THE SENATE
OF THE UNITED STATES

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE CONSTITUTION, AND OTHER ESSAYS

EARLY MEMORIES

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

A FRONTIER TOWN, AND OTHER ESSAYS

A FIGHTING FRIGATE, AND OTHER ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

AND OTHER ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES
HISTORICAL AND LITERARY

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HENRY CABOT LODGE

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TO THE

NOBLE MEMORY

OF

AUGUSTUS PEABODY GARDNER.

STATESMAN IN THE YEARS OF PEACE;

SOLDIER IN THE YEARS OF WAR WITH SPAIN AND GERMANY;

HE GAVE HIS LIFE TO HIS COUNTRY JANUARY 14, 1918.

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THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES[1]

On the thirtieth day of May, 1913, Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State made proclamation that the requisite number of States had ratified the amendment to the Constitution of the United States providing that henceforth United States Senators should be elected by direct popular vote and not by the legislatures of the different States as established by the Constitution of 1787. This amendment, strictly speaking, is only a change in the mechanism of election and does not either increase or diminish the powers or essential attributes of the Senate, although it will undoubtedly have ultimately a more or less marked effect upon the quality and character of the membership of that body. It is, none the less, a memorable amendment because, while it is the seventeenth which has been adopted since the Constitution went into operation, it is the first which in any way touches or affects the Senate of the United States.

With the single exception of the House of Lords, the United States Senate is the oldest upper or second chamber in any great national legislature now in existence. Under the provisions of the Constitution framed in 1787 the Senate met for the first time on the fourth day of March, 1789. The quorum required

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by the Constitution was not obtained until the 6th of April, when the Senate was organized by the election of John Langdon of New Hampshire as President *pro tempore* and by the appointment of a Secretary and other subordinate officers. From that day to this the Senate has never been, legally speaking, reorganized. It has been in continuous and organized existence for one hundred and thirty-two years because, two-thirds of the Senate being always in office, there never has been such a thing as a Senate requiring reorganization, as is the case with each newly elected House. When, at intervals of four years, a new President comes into office, the first act at twelve o'clock noon on that day is for the outgoing Vice-President or for the President *pro tempore* of the Senate to administer the oath to the new Vice-President and hand him the gavel, the symbol of the presiding officer in a body then and there ready to transact business. There is no break in the existence of the Senate, and before the President elect can be inaugurated or the members elect of the House of Representatives can meet and choose a Speaker, the Senate of the United States has transferred the authority from one presiding officer to another, and goes forward with its organization unchanged and in full possession of all the qualifications necessary to the performance of its duties. There may be no House of Representatives, but merely an unorganized body of members elect; there may be no President duly installed in office, but there is always the organized Senate of the United States. This fact, universally

known and yet generally wholly unremarked, is not without an important significance which will be explained later. I allude to it here merely to show that any constitutional change affecting the Senate, no matter how slight, and even when confined to the mechanism of election, has much meaning if we reflect that it is the first which has occurred in one hundred and thirty-two years. It is significant also because it happens to be almost coincident with certain vital changes already effected and which seem to be precursors of even more fundamental alterations in the House of Lords; the one upper chamber which is older, far older of course, than the Senate of the United States.

It will not be amiss, therefore, at this particular time, which has witnessed the first constitutional change affecting the Senate of the United States, and in view of the proposed reform or re-constitution of the House of Lords, to consider briefly the construction of the Senate, the principles upon which it was based, the purposes for which it was established and, in a general way, its history as an integral part of the Government of the United States since 1789. The Senate it may be premised is a remarkable body in its origin, in the powers with which it was invested by the framers of the Constitution, and in the use which it has made of these powers. We cannot, however, understand the Senate, the purpose of its makers or the powers which it possesses, without a full realization of the manner in which it was created and of the character of its creators.

When the delegates from the various States gathered at Philadelphia in May, 1787, for the purpose of framing a new and better general government for the Union of States, it must never be forgotten, if we would understand all which followed, that these delegates represented States and not people. Following the example of the Continental Congress and of the imbecile Confederation, which can hardly be said to have succeeded it, for it never had any genuine vitality, the vote of the Constitutional Convention was by States and not by individual membership. Virginia, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania each had one vote, and so did the small States of Delaware and New Hampshire. Alexander Hamilton personally signed the Constitution, but New York did not because his two associates from that State were opposed to it and therefore, as a majority of the delegation, they controlled the vote of the State.

The impossibility of securing an effective central government when that government was obliged to depend upon the States as such, both for its revenues and the enforcement of its laws, had been demonstrated by painful experience under the Continental Congress and the Confederation which followed it. Dire necessity alone had forced upon the thirteen States the attempt to establish a better and stronger central government, one which should act upon the people directly and not be left helpless and ineffective at the mercy of the States. Hence the Convention which met at Philadelphia in May, 1787. But it was

only dire necessity which brought these delegates together. Local feeling and local jealousies were still predominant. The States entered upon the work of making a new Constitution with great reluctance, and determined to confine the powers of the central government, which the harsh realities of disorder, confusion and national bankruptcy had extorted from them, within the narrowest bounds. The sentiment in the larger States was generally favorable to the idea of a new Constitution, but the smaller States, which were in the majority when the vote was by States, regarded all changes with profound suspicion. They feared, and not wholly without reason, that if too much power was given to the central government, acting directly upon the people and deriving its power from the people at large, three or four of the largest States would be able practically to control the government of the Union. This apparently irreconcilable difference of opinion came very near wrecking the efforts of the Convention of 1787, which contained only a few men who, like Washington and Hamilton in the phrase of that day, "thought continentally."

It is not necessary to trace the long struggle between these opposing forces which ended in the most famous compromise of the Constitution of which the Senate was the vital element and which finally enabled the Convention to bring its work to a successful conclusion. It is sufficient here to point out that as the Constitution was necessarily made by the States alone, they yielded with the utmost reluctance to the grants

of power to the people of the United States as a whole, and sought in every way to protect the rights of the several States against invasion by the National authority. The States, it must be remembered, as they then stood were all sovereign States. Each one possessed all the rights and attributes of sovereignty, and the Constitution could only be made by surrendering to the general government a portion of these sovereign powers. It was conceded that the House of Representatives must be chosen on the basis of population. There was a protracted contest over the powers to be granted to the Executive and especially over the method by which the Chief Executive should be selected, the States Rights Party endeavoring to keep the Executive within the control of the States. Finally, it was arranged that the Executive should be chosen by electoral colleges, one for each State, these colleges having a membership equal to the membership of the several States in both Houses of Congress. Theoretically each elector was to vote for the man whom he believed to be best fitted for the office of President, and a majority of the electors in all the colleges voting by States determined the result. In practise, however, the system thus devised by the framers of the Constitution became a dead letter, and the vote of each State for President was determined by the popular majority cast in that State for a group of electors who were all pledged beforehand to vote for the same person. This arrangement made the Executive the choice of the people at large in each State. But he was not neces-

sarily the choice of a majority of all the people of the country, because the people in voting for electors voted by States. The President is chosen by a majority of the electors, who may not, and often do not, represent a majority of the people of the entire country, so that the final choice of the Chief Executive still remains as an enduring manifestation of the power of the States when the Constitution was framed.

By these provisions for the House and the Executive the Senate, the upper House, was left as the one place where the States could find complete protection for the sovereign rights which they felt were being sacrificed in order to obtain an efficient central government. In the Senate accordingly the States endeavored to secure every possible power which would protect them and their rights. They even tried to give to the Senate the power to select judges and ambassadors, and although they failed in this and in other similar directions, they nevertheless conferred upon the Senate powers which, it is safe to say, have never been elsewhere accumulated in a single upper chamber. They ordained that each State should have two Senators, without reference to population, thus securing equality of representation among the States. They then provided in Article V of the Constitution that "no State without its consent should be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate." In the same article they wisely made amendment to the Constitution difficult by providing that an amendment must receive a vote of two-thirds of both Houses before submission to the States

and, this vote being obtained, the proposed amendment could not become a part of the Constitution unless ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States. But the equal suffrage of the States in the Senate cannot be changed except by the assent of every State. In other words, the equal representation of the States cannot be modified in any way unless the whole Constitution is set aside. This clause, it will be noted, is the only provision of the Constitution which requires the assent of every State for amendment or change. Having made the Senate in this way as immovable in its representation as possible, and having provided that its members should be chosen by the legislatures of the States, thus securing it, as they believed, from the sudden changes incident to popular voting, they proceeded so far as they could to invest it with the most important of the sovereign powers which they themselves possessed.

They gave to the Senate, which was simply one branch of the legislature, not only legislative but executive and judicial powers. There is only one limitation upon the legislative power of the Senate. Bills to raise revenue must originate in the House of Representatives, but the Senate can propose or concur with amendments as on other bills. This unlimited power of amendment has made the power of originating bills to raise revenue reserved to the House of comparatively little moment. In 1883 the Senate struck out all after the enacting clause of the Tariff Bill and sent over to the House their own bill which was adopted by the

House. In 1894 the Senate changed fundamentally the Tariff Bill of that year which had come from the House, and the House accepted the bill as amended by the Senate without any alteration. In 1909 the Tariff Bill, when returned from the Senate, carried eight hundred and forty-seven amendments. These instances will show that even on Revenue Bills, which must originate in the House, the powers of the Senate have been practically unlimited. In practise, the Senate, although possessing the power to originate bills appropriating money, has ceded to the House this right in the case of the great Appropriation Bills. The Senate still originates bills containing an appropriation of money for a single object, but on the great Supply Bills it is content with its right of unlimited amendment, which it always exercises without restraint. In all other respects, so far as legislation is concerned the Senate is on an absolute equality with the House and during the one hundred and thirty-two years of its existence has originated more important legislation than the popular branch.

The Senate shares with the President the executive functions. No treaty can be made without the assent of two-thirds of the Senate. The President can enter upon any negotiations that he pleases, but no treaty which he may make can become the supreme law of the land without the consent of the Senate. The President can nominate, but without the advice and consent of the Senate he cannot appoint "Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, Judges of the

Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States, whose Appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law." As provided in the same section of the Constitution, the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers, as they may think proper, in the President alone, in the Courts of Law, or the Heads of Departments. Thus the Senate has a controlling voice in the appointment of all important officers, and this right of control cannot be taken from them in the case of even inferior officers except by their own consent.

The judicial functions of the Senate consist in its being the court before which all impeachments must be tried. They can even try the President of the United States upon articles presented by the House, as was done in one instance, and in that event the Chief Justice presides over their deliberations, but in all other cases of impeachment the Senate selects its own presiding officer.

To Congress is given the power to declare war. To the President and the Senate alone is given the power to make a treaty of peace, as is the case with all other treaties. Thus it will be observed that the assent of the Senate is necessary both to peace and war. War can be declared without the assent of the Executive, and peace can be made without the assent of the House, but neither war nor peace can be made without the assent of the Senate.

The makers of the Constitution also gave to the Senate the longst tenure conceded to any of the politi-

cal branches of the government—six years—and this term enabled the Convention to arrange the election of Senators in such a way that only one-third of the Senate goes out at each biennial national election. It is perhaps well to repeat in this connection that the inevitable result of such an arrangement was that two-thirds of the Senators were always in organized existence, and therefore the Senate has never required reorganization since the beginning of the government. The manner in which, on a change of the Chief Executive, the Presidency of the Senate passes first without a break from one hand to another, the ceremony amounting to no more than the presiding officer calling some one else to the chair, is a symbol not only of the permanency with which the framers of the Constitution wished to invest the Senate but of the great powers which they garnered up in that body, composed according to their conceptions not of representatives of popular constituencies but of the ambassadors of sovereign States.

The amendment changing the method of electing Senators which has been adopted, as I have said, affects in no way the powers, the tenure of office, or the permanency of existence conferred upon the Senate by the makers of the Constitution. They provided that Senators should be elected by the legislatures because they wished in every possible manner to impress upon the office of Senator the State characteristic and to make it as clear as possible that a Senator represented a State and not a constituency.

They also believed that legislatures would choose better men to fill the senatorial office than could be expected from a popular vote. Despite some flagrant cases where corrupt means have been used in legislatures to secure the election of a Senator and some other cases where political factions have prevented elections by the legislatures, the anticipations of the framers of the Constitution have been fulfilled. Those senatorial elections which have been open to reprobation and which have necessarily attracted great attention are but a small fraction in the mass of senatorial elections effected by legislatures which have passed unnoticed and without criticism because there was no occasion for either. It is also true that legislatures, as a rule, although not always, have had a strong sense of the importance of retaining in the public service men of distinguished ability, high character, and long experience. This inclination on the part of many legislatures has resulted, throughout the history of the United States since 1789, in the continued presence in the Senate of a body of Senators, made up from different parties, who were retained in office by the legislatures of their States. These Senators had terms of service ranging from twelve to more than thirty years. They formed a group of men who understood thoroughly the mechanism of government and administration, who had a large knowledge of all departments as well as of the government policy, both foreign and domestic. These Senators of long service, no matter how much they might be divided on purely political issues, in

dealing with that wide range of questions which are not necessarily connected with party were all animated with an earnest desire that the Government of the United States should be properly carried on. They have constituted a most important element in our past history and have exercised a very great influence in forming the traditions and guiding the operations of the Government of the United States. If at times these men of long service in the Senate have erred on the side of too much conservatism, they have been on the whole of great value to the United States by giving strength and continuity to her administration and to her policies in every direction. It was generally predicted that under the system of popular elections this group of long-service Senators, which has hitherto played so large a part in our political life, would pass away. Now that the new system has gone into operation, while it is still too soon to declare just how it will work, the indications are that it is by no means certain that the old group of experienced Senators may not in the main be retained by the popular will which seems so far by no means carried away by an unbridled desire for constant and unreasoning change. On the other hand it seems well-nigh certain that a chief result of the new system, speaking broadly, will be, in the long run, to add very greatly to the expense and labor of a senatorial election, which will thus become something much more serious to encounter than it was before, and will, therefore, not only shut out a good many men who might be available for a legislative choice, but

will force those who are actually in the Senate to choose between attending to their duties at Washington and passing a large part of their time, when they ought to be in the Senate, in defeating the operations of rivals who take advantage of the necessary absence of the Senator in office to undermine him with the constituency while he, if he does his duty, is compelled to be elsewhere. Thus it will be seen that while the new amendment is very likely to affect in some respects the character and the elections of the membership of the Senate, it has in no wise diminished or impaired or indeed in any way modified the powers of the body itself. I reiterate this statement because there has been much misunderstanding on the subject, and there has been a failure in many quarters to comprehend the fundamental truth that the change in the manner of electing Senators, however important in its extra-constitutional results, is still only a change in the machinery which brings the Senate into existence.

The dominant motive in constituting an upper chamber clothed with such powers as have just been described was to be found in the determination of the States to have one essential part of the new government wholly in the hands of the States as political entities. But there was also another, larger motive which pervaded the provisions creating the Senate as it did many other clauses of the Constitution and was concerned with the general character of the new government which was to be established. Democracy is to-day so generally triumphant throughout

the world of Western civilization that it is not easy to conceive the distrust which was felt in regard to it in the eighteenth century, even among the people of the American Colonies, who were probably the most democratic and the freest people then extant in the world. The makers of the Constitution, who were nearly all of English or of Scotch descent, had been bred in the belief which had become ingrained in the English-speaking people during many years of conflict, that the power of the sovereign ought to be limited. They were all familiar with the history of the long struggle which had resulted in placing limitations upon the power of the Crown. The men who met at Philadelphia understood thoroughly that in the new government which they were about to establish sovereignty would be transferred from the Crown to the people. They were under no misapprehension whatever as to the fact that they were founding a popular government; that is, that they were establishing a democracy. But this change in the character of the sovereignty in no wise altered their belief that all sovereignty should be exercised under limitations. They knew, of course, that in the last resort the popular will would control and ought to control absolutely, but upon the democracy for which they were forming a government they wished to put limitations. They desired to give ample space for deliberation, and for this reason they sought for checks and balances, gave the federal judges a life tenure, raised the courts above the dusty atmosphere of the hustings, and strove to

make the operation of the popular will depend for its final expression upon the calm second thought of the community and not be governed by the passions of the moment. It was with this purpose in view that they established their judicial system, a very remarkable achievement, which it is not necessary to consider here, but they still further tried to secure limitations by making amendment to the Constitution difficult, by separating the judicial executive and legislative powers into three coordinate and independent branches, and by the peculiar power and authority with which they invested the Senate of the United States. The government which they thus created can best be defined as a limited democracy and nothing describes it so well as these words of Lord Acton:

"American independence was the beginning of a new era, not merely as a revival of the Revolution, but because no other revolution ever proceeded from so slight a cause or was ever conducted with so much moderation. The European Monarchies supported it. The greatest statesman in England averred that it was just. It established a pure democracy, but it was democracy in its highest perfection, armed and vigilant, less against aristocracy and monarchy than against its own weakness and excess. Whilst England was admired for the safeguards with which, in the course of many centuries, it had fortified liberty against the power of the crown, America appeared still more worthy of admiration for the safeguards which, in the deliberations of a single memorable year, it had set up against the power of its own sovereign people. It resembled no other known democracy, for it respected freedom, authority and law.

It resembled no other constitution, for it was contained in half a dozen intelligible articles. Ancient Europe opened its mind to two new ideas—that revolution with very little provocation may be just and that democracy in very large dimensions may be safe."

In the government thus described by Lord Acton the Senate has played a large part in carrying out the intentions of its framers and in maintaining the limitations which had been so carefully established. Except on some rare occasions the Senate has been the conservative part of the legislative branch of the government. The closure and other drastic rules for preventing delay and compelling action which it has been found necessary to adopt and apply in the House of Representatives have never except in a most restricted form been admitted in the Senate. Debate in the Senate has remained practically unlimited, and despite the impatience which unrestricted debate often creates, there can be no doubt that in the long run it has been most important and indeed very essential to free and democratic government to have one body where every great question could be fully and deliberately discussed. Undoubtedly there are evils in unlimited debate, but experience shows that these evils are far outweighed by the benefit of having one body in the government where debate cannot be shut off arbitrarily at the will of a partizan majority. The Senate, I believe, has never failed to act in any case of importance where a majority of the body really and genuinely desired to have action, and the full opportuni

for deliberation and discussion, characteristic of the Senate, has prevented much rash legislation born of the passion of an election struggle, and has perfected still more that which ultimately found its way to the statute books.

To trace the history of the Senate would be to write the history of the United States, which would require volumes and is, of course, impossible here. Throughout the history of the United States it may be said generally that the Senate has played a very large and determining part. It has at all times possessed great influence, not only in legislation, but in determining executive appointments and settling executive policies. There have been periods when the Senate has been the dominant force in the Government of the United States and has concentrated upon itself the attention of the people. During the decade between 1840 and 1850, for example, it is not too much to say that the fate of the country was largely settled in the Senate. That was the period when Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, who had all been presidential candidates, were members of the Senate. The Presidents of that period were unimportant, inferior in ability and in weight of influence before the country, when compared with the great Senators. Tyler, Polk and Filmore were not men who could lead public opinion in rivalry with Clay and Webster and Calhoun. After the deaths of these three distinguished Senators, which all occurred about the same time, the same condition continued in large measure, and the country looked for leadership to

Douglas, Seward, and Sumner during the decade preceding the war much more than to a president like Franklin Pierce or James Buchanan, of whom one was insignificant and the other pitifully weak in character. With the exception of Sumner, all the Senators who have just been mentioned were the true candidates and leaders of their respective parties, but they never attained to the presidency, being set aside, except of course in the case of Seward, for inferior but more available men. It is a curious fact and not without significance that until the present year (1920–1921) no man has ever gone from the Senate, where the party chiefs have been so largely assembled, to the presidency. There have been presidents who had served in the Senate at some period in their careers, but none before 1921 who has ever passed from the Senate to the White House. This is no doubt owing to the fact that Senators have played so conspicuous a part in framing the policies and legislation of the country that judicious politicians in looking for candidates were afraid to take men who were so identified with one side or the other of the questions upon which the country was divided. The enthusiasm which they excited and their unquestioned ability were more than offset by the hostilities they had inevitably aroused in contests which had fixed the attention of the entire country. After the death of Lincoln the Senate represented one side in the conflict which arose with President Johnson, and Congress, led by the Senate, was successful in that

struggle, although the impeachment of the President fortunately failed.

These periods which I have mentioned, although covering many years, do not accurately represent the general position of the Senate, because the Senate as a rule has been in harmony with the administration of the time. Its power has been very great, but Senate and President generally have acted together, the Senate exercising a due influence on the course of the executive. At various periods it has been charged that the Senate was usurping power from the other branches of the government, and sometimes this charge has been urged and agitated with great vehemence. Looking back dispassionately over the century, it is not easy to see just where the Senate has usurped power. In the matter of appropriations, for example, it has yielded voluntarily in giving the House the right to originate the great Supply Bills. The truth is that the powers conferred upon the Senate by the framers of the Constitution were so great that there has been no occasion for that body to usurp the powers of other branches. The senatorial powers have at times been exercised with more vigor than at others, but it is not apparent that the Senate has ever invaded the province of other departments, although there have been instances where it has sought to push too far some of its executive powers in questions of appointments. If any branch of the government has grown at the expense of the other departments, it is the executive, and this growth of executive power has been greatly stimulated by the

reform movements of the last few years, which have all aimed at weakening if not at breaking down the legislative and judicial branches, and thus bringing the government as nearly as possible to one which consists of the executive and the voters, the simplest and most rudimentary form of human government which history can show.

Where the question of the powers and the constitution of an upper chamber is under consideration, as it is to-day in England, the history of the Senate of the United States, the powers granted to it, and the foundations upon which it was built up, seem to have a real and instructive value. In the general agitation which has gone on in the United States during the last ten years the object to be attained seems to be a return to the direct democracy familiar to the cities of Greece and to the Roman Republic. Not only do those who carry on this agitation seek to weaken and break down the legislative and judicial branches of the government, but they desire to quicken as far as possible the action of government in all directions. To rapidity of action in carrying out what is supposed at the moment to be the popular will, the presence of a second chamber is clearly an obstacle, and within recent years this point of attack has begun to make its appearance in our politics. In one or two States suggestions have been made that the upper chamber should be abolished and that we ought to return to the government of a single chamber corresponding to the Convention of the French Revolution. There can be no question that this

would greatly accelerate legislative action and remove one of the important restrictions which the framers of the Constitution believed to be essential in order to avoid the peril of action springing from the passion of the moment and deprive the people of that opportunity for deliberation and second thought which they deemed vital if we were to be ruled by the popular will in its best sense. One or two of the colonies, notably Pennsylvania under the leadership of Franklin prior to 1789, had undertaken to establish governments with only one chamber. These attempts had been failures, and the makers of the Constitution, without any doubt or hesitation, adopted the bicameral system, which had been in use in all the colonies before the Revolution. They had no question that two chambers were essential to orderly government and well-considered legislation. They also felt that if there were to be two chambers, the upper chamber should be vested with large powers, and, for the particular reasons which I have given as well as on this account, they conferred upon the Senate, as I have pointed out, powers of unusual extent. The weakness of upper chambers in modern constitutional governments has largely arisen from the fact that so far as they were elected they were chosen by the same constituencies as those which elected the lower house. They therefore possessed no independent basis of representation and were moved by the same impulses as the lower branch. One great secret of the strength and influence of the Senate has been the fact that it did not represent the same constituencies as the

House of Representatives. The Senate represented States and not a majority of voters set off in arbitrary districts. The history of the United States, speaking broadly, seems to vindicate the wisdom of a strong upper chamber, and the first step toward the attainment of that object is to make the upper chamber represent some political entity as different as possible from the ordinary constituency of a congressional or parliamentary district. The members of the upper house should also have a longer term than is accorded to the lower or popular branch. The question of the powers to be conferred upon an upper chamber is one which must be settled according to the best judgment of those who frame the law or constitution which gives it existence; but, speaking broadly, and in view of the experience of the United States, it may be laid down as a general principle that the upper house ought to have substantially the same powers as the lower branch.

The limited democracy established by the framers of the Constitution and so highly praised by Lord Acton is now an object of attack in the United States. How far this attack will succeed it is impossible to say, but it is certain that this effort to remove the limitations of the Constitution is an attempt to return to methods of government of a more primitive kind and which have been familiar to the world for more than two thousand years. It may be that it is well to abandon the principle of representation, which on a large scale we owe to England—the independence of the judiciary, which has been regarded as one of the tri-

umphs of the English-speaking race, and all those limitations upon the sovereign democracy devised by the framers of the Constitution of the United States, which have been thought hitherto to be a triumph of a high and intelligent civilization, and return to simpler forms which have failed in the past. Whatever else may happen, it is certain that when this is done we shall be going backward and not forward. We shall be returning from a highly developed organism to a lower, simpler, and more primitive one. In the progress of this movement toward direct and unlimited democracy the Senate of the United States has not escaped. Although its powers have been in no wise diminished, the change in the mechanism of its election will draw attention to the basis of representation in the Senate, and may well lead to other changes, which will be fundamental in their character and which will not only alter the machinery but revolutionize the principles that have hitherto made the Senate of the United States one of the most powerful and, as many believe, one of the most useful and effective legislative chambers to be found in the history of the world.

This article, written nearly eight years ago, was published in an English quarterly in 1914. Intended for English readers, it naturally contains much which theoretically at least is familiar to Americans, not so familiar, however, as to suffer by repetition. The purpose of the article as originally written was to point out what seemed to me at that time the real if not

very obvious tendency to modify the carefully limited democracy of the Constitution in such a way as to bring it measurably nearer to the simpler, more rudimentary and more dangerous form of an autocracy resting on a plebiscite, with a suppression of all the intervening legislative provisions which were the essence of the system for a limited democracy devised by the framers of the Constitution.

Since I called attention to these dangerous tendencies, as I considered them, events have moved under the pressure of a war of unparalleled magnitude with a rapidity which could not possibly have been estimated from any normal conditions. The war itself made a rapid and immediate, although temporary, growth in executive power both necessary and inevitable. This manifestation of the development of executive power was, however, in its nature acute, and was certain to decline and retreat within its proper boundaries, as was the case after the Civil War when war itself ceased. Side by side, however, with what may be called the normal expansion of the war power during war, there went on another movement which contained within itself permanent qualities affecting the very fabric of government, and for the disappearance of which with the end of actual war there was no assurance.

It is not necessary here to enter upon the many insidious forms assumed by this tendency to break down permanently the constitutional limitations of our government under cover of war necessities. Fortunately,

I am inclined to think, not only for the true comprehension of the issues at stake but for the country itself a direct attempt was made to break once for all perhaps the most important of the powers of the Senate in regard to one of the greatest if not the greatest of its constitutional functions. As I have pointed out, the States in their determination to keep their sovereignty unimpaired so far as was possible in the construction of the new government reserved to themselves an absolute veto upon any attempt by the executive to make treaties without their assent. Under the Constitution no treaty could be made binding upon the United States which had not received the assent of two-thirds of the Senate. It would seem on the face of it as if nothing could be more explicit or less susceptible of evasion than this provision, and yet an attempt had been made, no doubt with the highest and best of motives, some years before the war with Germany, seriously to diminish and limit this very obvious and vital Senate power.

In 1905 Mr. Hay, with the approval of President Roosevelt, brought before the Senate seven general arbitration treaties. This was an effort to advance the cause of international arbitration by the formation of a series of treaties under which certain classes of international differences or disputes should go before an arbitral tribunal without the necessity of a separate agreement to take them before such a tribunal in each case. The general purpose was one with which not only the Senate but all friends of arbitration were in

thorough accord. But Mr. Hay had so framed these general treaties that any specific treaty of arbitration made under them would be not only negotiated but ratified and put in operation without any action on the part of the Senate. An arbitration treaty which provides for the terms, subject and conditions of the question to be arbitrated had, of course, up to this time always been submitted to the Senate like every other treaty. Mr. Hay's seven treaties provided simply that certain classes of subjects should be arbitrated without further negotiation, and thus did away with the necessity of a treaty to settle the terms and conditions necessary in each arbitration. The Senate was not of opinion that this power which was undoubtedly theirs ought to be taken from them in this way by a general treaty which in no respect affected the terms of arbitration to be agreed to in each particular case. The Senate therefore amended the word by which the subordinate treaties were described, changing it from "agreement" to "treaty," which of course brought these instruments at once within the Constitution and made the advice and consent of the Senate necessary. There would probably have been no practical effect from this change, but a question of constitutional principle was involved and the President and Mr. Hay stood firmly by their position and in favor of transferring to the Executive all powers relating to the secondary treaties made under the seven general instruments. The Senate having adopted the amendments, the treaties were not sent back by the

President for ratification to the different signatory powers and therefore failed.

When Mr. Root became Secretary of State he took up the question of these arbitration treaties which Mr. Hay had declined to carry through with the Senate amendments, and examined the question with great thoroughness. He came to the conclusion that legally and constitutionally the position of the Senate was sound and convinced President Roosevelt of the correctness of his view. Accepting therefore the position of the Senate, he proceeded in 1907 to make the thirty and more general arbitration treaties which bear his name and which are still upon the law of the land.

When the constitutional power of the Senate in regard to treaties was again called in question it was under very different and much more serious conditions. In his work upon "Congressional Government," published in 1900, page 233, President Wilson said: "The President really has no voice at all in the conclusions of the Senate with reference to his diplomatic transactions. . . . His only power of compelling compliance on the part of the Senate lies in his initiative in negotiation, which affords him a chance to get the country into such scrapes, so pledged in the view of the world to certain courses of action, that the Senate hesitates to bring about the appearance of dishonor which would follow its refusal to ratify the rash promises or to support the indiscreet threats of the Department of State." It will be observed that President Wilson does not attempt to deny or even diminish the

power of the Senate in regard to the ratification of treaties. If more than one-third of the Senate are opposed to a treaty he acknowledges that such a treaty cannot be accepted by the United States. Then with most interesting and engaging frankness he states that the only way in which this power of the Senate can be overcome or divided is by the Executive, with his power of initiating negotiations, involving the country in such "scrapes" or "so pledging it in the view of the world" that its constitutional powers cannot be exercised. Without in any way discussing the ethical aspect of this method of procedure there can be no doubt that it might be made very effective in the hands of a President who was thus willing either to break or evade the Constitution. In any event this is precisely the question, constitutionally speaking, which was forced upon the Senate when the treaty of Versailles, carrying with it the covenant of the League of Nations, was laid before them.

