweetest dreams." So Eva slept, But slept in death; for when the power of frost Locks up the motions of the living frame, The victim passes to the realm of Death Through the dim porch of Sleep. The little guide, Watching beside her, saw the hues of life

Fade from the fair smooth brow and rounded cheek,  
As fades the crimson from a morning cloud,  
Till they were white as marble, and the breath  
Had ceased to come and go, yet knew she not  
At first that this was death. But when she marked  
How deep the paleness was, how motionless  
That once lithe form, a fear came over her.  
She strove to wake the sleeper, plucked her robe,  
And shouted in her ear, but all in vain;  
The life had passed away from those young limbs.  
Then the snow-maiden raised a wailing cry,  
Such as the dweller in some lonely wild,  
Sleepless through all the long December night,  
Hears when the mournful East begins to blow.

But suddenly was heard the sound of steps,  
Grating on the crisp snow; the cottagers  
Were seeking Eva; from afar they saw  
The twain, and hurried toward them. As they came,  
With gentle chidings ready on their lips,  
And marked that deathlike sleep, and heard the tale  
Of the snow-maiden, mortal anguish fell  
Upon their hearts, and bitter words of grief  
And blame were uttered: "Cruel, cruel one,  
To tempt our daughter thus, and cruel we,  
Who suffered her to wander forth alone  
In this fierce cold." They lifted the dear child,  
And bore her home and chafed her tender limbs,  
And strove, by all the simple arts they knew,  
To make the chilled blood move, and win the breath  
Back to her bosom; fruitlessly they strove.  
The little maid was dead. In blank despair  
They stood, and gazed at her who never more  
Should look on them. "Why die we not with her?"  
They said; "without her, life is bitterness."

Now came the funeral-day; the simple folk  
Of all that pastoral region gathered round,  
To share the sorrow of the cottagers.

They carved a way into the mound of snow  
To the glen's side, and dug a little grave  
In the smooth slope, and following the bier,  
In long procession from the silent door,  
Chanted a sad and solemn melody:

“Lay her away to rest within the ground.  
Yea, lay her down whose pure and innocent life  
Was spotless as these snows; for she was reared  
In love, and passed in love life's pleasant spring,  
And all that now our tenderest love can do  
Is to give burial to her lifeless limbs.”

They paused. A thousand slender voices round,  
Like echoes softly flung from rock and hill,  
Took up the strain, and all the hollow air  
Seemed mourning for the dead; for on that day,  
The Little People of the Snow had come,  
From mountain peak, and cloud, and icy hall,  
To Eva's burial. As the murmur died,  
The funeral-train renewed the solemn chant.

“Thou, Lord, hast taken her to be with Eve,  
Whose gentle name was given her. Even so,  
For so Thy wisdom saw that it was best  
For her and us. We bring our bleeding hearts,  
And ask the touch of healing from Thy hand,  
As, with submissive tears, we render back  
The lovely and beloved to Him who gave.”

They ceased. Again the plaintive murmur rose.  
From shadowy skirts of low-hung cloud it came,  
And wide white fields, and fir-trees capped with snow,  
Shivering to the sad sounds. They sank away  
To silence in the dim-seen distant woods.

The little grave was closed; the funeral-train  
Departed; winter wore away; the spring  
Steeped, with her quickening rains, the violet tufts,  
By fond hands planted where the maiden slept.  
But, after Eva's burial, never more  
The Little People of the Snow were seen

By human eye, nor ever human ear  
 Heard from their lips articulate speech again;  
 For a decree went forth to cut them off,  
 Forever, from communication with mankind.  
 The winter clouds, along the mountain-side  
 Rolled downward toward the vale, but no fair form  
 Leaned from their folds, and, in the icy glens,  
 And aged woods, under snow-loaded pines,  
 Where once they made their haunt, was emptiness.

But ever, when the wintry days drew near,  
 Around that little grave, in the long night,  
 Frost-wreaths were laid, and tufts of silvery rime  
 In shape like blades and blossoms of the field,  
 As one would scatter flowers upon a bier.

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## THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

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This poem lends an excellent opportunity for graphic teaching. The correlation of art with all other studies is the real end of drawing in the schools. The pupils will bring the twigs, the buds, the sweet apple blossoms and the fruit, draw them, study them, analyze them, and the whole poem will be redolent with the aroma of the full blossoming orchard and perhaps lead to the planting of the apple-tree on the school house ground,

“A shadow for the noontide hour,  
 A shelter from the summer shower.”

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.  
 Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;  
 Wide let its hollow bed be made;  
 There gently lay the roots, and there  
 Sift the dark mould with kindly care,  
 And press it o'er them tenderly,  
 As, round the sleeping infant's feet,  
 We softly fold the cradle-sheet;  
 So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?  
Buds, which the breath of summer days  
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;  
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,  
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;  
We plant, upon the sunny lea,  
A shadow for the noontide hour,  
A shelter from the summer shower,  
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?  
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs  
To load the May-wind's restless wings,  
When, from the orchard-row, he pours  
Its fragrance through our open doors;  
A world of blossoms for the bee,  
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,  
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,  
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?  
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,  
And redden in the August noon,  
And drop, when gentle airs come by,  
That fan the blue September sky,  
While children come, with cries of glee,  
And seek them where the fragrant grass  
Betrays their bed to those who pass,  
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,  
The winter stars are quivering bright,  
And winds go howling through the night,  
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,  
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,  
And guests in prouder homes shall see,