Whatever objections there may have been to the treaty of peace with Germany as signed at Versailles on the 28th of June, 1919, it was in the highest degree improbable that any Senate would refuse to ratify a treaty of peace concerned with peace alone. But the question presented by the covenant of the League of Nations, which was in reality wholly distinct from a treaty of peace and involved nothing less than an alliance for an indefinite period among more than thirty nations, was a wholly different one. Mr. Wilson had followed the line suggested in his

"Congressional Government." With the principal treaty he had interwoven a second and more important treaty, to which he felt there would be opposition, in such a manner as to make it extremely difficult for the Senate to exercise its constitutional power and reject that one of the two treaties to which it had profound objection.

I am not concerned here with the great questions involved in the covenant of the League of Nations, but solely with the constitutional question raised by Mr. Wilson in his effort to secure by what was in effect a breach of the Constitution the ratification of an instrument to which the Senate was opposed. On the decision of this question was staked not merely the constitutional authority of the Senate but the existence of the constitutional government and the limited democracy established by the framers of the Constitution. That the powers engaged with us in the war against Germany or the world of western civilization generally should understand the constitutional question involved in the contest over the League of Nations and so vital to the United States was not to be expected. Now, however, after Mr. Wilson's effort to force the treaty through the Senate against the will of the Senate has failed both in the Senate and before the people it seems not amiss to call attention to the question at stake. That question was nothing more nor less than whether constitutional government in the United States which has been successfully maintained for one hundred and thirty years should be broken down by a single well directed attack and replaced by the old and simple

method of the autocracy and the plebiscite, which would mean not only the loss of free government but a distinct retrogression to a government system of a lower type and more purely tyrannical in operation and results. It is sufficient here to say that this attempt to change the constitution failed.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD[1]

JUST a year ago, speaking as president of the Harvard alumni, I quoted Lowell's famous definition of a university as a place "where nothing useful is taught." I fear that this pregnant sentence would now be generally regarded as little more than an amusing paradox and that even here in Cambridge its wit and humor and deep underlying truth are somewhat dimmed. So I quote it once more because I would fain say a word in behalf of the "useless" things which were once the main if not the sole object of all university education but which have now been pushed aside and which in these enlightened days are treated with kindly contempt as little better than the harmless pleasures of lovers of futile learning.

More and more rigidly has the stern practical test of utility been applied to all university teaching. More and more has the question been asked in regard to every branch of learning, "What use will this be to a student when he or she goes out into the world and is called upon to deal with the business of life?" The first test and the simplest was how far the education of a university would aid its graduates in earning a living; in other words, the money test was applied. This, so

[1] Address delivered at Radcliffe College Commencement, June 23, 1915.

far as it approached the precincts of the university at all, had hitherto been considered in connection with the work of the professional schools alone, but now the university has gone to the point of trying at least to teach its students directly how to make money in purely money-making pursuits with no trace of general or even of professional learning about them. This represents the extreme to which the utilitarian theory of the highest education has proceeded. But long before this point was reached the sciences had not only entered upon the field in old times consecrated to the classics, as they are familiarly described, but had taken the lion's share of the domain. That there was good reason for some change every one must admit, nor can it be denied that the ancient and long-continued monopoly of Greek and Latin in the higher education had become, in a measure certainly, an anachronism. But it seems as if the pendulum had now swung too far in the new direction.

Men cannot live by bread alone nor, in the highest sense, can education be restricted to methods of money getting or be of the finest quality and temper if the "humanities," as they used to be pleasantly called, are wholly thrust aside and neglected. It was not by accident that the literature and learning of Rome and Greece bore uncontested sway for centuries in all the universities, old and new, of Western civilization. Consider for a moment the facts upon which the classical education so long rested in unquestioned supremacy. There was a strong and brilliant movement as early as

the twelfth century to scatter the darkness which had settled down upon Europe after the downfall of the Roman Empire and in which men had been groping about for eight hundred years. This movement did not then culminate, but it opened the way for what has ever since been known as the Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the point at which modern history is said to begin. That period is not inaptly named a rebirth, for men felt indeed as if they had been born again when they drew up from the darkness and released from the prison of the palimpsests the manuscripts which brought them face to face with the history, the art, the literature, the thought and the civilization of Greece and Rome. But there was much more than this. That was the time when the human mind suddenly broke forth into light and freedom. Men began to question everything and knowledge started on a new career. They sought to establish the place of the earth in the universe and set out to discover the size, the shape and the motion of the planet upon which they lived. The doors of science were flung open and inquiry entered in. The material conditions of life were once more considered after long neglect. The drainage, the water supply, the baths of ancient Rome began to suggest that it was, perhaps, unwise to discard them, as Greek art had been discarded, merely because they were the work of pagans, and the idea dawned that plague-ridden cities and filthy habits were not essential to eternal well-being, and that the

salvation of the soul was not incompatible with wholesome bodies and with public health.

All these things and many others were but outward manifestations of the liberation of the human intellect which made that era forever memorable, and which was felt in a thousand ways. The world identified this liberation of the mind with the revival of learning, as it was called, which was in effect the discovery and rehabilitation of Greek and Roman literature and art. How far this bringing the classics again to light, accompanied by the resurrection of long-buried statues, was the cause of the great intellectual movement of the Renaissance, and how far it was merely one result of the movement itself, we need not now inquire. That the revival of the classics was coincident with the Renaissance and had an enormous influence upon the thought of the time is beyond doubt. To classical learning, therefore, men felt themselves so deeply indebted that it took possession of all the seats of the higher education and was in fact the higher education itself. The classical writers became the touchstone by which men were tested not only intellectually but socially. The education of a gentleman meant that a man had at least been brought into the presence of the classics, even if he remembered nothing of the pages which had passed before his eyes. A man ignorant of the "humanities," the *literæ humaniores,* no matter what his other accomplishments, was considered hopelessly uneducated. The classics in fact became a fetish which led to many

absurdities among their devotees, like that which has required successive generations of English boys to write Latin verses. The verses thus composed in meters painfully acquired and quickly forgotten could never be otherwise than more or less bad, and the exercise was of no more value than teaching them to manufacture poems in Choctaw would have been. Whereas, if they had been taught by ear to speak Latin, even in the medieval form, it would have been of value always and everywhere.

But in getting rid of absurdities let us beware of losing the substance. It is not well wholly to forget the vast debt which mankind owes to the recovery of the literature and art of Greece and Rome. It was by no means without reason that a classical was known and is still known as a liberal education. The mind of the Renaissance was liberalized by the study of the classics and what was true then is true now, for the classical education liberalizes in the only right way by making its beneficiaries respect genuine learning and knowledge of any sort wherever found, and no matter how far removed it may be from their own. There is no form of education which teaches this respect for the learning and acquirements of other men in any direction, as far as my experience goes, so surely as the classical.

It is also to be remembered that the knowledge of Greek and Latin is necessary not only in the learned professions but in at least two great subjects which I believe are admitted within the pale of the scientific domain—philology and anthropology. Neither of these

is strictly utilitarian nor in any way pecuniarily profitable, but the language of man and his origin and life upon earth are thought not unworthy of scientific consideration. This, however, is only incidental. To judge rightly the importance heretofore given to the study of Greek and Latin as well as the reasons for not allowing them to remain in the cold shade of retirement, to which in recent years they have been relegated, we must in justice consider what a knowledge of the classics necessarily implies. Without that knowledge any real mastery and thorough comprehension of modern languages and literature is, in the highest sense, impossible. In fact, Greek and Latin are the foundations of the literature of Western civilization. Is literature then to be pushed aside because it is not obviously utilitarian and practically valuable in science, in business, or in money-making?

Literature and art are the fine flowers of the highest civilization. As Shakespeare has it:

> Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

In literature are garnered up the thoughts which have moved the world and guided, all unseen, the history of man. Worth more than all the money ever piled up are the happiness, the delights, the help, which literature has brought to the children of men. A purely material existence, a wholly material civilization, are joyless, for it is only the things of beauty that are joys forever. In literature, in the creations of human

imagination, are to be found the men and women, outside the little immediate world of each one of us, whom we know and love best, whom we hate most, whom we constantly discuss. Real men and women die, but the men and women created by the imagination of those who "body forth the forms of things unknown" live always. Ulysses and Hector, Don Quixote and Hamlet, are more real, are better known to us than any men who lived and walked the earth and whose deeds and words fill the pages of history. Think of the friends and companions literature has brought to us, with whom we love to live and wander and dream the hours away. They come in an almost endless procession, bringing with them every emotion—sorrow and anger, love and hate, laughter, humor, adventure. These are the gifts of the imagination of men of genius endowed with the creative power, from Shakespeare with his world of men and women out and on through all the great literature of civilized man.

Turn it as we will, proclaim the superior merits of science, which no one reverences and admires more than I, with all its vast gifts of knowledge, with all that it has devised and invented so beneficent and also so destructive to man, as strongly as you please; vaunt not only the necessity of mechanical industry but the advantages of money-getting as loudly as you can, and still even now the world admits that those to whom we award the honor of scholarship, whom we describe as cultivated and accomplished, must be men and women who know something, at least, of

history and art and literature. And history, art and literature, so far as we are concerned, spring from, are related to or contrast with the great civilizations of Greece and Rome. Perhaps I can put my meaning best, and most broadly, by quoting what Walter Pater wrote of Pico della Mirandola, a true humanist as he was one of the earliest:

> The essence of humanism is the belief that nothing which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality—no language they have spoken, nor oracle beside which they have hushed their voices, no dream which has once been entertained by actual human minds, nothing about which they have ever been passionate, or expended time and zeal.

Here, perhaps, we may learn why it is that no man who has not come in contact at least, even if the contact was only that of a schoolboy, with those great literatures, and with that history through whose portals we must pass in order to reach the wonderful civilizations of Egypt and Asia Minor, would ever be called a scholar, using the word in its loosest sense, or a cultivated man in the world's acceptance of the phrase. Thus much power the now decried classics still retain, but it is easier to proceed by negatives in fixing their degree of importance than to give an exact definition of the educated man who is expected, at least, to know them by name. Mere classical erudition is now clearly inadequate; a knowledge, however superficial, of the humanities, which was once re-

garded as all-sufficient, will no longer serve. I will not attempt this task, but will content myself with quoting a definition which I lately heard from one of the wisest, most learned and most widely accomplished men I have ever known. You will observe that it is only a limitation, a statement, if you please, of the irreducible minimum of cultivation. He said:

> No one can be called a cultivated man who does not know, in addition to his own literature, Homer, Cervantes and the Arabian Nights, and comparatively few persons fulfil this condition.

These requirements may seem unusual and very limited. But we must consider their implications before we hastily dismiss them. Homer implies a knowledge of Greek, and therefore of Latin. Cervantes created the greatest single figure of literature outside the world of Shakespeare and surpassed by very few within it. Men first perceived the comic side of the adventures, the homely sayings of Sancho, the humorous contrast between the knight and the squire. But as the years have passed by we have come to see in Don Quixote one of the rare cosmic characters which touch all human kind. Dr. Johnson names Don Quixote as one of the three books written by mere men which any reader ever wished were longer. The reason for this great compliment is not far to seek, for in Don Quixote we behold the aspirations of humanity with all their delusions and mistakes, their infinite pathos, their nobility and their tragic disappointments. But we are concerned, just now, with implications

rather than the work itself. A knowledge of Don Quixote and Cervantes implies a knowledge of the Renaissance in Europe and of the conditions which brought to life and beauty the greatest work of Spanish genius.

The last requirement of my friend, the Arabian Nights, may seem odd. We are all brought up to think of them as fairy stories admirably suited to the entertainment of children. If, however, we examine the originals, not only expurgated but enormously curtailed for the benefit of the nursery, we find these rambling tales filled with poems and philosophical discussions. Just here, however, my friend has high authority with him. Gibbon says: "I soon tasted the Arabian Nights—a book of all ages, since in my present maturity I can revolve, without contempt, that pleasant medley of Oriental manners and supernatural fictions." As Thackeray once remarked: "There can be no gainsaying the sentence of that great judge. To have your name mentioned by Gibbon is like having it written on the Dome of St. Peter's. Pilgrims from all the world admire and behold it." To be versed in the Arabian Nights, thus approved by Gibbon, implies also some knowledge of the philosophy, the poetry and the manners of the East, opening in many directions vistas over which we must not linger. I will only pause long enough to find my conclusion in one of these Oriental tales.

Although it is not included in the accepted canon of the "Thousand and One Nights," perhaps the most

famous and most familiar of the Arabian tales is the story of Aladdin. You all remember how, after he had built his palace and married his princess, the wicked magician came along and persuaded Aladdin's wife to change the old lamp for a new one. As a child, being behind the scenes and knowing the properties of the old lamp, I used to think the poor princess a very silly woman. In later years I have seen reason to revise that judgment about the princess, and to find palliating explanations for her unhappy mistake. If we take the trouble to consider and reflect, we shall find much wisdom concealed in these fairy tales. The wicked magician was an astute person, with large knowledge of the world, and of both man and womankind. When he offered the new lamp for the old he appealed to two of the strongest of human emotions, the earnest desire we all have to get something for nothing, and the passion for novelty. He knew his princess, and he obtained the old, battered, rusty lamp. We need not follow the story further. In the end virtue triumphed, and vice was defeated, as ought to be the case in every good fairy story. But in the little transaction which I have just described, there is, I think, one of those morals which the Arabian tale tellers were also fond of hiding here and there in their narratives. It is a very simple lesson, and teaches us that it is, perhaps, well to deliberate before we throw away an old lamp, for that very one may possess a magic which is not to be found in its new and glittering successor.

A GREAT LIBRARY [1]

THIS noble gift to learning comes to us with the shadow of a tragic sorrow [2] resting upon it. Unbidden there rises in our minds the thought of Lycidas, with all the glory of youth about him, the victim of

> . . . that fatal and perfidious bark
> Built in th' eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
> That sank so low that sacred head of thine.

But with the march of the years, which have devoured past generations, and to which we too shall succumb, the shadow of grief will pass, while the great memorial will remain. It is a monument to a lover of books, and in what more gracious guise than this can a man's memory go down to a remote posterity? He is the benefactor and the exemplar of a great host, for within that ample phrase all gather who have deep in their hearts the abiding love of books and literature. They meet there upon common ground and with a like loyalty, from the bibliomaniac with his measured leaves, to the *homo unius libri;* from the great collector with the spoils of the world-famous printers and binders spread around him, to the poor student, who

[1] An address at the presentation of the Widener Memorial Library to Harvard University, June 24, 1915.

[2] Harry Elkins Widener, in memory of whom this library was given, was drowned on the *Titanic*.

appeals most to our hearts, with all the immortalities of genius enclosed in some battered, shilling volumes crowded together upon a few shabby shelves.

But the true lovers of books are a goodly company one and all. No one is excluded except he who heaps up volumes of large cost with no love in his heart but only a cold desire to gratify a whim of fashion, or those others who deal in the books of the past as if they were postage stamps or bric-à-brac, as if they were soulless, senseless things; who speculate in them, build up artificial prices for great authors and small alike, and make the articles in which they traffic mere subjects of greed while they trade on the human weakness for the unique, even when the unique is destitute of any other value. Such as these last might well find a place among the enemies of books described by Mr. Blades. This commercialism which sees in books nothing but money, and prizes them solely by the fantastic heights to which the prices can be pushed in the auction room, whether the object be worthy or worthless, has of late not a little discredited one very beautiful and attractive side in the collection of books, the side which concerns the form rather than the contents, but which has nevertheless an enduring charm. Yet because we recoil from seeing a fortune paid for a mere specimen of printing, of slight intrinsic value and of no literary value at all in that precise form, it does not follow that we should therefore reject all gathering in of first editions as a trivial and uselessly expensive amusement.

No lover of books, to take the most salient example possible, can fail to long for the first folio as well as the quartos of Shakespeare's plays. Besides the sentiment which any one, not wholly insensible, must feel, these most rare volumes are full of interest and instruction, for they tell us much of the greatest genius in literature. The first edition as a rule, although not in Shakespeare's case, brings with it the pleasant thought that just in this form and in no other did it come from the press to him who created it. There is a happy satisfaction, too, in knowing that we have in our hand the volume which some well-loved author has held in his, if only to write his name upon the fly-leaf, for in this way there vibrates across the dead years a delicate sense of personal contact with its appealing touch of human sympathy. Then, far beyond the reach of most of us, are the books of hours and devotion, so beautiful in their illuminations, and the marvels of the old binders, dear to us not only as examples of an artistic craft, but because they are charged with historical associations which go deeper and carry us further away from every-day life than all the fine-drawn tracery of the master workman who wrought the manifold devices. Of these rarities and wonders in the world of books, these first editions, these specimens of a lovely and bygone art, these worn and shabby volumes with their priceless notes on the margin and their well-remembered names penned or penciled upon the fly-leaves, there comes to us a collection which is the most intimate and per-

sonal part of this great gift. They speak to us most directly, as they will to succeeding generations, of the young lover of books so untimely taken, to whose memory this library, which encloses them, has been erected. The University is fortunate indeed when it receives at the same moment this stately building and such a collection of rare and precious volumes to grace its inner shrine.

But this library, where all the accumulations of the University will have a dwelling-place, has a significance which goes beyond that of which I have spoken. No other university and scarcely any state or nation possesses a library building so elaborately arranged as this, so fitted with every device which science and ingenuity can invent for the use of books by scholars and students. This is preeminently a student's library. It is not forced, as the Library of Congress has been until very lately, to absorb two copies of every pamphlet and of every book which obtains a copyright, a vast torrent of the ephemeral and the valueless upon which *rari nantes in gurgite vasto,* are borne the comparatively small number of books worthy of preservation. It is not bound by tradition, like the British Museum, to find house room for every printed thing which myriads of presses pour out upon a wearied world. No general public with its insatiable demand for what are so charmingly described as "Juveniles and Fiction" can compel it to purchase "best sellers," which flutter their brief hour in gaudy paper wrappers upon the news-stands and book-stalls, and then are seen no

more. In a time when Job's supplication that his adversary would write a book has no longer any meaning, because not only all adversaries but all friends write books, the library of the university has the fine freedom which permits it to devote itself to only two kinds of books—the literature of knowledge and the literature of imagination.

Within the wide, far-stretching boundaries of the first much is included. We begin with the books of simple information, repositories of facts, like statistics, newspapers and official records, destitute of literary quality, but all-important as the material in which the investigator makes his discoveries and from which the thinker and the philosopher draw their deductions. The true literature of knowledge is very different. Its scope is vast, and we find within it all the sciences and all the arts, history, philosophy in every form, metaphysics and certain kinds of criticism. Literature here is the handmaid of knowledge; too often a very neglected, dim and attenuated handmaiden, but sometimes quite as important as the instruction which she brings with her to the minds of men. The scale ranges from a scientific work, perhaps of high importance, in which words are treated merely as a necessary vehicle for the transmission of thought, to writings like those of Thucydides, Tacitus or Gibbon, which are monuments of literature even more than they are histories of man's doings upon earth. Indeed, as we approach the highest examples in the literature of

knowledge, we are gradually merged in the achievements of pure literature.

When we read Plato we pass insensibly from the philosophy, the social and economic speculations to the realm of poetry, and few passages in all literature have greater beauty, are more imaginative than the famous description of the Cave or the dream of the lost Atlantis. Then there are the great autobiographies, like St. Augustine, Rousseau, Franklin, Pepys, Casanova and Benvenuto Cellini, which almost alone have succeeded in making men who have lived as real to us as those created by the poet or the novelist, and in addition there is that other autobiography named Lavengro, where we wander to and fro upon the earth in happy uncertainty as to whether what we read is fact or fancy. Hovering in the debatable ground between the two great divisions of literature, we meet the essayists as they are inadequately called, as few in number as they are charming and attractive. Montaigne, La Bruyère, Addison, Charles Lamb and Dr. Holmes are there to greet us. Wit and wisdom, knowledge and reflection mingle with the creations of imagination and defy classification. We only know that we love them, these friends of the sleepless and the watchers, who will delight us for hours, and never be offended or less fascinating if we give them only scattered and unregarded minutes. By such pleasant paths as these we pass easily, smoothly, unconsciously almost, from the literature of knowledge to the literature of imag-

ination, to the beautiful region where knowledge is not imposed upon us, but subtly conveyed, where facts are in truth wholly "unconcerning" and where literature in its finest sense is all in all.

Here one stops, hesitates, feels helpless. What profit is there in an effort to describe in minutes what we find in this vast, enchanted land, when lifetimes are all too short to tell its wonders? We cannot cover literature with a phrase or define it in a sentence. The passage in a great writer which comes nearest to doing this is one which I met for the first time nearly fifty years since. Twenty-five years ago I should have hesitated to quote it because it was familiar to every schoolboy. I hesitate to quote it now because I fear it will appeal only to elderly persons whose early education was misdirected. I must confess that it is written in one of the languages which are conventionally described as "dead," because convention has no sense of humor. Strangely enough it appears in a legal argument made in behalf of a Greek man of letters whose citizenship was contested, and no court in history has ever listened to a plea which was at once so noble in eloquence and so fine as literature. I am old-fashioned enough to think that it possesses qualities far beyond the reach of any utilitarian touchstone and well worthy of fresh remembrance. The words I am about to quote have that combination of splendor and concision in which Latin surpasses all other tongues.

Thus then Cicero spoke in behalf of Archias, sum-

moning books and libraries, literature and learning, to the support of his client:

> Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.

How fine and full it is. So fine that it seems as if addition were impossible and yet we know that there is still something more, for to no one of us can literature be summed up in a sentence. Like Cleopatra the infinite variety is always there touching in each heart and mind some different chord. Yet as we follow the definitions through the generations we meet those which bring new thoughts and help us to the finality which the lovers of books are always seeking when they strive to set forth what libraries really mean to them and to the world. Come down across the centuries past the Ciceronian period, past the decline into the deep covering darkness where the literature of Greece and Rome disappeared and Virgil almost alone survived because in that pit of ignorance he was thought to be a magician. Then we can watch the coming of the dawn, the rebirth of the learning and the poetry and drama lost in the dark ages. Here is the way the returning light affected one of the remarkable minds of the Renaissance, a man set down by his own and later generations as the embodiment of evil, and yet it was in this way that books spoke to him.

"When evening has arrived," says Machiavelli, "I return home and go into my study. I pass into the antique courts of ancient men, where, welcomed lovingly by them, I feed upon the food which is my own, and for which I was born. Here, I can speak with them without show, and can ask of them the motives of their actions; and they respond to me by virtue of their humanity. For hours together, the miseries of life no longer annoy me; I forget every vexation; I do not fear poverty; and death itself does not dismay me, for I have altogether transferred myself to those with whom I hold converse."

Let us pass on from the cold and fine Italian mind of the age of the Borgias to the days when the great movement of the Renaissance had taken possession of England, when her navigators took continents and her philosophers all learning, to be their provinces. What says the greatest of their scholars and students, when he stands in the presence of books?

"We see then how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years or more, without the loss of a syllable, or letter; during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities, have been decayed and demolished? . . . But the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds

of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages. So that if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which as ships pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other?"

How the contemplation of books and learning seem to lift up even the mind of Bacon, as they do whenever we stop to consider the utterances of great intellects while we cross the centuries. Come now to that century nearest but one to our own and listen to the voices there.

Dr. Johnson, who is described by Boswell's uncle as "a robust genius born to grapple with whole libraries," and who said perhaps as many good things about literature as almost any one in history, asked once in his emphatic way, "What should books teach but the art of living?" This does not differ in essence from Matthew Arnold's famous dictum that poetry, the highest form of literature, must be a criticism of life. Both are admirable, both, I venture to think, like the rest not quite complete, and how indeed could it be otherwise?

When we enter the wide domain of the literature of imagination we find ourselves among the greatest minds which humanity has produced, so great, so different from all others that we are fain to give them

a name we cannot define, and call them geniuses. There we are in the company of the poets, the makers, the singers. All are there from the author of the book of Job and the writers of the Psalms and the Song of Songs, onward to the glory that was Greece; onward still to Lucretius and Horace and Catullus and Virgil; onward still to him whom Virgil led, who covered all Italy with his hood; onward to the "chief of organic numbers," and still onward to the poets of the last century and of our own time, for although poetry waxes and wanes it can never pass wholly away. There, too, we find the great poets who were also dramatists, who created the men and women who never lived and will never die, whom we know better than any men or women of history who once had their troubles here upon earth. There we meet and know so well Hector and Achilles, Helen and Andromache upon the plains of Troy, where, alas! men are fighting savagely to-day. We wander over the wine-dark sea with Ulysses and listen to some of the greatest stories ever written.

We come down the ages and find ourselves in the time of Shakespeare, of whom it may be said as the great Roman critic said of Menander, "Omnem vitæ imaginem expressit," and then we can go forth in the company of Cervantes' knight and squire, with the humor and sadness, the laughter and tears of humanity traveling with them. Nearly two centuries more go by and we are in the company of Faust, tasting the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil, touching the whole of humanity in its lusts, its passions

and its weaknesses, and if well-breathed we can journey on into the realm of speculation and philosophy and mysticism, and gaze once more upon

> The face that launched a thousand ships,
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium.

So we come to the era of the novelists and there are made free of another world of people among whom we find the friends and companions of our lives. They are always with us, ready at our call, and we can never lose them.

These are some of the aspects, some of the inevitable suggestions of a library, of a great collection of books. In this place, in this spacious building, they offer one of the best assurances a university can have of strength and fame and numbers, for a great library draws men and women in search of education as a garden of flowers draws the bees. Carlyle indeed went even further when he said, "The true university of these days is a collection of books." Such a library as this is not only a pillar of support to learning but it is a university in itself.

I have spoken of it thus far as it appears here in its primary capacity, in its first great function as a student's library, to which not only students old and young will come, but to which the historian and the man of science, the scholar, the teacher and the professor, the poet, the novelist and the philosopher will repair. A splendid service this to render to mankind. But there is still something more, an attribute of the

library which is as wide as humanity, for books are the records of all that we know of human deeds and thoughts, of the failures, the successes, the hopes, the aspirations of mankind. "Books," said Dr. Johnson, "help us to enjoy life or teach us to endure it."

Here, as to all great collections of books, as to all books anywhere which have meaning and quality, come those who never write, who have no songs to sing, no theories with which they hope to move or enlighten the world, men and women who love knowledge and literature for their own sakes and are content. Here those who toil, those who are weary and heavy-laden come for rest. Here among the books we can pass out of this work-a-day world, never more tormented, more in anguish than now, and find, for a brief hour at least, happiness, perchance consolation, certainly another world and a blessed forgetfulness of the din and the sorrows which surround us. Here, for the asking, the greatest geniuses will speak to us and we can rise into a purer atmosphere and become close neighbors to the stars. As an English poet writes of Shakespeare in these troubled days:

O, let me leave the plains behind,
  And let me leave the vales below!
Into the highlands of the mind,
  Into the mountains let me go.

Here are the heights, crest beyond crest,
  With Himalayan dews impearled;
And I will watch from Everest
  The long heave of the surging world.

It is a great, a noble gift, which brings us all this in such ample measure and lays it at the feet of our beloved University. The gratitude of all who love Harvard, of all who love books, goes out from their hearts unstinted to the giver.

They mean so much, these books, so much more than I in these halting sentences have been able to express. For there is to books a human side inherent in the silent leaves which even Cicero omitted and which Dr. Johnson and Matthew Arnold wholly passed by. We find that single thought in the mind of Whitman, when he wrote of a book:

Camarado, this is no book,
Who touches this touches a man,
(Is it night? Are we here together alone?)
It is I you hold and who holds you,
I spring from the pages into your arms—decease calls me forth.

Rightly considered in this aspect, the books mean so much, just now, when freedom of speech, and freedom of thought, when liberty and democracy are in jeopardy every hour, that I must turn at last if I would find fit utterance to the great champion of all these things, and repeat to you the famous sentences of Milton:

For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously

productive as those fabulous Dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness is used as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

VALUE OF THE CLASSICS [1]

For more than five hundred years scholars and men of education have been discussing the poetry, the drama, the philosophy, the literature of Greece and Rome which we are wont to include in the word "classics." When any one therefore attempts to give utterance to his thoughts upon that vast subject the line of Terence, "Nullum est jam dictum, quod non dictum sit prius," stares him in the face with all the relentless warning of Dante's inscription over the gates of Hell. We can only console ourselves with the witty comment of Aëlius Donatus, which comes to us oddly enough through Saint Jerome,

"Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt,"

and go forward with our repetitions and reiterations of what wiser and better men have said before. There is only one difference to be noted between us and our predecessors and that is in the present mode of treatment. Until within fifty years, broadly speaking, the acceptance of the classics as the foundation and essential condition of the higher education was unquestioned and the note of all discussion was that of praise and admiration. Now the position of those who up-

[1] An address at the Conference on Classical Studies in Liberal Education, held at Princeton University, June 2, 1917.

hold classical education is defensive; the friends of the classics are contending for the very existence of the learning which they love. There has come a vast change in the attitude toward the "humanities" of those who guide education. Is this change and is the consequent assault upon the classics justified? Is it not being carried to a most injurious extreme?

We cannot answer these questions without a glance at the past, without recalling for a moment the commonplaces of modern history, because modern history begins with the revival of learning and the revival of learning was the resurrection of the literature and the civilization of Greece and Rome. From the days of the Italian humanists when the discovery of a Greek or Latin manuscript, a palimpsest perhaps hidden in some remote convent, was equal almost to a patent of nobility, for some five hundred years the classics were not only regarded as the symbol and test of the highest education but as the highest education itself. Some few classical authors were familiar to Europe long before the age of Petrarch, but the great discoveries of classical literature were coincident with what is known as the Renaissance. It matters not whether the resurrection of this great and long-buried literature was the cause of the Renaissance, or was a powerful influence or was merely a manifestation, a product of the time. In the minds of men the revival of learning —that is, of the classics—was indissolubly associated with the rebirth of intellectual freedom, with the breaking of the fetters of the age of faith, with the liberation

of the human mind, with the dispersion of the dark clouds which had obscured the vision of men and which had made this world for the mass of the people a foul and cruel place, reeking with filth and disease and steeped in ignorance, on the theory that only in this manner could eternal tortures be avoided and eternal joys in the next world be secured. When Fox founded Corpus Christi College at Oxford early in the sixteenth century he established two chairs for Greek and Latin "to extirpate barbarism." Even so men in those days looked upon the two great languages as bringing them from darkness to light, from barbarism to civilization. It is not to be wondered at therefore that men felt a profound gratitude to the studies to which they attributed the new birth of intellectual freedom or that they made those studies the touchstone of the highest education, the badge of scholarship without which, even if the acquaintance was only nominal, no one could assert that he was educated either liberally or as a gentleman. This natural gratitude with its profound and lasting effect upon the minds of men was very far from being purely sentimental. In the literature of Greece and Rome, thus disclosed anew to the world, was preserved the noblest poetry, lyric, epic and dramatic which the imagination of man had brought forth—unrivaled then, never surpassed since. In the surviving ruins of temples and palaces, in the statues taken from the earth, there met the eyes of the eager searchers an art and an architecture of extraordinary perfection both in proportion and in form

which then regained possession of the world and which has never ceased to influence profoundly all that the architect and the artist have since produced for the instruction, the delight or the use of their fellow men from that day to this. As the manuscripts gradually came forth into the light there was disclosed the history of antiquity from Herodotus to Tacitus and models were thus given to the world of what history and biography might be. Philosophy and metaphysics, culminating in Plato and Aristotle and in the discourses of Socrates, put at the service of mankind the speculations of some of the most remarkable minds the world has ever known, ranging over every field of human thought and affecting and advancing knowledge and civilization with a force which must always be reckoned with and which lies at the very roots of all that has been since accomplished. There too, in this literature of the past, were uncovered the foundations of the very sciences which would now consign the classics to oblivion. In Euclid were found the system and problems of geometry; the science of numbers and arithmetic had engaged the acute Greek intelligence; Lucretius embodied the atomic theory of the Epicureans in one of the world's great poems, and the essays, orations and letters of Cicero gave style to the prose of modern Europe. In the appliances which improve the conditions of daily existence the men of the Renaissance found ample lessons in the work of the Roman engineers which had covered Europe with roads and bridges; in systems of drainage as old as Babylon, a

marvelous contrast to the filth of the medieval cities which used their streets as open sewers and bred disease and plagues and the black death among the people. They contemplated at last with considerate eyes the ruins of the baths and gymnasiums and slowly learned that personal cleanlines promoted health and comfort and that dirt was not really essential to sanctity.

So it came to pass that Greek and Latin, with Mathematics as a companion, took possession of education and held it well down into the second half of the nineteenth century. During this uncontested reign came not only such events as the discovery of America and the Reformation but a vast development of art and literature, the great modern literature of the world, sculpture inspired by Greece but touched with the imagination of Christianity, and such frescoes and paintings as the world had never seen before. Nor did the devotion to classical scholarship narrow the field of intellectual activity. Invention was at work and the bounds of knowledge were widened beyond all that men had ever imagined to be possible. Science, which in certain lower forms has of late grown so hostile to the classics, could hardly be said to have been impeded or retarded by their supremacy during a period which began with Copernicus and Galileo, which included Bacon and Newton and closed with Charles Darwin and Pasteur, to take at random only a few of the greatest among many great names. The classical system supplemented by mathematics was known as a liberal education in contradistinction to an educa-

tion devoid of classical studies or confined to special and technical training. The phrase was just, because whatever the defects of the classical education it may truly be said that it has always instilled into all those subjected to it a respect for knowledge and learning in any form and in any direction, possessing a really liberalizing influence which seems at times sadly lacking in purely scientific or technical training.

Despite the fact, however, that the classical education was essentially liberal in its attitude toward all education and all learning, the opposition to it which began, roughly speaking, some fifty years ago, was directed against its exclusiveness, and sought to overthrow its monopoly of studies which rested on the doctrine that whatever else a student might acquire he could never be deemed a thoroughly educated man unless he had at least passed through a certain course of classics. The movement against this exclusiveness was based no doubt upon sound reasons. It was entirely successful and the doors of our universities were opened to those who offered scientific courses or modern languages in place of one at least of the classical requirements. But the movement has not stopped at this point. It is now pressing on toward the practical exclusion of the classics, toward a complete reversal of the old system, and there are many preparatory schools supposed to fit boys for the higher education where Greek at least is substantially abandoned. In the universities themselves the tendency is more and more in the direction of giving up the classics

and making the entire essential curriculum consist of scientific and economic studies united in some measure with modern languages.

This comparatively recent and very extreme hostility to the classics, to the studies which lifted modern civilization out of the darkness that followed the fall of the Roman Empire and which for nearly five hundred years was the foundation and the test of the higher education, seems to deserve examination. Before the classics are relegated to a few scholars, philologists and lovers of literature, let us inquire whether it is wise thus to sentence them to banishment. In making this inquiry it is well to begin with the fundamental question as to what education is in the last analysis.

The first and dominant object of all education is to teach the child, the boy or girl, to use his or her mind; that is, in other words, to teach them so to control their minds that they can apply them to any subject of study and especially to a subject which it is a duty and not a pleasure to master and understand. When this power to use and control the mind is once thoroughly attained the boy or girl can then learn anything which his or her mind is capable of receiving and acquiring. Very few minds can master every branch of learning. The man who can learn languages may be wholly unable to go beyond the rudiments of mathematics. Some minds again are much more powerful than others, just as some bodies are more muscular than others, and are able to go further

in any direction than the average intelligence. We all have our mental limitations. But it is none the less profoundly true that those who have been taught to use and control their minds can apply them to any subject and go as far as their individual limitations permit. So far all, I believe, who have reflected upon the subject will agree. I think we may also agree that as any form of exercise will develop some muscles and some forms will develop all, so any kind of study properly pursued, whether it is arithmetic or Sanscrit roots, will develop the muscles of the mind and give it the power of continuous application by a mere exercise of the will. It is equally true, however, that the use of dumb-bells on the one hand and walking on the other will not develop the same set of muscles, although both contribute generally to health and strength. In attaining to the command of the mind, to the power of controlling its application by will, the same rule holds good, but there is a wide choice of method, because while any study can be used to develop strength and vigor, some will narrow and others broaden; some will cease to have any value beyond the simple production of strength, while others equally efficient in this direction will lead to results which bring lifelong uses and pleasures.

It is at this point that the division of opinion begins. The old and long established curriculum which was confined to the classics and to mathematics was quite as efficient as any other system in teaching a boy, if the teaching was good, to apply and control his

mind. This also might be said in its behalf, that when a boy was capable of learning and also of retaining anything which he had been taught, the two capabilities being by no means inseparable, he went from school to college or into the world really knowing something about one or two subjects, instead of knowing little or nothing of a great many subjects upon which his time had been dispersed, a result which seems to be preferred at the present day by educational experts no doubt far wiser than those of the past. If I may be permitted, let me take an illustration from my own experience. There was a certain boy, whom I knew very intimately, brought up as we all were fifty years since under the old curriculum. When he went to college he knew thoroughly the Greek and Latin grammars in which he had been painfully and reluctantly drilled. He knew both the syntax and prosody and was fully possessed of the idea that a false quantity in Latin was little short of a crime; his feelings on this point were like those of Browning's Spanish monk as to the

> "great text in Galatians,
> Once you trip on it, entails
> Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
> One sure, if another fails."

He could write Latin prose. It was far from classical, but it was grammatical and comprehensible. He could read Latin and Greek at sight; that is, Greek no more difficult than the Crito and Gorgias which he studied

in his sophomore year. He was able to learn enough arithmetic, algebra, plane and solid geometry and trigonometry to pass all his examinations with rather high percentages, but he was wholly unable to retain them and they fled after the examinations and left "not a rack behind." In all that concerned mathematics his limitations were hopeless. In the middle of his college course, tempted by the attractions and greater ease of the elective system, he deserted his Latin and Greek, which he has regretted all his life since, for although he has retained his Latin so that he can read it with pleasure, his Greek, neglected, has become laborious and would require to regain it in proper measure time which a much occupied life could not spare. Since those far-off days the boy has had sons and grandsons who in turn have been blessed by all the most modern advantages and latest improvements in education. He has observed them closely and he has failed to see that they were better taught than he was or knew more or could use their minds better than he could at the same age. Of course after schools ended his sons came to know far more than their father because they had finer intelligences. But the boy of whom I speak has remained so unregenerate that he is trying even now to make sure that his grandsons are taught Greek at school, so that in the days he will not see they may at least know what resulted from the wrath of Achilles and why people speak of bending the bow of Odysseus. I can hear the wise educator of to-day, as I indulge in this reminiscence, exclaim at such an education as I

have described and rejoice that it has been done away with. Perhaps he is right. I should not think of setting my opinion against his. Yet I cannot but feel some doubt of his absolute correctness creep over me when I consider the events of the last three years, as to the perfection of our most modern civilization which is so largely the work of our most advanced methods of education. I have become very sceptical as to the wisdom which would cast the literature of Greece and Rome upon the dust heaps, when I have contemplated the performances of the most diversely and most thoroughly educated people in the world, from whom we have so largely borrowed in the way of education; when I have seen that people develop to the highest point the science of destroying human lives, as perhaps was to have been expected; when I have seen them produce an organized barbarism far surpassing in its savage efficiency any that has ever afflicted the world; when I have witnessed the deeds wrought by the products of the most modern and improved methods of education which surpass in wanton destruction, in equally wanton cruelty, in sheer naked horror, anything which history can show; when I have beheld all this I have seriously doubted whether the most modern education has been quite such a complete success as its advocates assert. In the centuries of classical education which followed the Renaissance and the revival of learning there were wars in abundance—generally needless, sometimes desolating, often cruel, always destructive and sad. But in all that long period

there was never anything so wholly hideous as that which we have seen in this war now raging in Europe. "Ruin has taught me thus to ruminate" and I think that it is easy to show that to detect a connection between methods of education and the events of the present world-wide war is not wholly fanciful. Meantime let me ask pardon for the long digression to which my little illustration has given rise and let us return to the main question.

Admitting that any form of learning can if properly administered teach the use and the control of the mind; admitting that there is a wide choice in the forms to be adopted for this purpose and that it is well that the classical exclusiveness or monopoly has been ended, let us consider if it is not also well to resist the attempt now on foot to drive the classics from the preparatory schools and treat them with a cold and almost deadly indifference in the universities.

The reasons given for this treatment of the classics are various in form but eventually the same in substance. They may all practically be reduced to the objection made to me very lately, when I was urging that the classics ought to be taught in every school which prepares for the higher education, to the effect that they were of no use in after life. I have often quoted in this connection Lowell's definition of a university, as a place where nothing useful was taught, and beneath the wit lies a sound philosophy demonstrating that there must be places where learning, scholarship and knowledge can be pursued and acquired

for their own sake, because if their fate is to be decided simply by the money test they will soon wither away, and thought and civilization and the higher life of the intellect will die with them. I have used the words "money test," and when people say the classics are of no use they mean very frequently, if not very generally, that they will not help a man to make money. If this was applied to the pursuits which have no purpose except to enable a man to earn his own living, a high and primary duty, it would be certainly sound; but the higher education, which multitudes desire and many in varying degrees attain, goes beyond the manual occupations and aims at least to develop the purely intellectual faculties. Here the mere money test seems unsatisfactory; in fact many persons regard it as a very sordid test indeed. The apostles and teachers of religion, the moralists, the poets, the dramatists, the artists, the philosophers, the students of science and of nature, the men whose thought has moved the world and led humanity in its groping, stumbling march across the centuries, have rarely been money seekers or money getters. Without such men and such minds it is highly probable that we should still be running naked in the woods and the opportunities even for making money would be very small. Tried by the money test alone everything but reading, writing and arithmetic would properly be excluded and therefore I think we may discard money making as a wholly worthless test for the exclusion of the classics or of any other study which should engage

the attention of those who seek in any degree the higher education.

The larger objection that the classics are neither necessary nor useful in after life to those who have studied them in school or college is so vague that it can only be dealt with in general terms. As to the question of the necessity I can only reply in the words of the greatest of geniuses who made a little learning go a very long way and gathered a small fortune at the same time. When Regan says "What need one?" Lear replies:

> "O! Reason not the need; our basest beggars
> Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
> Allow not nature more than nature needs,
> Man's life is cheap as beast's."

When we come to the question of utility the field is a wide one and the tests must be comparative and cannot be absolute, but a little inquiry and consideration are not out of place before we accept the dogma of the votaries of applied science and of the mechanic arts as well as of so-called practical men. Take the learned professions. Surely it is well that the clergy should have some knowledge of the language of the New Testament and of that other in which a large part of the Christian world repeat their prayers and read their Bibles. It cannot be wholly without value to physicians and surgeons to be acquainted with the language and the literature of the race among whom their noble and beneficent profession finds its birthplace or of the

language in which they still write their prescriptions, or of both these languages from which they bring forth for their new drugs and new diseases names which not infrequently they mispronounce. Lawyers no doubt can make a living, and often a very good one, knowing only the statutes and the more obvious rules of pleading and practise. But it can hardly be questioned that if they go beyond this limited region a familiarity with the language which enshrines the maxims they quote, and in which is written that great system of jurisprudence bequeathed to us by the Romans and still followed in most countries of Western civilization, is not only useful but desirable. If we turn to the higher sciences we find a like condition. The astronomer cannot explore the heavens without seeing the beautiful mythology of Greece forever written in the stars. The Greek alphabet figures in his catalogues and calculations and some of his greatest forerunners wrote in Latin. The naturalists, the botanists, the geologists, the biologists, not only owe their very names to the classics which some of them despise, but it would not come amiss if they knew, as no doubt many of them do, something of the languages from which they take their nomenclatures and of the literatures where appear the first guesses at scientific truths and the first and often very brilliant speculations as to the secrets of the Universe. In philology. anthropology and archeology a knowledge of Latin and Greek is of course essential. As to literature it is needless to argue. A literary man should know something of literature, and literature

includes the writings of Greece and Rome. In all these instances which I have cited it is difficult to find justification for asserting that the study of the classics is a waste of time because they are useless in after life.

It will, I know, be objected that I have mentioned only learned professions, the higher sciences and literature and have omitted that supremely important person whom certain people desire most especially to protect against the ravages of the time-wasting classics—"the average man." I am as far as possible from forgetting him. Lincoln told John Hay one morning how he had dreamed the night before that he entered a crowded hall to make a speech. As he passed down the aisle he heard some one say, "What a common-looking man," and in his dream he turned to the man who had spoken and said, "My friend, God loves common-looking men. That's why He makes so many of them." The "average man" is the central figure in our problem. Repeatedly have I been told that there was no use in teaching the classics to boys in school or college because the "average man" never used them or recurred to them in after life. One feels inclined to say "All the worse for the 'average man' " and to feel sorry for his loss of so much that is elevating and delightful. But admitting the truth of the objection, how much real force is there in it when one applies the comparative test? How large a part do mathematics and science in various forms play in the daily life and current interests of the "average man"? How many "average men" amuse their leisure by solving algebraic problems, or by trying

to conceive the fourth dimension; how many can explain to you—I take an obvious illustration—the Mendelian theory of the dominant and recessive qualities, or the Linnæan system, or tell you of the movements and appearances of the fauna of Europe during the glacial periods and intervals, or even name to you all the great constellations of stars which look down upon them nightly in silent splendor? My occupations have brought me into contact with very many average men and also with men above and below the average, and far more have referred to the history and literature of Greece and Rome than to any of the well-known scientific subjects to which I have at random alluded. The fact is that not to know who Mendel was or what the fossils show as to animal life is not necessarily esteemed a mark of ignorance, but never to have heard of Socrates, or Pericles, of Hannibal, or Cæsar or Cicero, is held to indicate a very defective education to say the least. And yet no one would think of arguing that boys should not be made acquainted with the simpler forms of mathematics and geometry because in after years the "average man" as a rule finds little use and less pleasure from them in daily life.

While it is true that the strongest and most intolerant hostility to the classics comes in the name of science, sometimes assumed without warrant by the persons who employ it, there is another movement against the languages and literature of Greece and Rome conducted by those who urge that they be displaced and replaced by modern languages which

are either their children or their debtors. No one, I think, can feel more keenly than I the importance of modern languages. The man who can read, still more the man who can speak one or more languages other than his own, doubles, trebles, multiplies almost indefinitely his capacity, his usefulness, his efficiency and his enjoyments. I am, as I have said, an unregenerate person and I am glad that I had a classical education but I have always regretted that I was not taught Latin and Greek by ear first, taught to speak them in the way all languages, spoken or unspoken, modern or ancient, should be taught. No one will go further than I in advocating the study of modern languages but I am utterly unable to see why it should be considered a prerequisite to their study to displace the classics. They are complementary, not opposed, and in the higher education certainly the classics and the modern languages ought to go hand in hand. It was said that Von Moltke was able to keep silent in six languages, a marvelous feat even in one. But the power to speak after a fashion two or three languages is as common as Von Moltke's many-tongued silence is rare and is not incompatible with ignorance or illiteracy. There are also many persons like Thackeray's couriers who spoke, every one of them, several languages "indifferently ill." It is a peculiarly profitable accomplishment in such cases and usually leads to success as a courier, a concierge, a hotelkeeper, and the like, all excellent occupations but not concerned with the higher education. It is quite certain that a

man may speak one or more modern languages very well and know and enjoy their literatures without having studied the classics, but that is no argument against possessing also a knowledge of Greek and Latin. Such knowledge cannot but help any man in the modern languages of Europe, for they have all borrowed or have sprung from Latin and Greek. A man may easily speak a modern language other than his own almost faultlessly but unless he has some acquaintance with Greek and Latin he can never hope for real scholarship in the spoken tongue which he has acquired or for a thorough comprehension of it. The study and acquisition of modern languages instead of being a reason for the expulsion of the classics from our schools and universities are in reality the strongest argument in favor of their retention. The teaching of the one should always imply instruction in the other.

It is also urged sometimes that it is a waste of time to spend it upon the classics because translations serve every purpose. The great authority of Emerson is cited always in support of this contention and there is no doubt that he gave high if undue value to the translation. I am a lover of Emerson and there are very few who have written either prose or poetry who have meant more to me than he. But in that marvelous and splendid intellect the critical faculty was not the strongest and there seem to be blind spots in the intellectual vision as there are in the eye. Emerson, for instance, spoke of Poe to Mr. Howells as "that jingle-man." One may like or dislike Poe, admire him or

contemn him, but his place in the long annals of English poetry cannot be denied nor can his extraordinary mastery of metrics and of rhyme, of melody and cadence and rhythm be omitted from the history or from the glories of English verse. To call him a "jingle-man" simply shows that Emerson was in those respects what the musicians call tone-deaf. In a less degree the same may be said of his opinion of translations. A man far inferior to Emerson in all ways but a highly trained and more discriminating critic takes a very different view. Boileau said: "Do you know why the ancients have so few admirers? It is because at least three-quarters of those who have translated them are either ignorant or dull. Madame de Lafayette, who had the finest intelligence of any woman in France and who wrote the best, compared a poor translator to a lackey whom his mistress sends to convey a compliment to some one. That which his mistress has said to him in most polished phrase he will render most coarsely and will cripple and mutilate it; the greater the delicacy of the compliment the worse will be the lackey's version: there in a word is the most perfect image of a bad translator." The same just thought is expressed more tersely by Macaulay, when, describing Mrs. Thrale's anecdotes after they had passed through Mr. Croker's hands, he says that they become "as flat as champagne in decanters or Herodotus in Beloe's version."

These judgments on a large class of translations are much nearer the truth than Emerson's paradox. We

are all deeply indebted to translators and translations, for very few of us command many languages and no one all the languages from which we desire to obtain either information or the gratification of our tastes in literature. Yet it cannot be denied that in the change from the original to a new medium something, however impalpable, is always lost in the process. In the literatures of knowledge or mere information the loss is so slight that it may be disregarded, but in the case of great prose writers like Herodotus, Thucydides or Demosthenes, like Tacitus or Cicero, it becomes very serious indeed. In poetry the loss in translation is not only much greater than in prose but it is so far-reaching that many good judges regard the adequate translation of poetry as an almost impossible feat. Without going to this extreme it may be fairly said that many of the beauties of poetry, and much of the delicate effect of versification disappear in the passage from one language to another and we can only accept the poem in its changed form as a last resource, which is no doubt far better than nothing. It must of course be understood that what has just been said does not apply to those great books founded on the ideas expressed in the poetry of another language which are miscalled translation but which are in reality new, creative and splendid works of imagination and style, quite independent in the adopted language, like the English Bible and FitzGerald's rendering of Omar Khayyam. Moreover the assertion that translations demonstrate the needlessness of studying Greek and

Latin proves too much. For if it is sound it would make equally futile the study of any language, native or foreign, except for the purposes of very restricted conversation.

I have endeavored within the inexorable limits which time imposes to make replication of a general character to the objections most usually made against classical studies in our schools and universities. Let me now with all possible brevity try to give some of the affirmative arguments which can be made in their behalf. I will begin by quoting the plea made recently by certain distinguished men in England in behalf of the maintenance of classical studies, for in England there is the same movement against them as in the United States. I take it from an admirable article by Professor Moore, published in the *Harvard Graduates Magazine* last December. Speaking of the signers of this public letter Professor Moore says:

"The list includes Lord Bryce, Lord Cromer, Lord Curzon, Walter Leaf, Sir William Osler, H. A. L. Fisher, Sir G. O. Trevelyan, Sir Archibald Geikie, the Bishop of Oxford, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, all known to Americans. Every lover of the classics will be glad to take as his creed their statement, a portion of which is here quoted:

" 'It is our conviction that the nation requires scientific method and a belief in mental training, even more than physical science, and that the former is by no means identical with the latter. We might enthrone physical science in all our schools without acquiring as a nation what we most need, the persuasion that knowledge is essential to

progress, and that it has to be acquired by the cultivation of the faculty of independent reflection, which implies the power of selecting, combining and testing the essential facts of the subject in hand. This scientific method is not the peculiar property of physical science: all good work in all studies is based upon it; it is indispensable to law, history, classics, politics, and all branches of knowledge rightly understood. What we want is scientific method in all the branches of an education which will develop human faculty and the power of thinking clearly to the highest possible degree.

" 'In this education we believe that the study of Greece and Rome must always have a large part, because our whole civilization is rooted in the history of these peoples, and without knowledge of them cannot be properly understood. The small city communities of Greece created the intellectual life of Europe. In their literature we find models of thought and expression, and meet the subtle and powerful personalities who originated for Europe all forms of poetry, history and philosophy, and even physical science itself, no less than the ideal of freedom and the conception of a self-governing democracy; while the student is introduced to the great problems of thought and life at their springs, before he follows them through the wider but more confused currents of the modern world. Nor can it be right that the educated citizens of a great empire should remain ignorant of the first state that met the problem of uniting in a contented and prosperous commonwealth nations differing in race, temper, and culture, and which has left so deep a mark on the language, law and political conceptions of Europe. Some knowledge of Latin is indispensable for the intelligent study of any one of these things, and even for the intelligent use of our own language. Greece and Rome afford us unique instances, the one of

creative and critical intelligence, the other of constructive statesmanship. Nor can we afford to neglect the noble precepts and shining examples of patriotism with which their history abounds.' "

The signers of this letter lay emphasis on the effort to "enthrone physical science" in all the schools, and that is the precise effort which is being made here. Should this plan succeed there would be no brother suffered near that throne, whereas the classics ask only their place in the sun and would never exclude any other study which leads to learning and knowledge. No one can have a deeper or more reverential respect for the higher sciences in all forms than I. No one can more admire than I the unselfish devotion to the research which, unglorified and almost unrewarded, slowly amasses the obscure facts from which the hand of genius will one day pluck forth the brilliant discovery which will help and serve and protect mankind. And yet, notwithstanding that all this is true, I cannot but believe that to the average boy—mark, the "average" boy—it is as profitable to have read Virgil and at least caught a glimpse of the battles on the Trojan Plain and of the wanderings of Odysseus as to be instructed in the "Hereditary Hair Lengths in Guinea Pigs" or in the "Anatomy and Development of the Posterior Lymph Hearts of the Turtle."

But it is to be remembered that the higher sciences are not what the average man thinks of when he speaks of science. Nothing can be nobler, more elevating, more spiritually enlarging than astronomy, the contem-

plation of the stars and interstellar spaces or even of our own little satellite,

> "The moon, whose orb
> Through optic glass the Tuscan Artist views
> At ev'ning from the top of Fesole,
> Or in Valdarno to descry new lands,
> Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe."

Here we have the first classical scholar of his time in words of imperishable beauty acclaiming the labors of one of the pioneers of science. Milton at least saw no reason for shutting up one field of learning because another lay beside it. As of astronomy, so the like may be said of geology, of biology, of the studies of plants and animals whence Darwin and his predecessors and successors drew the doctrines and theories of evolution, which have so served and enlightened mankind. But these are not the sciences which are thought of when the classics are decried. It is applied science which is in the minds of most men when they use the word. To the mass of mankind science means the steam engine and the telegraph, the telephone, the dynamo and the motor car, wireless telegraphy and aeroplanes. It also means the submarine, the poisonous gas, the high explosives and all the new devices for the sudden obliteration of human lives. No one would think of belittling the value and helpfulness of these wonderful inventions which have beneficent purposes. But they all minister to physical comfort. They leave the soul of man untouched. The spirit of man, that which is

highest in him, is not lifted up and strengthened by an automobile, or a traction engine, or even by an incandescent electric lamp. But the thoughts of men, of the philosophers, the moralists and the preachers of religion, of artists and architects, of the dramatists, the singers and the poets, whether conveyed to us in paintings, statues and buildings, or in books, are the real forces which have moved the world. Applied science and ingenious invention can change and have changed environment and have altered the scale of living and modes of life. But it is human thought and human imagination which have led men to the heights of intellectual and spiritual achievement. As Napoleon said, it is imagination which rules the world in the end, not the inventive faculty or the ability to make money. Rome developed every comfort, every luxury, every physical advantage which the wit of man at that time could devise and which the wealth of the world could purchase. But none the less literature faded, art declined, the lofty aspirations vanished, barbarian mercenaries filled the legions and the great empire fell and carried civilization down with it into hopeless ruin. Physical luxury and piled-up wealth had reached the highest point ever attained, but they could not save Rome because the Roman spirit was dead. In our mania for quickening the work and pleasures of life and rendering it more comfortable and luxurious let us not forget that the vital principle without which all these things are dust and ashes is to be found elsewhere, in the books where the thought, the soaring

aspirations, the imaginings of men are stored up for the guidance and the hope of succeeding generations.

In the old classical curriculum, to take a concrete illustration, boys at a very early period and at the most impressionable age heard the story of Leonidas and Thermopylæ; they knew what was done at Marathon and Salamis; they had read of the death of Epaminondas; they realized that Greeks had died to save their civilization from the tyranny of the Orient. Passing from Greece to Rome they came to that larger patriotism, that devotion to the "Patria," to the country, which has been the inheritance of all Western civilization. It mattered not whether the old legends were true or false, the boys of the elder day before they had reached their teens were familiar with Curtius jumping into the gulf, Scævola thrusting his hand into the flame, Regulus returning to Carthage; most admired of all, Horatius at the bridge, and they recited vigorously the words which Macaulay put into the hero's mouth:

"And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods."

Some boys whom I knew read a little Herodotus in the volume of selections in which they were prepared for college and there they found this sentence:

" Ἡμέας στασιάζειν χρεόν ἐστι ἔν τε τῷ ἄλλῳ καιρῷ καὶ δὴ καὶ ἐν τῷδε περὶ τοῦ ὁκότερος ἡμέων πλέω ἀγαθὰ τὴν πατρίδα ἐργάσεται."

These are the words of Aristides to his especial enemy

Themistocles on the eve of the battle of Salamis. Roughly translated they mean: "It is more becoming at any time and more particularly now that we should show which one of us shall best serve our country." Within the last three months this simple sentence has seemed to me not inapplicable as a rule of conduct. I look with wonder and admiration at the filaments of the radio station climbing up toward the skies and take great satisfaction in the comfort of an automobile, but I find in neither the inspiration which breathes from this passage written down by a Greek historian born nearly twenty-five hundred years ago. To the boys who had all these stories and sentences drilled into them the result can be summed up in Addison's line—

"Thy life is not thine own when Rome demands it."

With this idea the minds of the boys became thoroughly familiar. That the individual life was to be sacrificed to that of the nation, that it was every man's duty to offer his life for his country if the need came, was regarded as a truism and a commonplace, as a matter of course. It is well to have this conception of duty and patriotism looked upon as a matter of course, as something not to be disputed, and there can be no doubt that the early saturation of the boyish mind with the classics had much to do with this outcome. They knew of course that the Romans were in constant wars, that they brought home prisoners taken in battle

and conquest and turned them into slaves as the Germans are doing now. They understood that Roman rule was always efficient, often harsh, sometimes corrupt, although it was not guilty of systematic, organized and wholly wanton cruelty and barbarism. These things might all be true but the final and deep impression left by the classics on a boy's mind was of courage, fighting ability, a capacity for magnanimous deeds, and above all and more profound than all others was the classical conception of a patriotism ready always to sacrifice self and life for the country. Hence comes my reason for saying at the beginning that the connection between modes of education and the conceptions of maturity and the conduct of life is neither fanciful nor strained. This boyish experience is merely an illustration in a small way of the manner in which the classics have acted and reacted upon character and impulses at an early age. The proposition holds true on a far larger field. From the days of Plato and Aristotle, whose influence has been deeply felt for more than two thousand years, the philosophers, the historians, the poets, the orators, the dramatists, the jurists and lawmakers of Greece and Rome have moved and often guided the highest intelligences of civilization and have impressed themselves profoundly upon the thought and imagination of the world.