70 *THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.*

Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine  
And golden orange of the line,  
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree  
Winds and our flag of stripe and star  
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,  
Where men shall wonder at the view,  
And ask in what fair groves they grew;  
And sojourners beyond the sea  
Shall think of childhood's careless day,  
And long, long hours of summer play,  
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree  
A broader flush of roseate bloom,  
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,  
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,  
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.  
The years shall come and pass, but we  
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,  
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh;  
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.  
Oh, when its aged branches throw  
Thin shadows on the ground below,  
Shall fraud and force and iron will  
Oppress the weak and helpless still?  
What shall the tasks of mercy be,  
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears  
Of those who live when length of years  
Is wasting this little apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"  
The children of that distant day



Thus to some aged man shall say;  
 And gazing on its mossy stem,  
 The gray-haired man shall answer them:  
 "A poet of the land was he,  
 Born in the rude but good old times;  
 'T is said he made some quaint old rhymes,  
 On planting the apple-tree."

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## A FOREST HYMN.

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The leading purpose of Bryant's music is to teach us through nature the lessons of life. This poem is instinctive with religious faith and fervor. It is full of energy, abounding with similes and metaphors. The comparison of the groves as "God's first temples," with the great cathedrals of the old world, suggests the contrast between God's and Man's architecture. It is a beautiful hymn and pictures to us the worshipful life of him who wrote it. May those who study the poem learn to love as he did, the "Mighty Oak," "Yon Clear Spring" and the "Delicate Forest Flower," and sing with him—

\*   \*   \*   "Be it ours to meditate,  
 \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

And to the beautiful order of thy works,  
 Learn to conform the order of our lives."

---

THE GROVES were God's first temples. Ere man learned  
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
 And spread the roof above them—ere he framed  
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
 The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,  
 Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
 And supplication. For his simple heart  
 Might not resist the sacred influence  
 Which from the stilly twilight of the place,  
 And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven  
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound  
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once

All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed  
 His spirit with the thought of boundless power  
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why  
 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect  
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore  
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs  
 That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,  
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,  
 Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find  
 Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand

Hath reared these venerable columns, thou  
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
 Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose  
 All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,  
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,  
 And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow  
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
 Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,  
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,  
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold  
 Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,  
 These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride  
 Report not. No fantastic carvings show  
 The boast of our vain race to change the form  
 Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st  
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds  
 That run along the summit of these trees  
 In music; thou art in the cooler breath  
 That from the inmost darkness of the place  
 Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,  
 The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.  
 Here is continual worship;—Nature, here,  
 In the tranquility that thou dost love,  
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,  
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird

Passes; and yon clear spring, that midst its herbs,  
Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots  
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale  
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left  
Thyself without a witness in the shades,  
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace  
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—  
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem  
Almost annihilated—not a prince  
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,  
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he  
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which  
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root  
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare  
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,  
With scented breath and look so like a smile,  
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,  
An emanation of the indwelling Life,  
A visible token of the upholding Love,  
That are the soul of this great universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think  
Of the great miracle that still goes on,  
In silence, round me—the perpetual work  
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed  
Forever. Written on thy works I read  
The lesson of thy own eternity.  
Lo! all grow old and die—but see again,  
How on the faltering footsteps of decay  
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth  
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees  
Wave not less proudly than their ancestors  
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost  
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,  
After the flight of untold centuries,  
The freshness of her far beginning lies  
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate

Of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats himself  
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,  
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe  
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth  
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves  
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave  
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived  
The generation born with them, nor seemed  
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks  
Around them;—and there have been holy men  
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.  
But let me often to these solitudes  
Retire, and in thy presence reassure  
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,  
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink  
And tremble and are still. O God! when thou  
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire  
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,  
With all the waters of the firmament,  
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods  
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,  
Uprises the great deep and throws himself  
Upon the continent, and overwhelms  
Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight  
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,  
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?  
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face  
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath  
Of the mad unchained elements to teach  
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,  
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,  
And to the beautiful order of thy works  
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

## THANATOPSIS.

This "View of Death" was written before the poet was nineteen years of age, and to many people this is its chief merit. Poems of beauty and brightness, of hope and cheer, are better for young people, and yet it is a wonderful production when we contemplate the poet's youthfulness and it is plain to see in these lines, that the boy was the father of the man. Worship, faith, stability of character, love of nature, which crowned the poet's life, are all portrayed in this poem of his early years.

To him who in the love of nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—  
Go forth under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—  
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix for ever with the elements,

To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods—rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all  
Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings  
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there:  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.  
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw  
In silence from the living, and no friend  
Take note of their departure? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care

Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,  
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man,—  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

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## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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It is said that Bryant wrote this by request as the funeral procession of the great emancipator was passing through the streets of New York. Let the poem be written indelibly upon the memory of every child, for there is none of us who can learn too much of the life and character of this greatest of all Americans.

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OH, slow to smite and swift to spare,  
Gentle and merciful and just!  
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear  
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,  
Amid the awe that hushes all,  
And speak the anguish of a land  
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:  
We bear thee to an honored grave,  
Whose proudest monument shall be  
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close  
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,  
Among the noble host of those  
Who perished in the cause of Right.







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