That word imagination brings me to my last and, it seems to me, to the one all-sufficient argument for giving to the classics an ample space in any scheme of education, especially if the education thus given ven-

tures to prefix to itself the word "higher." We may or may not agree with the Christian pessimist that "The world is very evil," but there can be no doubt that it would be wholly intolerable if man was destitute of imagination, unable to enjoy aught but the satisfaction of animal needs and appetites and utterly incapable of the creation of other worlds in which to find refuge from this one. For a race so cursed there would be no beauties in nature, none in the sun and moon and stars or in earth and ocean. There would be no beauties of art, for there would be no art. There would be no laughter, for humor cannot exist without imagination, and there would be no tears except those extorted by physical anguish.

The earliest craving of man as we catch sight of him at the dawn of history or among the tribes surviving in primitive condition is for something which will appeal to his imagination. He hungers for the fictitious and the unreal and for the promise of a happiness after death which this world apparently can never give. He listens to the story-teller, he constructs intricate superstitions, he weaves from natural phenomena a mythology and a theology which suit his longings and his fancy, while his spoken, his only literature is poetry and not prose. As the imagination is keenest in a child, so is it strongest in the primitive man. Reason comes later and dulls imagination, brings it fortunately within bounds, but imagination never dies and it cries out for gratification from the newsboy spelling over the story of crime and detectives in the newspaper to

the lover of poetry borne away by a few golden lines of Sappho to

> "The sprinkled isles,
> Lily on lily that o'erlace the sea,"

or shivering with Villon in medieval Paris over lost hopes and the miseries of a misspent life.

The works of imagination, upon which the soul depends and which sustain the spiritual life of man, are found in all the forms of art that have survived, in the temple and the cathedral, in the statue and the picture. But the great mass of the treasures of the imagination are the creations of the poet, the maker and singer; of the dramatist and the teller of tales, and these are all stored in books and are called literature. A very large part of the literature of the world is composed of that which we have inherited from Greece and Rome. Mr. Watts-Dunton divides poetic imagination into two classes: that of absolute dramatic vision unconditioned by the personal or lyrical impulses of the poet, and that of relative dramatic vision which is more or less conditioned by the poet's personal or lyrical impulse. In the first class he puts Æschylus, Sophocles, Shakespeare and Homer, and gives as examples of the second class Pindar, Dante and Milton; Sappho, Heine and Shelley. I cite this passage from a distinguished critic merely to show that to whatever heights you ascend in literature the Greeks are always there. Literature is one of the greatest forces in the world and always has been and always will be so.

It comes to us with open hand, offering us knowledge, spiritual inspiration, the vast world created by human imagination, laughter and tears, happiness, sympathy, enjoyment, forgetfulness. Over a large part of this spacious kingdom of the mind rule Greece and Rome. Are we to shut that fair region off and refuse to boys and girls even the opportunity to enter it? Is it not wiser, as well as more just to them, at least to put into their hands the key which opens the gates of the enchanted garden to use or not in later days as they may see fit?

Even as I make the inquiry I hear the eternal question in reply, What is the use of it? What indeed is the use of poetry at all? If poetry must have a use in order to live I might reply:

> "The song that nerves a nation's heart
> Is in itself a deed,"

and that the verses of Rouget de Lisle have meant more to France in the past hundred years than many useful scientific devices. But this is too narrow a ground. Poetry, the drama, literature in all its forms, true art of every kind, cannot be discarded or belittled unless you are prepared to say that beauty is useless, that there is no utility or profit to be found in the words of the founders of religions, of saints or apostles, of philosophers or moralists; in the marvelous creations of the poet, the dramatist or the tale-teller. Such an attitude seems incredible and few people dare to

take it openly, although many whose eyes are fixed solely on money-making secretly believe in it. But an education wholly destitute of literature and of instruction in the contents and meaning of literature is of course no education at all. It could not really exist because the most ordinary human mind conceivable would refuse to be deprived of all imaginative pleasures and would teach itself. If then we are to have literature and art as a part of our education it seems a grave mistake to exclude from instruction the languages of the two nations which have so largely contributed to both.

If we love knowledge for its own sake, if we would have scholarship and cultivation and refined learning among us to give a savor and a perfume to life, we can hardly omit the classics. After all it was the return to the civilization and literature of Greece and Rome which opened to us the treasure-house of modern knowledge, and it is well to be grateful if nothing else. But I am one of those who think that there is something just here which should ever maintain the classics among us when we think of what they are and of what they did for us of the modern dispensation. When I watch the attempt to drive Homer and Virgil out of the schools and universities I cannot but recall the old, old story of the plant, or grain, or flower, which opens the rock to their lucky possessor and discloses the high piled treasure and glittering jewels. It was a widely diffused tale. It is found in the Bible, in the Smiris; in the Orient as the Schamir or stone of knowl-

edge; in Latin as the Saxifraga, and in the Arabian Nights as the sesame of the Forty Thieves. In the Middle Ages the shepherd strikes the staff, in which is the magic flower, against the hillside and the rocks open. He enters and finds the Princess who bids him take gold to his fill. He does so and as he turns to go the Princess says, "Forget not the best." She means his staff. He merely takes more gold and as he goes the mountain walls close upon him and crush him. Usually the charm is a flower, a pale blue flower—

> "The blue flower, which Bramins say—
> Blooms nowhere but in Paradise,"

and when the treasure-finder turns away, loaded with gold, the flower cries, "Forget-me-not."

In the plentitude of our present knowledge, so slight compared to the vast unknown, so ample if contrasted only with what has gone before in our brief history, when we leave the treasure-house, where all these riches of the mind are heaped up before us, let us not forget the noble languages to which we owe not only all the learning of the ancients and the reopening of the road which has brought us to where we are to-day, but so much of the poetry and the beauty by which we are enabled to see visions and to dream dreams.

Then let us recall the words of another great poet of another race, who says to us,

> "Where there is no vision the people perish."

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS[1]

Not long since I received a copy of a magazine of which I had never heard before—a reflection, no doubt, upon me and not upon the magazine. It seemed to be a serious and well-edited publication, and turning over the pages I came upon a critical notice of a book, entitled "War Addresses," which I had lately published. The notice was very kindly in tone, and when for nearly forty years one has been exposed to criticisms in large numbers, both literary and political, one becomes very grateful for kindness, even when it is condescending and too indifferent to its subject to avoid mispresenting the author. My copy of the magazine has gone the way of the endless printed pages which come to a man in public life, but there was one sentence in the notice which secured a place in my memory and subsequently suggested a train of thought which finally finds expression here.

The critic disposed in wholesale fashion of some of the addresses, which may be sufficiently defined as "occasional," by saying that they were of the usual kind, very well in their way, with skilfully distributed "familiar quotations." These last words in quotation

[1] This essay appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* for January, 1919. It was written in March, 1918, at the time of the great German attack which forced the British line back almost to Amiens. I mention this to explain the allusion in the second paragraph.

marks were those which arrested my attention and, as they recurred to me later, lifted from my mind for a moment the burden of sad and anxious thoughts absorbed by the distress of the hour, by the perils and trials besetting my country which threatened those principles of freedom and civilization that alone make life worth having. It was evident that the critic in using the words I have quoted proceeded upon the not uncommon assumption that men in public life or those who are often called upon to speak in public are in the habit of taking down their Bartlett, or some similar collection, and searching through its pages for quotations with which to ornament their utterances, thus violating a fundamental rule of architecture, which applies equally to speech, that you may ornament your construction but must never construct your ornament. A universal negative is not only dangerous but is generally impossible, and yet, practically speaking, I doubt if this method of putting quotations into speeches or writings is ever followed by any one. Of course, in saying this I exclude the citation of authorities as in a legal argument or in histories, as well as extracts from an author whose books are the subject of a critical study and examination. My statement is confined to quotations used by a writer or speaker to point a moral or to adorn the expression of his own thought in better words than he can furnish himself. Naturally the thought suggests the quotation, and its rarity or familiarity depends upon the memory and the range of reading of the speaker or writer. As the most familiar

words are the most easily remembered and come within the narrowest vocabulary, so the most familiar quotations, as their very name implies, are those most commonly used. But they are not sought for, although they are frequently verified, as they ought always to be, because the old Scotchman was quite right when on his death-bed he whispered to his son: "Always verify your quotations."

My first impression when I read my critic's censure was of the erroneous theory upon which it was obviously based, that men searched a dictionary of quotations to find suitable adornments for their writing or their speech. My next was as to how far the implied criticism that I indulged in too many familiar quotations was justified. I rather wondered that my critic, so avowedly an expert in the familiarity of quotations, did not remind me of Steele's remark that "There is nothing so pedantic as many quotations." I assume that he knew the sentence, but he probably shrank from it as too "familiar," and also, perhaps, because he was aware that Steele himself, or Addison as the case might be, put some familiar classical quotation at the head of every *Tatler* and did not hesitate to sprinkle other quotations here and there in the text.

Let me say in answer to the implied criticism that I confess to a fondness, perhaps it is a weakness, for an apt quotation. It seems to me to adorn or light up a sentence provided it is wise or beautiful or humorous as well as fitting. It is a buttress to an argument, it sharpens a point, it adds luster to a page. If I can

express a thought of mine in the language of Shakespeare, the supreme master of English, how much better for my reader or my hearer than to leave him alone with my words, so poor and dim compared to the radiance of the great poet and thinker. Perhaps I too far give way to my fancy in this respect, but I know how much I like the art of quotation in others, and I also feel that if I err I at least sin in good company. There is first of all Sir Walter Scott, unrivaled in quotations which he dearly loved to use. I think he surpassed all others in the art, because when even his wide and curious reading and his tenacious memory failed to give what he desired he made his quotations himself. As Labouchère said of his stories: "They might not be true but they were certainly new, for I made them all myself." There you can find them written at the head of Sir Walter's chapters, appropriate, of course, because devised for that especial purpose and attributed to an "Old Play," an "Old Ballad," or to that fertile and charming author "Anonymous." Think of a novelist who, lacking a quotation to introduce a chapter, scribbled on his manuscript such lines as these:

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."
—"ANONYMOUS."
("Old Mortality," chapter XXVI.)[1]

[1] The numbering of the chapters in "Old Mortality" varies in different editions. In some editions the quotation cited precedes chapter XXI. See note, p. 110.

Is it any the worse because it became what Scott pretended it to be, a "familiar" quotation, so familiar that hundreds have repeated the splendid words without even knowing their origin? I looked back to the earliest chapters of the novel, and found the first five garnished with quotations from Burns, Prior, Swift, and Shakespeare, and then memory remaining mute invention steps in and we have lines from our deceptive friend an "Old Ballad." What lover of literature would quarrel with either the real or the invented quotations—they all gleam upon the page and open the coming chapter with a strain of music. Think, too, for a moment of some of the writers who still delight the world and who were much given to quotation, apt, ingenious, and suggestive. Montaigne, Lamb, Hazlitt, Matthew Arnold, Macaulay, Augustine Birrell, Lowell, Emerson, great masters all in the delicate and charming art of quotation, occur at once to one's mind. I do not extend the list, for these are enough to show what a goodly company are those who aptly quote, nor do I include Burton because his book is largely made up of far-fetched and curious extracts from unread folios; nor Sterne because he simply robbed Burton and thus helped himself to produce one of the great books of English literature.

These comforting reflections upon my fellow sinners in a love for quotations led me to the book in which my failing had not escaped my keen-eyed critic, and I determined to see just how serious the failing was in that particular case. I found that in the volume of

three hundred and three pages there were thirty-four quotations—very few in the ten speeches, nearly all in the eight occasional addresses. They were divided in origin as follows: Tennyson, four; Shakespeare, Emerson, and Horace, three each; Macaulay, Lowell, Byron, and Wordsworth, two each; Cicero, Franklin, Drinkwater, Keats, the Bible, Patrick Henry, Addison, Rabelais, Whittier, Dickens, Lincoln, Landor, and Browning, one each. To my surprise I also found on examination that only eleven of these quotations were in Bartlett, the largest and best dictionary of quotations I know. This fact indicates that this valuable work of reference was not searched very thoroughly for striking passages which might at various points be worked into my discourse. But the distribution of my quotations shows conclusively the unsoundness of the perhaps common notion that any one who speaks in public or writes for publication thumbs over a dictionary in order to pluck out some quotable and oft-quoted phrase which he can use to advantage. Had I worked in this way there would not have been four quotations from Tennyson. Not only are Shakespeare and the Bible the books which all English-speaking people quote most readily and naturally, often without knowing that they are quoting, but there are many poets who to me mean far more and are more familiar than Tennyson. There are four quotations from Tennyson simply because memory found in his poems the lines which fitted and lighted up the thought I was trying to express. And that is the way that quotations for

decorative or illuminating purposes find their way into speech or writing. As a proof of the same truth it will be noticed that there is no research visible, for my quotations were all from famous or familiar authors except possibly the stanzas by Mr. Drinkwater, a young English poet not yet as well known as he deserves to be. Still less can they be accused of pedantry, which implies a needless display of learning as well as unsuitability to the time, the place, the subject, or the company. Whatever else may be said of them, the quotations made in my little volume were all appropriate to the subject and all, I think, sufficiently apt. They are certainly not recondite. They are from books which all educated persons may be supposed to have read. Yet I confess I should have liked to have had my critic place the nameless ones for me when he read them, without looking them up, using only his memory for identification. I should be particularly pleased if he would place for me the sentence from Rabelais which was imbedded in my remembrance but which I had not the patience to delve for so as to be able to give chapter and verse.

I have used myself too long as an illustration of my theme which is in the nature of a protest against the patronizing, down-looking manner in which superior persons and perhaps other and better people are wont to refer in print and in speech to "familiar quotations," with an emphasis upon the adjective as if familiarity in literature was the equivalent of inferiority. I feel inclined to begin by repeating to those who hold such

opinions Armado's words to Moth: "Define, define, well-educated infant."

Do you mean by "familiar" anything to be found in the dictionaries of quotations which bear that name, Bartlett, for example, with its thousand and fifty-four pages? It is an invaluable work for the task of verification, very precious in disclosing the authors and origins of verse and of sentences which drift about in our memories but which have parted their moorings. Full of information, too, are such patient compilations. There, for instance, you will learn who wrote the lines—

> "The aspiring youth, that fired the Ephesian dome,
> Outlives in fame the pious fool that rais'd it,"

which I have heard wrongly attributed oftener than any equally familiar verses. Bartlett fails to give us the name of the "aspiring youth," and I should like to hear one of those who scorn the "familiar" quotation tell us without examination of authorities who the aspiring youth was and whether the architect and the "pious fool" were one and the same person. This, by way of digression, merely illustrates the value of such books as the work of Bartlett and points to the gratitude we ought to feel to those whose industry and scholarship have produced them. But with all their virtues their title is misleading. I will venture the assertion that, while some of the quotations in the collections are known to every one and all probably to

some one, and while most of them are occasionally met with, perhaps, in speech or writing, the majority of extracts are wholly unfamiliar to most of those, even if well-read persons, who use the book for reference. It is best that it should be so and could not well be otherwise, for the poet or writer who is the close friend of one man may have only a bowing acquaintance with another, and both must be able to find their favorite in the dictionary. There is a certain body of quotations, chiefly Biblical and Shakespearian, many of them now integral parts of the language, and some simple and widely popular poems which may be said undoubtedly to be familiar to everybody. But compared to the total number contained in the dictionary they form but a small percentage. Therefore "familiar," as used by the book of reference, is relative, and to say that a quotation which is to be found in such a work is to be deemed absolutely familiar is an assertion not to be sustained.

I fear that I must quote in order to give the best definition I know if I attempt to establish a true standard of familiarity. It is to be found in "Henry V," where the King says:

> "Then shall our names,
> Familiar in his mouth as household words."

There we have an admirable definition covering all the really popular and familiar quotations of the dictionary and nothing else, and testing familiarity by the little

phrases and jests which are peculiar to the family where they have been born and grown up, but which never travel beyond the household limits. If this Shakespearian definition gives a good standard, and there can be no doubt of the extreme familiarity which it implies, the question arises whether it also means that familiarity connotes inferiority and leaves a mark upon an author's verse or prose which directs avoidance. Some persons—many, perhaps, like my friendly critic—appear to think so. Yet broadly speaking I believe the very reverse to be the truth. The books which have lasted through the centuries and are most familiar are, on the whole, the best books and the greatest literature. Not only do they command the admiration and the study of all educated men and women, but their words, their characters, their stories have passed into the popular consciousness, into the current thought and daily language of countless millions who have never read, perhaps never heard of, the books. The tale of the "Odyssey," the names of Hector and Achilles, the figures of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, the characters of Christian and Valiant-for-Truth, of Pantagruel and Panurge, of Hamlet and Faust, the visions of Dante, are household words in homes where perhaps the books themselves have never entered. They have a steadier and stronger life than even the folk-tales, the folk-songs, or the stories of fairies and giants. Nothing else is so familiar, and yet Homer and Shakespeare, Cervantes, Bunyan, Rabelais, Goethe, and Dante are, on the whole, the greatest, or among

the very greatest, names in the world's literature. There is much in some familiar literature which is commonplace, mediocre, and even worthless, but let the winnowing winds of time blow upon it and the chaff will vanish. Such things never become household words in any enduring sense. The greatest and best-known authors in recorded history are, on the whole, the best, and the same is true of the poems which are to be found in all anthologies. They vary in merit, no doubt, but among them are many of the best poems and verses in literature. No matter how hackneyed, to use the most depreciating word, no matter how familiar, great literature remains great. "What began best can't end worst."

Let us take two or three examples in our own language. Hamlet's soliloquy beginning, "To be or not to be," is probably as familiar as is possible for any words not in the Bible, and has certainly been declaimed and recited oftener than any others, from the boy at school to the great actor on the stage. Has its power, its philosophy, its fineness of thought and diction, its soaring imagination been thereby in any degree impaired? Where could one turn more surely at the chosen moment for a noble quotation? Again, no lines in Shakespeare are probably more universally familiar than Portia's speech beginning: "The quality of mercy is not strained." Has use at all lessened its exquisite beauty?

Descend in the scale of genius. Like Wolfe on the eve of the battle upon the plains of Abraham, boys and

girls, men and women, have been repeating for more than a century the "Elegy in a Country Church Yard." It might be described in the words of the young man, overheard by Mrs. Kemble at the theater, who remarked of "Hamlet" "that it seemed made up of quotations." Does all this familiarity in any way affect its beauties, the charm of the verse, the perfection in the choice of words, the soft twilight of the picture and the thoughts? There is but one possible answer to such a question.

Or take a bit of prose, the parting of Mr. Valiant-for-Truth: "My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder. When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side, into which, as he went he said: 'Death, where is thy sting?' And as he went down deeper, he said: 'Grave, where is thy victory?' So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but do not these four most familiar quotations, which I have taken haphazard as they came into my mind, prove sufficiently that to make familiarity the equivalent of inferiority and an objection to the use of such quotations is an absurdity on its face. Is it not rather true that even if one were to repeat every morning the various lines I have quoted, so doing would improve one's taste and one's English, fill the mind with noble and

gracious images, and cast a pleasant light across a clouded, dusty, or uneventful day?

In his essay entitled "The Study of Poetry," Matthew Arnold says that there can be no more useful help in determining what is the best poetry than to have always in mind lines or expressions of the great masters. They may be very dissimilar from the poetry we are considering at the moment, "but if we have any tact we shall find them . . . an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic qualities." He then gives quotations from Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton, any one of which will furnish the test of which he has been speaking. The supreme qualities which makes the lines Arnold quotes true touchstones of poetic excellence do not concern us here. The single point to which I wish to call attention is that with one or two exceptions these lines of supreme excellence are all familiar, most of them extremely so.

For example, from Homer he takes a line from the words of Achilles to Priam, known to every one who reads the "Iliad" either in the original or in a translation:

"καὶ σέ γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὄλβιον ἔμμεναι."[1]

From Dante "that incomparable line and a half, Ugolino's tremendous words" in the Tower of Famine:

[1] "Nay, and thou too, old man, in former days wast as we hear, happy."—*Iliad* XXIV, 543.

"Io no piangeva; sì dentro impietrai.
Piangevan elli . . ." [1]

And again "the simple, but perfect, single line":

"In la sua voluntade è nostra pace." [2]

From Shakespeare, three oft-repeated lines from Henry IV's wonderful soliloquy about sleep, and then Hamlet's dying words to Horatio, unsurpassed in beauty in any language:

"If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story . . ."

From Milton four lines from the great description of the fallen archangel, ending, "and care sat on his faded cheek," and then these two lines:

"And courage never to submit or yield
And what is else not to be overcome . . ."

More than once Arnold quotes again as a final test the single lines —

"In la sua voluntade è nostra pace"

and

"Absent thee from felicity awhile."

[1] "I wailed not, so of stone I grew within; *they* wailed."—*Inferno*, XXXIII, 39, 40.
[2] "In his will is our peace."—*Paradise*, III, 85.

These are all lines and passages chosen by a great critic, himself a poet, as touchstones of the highest poetic quality, and they are all familiar, some, as I have said, very familiar indeed. Matthew Arnold, then, finds his examples of the noblest verse among the familiar quotations. Does this familiarity diminish their value or lessen their perfection of form or their beauty of thought? Surely not. If Matthew Arnold could use familiar quotations in this way and find in them the very highest qualities of the greatest poetry, it is, perhaps, well for critics and other persons also to pause before they speak contemptuously of a quotation because it is "familiar."

Here as in most cases there must, of course, be discrimination, and it is always perilous to regard any adjective as absolute and treat it as if it were a mathematical formula. There are the familiar quotations of the day, for example, the current slang, the political catchword, the refrain of the music-hall song which every one knows, from the boy in the street upward. They "strut and fret their hour upon the stage and then are heard no more." These are for the moment well-known quotations, but not familiar in the true sense because they have familiarity only for the day that is passing over them. A few years elapse and they are as lost as if they had never been. The same may be said of those taken from some verse-maker, some poet, perhaps, who caught the ear of his contemporaries and furnished them with quotations which are strangers to their children. Such quotations as these

have the life of a generation of men and then disappear, never attaining to the dignity of being really familiar in the large sense. One has but to look over some old anthologies to learn this truth by observing the sparse relics of minor poets, once well known to their little groups of admirers and perhaps even beyond, now mown down by the scythe of time and lying side by side quite lifeless, remembered only by the old who will soon follow them to oblivion.

The quotation worthy of the high title of "familiar" must have stood the test of time and passed unhurt through the shifting tastes and fashions of centuries. In its lofty or in its humble way it must show that, like Shakespeare, it "was not for an age, but for all time." I use the word "humble" because the rhymes of childhood, of the nursery, fulfil the requirement of age in a quotation worthy to be called familiar. Their intrinsic, their abstract merits may appear slight, they may even seem to be sheer nonsense, but they are passed on by mothers and nurses and by the children themselves from generation to generation. We may be assured that they would not thus have lived and prospered if they had not possessed some quality, however slender, of genuine worth, of real humor or imagination, which gave them permanence.

Then there are the popular sayings, the folk-tales and ballads and the songs of the people with an ancestry lost in the mists of antiquity, which, stored only in the human memory and kept alive only by human lips, have come down across the centuries with their endless

variants until at last they have been gathered up by the collector and the antiquarian and made safe from oblivion by print and paper. These tales and ballads and proverbs are often rude in form and expression, but no curious inquiry is needed to explain their long life and lasting familiarity. In them you find wit and wisdom, sparks struck from the hard flints of experience by men and women struggling unknown through what we call life. In this literature of humanity from primitive man onward you come upon the visions of the race, the imagination which takes man out of himself, which brings him laughter and tears, which makes him forget for a moment the trials he encounters and the sorrows he must bear. There we read the first efforts of the race to explain the universe, there we find the embodiment of the natural phenomena in myths and fables, the personification of the planets and the stars and behind them all the force and energy of the simplest emotions set forth by unsophisticated minds with imaginations unfettered by science and neither dulled nor made timid by the knowledge yet to come. Is it any wonder that the literature reaching back to the infancy of humanity is dear to the hearts of men and is familiar in their mouths as household words? Would we have it otherwise? Are the quotations from folk-lore and ballads and songs in any degree harmed by the familiarity which is the badge at once of their worth and their pedigree?

Finally we come to the familiar quotations which are the work of the great masters, the poets or makers, the

tale-tellers, the creators, the orators, and the essayists and philosophers whose thought has built up civilization and ruled mankind. Their familiarity is due to their power, their depth of meaning, to their beauty or their loveliness, to their wit and wisdom and humor, and in very large measure to their perfection of form. That they are familiar in the thoughts and speech of men is not only a proof of their high excellence but is an element of hope for the future of the race which has looked dark enough in these later years. Far from being a mark of inferiority, familiarity is here the sure proof of great qualities, so sure that there is no gainsaying the proposition that the oftener the celebrated passages from the great masters of thought and literature are quoted the better it is for all men and for the preservation of the social fabric which they have painfully built up.

Familiar quotations from the three sources which furnish them and which I have tried to indicate vary as widely as possible in thought, in intrinsic value, in imagery, and in ideas. They range from the apparent triviality and even nonsense of the nursery jingles through the folk-tales and ballads up to the "flammantia mœnia mundi" of Lucretius and the "fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute" of Milton. The very large majority are in verse, and they all have form, however rudimentary. The formless never appeals to the popular mind or the popular ear. The people at large know nothing of quantities or pauses or cæsuras, of feet or of meters, but they demand a metered line

and also the other great exterior qualities of poetry in the true sense, rhythm, melody, harmony, and rhyme where rhyme is used. The popular instinct is never misled by printing prose to look like verse. They may not know why the chopped and changing lines are not verse, but they know very well that they have no music in them, and they forget them as easily as the advertisements which daily flow unheeded past our jaded eyes.

It is a curious fact that the popular instinct and the judgment of the trained critics and of the greatest poets alike demand form. The verse form may be simple or complex, but form there must be and also rhythmic movement and melody in order to charm widely and lastingly the children of men. Moreover, when we pass beyond the nursery rhymes we find that again the people and the poets, the critics and the students of literature agree in liking what on the whole is best, and so it comes to pass that many of the most familiar quotations are from the best literature of all languages. We shall do well, therefore, in this connection to pay little heed to the popular fallacy that "Familiarity breeds contempt."

While this volume was in the press my attention was called to the doubts which had been thrown upon the authorship of the famous lines beginning "Sound, sound the clarion" which appear at the head of a chapter in "Old Mortality." I also learned that the question had been discussed at some length in the

London *Times* of a year ago. We know from Lockhart (vol. 5, ed. 1839, p. 145) that Scott was in the habit of writing mottos for his chapters himself and crediting them to "Old Play" or "Old Ballad." "Anonymous" was also another of his words for signing his own productions when he used them as a quotation. I cannot better state the case than by quoting from a letter written to my friend, the Honorable James M. Beck, who kindly permits me to use it, by Sir Edmund Gosse, who says:

> The line about "One crowded hour" was discussed very fully last summer in (not the *Spectator* but) the *Times Literary Supplement,* in successive numbers. It was shown that the quatrain occurs in a piece published by a very obscure writer (I forget his name) earlier than Scott's quotation appeared. The rest of the poem appeared to be beneath contempt. So far as I remember, the author was known to Scott, and it seemed to me probable, or at least possible, that Scott had thrown off the stanza and given it to the author. But I did not take much interest in the discussion and for me Scott remains the author of these four noble lines.

I am in thorough accord with all Sir Edmund Gosse says and also with Mr. Andrew Lang, who, in his "Lyrics and Ballads," not only credits Scott unquestionably with the lines, but says of them (on page 21): "These four lines contain the very essence of Scott's poetry." However they may have strayed into

the verses of some obscure and forgotten poet there is to my thinking no more doubt that they were written by Scott than that he was the author of "Marmion" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT[1]

A tower is fallen, a star is set! Alas! Alas! for Celin.

THE words of lamentation from the old Moorish ballad, which in boyhood we used to recite, must, I think, have risen to many lips when the world was told that Theodore Roosevelt was dead. But whatever the phrase the thought was instant and everywhere. Variously expressed, you heard it in the crowds about the bulletin boards, from the man in the street and the man on the railroads, from the farmer in the fields, the women in the shops, in the factories, and in the homes. The pulpit found in his life a text for sermons. The judge on the bench, the child at school, alike paused for a moment, conscious of a loss. The cry of sorrow came from men and women of all conditions, high and low, rich and poor, from the learned and the ignorant, from the multitude who had loved and followed him, and from those who had opposed and resisted him. The newspapers pushed aside the absorbing reports of the events of these fateful days and gave pages to the man who had died. Flashed beneath the ocean and through the air went the announcement of his death, and back came a world-wide response from courts

[1] An address delivered before the Congress of the United States, Sunday, February 9, 1919.

and cabinets, from press and people, in other and far-distant lands. Through it all ran a golden thread of personal feeling which gleams so rarely in the somber formalism of public grief. Everywhere the people felt in their hearts that:

> A power was passing from the Earth
> To breathless Nature's dark abyss.

It would seem that here was a man, a private citizen, conspicuous by no office, with no glitter of power about him, no ability to reward or punish, gone from the earthly life, who must have been unusual even among the leaders of men, and who thus demands our serious consideration.

This is a thought to be borne in mind to-day. We meet to render honor to the dead, to the great American whom we mourn. But there is something more to be done. We must remember that when History, with steady hand and calm eyes, free from the passions of the past, comes to make up the final account, she will call as her principal witnesses the contemporaries of the man or the event awaiting her verdict. Here and elsewhere the men and women who knew Theodore Roosevelt or who belong to his period will give public utterance to their emotions and to their judgments in regard to him. This will be part of the record to which the historian will turn when our living present has become the past, of which it is his duty to write. Thus is there a responsibility placed upon each one of us who will clearly realize that here, too, is a duty to pos-

terity, whom we would fain guide to the truth as we see it, and to whose hands we commit our share in the history of our beloved country—that history so much of which was made under his leadership.

We can not approach Theodore Roosevelt along the beaten paths of eulogy or satisfy ourselves with the empty civilities of commonplace funereal tributes, for he did not make his life journey over main-traveled roads, nor was he ever commonplace. Cold and pompous formalities would be unsuited to him who was devoid of affectation, who was never self-conscious, and to whom posturing to draw the public gaze seemed not only repellent but vulgar. He had that entire simplicity of manners and modes of life which is the crowning result of the highest culture and the finest nature. Like Cromwell, he would always have said: "Paint me as I am." In that spirit, in his spirit of devotion to truth's simplicity, I shall try to speak of him to-day in the presence of the representatives of the great Government of which he was for seven years the head.

The rise of any man from humble or still more from sordid beginnings to the heights of success always and naturally appeals strongly to the imagination. It furnishes a vivid contrast which is as much admired as it is readily understood. It still retains the wonder which such success awakened in the days of hereditary lawgivers and high privileges of birth. Birth and fortune, however, mean much less now than two centuries ago. To climb from the place of a printer's boy

to the highest rank in science, politics, and diplomacy would be far easier to-day than in the eighteenth century, given a genius like Franklin to do it. Moreover the real marvel is in the soaring achievement itself, no matter what the origin of the man who comes by "the people's unbought grace to rule his native land" and who on descending from the official pinnacle still leads and influences thousands upon thousands of his fellow men.

Theodore Roosevelt had the good fortune to be born of a well-known, long-established family, with every facility for education and with an atmosphere of patriotism and disinterested service both to country and humanity all about him. In his father he had before him an example of lofty public spirit, from which it would have been difficult to depart. But if the work of his ancestors relieved him from the hard struggle which meets an unaided man at the outset, he also lacked the spur of necessity to prick the sides of his intent, in itself no small loss. As a balance to the opportunity which was his without labor, he had not only the later difficulties which come to him to whom fate has been kind at the start; he had also spread before him the temptations inseparable from such inherited advantages as fell to his lot—temptations to a life of sports and pleasure, to lettered ease, to an amateur's career in one of the fine arts, perhaps to a money-making business, likewise an inheritance, none of them easily to be set aside in obedience to the stern

rule that the larger and more facile the opportunity the greater and more insistent the responsibility. How he refused to tread the pleasant paths that opened to him on all sides and took the instant way which led over the rough road of toil and action his life discloses.

At the beginning, moreover, he had physical difficulties not lightly to be overcome. He was a delicate child, suffering acutely from attacks of asthma. He was not a strong boy, was retiring, fond of books, and with an intense but solitary devotion to natural history. As his health gradually improved he became possessed by the belief, although he perhaps did not then formulate it, that in the fields of active life a man could do that which he willed to do; and this faith was with him to the end. It became very evident when he went to Harvard. He made himself an athlete by sheer hard work. Hampered by extreme near-sightedness, he became none the less a formidable boxer and an excellent shot. He stood high in scholarship, but as he worked hard, so he played hard, and was popular in the university and beloved by his friends. For a shy and delicate boy all this meant solid achievement, as well as unusual determination and force of will. Apparently he took early to heart and carried out to fulfilment the noble lines of Clough's Dipsychus:

> In light things
> Prove thou the arms thou long'st to glorify,
> Nor fear to work up from the lowest ranks

Whence come great Nature's Captains. And high deeds
Haunt not the fringy edges of the fight,
But the pell-mell of men.

When a young man comes out of college he descends suddenly from the highest place in a little world to a very obscure corner in a great one. It is something of a shock, and there is apt to be a chill in the air. Unless the young man's life has been planned beforehand and a place provided for him by others, which is exceptional, or unless he is fortunate in a strong and dominating purpose or talent which drives him to science or art or some particular profession, he finds himself at this period pausing and wondering where he can get a grip upon the vast and confused world into which he has been plunged.

It is a trying and only too frequently a disheartening experience, this looking for a career, this effort to find employment in a huge and hurrying crowd which appears to have no use for the newcomer. Roosevelt, thus cast forth on his own resources—his father, so beloved by him, having died two years before—fell to work at once, turning to the study of the law, which he did not like, and to the completion of a history of the War of 1812 which he had begun while still in college. With few exceptions, young beginners in the difficult art of writing are either too exuberant or too dry. Roosevelt said that his book was as dry as an encyclopedia, thus erring in precisely the direction one would not have expected. The book, be it said, was by no

means so dry as he thought it, and it had some other admirable qualities. It was clear and thorough, and the battles by sea and land, especially the former, which involved the armaments and crews, the size and speed of the ships engaged in the famous frigate and sloop actions, of which we won eleven out of thirteen, were given with a minute accuracy never before attempted in the accounts of this war, and which made the book an authority, a position it holds to this day.

This was a good deal of sound work for a boy's first year out of college. But it did not content Roosevelt. Inherited influences and inborn desires made him earnest and eager to render some public service. In pursuit of this aspiration he joined the Twenty-first Assembly District Republican Association of the city of New York, for by such machinery all politics were carried on in those days. It was not an association composed of his normal friends; in fact, the members were not only eminently practical persons but they were inclined to be rough in their methods. They were not dreamers, nor were they laboring under many illusions. Roosevelt went among them a complete stranger. He differed from them with entire frankness, concealed nothing, and by his strong and simple democratic ways, his intense Americanism, and the magical personal attraction which went with him to the end, made some devoted friends. One of the younger leaders, "Joe" Murray, believed in him, became especially attached to him, and so continued until death separated them. Through Murray's efforts he was

elected to the New York Assembly in 1881, and thus only one year after leaving college his public career began. He was just twenty-three.

Very few men make an effective State reputation in their first year in the lower branch of the State legislature. I never happened to hear of one who made a national reputation in such a body. Roosevelt did both. When he left the assembly after three years' service he was a national figure, well known, and of real importance, and also a delegate at large from the great State of New York to the Republican national convention of 1884, where he played a leading part. Energy, ability, and the most entire courage were the secret of his extraordinary success. It was a time of flagrant corporate influence in the New York Legislature, of the "Black Horse Cavalry," of a group of members who made money by sustaining corporation measures or by levying on corporations and capital through the familiar artifice of "strike bills." Roosevelt attacked them all openly and aggressively and never silently or quietly. He fought for the impeachment of a judge solely because he believed the judge corrupt, which surprised some of his political associates of both parties, there being, as one practical thinker observed, "no politics in politics." He failed to secure the impeachment, but the fight did not fail, nor did the people forget it; and despite—perhaps because of—the enemies he made, he was twice re-elected. He became at the same time a distinct, well-defined figure to the American people. He had touched

the popular imagination. In this way he performed the unexampled feat of leaving the New York Assembly, which he had entered three years before an unknown boy, with a national reputation and with his name at least known throughout the United States. He was twenty-six years old.

When he left Chicago at the close of the national convention in June, 1884, he did not return to New York, but went West to the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri Valley, where he had purchased a ranch in the previous year. The early love of natural history which never abated had developed into a passion for hunting and for life in the open. He had begun in the wilds of Maine and then turned to the West and to a cattle ranch to gratify both tastes. The life appealed to him and he came to love it. He herded and rounded up his cattle, he worked as a cow-puncher, only rather harder than any of them, and in the intervals he hunted and shot big game. He also came in contact with men of a new type, rough, sometimes dangerous, but always vigorous and often picturesque. With them he had the same success as with the practical politicians of the Twenty-first Assembly District, although they were widely different specimens of mankind. But all alike were human at bottom and so was Roosevelt. He argued with them, rode with them, camped with them, played and joked with them, but was always master of his outfit. They respected him and also liked him, because he was at all times simple, straightforward, outspoken, and sincere. He became

a popular and well-known figure in that western country and was regarded as a good fellow, a "white man," entirely fearless, thoroughly good-natured and kind, never quarrelsome, and never safe to trifle with, bully, or threaten. The life and experiences of that time found their way into a book, "The Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," interesting in description and adventure and also showing a marked literary quality.

In 1886 he ran as Republican candidate for mayor of New York and might have been elected had his own party stood by him. But many excellent men of Republican faith—the "timid good," as he called them —panic-stricken by the formidable candidacy of Henry George, flocked to the support of Mr. Abram Hewitt, the Democratic candidate, as the man most certain to defeat the menacing champion of single taxation. Roosevelt was beaten, but his campaign, which was entirely his own and the precursor of many others, his speeches with their striking quality then visible to the country for the first time, all combined to fix the attention of the people upon the losing candidate. Roosevelt was the one of the candidates who was most interesting, and again he had touched the imagination of the people and cut a little deeper into the popular consciousness and memory.

Two years more of private life, devoted to his home, where his greatest happiness was always found, to his ranch, to reading and writing books, and then came an active part in the campaign of 1888, resulting in the election of President Harrison, who made him

civil-service commissioner in the spring of 1889. He was in his thirty-first year. Civil-service reform as a practical question was then in its initial stages. The law establishing it, limited in extent and forced through by a few leaders of both parties in the Senate, was only six years old. The promoters of the reform, strong in quality, but weak in numbers, had compelled a reluctant acceptance of the law by exercising a balance-of-power vote in certain States and districts. It had few earnest supporters in Congress, some lukewarm friends, and many strong opponents. All the active politicians were practically against it. Mr. Conkling had said that when Dr. Johnson told Boswell "that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel" he was ignorant of the possibilities of the word "reform," and this witticism met with a large response.

Civil-service reform, meaning the establishment of a classified service and the removal of routine administrative offices from politics, had not reached the masses of the people at all. The average voter knew and cared nothing about it. When six years later Roosevelt resigned from the commission the great body of the people knew well what civil-service reform meant, large bodies of voters cared a great deal about it, and it was established and spreading its control. We have had many excellent men who have done good work in the Civil Service Commission, although that work is neither adventurous nor exciting and rarely attracts public attention, but no one has ever forgotten that

Theodore Roosevelt was once civil-service commissioner.

He found the law struggling for existence, laughed at, sneered at, surrounded by enemies in Congress, and with but few fighting friends. He threw himself into the fray. Congress investigated the commission about once a year, which was exactly what Roosevelt desired. Annually, too, the opponents of the reform would try to defeat the appropriation for the commission, and this again was playing into Roosevelt's hands, for it led to debates, and the newspapers as a rule sustained the reform. Senator Gorman mourned in the Senate over the cruel fate of a "bright young man" who was unable to tell on examination the distance of Baltimore from China, and thus was deprived of his inalienable right to serve his country in the post office. Roosevelt proved that no such question had ever been asked and requested the name of the "bright young man." The name was not forthcoming, and the victim of a question never asked goes down nameless to posterity in the *Congressional Record* as merely a "bright young man." Then General Grosvenor, a leading Republican of the House, denounced the commissioner for crediting his district with an appointee named Rufus Putnam who was not a resident of the district, and Roosevelt produced a letter from the general recommending Rufus Putnam as a resident of his district and a constituent. All this was unusual. Hitherto it had been a safe amusement to ridicule and jeer at civil-service reform, and here was a commissioner who dared

to reply vigorously to attacks, and even to prove Senators and Congressmen to be wrong in their facts. The amusement of baiting the Civil Service Commission seemed to be less inviting than before, and, worse still, the entertaining features seemed to have passed to the public, who enjoyed and approved the commissioner who disregarded etiquette and fought hard for the law he was appointed to enforce. The law suddenly took on new meaning and became clearly visible in the public mind, a great service to the cause of good government.

After six years' service in the Civil Service Commission Roosevelt left Washington to accept the position of president of the Board of Police Commissioners of the city of New York, which had been offered to him by Mayor Strong. It is speaking within bounds to say that the history of the police force of New York has been a checkered one in which the black squares have tended to predominate. The task which Roosevelt confronted was then, as always, difficult, and the machinery of four commissioners and a practically irremovable chief made action extremely slow and uncertain. Roosevelt set himself to expel politics and favoritism in appointments and promotions and to crush corruption everywhere. In some way he drove through the obstacles and effected great improvements, although permanent betterment was perhaps impossible. Good men were appointed and meritorious men promoted as never before, while the corrupt and dangerous officers were punished in a number of instances

sufficient, at least, to check and discourage evildoers. Discipline was improved, and the force became very loyal to the chief commissioner, because they learned to realize that he was fighting for right and justice without fear or favor. The results were also shown in the marked decrease of crime, which judges pointed out from the bench. Then, too, it was to be observed that a New York police commissioner suddenly attracted the attention of the country. The work which was being done by Roosevelt in New York, his midnight walks through the worst quarters of the great city, to see whether the guardians of the peace did their duty, which made the newspapers compare him to Haroun Al Raschid, all appealed to the popular imagination. A purely local office became national in his hands, and his picture appeared in the shops of European cities. There was something more than vigor and picturesqueness necessary to explain these phenomena. The truth is that Roosevelt was really laboring through a welter of details to carry out certain general principles which went to the very roots of society and government. He wished the municipal administration to be something far greater than a business man's administration, which was the demand that had triumphed at the polls. He wanted to make it an administration of the workingmen, of the dwellers in the tenements, of the poverty and suffering which haunted the back streets and hidden purlieus of the huge city. The people did not formulate these purposes as they watched what he was doing, but they felt them and understood

them by that instinct which is often so keen in vast bodies of men. The man who was toiling in the seeming obscurity of the New York police commission again became very distinct to his fellow countrymen and deepened their consciousness of his existence and their comprehension of his purposes and aspirations.

Striking as was the effect of this police work, it only lasted for two years. In 1897 he was offered by President McKinley, whom he had energetically supported in the preceding campaign, the position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He accepted at once, for the place and the work both appealed to him most strongly. The opportunity did not come without resistance. The President, an old friend, liked him and believed in him, but the Secretary of the Navy had doubts, and also fears that Roosevelt might be a disturbing and restless assistant. There were many politicians, too, especially in his own State, whom his activities as civil-service and police commissioner did not delight, and these men opposed him. But his friends were powerful and devoted, and the President appointed him.

His new place had to him a peculiar attraction. He loved the Navy. He had written its brilliant history in the War of 1812. He had done all in his power to stimulate public opinion in support of the "new Navy" we were just then beginning to build. That war was coming with Spain he had no doubt. We were unprepared, of course, even for such a war as this, but Roosevelt set himself to do what could be done. The

best and most farseeing officers rallied round him, yet the opportunities were limited. There was much in detail accomplished which can not be described here, but two acts of his which had very distinct effect upon the fortunes of the war must be noted. He saw very plainly—although most people never perceived it at all—that the Philippines would be a vital point in any war with Spain. For this reason it was highly important to have the right man in command of the Asiatic Squadron. Roosevelt was satisfied that Dewey was the right man, and that his competitor for the post was not. He set to work to secure the place for Dewey. Through the aid of the Senators from Dewey's native State and others, he succeeded. Dewey was ordered to the Asiatic Squadron. Our relations with Spain grew worse and worse. On February 25, 1898, war was drawing very near, and that Saturday afternoon Roosevelt happened to be Acting Secretary, and sent out the following cablegram:

Dewey—Hongkong.

Order the squadron, except the *Monocacy*, to Hongkong. Keep full of coal. In the event of declaration of war, Spain, your duty will be to see that the Spanish Squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in the Philippine Islands. Keep *Olympia* until further orders.

ROOSEVELT.

I believe he was never again permitted to be Acting Secretary. But the deed was done. The wise word of readiness had been spoken and was not recalled. War

came, and as April closed Dewey, all prepared, slipped out of Hongkong and on May 1st fought the battle of Manila Bay.

Roosevelt, however, did not continue long in the Navy Department. Many of his friends felt that he was doing such admirable work there that he ought to remain, but as soon as war was declared he determined to go, and his resolution was not to be shaken. Nothing could prevent his fighting for his country when the country was at war. Congress had authorized three volunteer regiments of Cavalry, and the President and the Secretary of War gave to Leonard Wood—then a surgeon in the Regular Army—as colonel, and to Theodore Roosevelt, as lieutenant colonel, authority to raise one of these regiments, known officially as the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, and to all the country as the "Rough Riders." The regiment was raised chiefly in the Southwest and West, where Roosevelt's popularity and reputation among the cowboys and the ranchmen brought many eager recruits to serve with him. After the regiment had been organized and equipped they had some difficulty in getting to Cuba, but Roosevelt as usual broke through all obstacles, and finally succeeded, with Colonel Wood, in getting away with two battalions, leaving one battalion and the horses behind.

The regiment got into action immediately on landing and forced its way, after some sharp fighting in the jungle, to the high ground on which were placed the fortifications which defended the approach to Santiago.

Colonel Wood was almost immediately given command of a brigade, and this left Roosevelt colonel of the regiment. In the battle which ensued and which resulted in the capture of the positions commanding Santiago and the bay, the Rough Riders took a leading part, storming one of the San Juan heights, which they christened Kettle Hill, with Roosevelt leading the men in person. It was a dashing, gallant assault, well led and thoroughly successful. Santiago fell after the defeat of the fleet, and then followed a period of sickness and suffering—the latter due to unreadiness—where Roosevelt did everything with his usual driving energy to save his men, whose loyalty to their colonel went with them through life. The war was soon over, but brief as it had been Roosevelt and his men had highly distinguished themselves, and he stood out in the popular imagination as one of the conspicuous figures of the conflict. He brought his regiment back to the United States, where they were mustered out, and almost immediately afterwards he was nominated by the Republicans as their candidate for governor of the State of New York. The situation in New York was unfavorable for the Republicans, and the younger men told Senator Platt, who dominated the organization and who had no desire for Roosevelt, that unless he was nominated they could not win. Thus forced, the organization accepted him, and it was well for the party that they did so. The campaign was a sharp one and very doubtful, but Roosevelt was elected by

a narrow margin and assumed office at the beginning of the new year of 1889. He was then in his forty-first year.

Many problems faced him and none were evaded. He was well aware that the "organization" under Senator Platt would not like many things he was sure to do, but he determined that he would have neither personal quarrels nor faction fights. He knew, being blessed with strong common sense, that the Republican Party, his own party, was the instrument by which alone he could attain his ends, and he did not intend that it should be blunted and made useless by internal strife. And yet he meant to have his own way. It was a difficult rôle which he undertook to play, but he succeeded. He had many differences with the organization managers, but he declined to lose his temper or to have a break, and he also refused to yield when he felt he was standing for the right and a principle was at stake. Thus he prevailed. He won on the canal question, changed the insurance commissioner, and carried the insurance legislation he desired. As in these cases, so it was in lesser things. In the police commission he had been strongly impressed by the dangers as he saw them of the undue and often sinister influence of business, finance, and great money interests upon government and politics. These feelings were deepened and broadened by his experience and observation on the larger stage of State administration. The belief that political equality must be strengthened and sustained by industrial equality and a larger economic

opportunity was constantly in his thoughts until it became a governing and guiding principle.

Meantime he grew steadily stronger among the people, not only of his own State but of the country, for he was well known throughout the West, and there they were watching eagerly to see how the ranchman and colonel of Rough Riders, who had touched both their hearts and their imagination, was faring as governor of New York. The office he held is always regarded as related to the Presidency, and this, joined to his striking success as governor, brought him into the presidential field wherever men speculated about the political future. It was universally agreed that McKinley was to be renominated, and so the talk turned to making Roosevelt Vice President. A friend wrote to him in the summer of 1899 as to this drift of opinion, then assuming serious proportions. "Do not attempt," he said, "to thwart the popular desire. You are not a man nor are your close friends men who can plan, arrange, and manage you into office. You must accept the popular wish, whatever it is, follow your star, and let the future care for itself. It is the tradition of our politics, and a very poor tradition, that the Vice Presidency is a shelf. It ought to be, and there is no reason why it should not be, a stepping-stone. Put there by the popular desire, it would be so to you." This view, quite naturally, did not commend itself to Governor Roosevelt at the moment. He was doing valuable work in New York; he was deeply engaged in important reforms which he had much at heart and

which he wished to carry through; and the Vice Presidency did not attract him. A year later he was at Philadelphia, a delegate at large from his State, with his mind unchanged as to the Vice Presidency, while his New York friends, anxious to have him continue his work at Albany, were urging him to refuse. Senator Platt, for obvious reasons, wished to make him Vice President, another obstacle to his taking it. Roosevelt forced the New York delegation to agree on some one else for Vice President, but he could not hold the convention, nor could Senator Hanna, who wisely accepted the situation. Governor Roosevelt was nominated on the first ballot, all other candidates withdrawing. He accepted the nomination, little as he liked it.

Thus when it came to the point he instinctively followed his star and grasped the unvacillating hand of destiny. Little did he think that destiny would lead him to the White House through a tragedy which cut him to the heart. He was on a mountain in the Adirondacks when a guide made his way to him across the forest with a telegram telling him that McKinley, the wise, the kind, the gentle, with nothing in his heart but good will to all men, was dying from a wound inflicted by an anarchist murderer, and that the Vice President must come to Buffalo at once. A rapid night drive through the woods and a special train brought him to Buffalo. McKinley was dead before he arrived, and that evening Governor Roosevelt was sworn in as President of the United States.

Within the narrow limits of an address it is impossible to give an account of an administration of seven years which will occupy hundreds of pages when the history of the United States during that period is written. It was a memorable administration, memorable in itself and not by the accident of events, and large in its accomplishment. It began with a surprise. There were persons in the United States who had carefully cultivated, and many people who had accepted without thought, the idea that Roosevelt was in some way a dangerous man. They gloomily predicted that there would be a violent change in the policies and in the officers of the McKinley administration. But Roosevelt had not studied the history of his country in vain. He knew that in three of the four cases where Vice Presidents had succeeded to the Presidency through the death of the elected President their coming had resulted in a violent shifting of policies and men, and, as a consequence, in most injurious dissensions, which in two cases at least proved fatal to the party in power. In all four instances the final obliteration of the Vice President who had come into power through the death of his chief was complete. President Roosevelt did not intend to permit any of these results. As soon as he came into office he announced that he intended to retain President McKinley's Cabinet and to carry out his policies, which had been sustained at the polls. To those overzealous friends who suggested that he could not trust the appointees of President McKinley and that he would

be but a pallid imitation of his predecessor he replied that he thought, in any event, the administration would be his, and that if new occasions required new policies he felt that he could meet them, and that no one would suspect him of being a pallid imitation of anybody. His decision, however, gratified and satisfied the country, and it was not apparent that Roosevelt was hampered in any way in carrying out his own policies by this wise refusal to make sudden and violent changes.

Those who were alarmed about what he might do had also suggested that with his combative propensities he was likely to involve the country in war. Yet there never has been an administration, as afterwards appeared, when we were more perfectly at peace with all the world, nor were our foreign relations ever in danger of producing hostilities. But this was not due in the least to the adoption of a timid or yielding foreign policy; on the contrary, it was owing to the firmness of the President in all foreign questions and the knowledge which other nations soon acquired that President Roosevelt was a man who never threatened unless he meant to carry out his threat, the result being that he was not obliged to threaten at all. One of his earliest successes was forcing the settlement of the Alaskan boundary question, which was the single open question with Great Britain that was really dangerous and contained within itself possibilities of war. The accomplishment of this settlement was followed later, while Mr. Root was Secretary of State, by the arrange-

ment of all our outstanding differences with Canada, and during Mr. Root's tenure of office over thirty treaties were made with different nations, including a number of practical and valuable treaties of arbitration. When Germany started to take advantage of the difficulties in Venezuela the affair culminated in the dispatch of Dewey and the fleet to the Caribbean, the withdrawal of England at once, and the agreement of Germany to the reference of all subjects of difference to arbitration. It was President Roosevelt whose good offices brought Russia and Japan together in a negotiation which closed the war between those two powers. It was Roosevelt's influence which contributed powerfully to settling the threatening controversy between Germany, France, and England in regard to Morocco, by the Algeciras conference. It was Roosevelt who sent the American fleet of battleships round the world, one of the most convincing peace movements over made on behalf of the United States. Thus it came about that this President, dreaded at the beginning on account of his combative spirit, received the Nobel prize in 1906 as the person who had contributed most to the peace of the world in the preceding years, and his contribution was the result of strength and knowledge and not of weakness.

At home he recommended to Congress legislation which was directed toward a larger control of the railroads and to removing the privileges and curbing the power of great business combinations obtained through rebates and preferential freight rates. This legislation

led to opposition in Congress and to much resistance by those affected. As we look back, this legislation, so much contested at the time, seems very moderate, but it was none the less momentous. President Roosevelt never believed in Government ownership, but he was thoroughly in favor of strong and effective Government supervision and regulation of what are now known generally as public utilities. He had a deep conviction that the political influence of financial and business interests and of great combinations of capital had become so powerful that the American people were beginning to distrust their own Government, than which there could be no greater peril to the Republic. By his measures and by his general attitude toward capital and labor both he sought to restore and maintain the confidence of the people in the Government they had themselves created.

In the Panama Canal he left the most enduring, as it was the most visible, monument of his administration. Much criticized at the moment for his action in regard to it, which time since then has justified and which history will praise, the great fact remains that the canal is there. He said himself that he made up his mind that it was his duty to establish the canal and have the debate about it afterwards, which seemed to him better than to begin with indefinite debate and have no canal at all. This is a view which posterity both at home and abroad will accept and approve.

These, passing over as we must in silence many other beneficent acts, are only a few of the most salient fea-

tures of his administration, stripped of all detail and all enlargement. Despite the conflicts which some of his domestic policies had produced not only with his political opponents but within the Republican ranks, he was overwhelmingly reelected in 1904, and when the seven years had closed the country gave a like majority to his chosen successor, taken from his own Cabinet. On the 4th of March, 1909, he returned to private life at the age of fifty, having been the youngest President known to our history.

During the brief vacations which he had been able to secure in the midst of the intense activities of his public life after the Spanish War he had turned for enjoyment to expeditions in pursuit of big game in the wildest and most unsettled regions of the country. Open-air life and all its accompaniments of riding and hunting were to him the one thing that brought him the most rest and relaxation. Now, having left the Presidency, he was able to give full scope to the love of adventure, which had been strong with him from boyhood. Soon after his retirement from office he went to Africa, accompanied by a scientific expedition sent out by the Smithsonian Institution. He landed in East Africa, made his way into the interior, and thence to the sources of the Nile, after a trip in every way successful, both in exploration and in pursuit of big game. He then came down the Nile through Egypt and thence to Europe, and no private citizen of the United States—probably no private man of any

country—was ever received in a manner comparable to that which met Roosevelt in every country in Europe which he visited. Everywhere it was the same—in Italy, in Germany, in France, in England. Every honor was paid to him that authority could devise, accompanied by every mark of affection and admiration which the people of those countries were able to show. He made few speeches while in Europe, but in those few he did not fail to give to the questions and thought of the time real and genuine contributions, set forth in plain language, always vigorous and often eloquent. He returned in the summer of 1910 to the United States and was greeted with a reception on his landing in New York quite equaling in interest and enthusiasm that which had been given to him in Europe.

For two years afterwards he devoted himself to writing, not only articles as contributing editor of the *Outlook,* but books of his own and addresses and speeches which he was constantly called upon to make. No man in private life probably ever had such an audience as he addressed, whether with tongue or pen, upon the questions of the day, with a constant refrain as to the qualities necessary to make men both good citizens and good Americans. In the spring of 1912 he decided to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, and a very heated struggle followed between himself and President Taft for delegations to the convention. The convention

when it assembled in Chicago was the stormiest ever known in our history. President Taft was renominated, most of the Roosevelt delegates refusing to vote, and a large body of Republicans thereupon formed a new party called the "Progressive" and nominated Mr. Roosevelt as their candidate. This division into two nearly equal parts of the Republican Party, which had elected Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft in succession by the largest majorities ever known, made the victory of the Democratic candidate absolutely certain. Colonel Roosevelt, however, stood second in the poll, receiving 4,119,507 votes, carrying six States and winning eighty-eight electoral votes. There never has been in political history, when all conditions are considered, such an exhibition of extraordinary personal strength. To have secured eighty-eight electoral votes when his own party was hopelessly divided, with no great historic party name and tradition behind him, with an organization which had to be hastily brought together in a few weeks, seems almost incredible, and in all his career there is no display of the strength of his hold upon the people equal to this.

In the following year he yielded again to the longing for adventure and exploration. Going to South America, he made his way up through Paraguay and western Brazil, and then across a trackless wilderness of jungle and down an unknown river into the Valley of the Amazon. It was a remarkable expedition and carried him through what is probably the most deadly climate in the world. He suffered severely from the

fever, the poison of which never left him and which finally shortened his life.

In the next year the great war began, and Colonel Roosevelt threw himself into it with all the energy of his nature. With Major Augustus Gardner he led the great fight for preparedness in a country utterly unprepared. He saw very plainly that in all human probability it would be impossible for us to keep out of the war. Therefore in season and out of season he demanded that we should make ready. He and Major Gardner, with the others who joined them, roused a widespread and powerful sentiment in the country, but there was no practical effect on the Army. The Navy was the single place where anything was really done, and that only in the bill of 1916, so that war finally came upon us as unready as Roosevelt had feared we should be. Yet the campaign he made was not in vain, for in addition to the question of preparation he spoke earnestly of other things, other burning questions, and he always spoke to an enormous body of listeners everywhere. He would have had us protest and take action at the very beginning, in 1914, when Belgium was invaded. He would have had us go to war when the murders of the *Lusitania* were perpetrated. He tried to stir the soul and rouse the spirit of the American people, and despite every obstacle he did awaken them, so that when the hour came, in April, 1917, a large proportion of the American people were even then ready in spirit and in hope. How telling his work had been was proved by the confession

of his country's enemies, for when he died the only discordant note, the only harsh words, came from the German press. Germany knew whose voice it was that more powerfully than any other had called Americans to the battle in behalf of freedom and civilization, where the advent of the armies of the United States gave victory to the cause of justice and righteousness.

When the United States went to war Colonel Roosevelt's one desire was to be allowed to go to the fighting line. There if fate had laid its hand upon him it would have found him glad to fall in the trenches or in a charge at the head of his men, but it was not permitted to him to go, and thus he was denied the reward which he would have ranked above all others, "the great prize of death in battle." But he was a patriot in every fiber of his being, and personal disappointment in no manner slackened or cooled his zeal. Everything that he could do to forward the war, to quicken preparation, to stimulate patriotism, to urge on efficient action, was done. Day and night, in season and out of season, he never ceased his labors. Although prevented from going to France himself, he gave to the great conflict that which was far dearer to him than his own life. I can not say that he sent his four sons, because they all went at once, as every one knew that their father's sons would go. Two were badly wounded; one was killed. He met the blow with the most splendid and unflinching courage, met

it as Siward, the Earl of Northumberland, receives in the play the news of his son's death:

Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Among the great tragedies of Shakespeare, and there are none greater in all the literature of man, Macbeth was Colonel Roosevelt's favorite, and the moving words which I have just quoted I am sure were in his heart and on his lips when he faced with stern resolve and self-control the anguish brought to him by the death of his youngest boy, killed in the glory of a brave and brilliant youth.

He lived to see the right prevail; he lived to see civilization triumph over organized barbarism; and there was great joy in his heart. In all his last days the thoughts which filled his mind were to secure a peace which should render Germany forever harmless and advance the cause of ordered freedom in every land and among every race. This occupied him to the exclusion of everything else, except what he called and what we like to call Americanism. There was no hour down to the end when he would not turn aside from everything else to preach the doctrine of Americanism, of the principles and the faith upon which American government rested, and which all true Americans

should wear in their heart of hearts. He was a great patriot, a great man; above all, a great American. His country was the ruling, mastering passion of his life from the beginning even unto the end.

So closes the inadequate, most incomplete account of a life full of work done and crowded with achievement, brief in years and prematurely ended. The recitation of the offices which he held and of some of the deeds that he did is but a bare, imperfect catalogue into which history when we are gone will breathe a lasting life. Here to-day it is only a background, and that which most concerns us now is what the man was of whose deeds done it is possible to make such a list. What a man was is ever more important than what he did, because it is upon what he was that all his achievement depends and his value and meaning to his fellow men must finally rest.

Theodore Roosevelt always believed that character was of greater worth and moment than anything else. He possessed abilities of the first order, which he was disposed to underrate, because he set so much greater store upon the moral qualities which we bring together under the single word "character."

Let me speak first of his abilities. He had a powerful, well-trained, ever-active mind. He thought clearly, independently, and with originality and imagination. These priceless gifts were sustained by an extraordinary power of acquisition, joined to a greater quickness of apprehension, a greater swiftness in seizing upon the essence of a question, than I have ever hap-

pened to see in any other man. His reading began with natural history, then went to general history, and thence to the whole field of literature. He had a capacity for concentration which enabled him to read with remarkable rapidity anything which he took up, if only for a moment, and which separated him for the time being from everything going on about him. The subjects upon which he was well and widely informed would, if enumerated, fill a large space, and to this power of acquisition was united not only a tenacious but an extraordinarily accurate memory. It was never safe to contest with him on any question of fact or figures, whether they related to the ancient Assyrians or to the present-day conditions of the tribes of central Africa, to the Syracusan Expedition, as told by Thucydides, or to protective coloring in birds and animals. He knew and held details always at command, but he was not mastered by them. He never failed to see the forest on account of the trees or the city on account of the houses.

He made himself a writer, not only of occasional addresses and essays, but of books. He had the trained thoroughness of the historian, as he showed in his history of the War of 1812 and of the "Winning of the West," and nature had endowed him with that most enviable of gifts, the faculty of narrative and the art of the teller of tales. He knew how to weigh evidence in the historical scales and how to depict character. He learned to write with great ease and fluency. He was always vigorous, always energetic, always clear and

forcible in everything he wrote—nobody could ever misunderstand him—and when he allowed himself time and his feelings were deeply engaged he gave to the world many pages of beauty as well as power, not only in thought but in form and style. At the same time he made himself a public speaker, and here again, through a practise probably unequaled in amount, he became one of the most effective in all our history. In speaking, as in writing, he was always full of force and energy; he drove home his arguments and never was misunderstood. In many of his more carefully prepared addresses are to be found passages of impressive eloquence, touched with imagination and instinct with grace and feeling.

He had a large capacity for administration, clearness of vision, promptness in decision, and a thorough apprehension of what constituted efficient organization. All the vast and varied work which he accomplished could not have been done unless he had had most exceptional natural abilities, but behind them, most important of all, was the driving force of an intense energy and the ever-present belief that a man could do what he willed to do. As he made himself an athlete, a horseman, a good shot, a bold explorer, so he made himself an exceptionally successful writer and speaker. Only a most abnormal energy would have enabled him to enter and conquer in so many fields of intellectual achievement. But something more than energy and determination is needed for the largest success, especially in the world's high places. The first requisite of

leadership is ability to lead, and that ability Theodore Roosevelt possessed in full measure. Whether in a game or in the hunting field, in a fight or in politics, he sought the front, where, as Webster once remarked, there is always plenty of room for those who can get there. His instinct was always to say "come" rather than "go," and he had the talent of command.

His also was the rare gift of arresting attention sharply and suddenly, a very precious attribute, and one easier to illustrate than to describe. This arresting power is like a common experience, which we have all had on entering a picture gallery, of seeing at once and before all others a single picture among the many on the walls. For a moment you see nothing else, although you may be surrounded with masterpieces. In that particular picture lurks a strange, capturing, gripping fascination as impalpable as it is unmistakable. Roosevelt had this same arresting, fascinating quality. Whether in the legislature at Albany, the Civil Service Commission at Washington, or the police commission in New York, whether in the Spanish War or on the plains among the cowboys, he was always vivid, at times startling, never to be overlooked. Nor did this power stop here. He not only without effort or intention drew the eager attention of the people to himself, he could also engage and fix their thoughts upon anything which happened to interest him. It might be a man or a book, reformed spelling or some large historical question, his traveling library or the military preparation of the United States, he had but

to say, "See how interesting, how important, is this man or this event," and thousands, even millions, of people would reply, "We never thought of this before, but it certainly is one of the most interesting, most absorbing things in the world." He touched a subject and it suddenly began to glow as when the high-power electric current touches the metal and the white light starts forth and dazzles the onlooking eyes. We know the air played by the Pied Piper of Hamelin no better than we know why Theodore Roosevelt thus drew the interest of men after him. We only know they followed wherever his insatiable activity of mind invited them.

Men follow also most readily a leader who is always there before them, clearly visible and just where they expect him. They are especially eager to go forward with a man who never sounds a retreat. Roosevelt was always advancing, always struggling to make things better, to carry some much-needed reform, and help humanity to a larger chance, to a fairer condition, to a happier life. Moreover, he looked always for an ethical question. He was at his best when he was fighting the battle of right against wrong. He thought soundly and wisely upon questions of expediency or of political economy, but they did not rouse him or bring him the absorbed interest of the eternal conflict between good and evil. Yet he was never impractical, never blinded by counsels of perfection, never seeking to make the better the enemy of the good. He wished to get the best, but he would strive for all that was

possible even if it fell short of the highest at which he aimed. He studied the lessons of history, and did not think the past bad simply because it was the past, or the new good solely because it was new. He sought to try all questions on their intrinsic merits, and that was why he succeeded in advancing, in making government and society better, where others, who would be content with nothing less than an abstract perfection, failed. He would never compromise a principle, but he was eminently tolerant of honest differences of opinion. He never hesitated to give generous credit where credit seemed due, whether to friend or opponent, and in this way he gathered recruits and yet never lost adherents.

The criticism most commonly made upon Theodore Roosevelt was that he was impulsive and impetuous; that he acted without thinking. He would have been the last to claim infallibility. His head did not turn when fame came to him and choruses of admiration sounded in his ears, for he was neither vain nor credulous. He knew that he made mistakes, and never hesitated to admit them to be mistakes and to correct them or put them behind him when satisfied that they were such. But he wasted no time in mourning, explaining, or vainly regretting them. It is also true that the middle way did not attract him. He was apt to go far, both in praise and censure, although nobody could analyze qualities and balance them justly in judging men better than he. He felt strongly, and as he had no concealments of any kind, he expressed himself in

like manner. But vehemence is not violence, nor is earnestness anger, which a very wise man defined as a brief madness. It was all according to his nature, just as his eager cordiality in meeting men and women, his keen interest in other people's care or joys, was not assumed, as some persons thought who did not know him. It was all profoundly natural, it was all real, and in that way and in no other was he able to meet and greet his fellow men. He spoke out with the most unrestrained frankness at all times and in all companies. Not a day passed in the Presidency when he was not guilty of what the trained diplomatist would call indiscretions. But the frankness had its own reward. There never was a President whose confidence was so respected or with whom the barriers of honor which surround private conversation were more scrupulously observed. At the same time, when the public interest required, no man could be more wisely reticent. He was apt, it is true, to act suddenly and decisively, but it was a complete mistake to suppose that he therefore acted without thought or merely on a momentary impulse. When he had made up his mind he was resolute and unchanging, but he made up his mind only after much reflection, and there never was a President in the White House who consulted not only friends but political opponents and men of all kinds and conditions more than Theodore Roosevelt. When he had reached his conclusion he acted quickly and drove hard at his object, and this it was, probably, which gave an impression that he acted sometimes

hastily and thoughtlessly, which was a complete misapprehension of the man. His action was emphatic, but emphasis implies reflection not thoughtlessness. One can not even emphasize a word without a process, however slight, of mental differentiation.

The feeling that he was impetuous and impulsive was also due to the fact that in a sudden, seemingly unexpected crisis he would act with great rapidity. This happened when he had been for weeks, perhaps for months, considering what he should do if such a crisis arose. He always believed that one of the most important elements of success, whether in public or in private life, was to know what one meant to do under given circumstances. If he saw the possibility of perilous questions arising, it was his practise to think over carefully just how he would act under certain contingencies. Many of the contingencies never arose. Now and then a contingency became an actuality, and then he was ready. He knew what he meant to do, he acted at once, and some critics considered him impetuous, impulsive, and therefore dangerous, because they did not know that he had thought the question all out beforehand.

Very many people, powerful elements in the community, regarded him at one time as a dangerous radical, bent upon overthrowing all the safeguards of society and planning to tear out the foundations of an ordered liberty. As a matter of fact, what Theodore Roosevelt was trying to do was to strengthen American society and American Government by demonstrating to

the American people that he was aiming at a larger economic equality and a more generous industrial opportunity for all men, and that any combination of capital or of business, which threatened the control of the Government by the people who made it, was to be curbed and resisted, just as he would have resisted an enemy who tried to take possession of the city of Washington. He had no hostility to a man because he had been successful in business or because he had accumulated a fortune. If the man had been honestly successful and used his fortune wisely and beneficently, he was regarded by Theodore Roosevelt as a good citizen. The vulgar hatred of wealth found no place in his heart. He had but one standard, one test, and that was whether a man, rich or poor, was an honest man, a good citizen, and a good American. He tried men, whether they were men of "big business" or members of a labor union, by their deeds, and in no other way. The tyranny of anarchy and disorder, such as is now desolating Russia, was as hateful to him as any other tyranny, whether it came from an autocratic system like that of Germany or from the misuse of organized capital. Personally he believed in every man earning his own living, and he earned money and was glad to do so; but he had no desire or taste for making money, and he was entirely indifferent to it. The simplest of men in his own habits, the only thing he really would have liked to have done with ample wealth would have been to give freely to the many good objects which continually interested him.

Theodore Roosevelt's power, however, and the main source of all his achievement, was not in the offices which he held, for those offices were to him only opportunities, but in the extraordinary hold which he established and retained over great bodies of men. He had the largest personal following ever attained by any man in our history. I do not mean by this the following which comes from great political office or from party candidacy. There have been many men who have held the highest offices in our history by the votes of their fellow countrymen who have never had anything more than a very small personal following. By personal following is meant here that which supports and sustains and goes with a man simply because he is himself; a following which does not care whether their leader and chief is in office or out of office, which is with him and behind him because they, one and all, believe in him and love him and are ready to stand by him for the sole and simple reason that they have perfect faith that he will lead them where they wish and where they ought to go. This following Theodore Roosevelt had, as I have said, in a larger degree than any one in our history, and the fact that he had it and what he did with it for the welfare of his fellow men have given him his great place and his lasting fame.

This is not mere assertion; it was demonstrated, as I have already pointed out, by the vote of 1912, and at all times, from the day of his accession to the Presidency onward, there were millions of people in this country ready to follow Theodore Roosevelt and vote

for him, or do anything else that he wanted, whenever he demanded their support or raised his standard. It was this great mass of support among the people, and which probably was never larger than in these last years, that gave him his immense influence upon public opinion, and public opinion was the weapon which he used to carry out all the policies which he wished to bring to fulfilment and to consolidate all the achievements upon which he had set his heart. This extraordinary popular strength was not given to him solely because the people knew him to be honest and brave, because they were certain that physical fear was an emotion unknown to him, and that his moral courage equaled the physical. It was not merely because they thoroughly believed him to be sincere. All this knowledge and belief, of course, went to making his popular leadership secure; but there was much more in it than that, something that went deeper, basic elements which were not upon the surface which were due to qualities of temperament interwoven with his very being, inseparable from him and yet subtle rather than obvious in their effects.

All men admire courage, and that he possessed in the highest degree. But he had also something larger and rarer than courage, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. When an assassin shot him at Milwaukee he was severely wounded; how severely he could not tell, but it might well have been mortal. He went on to the great meeting awaiting him and there, bleeding, suffering, ignorant of his fate, but still uncon-

quered, made his speech and went from the stage to the hospital. What bore him up was the dauntless spirit which could rise victorious over pain and darkness and the unknown and meet the duty of the hour as if all were well. A spirit like this awakens in all men more than admiration, it kindles affection and appeals to every generous impulse.

Very different, but equally compelling, was another quality. There is nothing in human beings at once so sane and so sympathetic as a sense of humor. This great gift the good fairies conferred upon Theodore Roosevelt at his birth in unstinted measure. No man ever had a more abundant sense of humor—joyous, irrepressible humor—and it never deserted him. Even at the most serious and even perilous moments if there was a gleam of humor anywhere he saw it and rejoiced and helped himself with it over the rough places and in the dark hour. He loved fun, loved to joke and chaff, and, what is more uncommon, greatly enjoyed being chaffed himself. His ready smile and contagious laugh made countless friends and saved him from many an enmity. Even more generally effective than his humor, and yet allied to it, was the universal knowledge that Roosevelt had no secrets from the American people.

Yet another quality—perhaps the most engaging of all—was his homely, generous humanity which enabled him to speak directly to the primitive instincts of man.

He dwelt with the tribes of the marsh and moor,
  He sate at the board of kings;
He tasted the toil of the burdened slave
  And the joy that triumph brings.
But whether to jungle or palace hall
  Or white-walled tent he came,
He was brother to king and soldier and slave
  His welcome was the same.

He was very human and intensely American, and this knit a bond between him and the American people which nothing could ever break. And then he had yet one more attraction, not so impressive, perhaps, as the others, but none the less very important and very captivating. He never by any chance bored the American people. They might laugh at him or laugh with him, they might like what he said or dislike it, they might agree with him or disagree with him, but they were never wearied by him, and he never failed to interest them. He was never heavy, laborious, or dull. If he had made any effort to be always interesting and entertaining he would have failed and been tiresome. He was unfailingly attractive, because he was always perfectly natural and his own unconscious self. And so all these things combined to give him his hold upon the American people, not only upon their minds, but upon their hearts and their instincts, which nothing could ever weaken, and which made him one of the most remarkable, as he was one of the strongest, characters that the history of popular government can show. He was also—and this is very revealing and

explanatory, too, of his vast popularity—a man of ideals. He did not expose them daily on the roadside with language fluttering about them like the Thibetan who ties his slip of paper to the prayer wheel whirling in the wind. He kept his ideals to himself until the hour of fulfilment arrived. Some of them were the dreams of boyhood, from which he never departed, and which I have seen him carry out shyly and yet thoroughly and with intense personal satisfaction.

He had a touch of the knight errant in his daily life, although he would never have admitted it; but it was there. It was not visible in the medieval form of shining armor and dazzling tournaments, but in the never-ceasing effort to help the poor and the oppressed, to defend and protect women and children, to right the wronged and succor the downtrodden. Passing by on the other side was not a mode of travel through life ever possible to him; and yet he was as far distant from the professional philanthropist as could well be imagined, for all he tried to do to help his fellow men he regarded as part of the day's work to be done and not talked about. No man ever prized sentiment or hated sentimentality more than he. He preached unceasingly the familiar morals which lie at the bottom of both family and public life. The blood of some ancestral Scotch covenanter or of some Dutch reformed preacher facing the tyranny of Philip of Spain was in his veins, and with his large opportunities and his vast audiences he was always ready to appeal for justice and righteousness. But his own personal ideals he never

attempted to thrust upon the world until the day came when they were to be translated into realities of action.

When the future historian traces Theodore Roosevelt's extraordinary career he will find these embodied ideals planted like milestones along the road over which he marched. They never left him. His ideal of public service was to be found in his life, and as his life drew to its close he had to meet his ideal of sacrifice face to face. All his sons went from him to the war, and one was killed upon the field of honor. Of all the ideals that lift men up, the hardest to fulfil is the ideal of sacrifice. Theodore Roosevelt met it as he had all others and fulfilled it to the last jot of its terrible demands. His country asked the sacrifice and he gave it with solemn pride and uncomplaining lips.

This is not the place to speak of his private life, but within that sacred circle no man was ever more blessed in the utter devotion of a noble wife and the passionate love of his children. The absolute purity and beauty of his family life tell us why the pride and interest which his fellow countrymen felt in him were always touched with the warm light of love. In the home so dear to him, in his sleep, death came, and—

So Valiant-for-Truth passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

PROSPERO'S ISLAND[1]

DURING the last three centuries there has grown up an immense literature solely concerned with the play and the character of "Hamlet." It is not merely that this "Hamlet" literature makes of itself a respectable library; it has been stated by Professor Lounsbury, I think, that there is a larger literature devoted to "Hamlet" than to any other man, whether fictitious or historical, excepting of course the founders of religions. Brandes says that the literature of Hamlet is larger than that of some of the smaller nationalities of Europe, the Slovak for example. Before such evidence as this of the creative power of a great imagination one can only marvel silently and hold one's peace. And yet "Hamlet" is only one item in the vast Shakespearian literature. In varying degrees all the plays have gathered a literature about them, each one its own, ever growing larger as the years pass by. Among these plays other than "Hamlet" the "Tempest" is conspicuous in commentary and annotation. Mr. Furness, than whom there can be no higher authority, in his preface to the "Tempest" says that despite the unusual excellence of the text "there is scarcely one of

[1] Reprinted, by the kind permission of Professor Brander Mathews, from the *Dramatic Museum* of Columbia University, New York, 1919.

its five acts which does not contain a word or a phrase that has given rise to eager discussion; in one instance, the controversy assumes such extended proportions that in its presence even Juliet's 'runawaye's eyes may wink' and veil their lids in abashed inferiority." Mr. Furness then adds that "certain it is that with the exception of 'Hamlet' and 'Julius Cæsar' no play has been more liberally annotated than the 'Tempest.' "

I confess that I was surprised to find that "Julius Cæsar" came next to "Hamlet" in the amount of criticism, commentary and speculation which it had called forth. But it is entirely natural that notwithstanding its unusually excellent text the "Tempest" should be third on the list. For this there are abundant reasons. In the first place it is now generally accepted by those most competent to judge; indeed it may be said that it is now proved that the "Tempest" was Shakespeare's last play and in this final creation the genius of the master shone with undiminished luster. It also contains allusions, like Prospero's breaking his wand, which the lovers of Shakespeare have been pleased to fancy were related to the writer himself.

In the "Tempest," moreover, the unities, of which it was the fashion to say at one time that Shakespeare knew nothing, are observed with the most extreme care. More than once the time supposed to be occupied by the events upon the stage is pressed upon our attention so that we are compelled to realize that the action of the play occurs within limits of time but little

more extensive than that actually consumed in its representation. The unity of place is assured by the fact that the scene is on an island and is confined largely to the immediate neighborhood of Prospero's cell. The unity of action is obvious, for the story and the plot are simple and direct, unbroken by digression or underplots in a most remarkable degree. It seems as if we could hear Shakespeare saying "before I retire to silence I will show the world and the champions of the unities that although I have deliberately discarded the rules which Trissino and the French and Ben Jonson have developed far beyond Aristotle to whom they attribute them, I can write a play in which these same unities shall be better and more clearly observed than in any other drama known to us." This at all events is what he did.

Then there is Caliban, one of the strangest of conceptions, unlike any creation of character in the other plays, or, indeed, in all literature. In no respect supernatural, distinctly human and yet wholly unlike the humanity we know, the theories and explanations of Caliban are well-nigh as varied and as numerous as those pertaining to "Hamlet." The strong suggestion in the "monster's" character that here we find Shakespeare's intimation of the evolution of man and of the missing link is enough of itself to fascinate inquiry and breed unending speculation.

Then there is the question of the plot. All efforts to show where Shakespeare took or whence, in the language of the wise, he "conveyed" the plot of the "Tem-

pest" have failed. This is a cause of very great discontent. Deep hidden always in many hearts is the desire to bring down to the general average of the commonplace the man who has soared high above his fellows. It is frequently manifested in the popular preference for the amateur as against the expert. The amateur may be the veriest charlatan and liar imaginable, but without proof or reason he is to be believed and crowned while the prize is refused or grudgingly given to the man who has earned it by the toil and training of a lifetime. There are always voices to whisper or to cry out that the great inventor or the bold discoverer robbed the obscure failure, that the victorious commander owed everything to his chief of staff, that the great painter filched his art from his unknown student. The mass of mankind however are fortunately ready for hero worship and eager to follow the heroes. Not infrequently they are mistaken and deceived in their hero, but none the less it is well that they should have the capacity for devotion to an ideal. "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." It is far better to have the generous emotion even if it leads astray now and then than to be incapable of it. This longing among minds of a certain type, however, to lower greatness to the common level is especially marked in literature. In a little study of Le Sage, Sir Walter Scott says: "Le Sage's claim to originality, in this delightful work ['Gil Blas'] has been idly, I had almost said ungratefully, contested by those critics, who conceive they detect the plagiarist when-

ever they see a resemblance in the general subject of a work, to one which has been before treated by an inferior artist. It is a favorite theme of laborious dulness, to trace out such conicidences; because they appear to reduce genius of the highest order to the usual standard of humanity, and, of course, to bring the author nearer a level with his critics."

The results of this law, laid down by Scott, have naturally attained, in the case of Shakespeare, gigantic proportions. Every word he wrote has been scanned, every allusion, every sentiment, every thought has been harried and twisted in the hope of finding evidence of plagiarism not only in books which he doubtless read but in the darkest and most obscure corners and mazes of literature where he never could have wandered. The levelers could not see that, in regard to the plots of the plays, for example, except as a gratification of curiosity it was of no earthly consequence where Shakespeare found, or borrowed, or took, or stole them. The one thing which mattered was that after his sign manual had been imposed upon the plots no man since has dared to touch them and the Duke of Marlborough could truthfully say that the only history of England known to most English-speaking people was that written by William Shakespeare. In the case of the creator of "Hamlet" and "Falstaff," however, the hostility to all superiority common to minds of a certain cast has gone so far that a group of persons has arisen, small but vocal, which has undertaken wholly to deny his authorship and transfer it without one scintilla of his-

torical evidence to a great man of brilliant abilities who was as incapable of writing the plays as he was of being a true friend, an upright politician or an incorruptible judge. The miracle of Shakespeare's genius is so unbearable to certain natures that they find comfort in the Baconian theory because they can understand Bacon's ability, although far beyond their own, while they cannot comprehend the pure, inexplicable genius of Shakespeare. Others have sought to substitute Marlowe, others a multiple authorship, still others some member of the peerage who was known to be able to read, for that of Shakespeare. The object is not to aggrandize Bacon or Marlowe or the incorporated authors or the unknown member of the peerage, but to destroy Shakespeare. It is an odd manifestation of the power of envy, which passes under many names, but which lies deep-rooted in some human hearts. Apart from this the manifestation is only a ripple in the great current of Shakespearian fame and will, in due time, become, like Voltaire's criticism, a mere curiosity in the history and literature of the plays as they keep their course along the high road of time. Each successive century, each period comes and goes, brings its contribution toward a better understanding of the master, and also its theories and its lunacies. What is worthy of life lives, that which is worthless and born of envy and detraction or of mere fantasy perishes, but the creations of the mighty imagination pass on like the "imperial votaress in maiden meditation fancy free" to lift up and delight the world.

Like the plots and the text, like the phrases and the very words, the scenes of the plays have been swept up in the all-embracing dragnet of critical examination and inquiry, and among them all none perhaps has excited more interest and speculation than Prospero's Island. The learning on this subject is all gathered up by Mr. Furness in the note which begins on the first page of his Variorum edition of the "Tempest." There we are told that Hunter in his "Disquisition" (1839) elaborately argued that Lampedusa, lying south of Sicily and west of Malta, was Prospero's Island. Then came Theodor Elze, who agreed with Hunter that Shakespeare had a real island in mind but that it was not Lampedusa but Pantalaria in the same region, a little further to the north. In both cases much erudition and great ingenuity are expended to prove the case, but there is not the slightest real evidence to indicate that Shakespeare had heard of either island or that they had even attracted any attention in the Elizabethan period.

Malone wrote a long essay to show—and he had good evidence to support his theory—that the early accounts of the Bermudas and especially the shipwreck of Sir George Somers had much to do with Shakespeare's construction of the scene of the "Tempest" and with the storm which opens the play. This view was wholly reasonable and it was put forward with the moderation and sense of a sound critic and trained Shakespearian scholar. But others less informed were not content to stop with Malone at the suggestion that Shakespeare found material for his storm and his island in the

Bermuda voyages. Chalmers declares that the Bermudas were the scene of the "Tempest." So does Thomas Moore, who visited the Bermudas but obviously had not studied the play. So does Mrs. Jamieson, and so also in these later days does Mr. Kipling, all alike not sufficiently mindful that a thorough knowledge of the play is quite as important as an acquaintance with the Bermudas when one engages in the perilous task of identifying Prospero's Island. Swift says: "What they do in heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not do we are told expressly, that they neither marry nor are given in marriage." So we may say that we are ignorant of where on the face of the waters Prospero's Island may have been, but we know where it was not situated. It was not one of the Bermudas, for Ariel says (Act I, Scene 2):

> Safely in harbor
> Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
> Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
> *From* the still vex'd Bermööthes,—

Ariel would hardly have brought dew *from* the Bermudas *to* the Bermudas and we may take the passage as Shakespeare's distinct declaration that his readers were to understand that the island of the "Tempest" was not one of the Bermudas.

The famous allusion to the "still vex'd Bermööthes has, however, a very real importance in quite another way for it is one of the evidences of the date of the play. The Bermudas had long been known. In the

"Legatio Babylonica" of Peter Martyr, published in 1511, the island of "La Bermuda" is shown on a map and the name is apparently taken from a certain Juan de Bermudez, who discovered them on one of his earlier voyages. The first account of them is that of Gonzales Ferdinando de Oviedo in 1515. In 1527 the Portuguese had a plan for colonizing them which came to nothing. They appear on Sebastian Cabot's Mappa Mundi in 1544 with the description of "De Demonios," which clung to them for many years. In 1593 an English seaman, Henry May, was wrecked there and wrote an account of the islands for the benefit of his countrymen. The Bermudas did not, however, become vivid to Englishmen or arrest their attention until the shipwreck of Sir George Somers, who set out with nine vessels in 1609 to carry men and supplies and support in every form to the struggling colony of Jamestown in Virginia. It was an expedition of large size and much importance, destined to sustain England's first tottering foothold in the great new world of America and it attracted a corresponding amount of interest in that period of adventure by land and sea as well as in the realms of thought and imagination. The fleet encountered a severe storm. Sir George Somers, "Admirall," with Sir Thomas Gates, the Governor and Captain Newport, in their vessel the *Sea Venture,* were driven from their course and wrecked on the Bermudas. The rest of the fleet, some eight vessels in all, kept on to Virginia and were of much concern to American history but wholly beyond the ken of Prospero's Island. The

casting away of Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers on the Bermudas, whence they ultimately made their way to Virginia, attracted widespread attention in England and we have no less than four accounts of it. There is first Sir George Somers' own brief letter to the Earl of Salisbury of June 20, 1610; [1] second, a tract of twenty-eight pages published in 1610 entitled "A True Declaration of the Estate of the Colonies in Virginia"; [2] third, a tract published in 1610 entitled, "A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the 'Ile of Divels,' by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers and Captayne Newport, with divers others, set forth for the love of my country and also for the Good of the Plantation in Virginia by Sil Jourdan" [3] and finally, there appeared "A true reporie of the wrack and redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Knight; upon and from the Islands of the Bermudas; his Comming to Virginia, and the estate of that Colonie there, and after, under the government of the Lord La Warre July 15, 1610. Written by Wil. Strachy, Esq." [4] In the last three of these tracts there were abundant details and ample material for the storm with which the "Tempest" opens and for a description of the islands. There was no necessity whatever nor any reason to compel or induce Shakespeare on the eve of his retirement to seek out as Mr. Kipling suggests in the pit of the thea-

[1] Lefroy's "Discovery and Settlement of the Bermudas." Vol. 1, page 10.
[2] Force's "Historical Tracts." Vol. III, No. 1.
[3] Under another title this tract is given as No. III in Force's "Historical Tracts." Vol. III.
[4] "Purchas his Pilgrimes." MacLehose edition. Vol. XIX, page 5.

ter or elsewhere drunken sailors in order to extract from them information to aid him in making his play. He had all his accounts of shipwreck and of his island ready to his hand in the printed narratives of intelligent eye-witnesses. Still less was it needful that in order to create Stephano and Trinculo he should converse with and incite to drunkenness sailors who strayed into his theater. During his many years in London in the great period covering the Armada and the widest and wildest sea adventures, sailors combined with intoxication had probably not escaped an observation which it may be safely said was neither languid nor dull.

However this may be there is certainly no escape from a recognition of the strong family likeness between the storms pictured in the three tracts and that which with such complete vividness opens the "Tempest." In his admirable and most illuminating essay on the "English Voyages of the Sixteenth Century" [1] Sir Walter Raleigh says: "The tales of these adventurers, brought by word of mouth, or published in the 'Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels' a tract by Silvester Jourdan, one of Sir George Somer's company, gave the finest and subtlest wit in the world a theme for a play. The 'Tempest' is a fantasy of the New World. It is too full of the ether of poetry and too many-sided to be called a satire, yet Shakespeare, almost alone, saw the problem of Ameri-

[1] MacLehose edition of Hakluyt. Vol. XII.

can settlement in a detached light; and a spirit of humorous criticism runs riot in the lighter scenes. The drunken butler, accepting the worship and allegiance of Caliban and swearing him in by making him kiss the bottle, is a fair representative of the idle and dissolute men who were shipped to the Virginia Colony. The situation of Miranda was perhaps suggested by the story of Virginia Dare, granddaughter of Captain John White, the first child born in America of English parents. She was born in 1587 and christened along with Manteo, one of the Indians who had visited England with Captains Amadas and Barlow. That same year she was abandoned, along with the other colonists. In 1607 when the settlement was next renewed it was reported that there were still seven of the English alive among the Indians (four men, two boys and one maid). The strange girlhood of this one maid, if she were Virginia Dare, may well have set Shakespeare's fancy working. And the portrait of Caliban, with his affectionate loyalty to the drunkard, his adoration of valor, his love of natural beauty and feeling for music and poetry, his hatred and superstitious fear of his taskmaster, and the simple cunning and savagery of his attempts at revenge and escape—all this is a composition wrought from fragments of travelers' tales, and shows a wonderfully accurate and sympathetic understanding of uncivilized man."

It is a little surprising that Sir Walter Raleigh should have selected Jourdan's narrative alone as a source of Shakespeare's material, even though the title words

"Ile of Divels" suggests the cry of Ferdinand when he leaps overboard,

> Hell is empty,
> And all the devils are here.

Like the other two tracts it contains an excellent account of the storm, too long for quotation, and a good account of the island. But Strachy is more elaborate and contains one passage not found in the other narratives which comes much closer to the "Tempest" than anything to be found elsewhere. Strachy says: "During all this time, the heavens look'd so blacke upon us, that it was not possible the elevation of the Pole might be observed: nor a starre by night, not sunne beame by day was to be seene. Onely upon the Thursday night Sir George Sommers being upon the watch had an apparition of a little round light, like a faint starre, trembling, and streaming along with a sparkeling blaze, halfe the height upon the Maine Mast and shooting sometimes from shroud to shroud, tempting to settle as it were upon any foure shrouds; and for three or foure houres together, or rather more, halfe the night it kept with us; running sometimes along the Maine yard; to the very end, and then returning." Strachy goes on with much learning to explain the manifestation and says, "the Spaniards call it Saint Elmo, and have an authentique and miraculous Legend for it."

This is the way Shakespeare describes it:

> PROSPERO—Hast thou spirit,
> Performed to every point the tempest that I bade thee?
> ARIEL—To every article.

I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yes, his dread trident shake.

Conjecture is not strained if we conclude that Shakespeare must have read the narratives of the wreck of the *Sea Venture,* for taken in connection with the description of the storm, the appearance of Ariel as the St. Elmo's fire actually seems to put such a belief almost beyond the range of possible coincidence. We can readily admit also that there is much ground for Sir Walter Raleigh's opinion that "the 'Tempest' is a fantasy of the New World," a fitting close to the long series of plays which had found in the old world both their plots and their scenery.

As has been already pointed out, the connection of the "Tempest" with the shipwreck of Sir George Somers and hence, in the popular mind at least, with the Bermudas was fully shown by Malone, in an elaborate discussion of the subject more than a century ago. Malone's view as to the meteorological, marine and geographical sources of the "Tempest," if such unpoetical words may be permitted, was in fact generally accepted and unquestioned down to 1902. In that year

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in a short paper which he read before the American Antiquarian Society, suggested another model or original for the picture of Prospero's Island set before us in the "Tempest."

This new candidate for the honor of furnishing poetic material to Shakespeare is an island known by the singularly unmelodious name of Cuttyhunk, which lies off the southern coast of Massachusetts, one of a chain of islands at the mouth of Buzzards Bay. Both name and place seem incredibly remote from Shakespeare and sixteenth century London. When we find, however, that the group of islands which includes Cuttyhunk bears the name of Elizabeth and the little town existent upon it is called Gosnold we begin, as the children say, to get warm. Elizabeth requires no comment. Gosnold the town is named for Bartholomew Gosnold, an early explorer and navigator who came to the coast of New England in May, 1602, and finally lighted down on the island which still commemorates his existence. The adventurers liked the island and the captain planned to winter there with part of his company. They went so far indeed as to build a house, the cellar walls of which were still extant not many years ago. The men, however, became dissatisfied, those who had volunteered to stay lost heart, the plan of wintering on the island was given up and on the 18th of June they set sail and reached Exmouth on the 23d of July, a "bare five weeks," which was a voyage of extraordinary celerity for a small sailing vessel. There were three accounts of the voyage written and two of them were

published in 1602. The first document is a letter from Gosnold himself to his father; the second an account of the voyage by Gabriel Archer, and the third a "Brief and True relation of the Discovery of the North Part of Virginia," by John Brereton.[1] It will be observed at once that the storm, the St. Elmo's Fire and the date,[2] which connect the Somers' shipwreck so closely with the "Tempest," are all lacking in the Gosnold Voyage. But in the case of the latter there is a personal connection with Shakespeare which may be said to assure us of Shakespeare's knowledge of Gosnold and his island. Brereton's narration is addressed to Sir Walter Raleigh as the head of the movement to Virginia but the financial backer of Gosnold was the Earl of Southampton, for in his "History of Travails into Virginia," [3] Strachy says "He (Southampton) lardgley contributed to the furnishing out of a Shipp to be commanded by Captain Bartholomew Gosnold and Captain Bartholomew Gilbert"; this "shipp" was the *Concord* which made the voyage to the South Coast of New England in 1602. Southampton was Shakespeare's friend and in that period of intense interest in voyages and discoveries we may be sure that Shakespeare was especially familiar with those which were supported by his patron. The storm, as has been said, belongs wholly to Somers' shipwreck but when we come to the island and its natu-

[1] All these may be conveniently found in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Vol. VIII, Third Series, page 68 and ff.

[2] Dr. Hale assigns the "Tempest" to 1603, which is untenable and of course an error.

[3] Printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1849, page 153.

ral productions, the case is quite different. The vegetable and animal life which we find mentioned in allusions by the personages of the "Tempest" agree with those described by Gosnold and not with those of the Bermudas.

The following table gives, I believe, a list of the birds and animals and vegetable life alluded to in the "Tempest":

Act I—Scene 2—
Sycorax confined Ariel in "a cloven pine"
Prospero: "will rend an oak"
Caliban: "Water with Berries in't"
"The fresh springs, brine pits"
Ariel: "Yellow sands"
Prospero: "The fresh brook muscles, withered roots and husks where the acorn cradled"

Act II—Scene 1—
Gonzalo: "How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!"

Act II—Scene 2—
Springs, Berries
Caliban: "Where crabs grow"
Hedgehogs
Pignuts
Adders
Jay's nest
Marmoset
Filberts
"Young scamels from the rocks"

Act III—Scene 2—
Ferdinand: "Some thousands of these logs" (Logs constantly referred to for burning)

Caliban: "I'll not show him where the quick freshes are" (Springs again)

Act IV—Scene 1—

Iris: "Here on this grass plot"

Ceres: "This short-grass'd green"

Act V—Scene 1—

Prospero: "Jove's stout oak"

The Pine and Cedar

By analyzing this list we reach very easily a comparison between the sources of 1602 and those of 1610.

The famous "yellow sands" of Ariel's song tell us nothing, for they exist both in the Bermudas and the Elizabeth Islands. They are well known in the former and nothing can be more brilliant than the sand dunes of Cape Cod and the adjacent islands, glittering beneath the noontide sun, which greeted Gosnold and his companions as they greet our eyes to-day unchanging and unchanged. "Young scamels" have given birth to many pages of discussion, all fruitless. No one knows what is referred to and the Oxford Dictionary declares the meaning of "scamel" to be uncertain. The "jay" although of wide range is a bird characteristic of New England. The "Marmoset" ("Marmazet," as the folio has it) is found solely in tropical America, is not an inhabitant of either group of islands and probably appears in the play because Shakespeare happened to think of the word and liked it. "Hedgehogs and adders" are English and although common to New England yield no clear indication of place. "Pignuts," or ground-nuts, are mentioned specifically by Gosnold.

So also are fruit and hazelnut trees, which cover "Crabs," or apples, a Northern fruit, and "filberts" of the hazel family.

It is when we come to the larger features of the natural growths of the islands that the resemblance with the descriptions of Cuttyhunk in 1602 grow most striking. "Logs" are referred to repeatedly in the "Tempest," and the principal occupation of Gosnold's men was cutting sassafras logs, which formed the chief part of their cargo when they returned. The oak and pine are mentioned more than once, as the table shows. Both are distinctly Northern trees, not indigenous to the Bermudas. But Brereton says: "This island is full of high timbered oaks their leaves thrice so broad as ours; cedars, straight & tall; beech, elm, holly &c." Cedars are mentioned in the play and in the accounts of both groups of islands but the cedar has many varieties and flourishes in a wide range of climate. The principal trees of the Bermudas are cedars and palmettos. In all the narratives of 1610 the palmetto figures very largely, and if the Bermudas had been in Shakespeare's mind when describing Prospero's Island it is difficult to understand how he could have omitted the palmetto which was the strongest bit of local color at his disposal.

There are two features of the landscape which Shakespeare makes conspicuous to us in Prospero's Island, the grass and the springs, Caliban's "quick freshes." Gonzalo says, "How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!" In Act IV, in the Masque, Iris

says, "Here on this grass plot"—and Ceres, "This short-grass'd green." If we turn now to the narratives which Shakespeare read we find that Strachy in his description of the Bermudas says the soil "is dark, old, dry and incapable of any of our commodities & fruits." He also says that there are "no rivers or running springs of fresh water to be found in any of them" (the Bermudas). Turn now to Brereton: "Also many springs of excellent sweet water and a great standing lake of fresh water near the sea-side, which is maintained with the springs running exceedingly pleasantly through the woody grounds which are very rocky,"—very like the swamps and standing pools into which Ariel led Sebastian and Trinculo. Again Brereton refers to "many plain places of grass" and "to meadows very large and full of green grass," and he also mentions the successful planting of English seeds. All this is in direct contrast with the dry, semitropical character of the Bermudas and in entire harmony with Prospero's Island. All the Somers' narratives emphasize the enormous number of wild hogs found in the Bermudas upon which the shipwrecked company chiefly lived. There is no mention of a hog in the "Tempest."

Remembering then that all Shakespeare's information about these various islands must have come from the contemporary tracts, it is clear that in general character of soil, climate and production Prospero's Island corresponds with Gosnold's island much better than with the Bermudas, which were so attracting public attention at the time of the composition of the

"Tempest." It may be fairly said that while it is certain that the natural productions of Prospero's Island distinctly are not consonant with any description or even possibility of the Bermudas, they might well be merely English trees and grass and flowers given to the scene of the "Tempest" because Shakespeare liked to have it so adorned. Yet as he evidently had the New World in his mind and was using the narratives of adventurers for material, the coincidence of the attributes of the island of Prospero with those mentioned by Gosnold, in whom Shakespeare had a peculiar tie owing to his connection with the Earl of Southampton, is too marked to be overlooked. The flowers, grass, trees and springs alluded to in the "Tempest" are in the main English in character, but they cover very well, very exactly even, the chief elements of Archer's and Brereton's narratives. It is not therefore going very far to suppose or to infer that while Shakespeare found his material for the storm, the wreck and the St. Elmo's fire in Strachy and Jourdan, he reverted to Brereton and Gosnold, the friends of his patron Southampton, for suggestions as to the island itself because better suited to the scene and the purposes he had in mind.

The inquiries and the theories of Malone and of Dr. Hale possess the unfailing interest which attaches to any probable or possible discovery of the sources from which Shakespeare drew the material which under his magic touch was converted into poetry, into imaginings which would forever delight the world. Wherever he may have passed the obscure and the lost come back

to the light. Unremembered men live again and dusty pamphlets telling of forgotten deeds assume a vivid interest merely because his eyes may perhaps have rested upon them. We must admit that it is after all merely speculation and guesswork but possessed none the less of an unfailing fascination. Search and reason and conjecture as we will, however, the mystery of genius is still unexplained and fortunately must always remain so. Yet I am personally quite sure that I know well where Prospero's Island was, where it is indeed at this moment. It lies off the seacoast of Bohemia, not far from Illyria where Viola met Malvolio and Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek and where Feste is still singing in the moonlit garden: the Athens known to Oberon and Titania is within easy reach and hard by is the Forest of Arden. It is part of that beautiful land where we can escape from the cares that infest the day, where sorrows for an hour cease to weigh us down, where we forget ourselves, where we can sit by Miranda and with hearts full of gratitude to the greatest and most beneficent of geniuses can join with her in crying out:

O brave new world that has such people in't.

AFTER THE VICTORY [1]

With the simple ceremonies hallowed by time and custom we close to-day our college year. Very different this one, be it always remembered, from other years which in slow procession have passed by here for nearly three centuries. It has been the year of a great victory over the forces of tyranny and organized barbarism strong in perfected and worshiped materialism and in the evil power of science misapplied. To those sons of the University who went forth to win this victory and turn the wavering scale of battle we would fain do honor on this commencement day.

First we salute the Dead. To them the right of the line; to them the place of honor. To them we repeat Mrs. Wharton's noble lines:

> O silent and secretly moving throng,
> In your fifty thousand strong,
> Coming at dusk when the wreaths have dropt,
> And streets are empty and music stopt,
> Silently coming to hearts that wait
> Dumb in the door and dumb at the gate,
> And hear your step and fly to your call—
> Every one of you won the war,
> But you, you Dead most of all!

[1] Address at Harvard Commencement, June 19, 1919.

To you in the fulness of time we shall raise here within the precincts of the college you loved a fitting monument. It will record your names and no others for the glory of sacrificed youth is yours and the high test is not that you fell in battle but that you died on the field, in the trench, in the hospital, for a great and righteous cause at your country's call and for your country's sake.

Next we greet and welcome those who return and try in imperfect fashion to express to the world our pride in them, our gratitude to them, and our deep thankfulness that they have come back to us laureled with service rendered and with victory achieved.

Deeply grateful are we also to those who, not permitted by age or disability to serve in the field or on the ships, have given all in their power by labor of every kind, and by untiring generosity, to help our country win the war. From the great leader so recently lost,[1] whose clear, commanding tones roused the people to fight for the right as could no other voice, down to the humblest student or graduate who gave his best, we offer praise and honor and grateful remembrance. Last for the University herself we have in our heart of hearts a more ardent love and deeper pride than ever before. Under the leadership of its President, unresting, devoted, as able as it was energetic, Harvard has played again a great part in a great period, one in all ways worthy of her storied past. That which is true of Harvard is true of all our colleges and universities

[1] Theodore Roosevelt, H. U., 1880.

with hardly an exception. There is no body of men in our great American community which offered sacrifice and service in larger measure or in greater proportionate numbers than those who sought or had obtained a place in the goodly fellowship of scholars and of educated men, a fact full of auspicious omen to the country's future. Yet were they after all but a small part of the mighty force which took up arms and to all that great army alike belongs the future. It is theirs to mold and guide. In that future a great responsibility falls upon them all, rich and poor, educated and untaught, for all were alike in service and sacrifice. Those who gave of their best to help win the war and above all those who went overseas and fought will be the dominant influence in the years to come. They who have offered youth and life to save human freedom lay down their arms only to take up the unescapable burden of responsibility for the country they have defended and the civilization they have fought to preserve. Theirs is the leadership, theirs the duty to the younger generations which will follow them because it is they who have done most for the country in the dark hour. That they will fulfil their great obligation I have no doubt. In what ways they shall fulfil it it is not for those who are passing from the stage of life to say. All we can do is to bid them godspeed and tell them what little we have learned in the hope that in our experience they may find some light and help as they move along the unknown and untrodden paths which lie before them.

I know that this is venturing on dangerous ground, that to suggest that we can learn from the past is just now to expose oneself not merely to derision but to a shower of names of which "reactionary" is one of the mildest. Yet such are my limitations that I can learn nothing from a future which is non-existent. I have been thrilled many times by a well-told ghost story. But the ghost has always been that of some one who had lived and died. The ghost of a future child as yet unbegotten, unconceived and unborn, except as a vision of what the present generates, seems to present difficulties and is not as a rule calculated to make any one shiver. There remains the past then as a teacher for there is, strictly speaking, no present. As I utter these words the fast flitting moment has dropped into the abyss of time and is as far beyond recall as the days of Egypt's predynastic kings. Whether you seek your lesson from your own experience or from the recorded history of mankind you are still turning to the past. I see no way to avoid it when we are planning for the future, which we hope to make better than what has gone before.

> "For at my back I always hear
> Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
> And yonder all before us lie
> Deserts of vast eternity."

A few days since I read a letter written 4000 years ago in Babylon by which it appeared that they had then a system of profit-sharing. You can find it in Number

92 of the Yale collection of translated clay tablets. I have strong hopes that in profit-sharing we have a beneficent solution of some at least of the gravest social and economic problems which confront and perplex us. Such, however, is my weakness and my curiosity that I admit that I should like to know how the system worked in Babylon for it might throw some light on what to cherish and what to avoid. I mention this, since confession is good for the soul, merely to say that what troubles me most about the books and articles and speeches by our most advanced thinkers setting forth new panaceas and corrective systems for all the evils to which flesh is heir, is that they are generally so very old, a fact apparently disregarded by their authors, who quite properly despise a past which only rises up to be troublesome. I am such a heretic in regard to what is said to be our best modern thought that I think we can learn much from the art and literature of Greece and Rome; something of great moral systems from the Old Testament, from the thoughts of Buddha, from the teachings of Confucius and from the Greek philosophers. I even believe that there is much good and much wisdom to be found in Aristotle and Plato and in all the great writers upon government as well as from the statesmen who put theories into practise from the days of Pericles to those of Washington and Lincoln. But I have no intention of entering upon those dim and dusty corridors of days long dead. I merely wish to suggest to the men who fought this war and to their contemporaries, in whose hands the future

lies, what seems to me would be a wise course in dealing with that future.

Let me illustrate my meaning by reminding you of a story which is only a fairy tale but which has for its plot the improvement of the life and conduct of one very evil old man. It was written by Charles Dickens, antiquated I know as a novelist. He had the misfortune to be a great romancer and also what is generally overlooked a great realist. He possessed nothing more than a marvelous imagination, a boundless humor and an almost Shakespearian power of creating characters, men and women and children. He introduced us to a world of people whom we came to know much better than the living, who were all about us and who had the additional advantage of never dying. He carried laughter and joy and delight into the lives of millions of human beings; he took them out of themselves and brought, for a time at least, surcease of pain and sorrow to those who suffered. So I forgive Dickens, steeped as he was in nineteenth century optimism, for not living up to the most modern canons of correct novel writing and go to him for my illustration. In the "Christmas Carol" the purpose is to reform a griping, cruel, hardened miser and usurer. It is "a ghostly little book" as the author called it. The reform is effected by showing Scrooge, as you all remember, a series of visions: "Christmas Past"; "Christmas Present"; and "Christmas Yet to Come." The logical outcome of Scrooge's career which is shown to him is set aside by his total change of nature and conduct. It is all very

fanciful and quite impossible and yet every character in it is intensely real. But you observe that the improvement sought is based entirely upon a vivid presentation of the past, which teaches the hero what to do in the days yet to come and what to avoid.

This thought I would commend to those to whom the future of our country belongs. I fervently hope that you, young and coming rulers of the country, will see visions and dream dreams; but do not forget that seeing visions is one thing, while being a visionary, especially a visionary whose visions and ideals are stage properties, is quite another and one much to be shunned.

It is well to remember also that wonderful as we of this passing hour are, all wisdom is not possessed by us any more than it was by past generations or than it will be by those of the future. We are an evolution from those who preceded us and heredity and tradition, habits and history sway us despite ourselves. The dead rule the living in many ways just as we shall influence posterity by the operation of natural laws. Human nature, impalpable as it is, remains one of the most constant of the conditions with which we have to deal. Read the Babylonian letters of which I have spoken, those relating to business and family affairs, and you will find the same emotions, passions and desires, the same weaknesses and irritations 4,000 years ago which are familiar to every one of us to-day. We are prone to think that we are superior to those who have gone before because we are the heirs of the ages.

We are apt to confuse knowledge, the slow accumulations of past centuries, with original thought. They are two widely different things. Knowledge is not only power but beyond words valuable, yet it is not original thought although it may help and lead to it. There is nothing to indicate the slightest inborn intellectual superiority on our part over the men who were earliest in recorded history. The skulls of the Cro-Magnon men twenty thousand years ago were as large, their brains as heavy, as those of our own time. In art and architecture, in the spacious realms of abstract thought, in literature and poetry no one would dare to say that we surpassed the Greeks, for we follow, study and imitate them in all these great fields of intellectual activity. In science we have made immense advances, building always on the ever-accumulating store of those who preceded us and with mechanical advantages constantly improving and aiding our work. But in pure intellectual force we do not surpass the men who first evolved the science of numbers and by mere intellectual strength devised the system of geometry which every schoolboy knows to-day, or those other men who by unassisted thought, with no knowledge except that which they could gain with their own eyes, developed the atomic theory. We take a natural pride in our extraordinary inventions, but as evidences of mere mental power are they not more than rivaled by the wandering prehistoric men who at a period beyond our ken learned to produce and control fire, or by those who within the range of recorded history invented the

wheel, the hollow boat, and, most marvelous of all, symbols and signs for language starting with pictures and culminating in the arbitrary signs for individual letters? Think for a moment where the whole fabric of society, the world of man would be without fire, the wheel or written language; the first the application of a natural force, the last two pure human inventions. In the region of mental achievement let us not be overconfident or overboastful of our innate superiority to these unknown men who knew nothing of what we know but unaided and alone thought more and with such mighty results, for they had only thought to depend upon.

The greatest advances originated and made by modern, civilized man, as we are pleased to call him, are, we hope and believe, in moral standards, in altruism, in sympathy with each other, in the effort to diminish man's inhumanity to man, for the calm, cold, often cruel, indifference of nature and natural processes is too often beyond the reach even of modification. In these moral directions much has been accomplished and yet the accomplishment is only too easily overrated as we know from our recent terrible experience. At the close of the last century there was a quite general belief that serious wars would not come again. Some doubted and for their skepticism were called "jingoes," "war lovers" and "pessimists." But almost every one felt sure that if war should again break upon us its horrors would be reduced to the lowest point and that by the conventions of Geneva and The Hague, the sufferings and cruelties of past wars would be

largely eliminated. Suddenly the great war came. Germany, esteemed by all a highly civilized nation, entered deliberately upon a course of savage cruelty worse than any ever imagined because it was carefully organized. The world had known barbarism before, human history was full of it, but never had anything fallen upon men comparable to the scientific, wholesale atrocities carried on by Germany by which not merely individuals but entire communities were subjected to the most hideous sufferings and the most utter ruin which highly trained minds entirely destitute of humanity could devise. It was appalling to see how thin was the varnish of civilization in one of the great western nations, how close the wolf in man was to the surface which looked so fair. We were nearer in reality to primitive man than any one had imagined. As for treaties and laws, they went in the fierce flame of war as quickly as the dry leaves of autumn when a spark falls among them and were of as little worth. The beautiful scheme of making mankind suddenly virtuous by a statute or a written convention was once more exhibited in all its weakness. It is a melancholy reflection that the best assurance of the future peace of the world lies in the destruction of the German war power, which is worth all it cost.

Once again comes the harsh lesson that all the advances of man in morals and in altruism, in charity and gentler manners and purer laws, all that really remain with us come slowly, never in a moment or in a watch in the night. The recognition of this truth is

the secret of those who have done most to help their fellow men. An English poet of the light-hearted, easy-going, pleasure-loving eighteenth century wrote:

"Who breathes, must suffer; and who thinks must mourn;
And he alone is blessed, who ne'er was born."

We must face courageously the truth of the first line but the second is a black and helpless pessimism which simply spells utter ruin. For we must be here on earth and if we can not wholly avoid or prevent human suffering we can at least strive to reduce its vast aggregate during the brief life which is our portion. If now at last I turn to the past for a practical suggestion I shall try to palliate my doing so by going but a very short distance within its precincts.

The object to which you soldiers of the war, masters of the future, must address yourselves, to which all right-thinking men and women ought to address themselves, is to reduce so far as possible the sum total of human suffering and unhappiness. There is much that can be done. It is possible for us by steady effort to secure, in large measure at least, to all men and women equality of opportunity; but we must not forget that while men are born into the world differing in muscles and in mind, there is no form of statute or convention which can secure to them equality of results in their life journey. Let us not endanger the possible with its chance of hope and help by vainly striving for a glittering impossibility. We can do much, I say, and it is to

you, you coming generations, led by the men who fought the war, to make these advances. But you must ever remember that the only advances which have been maintained and kept secure are those which were made slowly. Before your very eyes, you have the warning. It is there in Russia. In Russia is exhibited at this moment, not in the musty volumes of history, but there even as you look the awful results of a scheme which its authors pretended and their dupes believed would make all men happy in a moment. Designing adventurers, men without a country, convinced an ignorant people that if they were allowed to abolish all property, to take from men the right to own what they had earned and saved, and to wreck civilization, all would be well. They have applied their panacea. Instead of diminishing human suffering they have caused greater misery to more human beings than the war itself. They have vastly increased the sum of human suffering. All tyrannies are evil things, but the tyranny of disorder and anarchy is the worst of all possible tyrannies. The leaders support themselves and live in comfort and maintain an army by plundering not merely the rich but the whole community down to the farmer who has been a little more successful than his neighbor. I need not enlarge upon the result. The greatest contemner of the past could not charge me here with bringing forward examples which are no longer applicable to our purified and improved human nature and to our greater wisdom. These things are happening now, at this moment, even as I speak. No

one knows, no one will ever know how many thousands of farmers, workers, shopkeepers, innocent people have perished by murder, by pestilence and famine, since the present Bolshevik rule was established in Russia. In letters of fire this Russian scene says to us who are passing from the stage and to you who are stepping forward to take control of the American destinies, "This way at least lies ruin." Let us labor then in every way to help to improve the distribution of the earnings of mankind, to lift up the poor and suffering, to make life better and happier for all the children of men. But what is happening in Russia must convince every one that the method of Lenine and Trotzky, of murder and pillage, is not the way to reach the noble and humane results we all desire. Turn your eyes then from that stricken country and let them rest upon your own. Does it not say to you in tones which can not be misunderstood, "Whatever our shortcomings, whatever our mistakes, the principles of ordered liberty which our fathers founded and which we maintained have brought a greater degree of happiness to the average man and woman in the United States than in any other country," and if we advance along those lines, ever progressing and broadening, as we come to understand the situation better we shall lessen ever more and more the great sum of human poverty, unhappiness and suffering? Does not this contrast between the United States and Russia at this moment tell every man and woman, old and young, in this country that here under our methods the best mitigation and solution, yet

attained, of the suffering and sorrow of humanity are to be found? It comes slowly no doubt, but it comes. Does not the United States tell us trumpet-tongued that the country for which this younger generation has died and for which they are going to live and rule is still the best hope for mankind and that it must be preserved by them as their fathers preserved and saved it in the days that are gone? If you would be as you have been of the largest service to mankind, be Americans first, Americans last, Americans always. From that firm foundation you can march on. Abandon it and chaos will come as when the civilization of Rome crashed down in irremediable ruin.

THE PILGRIMS OF PLYMOUTH[1]

We meet here to-day because the calendar tells us that three hundred years have elapsed since a small band of English men and women landed at this spot and set themselves to work to conquer the wilderness and found a state. Three centuries are but an indistinguishable point in the vast tracts of time dimly marked by geologic periods in the history of our planet. They are a negligible space in the thousands of years which have passed since man first appeared on the earth. Even within the narrow limits of recorded history they fill but a trifling place if we are concerned only with chronology. We live, however, in a comparative world. Geologically and even racially three centuries are not worth computing, but to the men and nations who have been concerned in the making of what is called modern history, dating from the beginning of the Renaissance in Italy, they extend very nearly to the visible horizon. If we go a step further and measure by man's own life and by the brief existence of the doers of the historic deed as well as of those who now try to recall the great event, our three centuries as we glance backward, like Shelley's "lone and level sands," stretch far away. In the familiar fable

[1] Address at Plymouth, Massachusetts, on the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, December 21, 1920.

of the insects, whose term of life is but a day and whose most aged members are those who totter on to sunset, twelve hours is the test of time, and to them three hundred years would seem like the æons through which the earth has passed during its unresting journey in stellar space. After all, our only measure must be the lives of the men who acted and of the men who celebrate, and to us the Pilgrims seem remote indeed. The solemn dignity of the past is as much theirs as if they had been those of the human race who drew the pictures in the caves of the Dordogne, or laid deep the foundations of the Pyramids. In any event, whether the three hundred years are absolutely a short period or relatively a long one the number of the centuries is not alone sufficient to determine their right to make men pause and consider them for a few moments at the date which marks their end.

There is no more reason to celebrate the mere passage of time than to rejoice over the precession of the equinoxes. The value and meaning to be found in the ending of any artificial, calendar-made period exist only in the deed or the event which in some fashion has lived on in the minds of men through one or three or ten centuries. The act of commemoration or celebration must be justified by its subject. In the waters which wash these shores is found a crustacean familiar to us all as the horseshoe—or horsefoot—crab. He is the only one of his family who survives, although they are by no means a short-lived race. He and his are found as fossils in the coal measures

and are closely related to the trilobites who apparently swarmed in the Paleozoic period. His anniversaries must be reckoned by the million but no one celebrates them. He is a curious instance of the survival of the fittest to survive and makes one doubt a little the moral value of that great law. But we consign him to science and do not commemorate him despite the enormous tract of time over which he has passed. He has merely lived. Scott's principle of the "crowded hour of glorious life" which is worth "an age without a name" is, I always think, the touchstone which will tell us whether a trilobite or a man, a deed or an event is current gold indeed. Thus shall we discover the real character of the event for the sake of which we turn aside from the noisy traffic of the moment in order that we may look upon it and meditate upon its meaning. In this way we shall learn whether we celebrate something of world effect or an incident of the past which merely touches the memories or the pride of a neighborhood.

Can there be any question that the landing of those whom we affectionately call "Pilgrims" upon the edge of the North American wilderness meets the test of Scott's famous lines? I believe that, among those who take the trouble to think, there can be but one answer to this inquiry. Let us, however, go a step further and apply certain other tests.

Seventy years ago a distinguished English historian published a book entitled "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," a work of authority which still holds its

place in literature. If Sir Edward Creasy had lived until 1920 he would undoubtedly have slightly increased the number of his battles, but that would in no wise affect the leading impression suggested by his book. The first thought awakened by the title as well as by the book itself is one of astonishment that an expert student and historian, surveying the long story of the well-nigh perpetual fighting which has darkened and reddened the movement of mankind across the centuries, could in 1851 find only fifteen battles to which he felt, after much consideration and weighing of testimony, that he could properly apply the word "decisive." Only fifteen battles out of the thousands, alas, which have been fought by men were selected by a competent judge as having by their result settled the fate of nations or permanently affected the history of the world.

As with battles so it is with other events great and small, the creatures of each succeeding day which, ever since man has attempted to make any record of himself and his doings, have gone whirling past in countless swarms only to be engulfed in the relentless ocean of time. At the moment they all, even the most minute, were of meaning and concern to some one, perhaps to many more than one among the children of men, and they are, nearly all, as dead and forgotten as those whom they grieved or gladdened at the instant when they flitted by. Almost infinitely small is the proportion which have even found a record, whether carved on stone or set down in books and manuscripts. Of

those thus preserved, how few, how very few, stand out clearly to us across the ages or the centuries as decisive, unforgetable, because they determined the course of history and gave a lasting direction to the fortunes of mankind. They rise before us as we try to look back over the dim, receding past like distant mountain peaks where the rose of sunset lingers, or solitary light-towers set above reefs and shoals in lonely seas.

When we approach an anniversary the first question which confronts us then is whether it holds a place among the rare events which may be called decisive, or is memorable only to those who celebrate it. The inquiry, as a rule, is easily answered by a little reflection, and the great and decisive events of history are usually beyond dispute. No one, for example, can question that Greek thought has profoundly influenced all western civilization for twenty-five hundred years, and therefore the repulse of the Persians, the spread of the Greek colonies to the westward, the conquests of Alexander reaching to the borders of India, which gave opportunity and scope to Greek culture, were in the largest sense decisive events in the history of the world. There can be no doubt that the battle of Châlons, which saved western Europe from the savage hordes of Asia, and the battle of Tours, which arrested the advance of Islam, were in the highest degree "decisive" events. Seven hundred years ago John of England signed at Runnymede a certain document known as the Magna Carta. The last anniversary came in June, 1915, in the midst of the war with Germany, when

men had no time to give to the celebration of past events, and yet the signing of the great charter was quietly but duly and fittingly noticed and commemorated, both in England and the United States. Even in that hour of peril and confusion people did not forget what had happened seven hundred years before, because on that June day a deed was done which has affected the development of the English-speaking people down to the present moment, and thus has been decisive in world history. The endless and fruitless wars of England in her attempt to conquer France, which fill the old chronicles, have faded away, and the signing of a document remains still vivid to men. It is equally certain that the voyage of Columbus was an event, momentous alike to the Old World and the New, and the great adventurer has two continents as his monument.

I can hear, as I give these few illustrations of the principle I seek to establish, the peevish, meaningless objection that if Miltiades had not won Marathon, if Alexander had never existed, if Aëtius had failed at Châlons and Charles Martel at Tours, if the Barons of England had not controlled King John, if Columbus had never reached America, somebody else would have done all these things, for the time was ripe and they would surely have come to pass. Envy and jealousy are not confined to the present. In one form or another they reach across the abysm of time, and no honored grave is safe from their creeping attack. Moreover, the hypotheses of history attractive to certain minds are

often ingenious, occasionally amusing and suggestive, almost invariably profitless and unremunerative. The "might have beens" have no claim to celebration. That which alone is entitled to this high honor is "what was." The actual deed and the men who did the deed which "breaks the horizon's level line," not those who did not do it, even if they thought about it, alone deserve honor, reverence and commemoration.

Can we, then, justly place what happened here at Plymouth, and the men and women to whom we owe the great act, in the small, high class of "decisive" events due to the actual doers of great deeds? Clearly, I think we can. Jamestown and Plymouth were the cornerstones of the foundations upon which the great fabric of the United States has been built up, and the United States is to-day one of the dominant factors in the history and in the future of the world of men. The nation thus brought into being has affected the entire course of western civilization, and largely helped to determine its fate, which, shaken and clouded by the most desolating of wars, is now trembling in the balance. Saratoga stands with Marathon and Waterloo in Sir Edward Creasy's book as one of the decisive battles of the world. There is no need to go further to find the meaning in history of what the Pilgrims did.

I shall not attempt to rehearse the story of the little band of men and women who landed here on a December day three hundred years ago. It is as familiar to our ears as a twice-told tale, as ready on our lips as household words. It has awakened the imagination of

poet and painter and novelist. It has engaged the attention and the research of antiquarians and writers of history. Societies have been formed to trace out the descendants of the Pilgrims, and those who can claim them as ancestors would not change their lineage for any that could be furnished by the compilers of peerages.

They were humble folk, for the most part, these passengers of the *Mayflower*—handicraftsmen, fishers, plowmen, with some wise leaders possessed of education and who had held established position in their native land. But the fact is too often overlooked that these same humble folk were the offspring of a great period filled with the exuberant, adventurous spirit of youth, moving and stirring in every field of human thought and human activity. They were the contemporaries of Raleigh, of Shakespeare and of Bacon, and were the true children of their wonderful age, with all its hopes and daring courage strong within them. We know how they started, imbued and uplifted by the deep resolve to worship God in their own way, which to them meant more than all the world beside could offer. We see them leaving the villages of Yorkshire and East Anglia, driven back from the shore, arrested, harried by soldiers, finally making their way to Holland, settling in Amsterdam and then in Leyden. A few years pass in peace and quiet, but the thought that they are losing their nationality and their language preys upon them, and they prayerfully and very solemnly determine that they will preserve these precious possessions by seeking

a home in the New World, and still keep secure the opportunity to worship God in the way that is their own. It is a terrifying adventure. Some will not face it, stay behind, are absorbed in the population of Holland, and disappear from history. But others have a finer courage, and go forth determined henceforth to fill a place not to be forgotten by coming generations. Through many difficulties they procure two ships, the *Speedwell* at Delftshaven, the famous *Mayflower* at Southampton, and slowly make their way down the channel to Plymouth. Further delays and obstacles surround them. The *Speedwell* is forced to return, and it is not until September 16, on our reckoning, that the *Mayflower* sets out alone upon her long journey. More than two months are occupied by the voyage across the stormy waters of the North Atlantic and in searching the coast for a landing. It is the 21st of November when they disembark at Provincetown. Then comes a month of exploring the neighboring coast, the signing of the compact, and the landing which we have elected to celebrate on December 21. During the shortest days, at the worst season, on the edge of the unbroken wilderness they planted themselves by the seaside, and the great experiment began. Famine and disease met them at the threshold. Half the people died during that cruel winter. But they held on, clinging desperately to the land which they had chosen, and the grip then taken was never broken. Never after that first awful winter, marked forever by the clustering graves on Cole's Hill, did they go backward. There was still

much suffering to be endured, many dangers to be faced, perils from the Indians, failure of support, betrayals, even, by those in England who should have sustained them. But they held on and advanced. It was a painfully slow advance, but always the movement was forward. As told in Bradford's truly wonderful journal and in "Winslow's Relation" it is an epic poem written in seventeenth century English, in the language of Shakespeare and Milton, because the authors had no other. For ten years they were the only English settlement north of the Chesapeake,—the only settlement in that vast northern region which rose high above the level of a trading post or fishing station. They farmed their lands, plowed and fished and traded; but they also established their church and worshiped God in their own fashion, founded a state and organized an efficient government. They were masters of their fate; they had begun the conquest of the wilderness; their march was ever onward and their hold was never relaxed. Ten years passed, and then in 1629 and 1630 came Endicott and Winthrop to Salem and Boston. The powerful Puritan organization with its twenty thousand immigrants in the next decade had arrived. The perils of Plymouth were over. Henceforth they were sheltered and overshadowed by their strong neighbors and friends on Massachusetts Bay. In 1643 they joined the New England Confederation, and their history was merged in that of the other larger colonies. Before the century closed, the existing fact was embodied in law, and Plymouth

became part of Massachusetts. But what the Pilgrims had achieved in those first ten years could never be absorbed in the work of other men. The deed they did, the victory they had won alone upon the shores of New England, stand out monumentally upon the highway of history for after ages to admire and reverence, and it was all their own. I shall say no more at this point of the Pilgrim of Plymouth as he lived on earth. I shall not now or later indulge in needless eulogy, still less shall I seek to draw his frailties from their dread abode. My only purpose is to try to determine what his history has been since the grave closed over him; what he has accomplished among the generations which have followed him.

That which now concerns us most, as it seems to me, is first, to know what has come from the work of the Pilgrims who thus influenced history and affected the fate of western civilization as they fought for life and struggled forward and suffered and died on the spot we call Plymouth. Next, and more important, we must consider just what they were, these Pilgrims, and what meaning they had for our predecessors and now have for us. Above all, let us find out if possible what lessons they teach which will help us in the present and aid us to meet the imperious future ever knocking at the door. Nations which neglect their past are not worthy of a future, and those which live exclusively upon their past have the marks of decadence stamped upon them. We must look before and after, and from the doers of high deeds, from the makers of the rare

events decisive in history, we must seek for light and leading, for help in facing the known and in shaping as best we may the forces which govern the unknown.

Before we undertake to summarize the Pilgrims themselves, and try rightly to judge their qualities of mind and character, I think we can best open the way to them and to their meaning to-day by considering the movement of opinion in regard to them and what they did. In this way alone, I think, shall we be able to see them in proper perspective and with a due sense of proportion.

The realization of the importance of the Pilgrims' work and of their place in history came but slowly in England; not, in fact, until Macaulay and Carlyle put the Puritans into their true position in the period they so largely controlled. Yet the Plymouth settlers themselves had deep down in their hearts a sense of the magnitude of what they were doing, which is at once strange and impressive. I must turn as usual to the imagination of the poet to find fit expression of what I mean. When Lowell makes Concord Bridge "break forth and prophesy" he speaks first of the earliest time, of the—

> Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby bed
> Was prowled roun' by the Injun's cracklin' tread,
> An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains,
> Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains,
> Who saw in vision their young Ishmel strain
> With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane.

There we have in a few noble and echoing words an arresting impression which seizes upon the attention of any one who studies carefully the journals and correspondence of the founders of Plymouth. Gradually as we read there comes sharply outlined before us visible through the mist of details concerning supplies and ships, money difficulties and trading ventures, Indians and the farms and fortunes of the little colony from day to day, a vivid picture of the "stern men with empires in their brains." It is not set down in black and white, but it is clearer than anything else, to those who look into it with considerate eyes, that these men, the leaders especially, had a profound consciousness that they were engaged in a vastly greater task than establishing a colony. They felt in the depths of their being that they were laying the foundation of an empire—of a mighty nation. The outlines were all dim, the details did not exist, but the great, luminous vision of a picture they would never see was there, and they beheld it as they gazed upward, looking far beyond the dark forest, the unbroken solitude and the wastes of ocean at their gates. We cannot escape the belief that these Pilgrims in their hearts were confident that, as expressed in the verse of a true poet[1] of our own time, what they said and did would yet be heard "like a new song that waits for distant years." We seem, in the words of their great contemporary then so recently dead, to catch a glimpse, in these poor struggling people of the *Mayflower,* of—

[1] Edwin Arlington Robinson.

> The prophetic soul
> Of the wide world dreaming of things to come.

The vision faded when the pioneers passed away—the eponymous and autochthonous heroes, as the Greeks would have called them if they had come up out of the darkness where myths are born and history never written.

And there is something besides this dream of empire which, as we study the ancient faded records, leaps out like Shakespeare's "golden word" and sinks deep into our consciousness. This was the quick and strong attachment of these men and women to the untamed land which had greeted them so harshly and which made to them no glittering promises. Why did this happen? Whence came this feeling for this New World, as unknown to them as to their ancestors, destitute alike of traditions and of the tender associations which bind men to the country of their birth? They were loyal to their race, to their language, to England and to England's King. But from the first their love and hope were fastened here in America. The reason is not, I think, far to seek. They had crossed the ocean primarily that they might be able to worship God as seemed best in their own eyes, but they also meant to free themselves from the Old World where oppression had been their portion, and henceforth know no home but America. They meant to be Americans, although they never probably used the word, and to have their home here and make this country first in their thoughts

as in their affections. However much they suffered they seem never to have repined. They meant to leave England which they loved, and Holland which had so kindly treated them, and they cast no longing, lingering look behind. In them we can see that even in those first bleak years the passion for America had cast out the passion for Europe, and in the process of the years grew ever stronger, more compelling, more overmastering, as colonies became states and states a nation, rising unhelped but surely to the perilous heights of world power.

These deep but unspoken and undefined emotions and aspirations of the Pilgrims did not sweep on through the succeeding years with ever-gathering strength. The waves sank and rose; the halts came in the onward march as is common in the progress of forces which must travel far before they ultimately move the world. This was apparent even in the days which followed the gradual passing away of the Pilgrims. Success and security enlarged the daily interests of life, hard and simple as it was; worldly hopes grew stronger; the children ceased to dream the dreams or see clearly the visions vouchsafed to their fathers,—to those who had made existence in America possible,—but the spirit of the first comers was never lost, and deep down in their very being guided and led the succeeding generations.

The hundredth anniversary of the landing came and went, so far as we can learn, quite unnoticed and unmarked. The far-flung aspirations of the beginners

had gone; the backward, penetrating glance of history, of the seekers of the buried treasures of the past, had not yet come. Half a century more was to elapse before the fact that here in Plymouth something had once happened which merited celebration and made such demand for the outward signs of remembrance as to insist upon a visible manifestation. In January, 1769, a club was started by twelve young men of Plymouth, and in the following December they decided to have a dinner on December 22 in commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims. Accordingly, upon that day there was a procession, and then a dinner was eaten and toasts were given in honor of the leaders among the founders of the settlement. The following year, on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, the people here again held a celebration, and this time they had an oration described in the record as "words spoken with modesty and firmness" by Edward Winslow, and there was also a poem by Alexander Scammell. These commemorations went on through the years of the Revolution, until 1780, and then came an unexplained gap of twelve years until 1793, when the celebration of the anniversary was again renewed, and continued thereafter with the omission only of 1799. The ceremonies expanded with the years, and a discourse by the clergyman and an address by some outsider of distinction became recognized accompaniments of the proceedings. Politics entered into the speech making, and the toasts and the partakers in them made it very clear

that while they celebrated as Americans they did not forget that they were also Federalists.

In Boston the commemorations of the Pilgrims suggested in 1774 began with a formal and public celebration in 1798. There were an elaborate dinner, a very long list of toasts, including many which were both contemporary and political, much speech making, and an "Elegant and Patriotic Ode" by Mr. Thomas Paine was duly sung, doubtless with ardent enthusiasm.

From these modest beginnings in Plymouth and Boston the celebrations of what came to be called "Forefathers' Day" multiplied beyond enumeration, following the migrations of the *Mayflower* descendants and of the children of New England across the continent, until now in ever-increasing numbers the anniversary of the landing in 1620 is marked and celebrated with each recurring year from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The deeds of the little band of hunted men and women who fled from England to Holland and thence to the New World have come into their own. They are, in the words of Henry V on the eve of Agincourt, "freshly remembered," and have taken a place in the thoughts of uncounted thousands in a manner permitted only to an event decisive in the world's history. It would be quite impossible to trace or even to count these endless acts of commemoration, interesting as it would be to show in this way the development of public opinion about the results of the Plymouth landing as the accumulating years made the scattered little settlements of the Atlantic coast into a great nation, and

ever threw into higher relief the achievement of the followers and companions of Bradford and Winslow. It would be hardly less impossible to review the addresses made by well-known men upon the coming of the *Mayflower,* and analyze and consider the critical conclusions and the thoughts thus expressed. In the roll of those who have spoken gravely and seriously about the foundation of Plymouth is included a very large representation of the men who in our history have attained high distinction in the pulpit, at the bar, in literature and in public life. You will find there orators and poets, philosophers and historians, Presidents, Governors of states, Senators and leaders of the House of Representatives. It is an imposing list not without significance. Limited by time and space I shall call up to remembrance only one past celebration and only one speaker who made that particular day famous, and who was at once interpreter of the past and prophet of the future. That occasion and the man who then spoke stand out very distinctly and very radiantly against the background of the dead years, charged with much deep meaning to all who consider them and above all competitors however eminent.

In 1820, on the two hundredth anniversary of the landing, Daniel Webster delivered what has always been known as the "Plymouth Oration." We are apt, unconsciously I believe, in looking backward to the days which are gone, to think of a century as a whole, and if we are trying to picture to ourselves at a given moment a certain man, we are prone to treat him as if

his life was at that instant complete as we now know it. If we are to judge rightly and really draw forth the lesson we perchance are seeking we must force ourselves to remember just what sort of a world it was at the historic moment which is in our thoughts, and not confuse the actors or the occasion with after years familiar in history to us but an unknown future to them.

The year 1820 began with the death of George III, an old man, blind, demented, almost forgotten, a pathetic figure not without suggestion to the moralist. He had come to the throne in 1760; he was the King of the elder and younger Pitt, of the Foxes, father and son, of Burke and Johnson, of Reynolds and Garrick and Goldsmith. He was an eighteenth century King. George IV, of unsavory memory, a child of the eighteenth century, was King of England when Webster spoke at Plymouth, and a Bourbon was reigning in France as Louis XVIII. Europe just then had gone back to the old days and the old systems, and the French Revolution seemed to those in power like an evil dream. Metternich, at least, and many others were convinced that the Revolution was a nightmare which had passed as a watch in the night, and that everything was henceforth to go on in the good old way. The successful revolt of the American colonies had been enacted before their eyes and taught them nothing. From the uprising of France and from the Napoleonic wars they had learned little more, frightful as the shock had been, for had they not finally

defeated Napoleon and crushed democracy at Waterloo? They were unable to see that the failure of the French Revolution was only apparent. The force of the Revolution had passed into the hands of a great military genius who betrayed its principles and sought merely to erect on the ruins of the old autocracies a worldwide despotism of his own. France under Napoleon went to defeat at Waterloo, but the revolution which France had wrought was not conquered; the work the French had done a quarter of a century earlier could not be undone any more than the American colonies could be returned to England. The Democratic movement was not crushed on the plains of Waterloo, but was only freed from its most dangerous foe, born and equipped in its own household. In fact, it was the uprising of the people in the countries conquered by Napoleon which alone enabled banded Europe to defeat him. Metternich and his emperors and kings mistook a lull in the storm for a lasting calm. They did not realize that they were in the center of the cyclone, and that the other side must yet be traversed. They found it out in 1830 and 1848, but in 1820 they believed that all was well, and that the old system would go on better than ever and for an indefinite period. Had they not established their Holy Alliance to control all nations and put an end to every attempt to assert the rights of the people? They did not understand the portents even then to be seen in the world about them. England in those very years was beginning to awaken to the perils of the Alliance called Holy,

and was preparing to leave it. Far-away states in South America were insisting that they would not return to the domination of Spain, and presently a voice was to be heard from the northern continent of the New World declaring, with England in full sympathy, that the Old World was not to control the New. Very shocking all this to Metternich and Polignac and the Czar of Russia and other right-thinking persons, and yet not to be gainsaid. Still nothing was learned, and in 1820 the worst qualities of the eighteenth century seemed to have returned to power.

In that same year, moreover, no alterations of deep effect upon the daily affairs of men had yet arrived. A little steamboat had made its way up the Hudson; others were appearing, but sails still carried the world's traffic over the wide oceans. The first operating steam railroad was still ten years in the future, and twenty years were to elapse before the coming of the telegraph, —the two discoveries which were to make a greater change in human environment than anything which had happened since the wheel, the hollow boat and the alphabetical signs for language had broken upon the world of men. People still relied upon horses and upon the winds for travel, and upon written letters for communication when separated. The modes and habits of life were still substantially the same as in the colonial days, and change is finally brought home to men only when it actually touches the routine and habits of their daily lives. As its restorers conceived it, the eighteenth century was really dead, but the outside

manifestations which belonged to it were as yet unaltered, and it was with an eighteenth century atmosphere about him that Webster rose to speak at Plymouth, as much so as the coach which had brought him to his destination was a vehicle of the same period. Stage coach and atmosphere were alike on the very verge of disappearance; only ten years separated them from George Stephenson's railroad and from certain July days of 1830 in Paris, which Sir Walter Besant declared marked the real ending of the previous century, although the calendar had disposed of it long before.

But calendars are arbitrary things and do not always register all the facts correctly. It is with the real, the underlying conditions that we are concerned when we try to revive the bygone scene witnessed in Plymouth in 1820 in order that we may see with the eyes of imagination the man who made that particular anniversary memorable.

The people who gathered here to listen to the orator of the day did not look upon the Webster so familiar to us, who looms so large during the succeeding thirty years of the country's history. In 1820 Webster was only thirty-eight years old. He stood before his audience in the very prime of his early manhood. The imposing presence, the massive head, the wonderful voice, the dark, deep-set eyes burning, as Carlyle said, with a light like dull anthracite furnaces, the mouth "accurately closed," were then as they were to the end arresting, and held the attention of all who looked and

listened. But the face was still smooth, the deep lines and tragic aspect of the latest portraits were lacking.

> The hope of unaccomplished years
> Seemed large and lucid round his brow.

But they were "unaccomplished years," and one can not help wondering how many then present even dimly guessed what he who spoke to them was to be, and to what heights he was destined to climb. In 1820 his public life had consisted of four years' service as member of Congress from New Hampshire, service distinguished but not extraordinary. He had removed to Boston and there begun his practise at the bar of Massachusetts. His second period in the House, his long years in the Senate, his service as Secretary of State were all in the future. Ten years were to pass before he reached his zenith in the reply to Hayne,—one of those rare speeches which has become an inseparable part of a nation's history. The speech to the jury in the White murder case was yet to be made, and that which he was to deliver at Plymouth was the first of the occasional addresses which so added to his fame, and which generations of schoolboys were fated to recite. In his profession alone had he already given absolute proof of his future eminence. His argument in the Dartmouth College case had put him in the front rank at the American bar, but the world at large probably had little knowledge of the closing sentences of that argument, which must have revealed to those who heard him and to the few outsiders of penetrating and

critical judgment that a great orator as well as a great lawyer was before them. If the Plymouth audience did not understand, and it was hardly possible that they should, that they were about to hear one of the great orators of all time they must have suspected, when Mr. Webster closed, that they had listened to an unusual man making a speech quite beyond anything they had ever heard before.

We do not need to criticize or analyze the speech,—the Plymouth oration, to use the old-fashioned and more sonorous words. All that concerns us is to learn, if we can, Webster's attitude of mind in 1820, and what meaning the anniversary had to him, representing as he did the best thought of the time. Let me quote to you without any apology the fine and stately sentences with which he closed, for they are addressed directly to us, and it is for us to make reply. Here is his peroration:—

> The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity; they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here a hundred years hence to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation

and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth!

Across the century comes to us the voice which so moved and charmed those who heard it. The appeal is

to us, to the Americans who are now here upon the earth, and to no others. What have we to say in answer? What message do Webster's words convey to us? What meaning did he find in the work of the Pilgrims, and how did he interpret their simple and momentous story? How far do we go with him, where do our time and belief agree, and where do they contrast with his? What message does the *Mayflower* with its precious freight bring to us, and what help can it give us when, like Webster, we bequeath the next century to those who come after us? Let us in our own way try as best we may to make reply.

That which strikes us most forcibly is that Webster standing here in the still lingering atmosphere of the eighteenth century, and with an eighteenth century background, speaks throughout with the voice of the nineteenth century. The dominant note of the whole address is of the nineteenth century. The nineteenth century spirit pervades all he said, and the great characteristic of that spirit was in varying forms the belief in progress, in the perfectibility of man. With all he says of the Pilgrims we are in full accord. We can add nothing to the splendor of his praise, we assuredly would take nothing from it. But in the very beginning of the sentences I have quoted he speaks of surveying the progress of the country as the uppermost thought. We must not forget that the idea of the continuous progress of man was then very recent, and we must carefully remember to draw the distinction which Webster failed to draw between the general recognition

of the historic fact of progress familiar to antiquity and the idea of progress as a law governing humanity and constantly operating until the race should have vanished and the earth grown cold. The fact of progress is one thing, the law of progress is quite another and very different. A volume would be needed to set forth the arguments and subtle distinctions of the speculative thinkers, philosophers and men of science in the eighteenth century who gradually developed the idea of progress as a law. Not until the latter part of that century were the conception and the law really formulated, and even then they were by no means perfected. The most striking point in Webster's peroration was his appeal to posterity, because the care for posterity was one of the last propositions added to the law of progress, and yet it was the capstone of the edifice, since the law if it existed was inevitably altruistic, and was chiefly and necessarily concerned with future generations. This in itself shows how completely the idea of a law of progress and a belief in the evolution of mankind had either consciously or unconsciously taken possession of Webster's mind and heart. Not historic progress, nor material progress, nor progress in knowledge alone, but political, moral, spiritual and intellectual progress, all these and more, were included in the idea of human progress which did not perish at Waterloo, but was fated to be the ruling principle of the nineteenth century, the spirit of the century just ended, and of which we must give an account as Webster demanded. We can see now the beautiful vision

gleaming through the red mists of the French Revolution, and behold it shining forth in the poems of Shelley. An exiled victim of political intolerance, he wrote:—

> The world's great age begins anew,
> The golden years return,
> The earth doth like a snake renew
> Her winter weeds outworn;
> Heaven smiles and faiths and empires gleam
> Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

Shelley was influenced, no doubt, by the Greek theory of returning cycles of civilizations rising to great heights only to decay and fall. But none the less noble is the expression he here gives to the spirit which neither the English reaction, nor the genius of Napoleon, nor the battle of Waterloo could crush or extinguish. By its very nature it was able to survive defeat because it inevitably carried optimism with it, and it could not fail to appeal to masses of men who knew nothing of details, but who were moved by a doctrine which awakened hope for better things in a none too cheerful world.

Webster's Plymouth oration is optimistic throughout. It is instinct with the spirit of the nineteenth century; with the conception of progress as it was finally perfected in the coming years. The only cloud that Webster sees on the horizon is slavery, which is described with all the power of his eloquence in the most famous passage of his speech. He saw plainly and with statesmanlike prevision the peril involved in

slavery which threatened the future of his country, and he appealed to the spirit of the age against it. Even he could not guess that the spirit of the age would finally remove this curse from the land in a way which above all others he dreaded, and which darkly overshadowed his closing years. But this was the only black spot in the picture, and it is not surprising that, as he portrayed the early days of privation, suffering and struggle, reviewed the growth of the colonies, depicted the glory of the war for independence, and drew the contrast with the young nation before him advancing over the continent with leaps and bounds, his pride as an American should have risen and his confidence in the future have become unrestrained. For thirty memorable years he was to play a large part in the history of his time, and we to whom he appealed in 1820 can look back not only upon those years, but upon many more which have come and gone since he died at Marshfield. We can judge how far his hopes have been fulfilled, and inquire, before we attempt to bring the Plymouth landing into relation with our own present and future, what the spirit of the age with which Webster was imbued has achieved as it has passed on across the hundred years which separate us from him when in 1820 he spoke here at Plymouth.

Every century, apparently, has a poor opinion of its immediate predecessor. The generations which began with the nineteenth century and those which came up in it, growing with its growth and strengthening with its strength, were unsparing in condemnation of all

things pertaining to the eighteenth. To the liberal and the reformer the century which gave us our independence seemed a period of oppression and wrong, of the government of kings and oligarchies. It was a time when there were no popular rights, and when men persecuted in the name of a religion in which many of the persecutors had themselves ceased to believe. Its heirs declared that it was an immoral age socially and politically, and the altruists that it was heartless and selfish. Carlyle held a protracted commination service over its remains, although he was anything but a worshiper of his own time. He set the fashion for many lesser men, and the poor eighteenth century had no friends. The romantic movement swept the eighteenth century literature into the dust heaps, and treated its architecture with the same contempt which the eighteenth century itself had shown to the Gothic buildings which they spoke of as the work of barbarians. Horace Walpole, eighteenth century to the backbone, was looked upon in his own day as a mere eccentric because he admired and imitated Gothic architecture, and wrote the first fantastic and wildly romantic story which obtained a wide celebrity. Even the furniture of our great-grandfathers was broken up or hidden in garrets and kitchens, and if kept in use at all it was only with an apology on account of sentiment.

Yet even before a hundred years had passed men began to see that as in other portions of human history there was something to be said for this decried and much abused period which had given to the world,

among others, George Washington and Benjamin Franklin. Was it not, after all, the century of the successful revolt of the American colonies which began the democratic movement; of the thinkers and philosophers who were gradually evolving and formulating the law of progress which was to rule in the approaching years; of the French Revolution which set nations free and broke beyond repair the despotisms large and small which held Europe in their grasp? Was it not the era of Voltaire and Rousseau and the encyclopedists, who, whatever we may think of them individually or of their characters and methods, fought against intolerance and for the freedom of thought and conscience? Eighteenth century literature is now reassuming its proper place. Its art is once more prized and valued, its furniture is treasured; fine examples of it are almost priceless, and, without sacrificing our profound admiration of the wondrous art of the medieval builders of cathedrals, we have readopted the architecture of the Louis and the Georges with all its classic forms as that best suited in taste and construction to the needs and desires of modern life.

Now, indeed, are the tables turned. The nineteenth century at this moment appears to be sadly out of fashion. There seems to be none so poor as to do it reverence. It does not even awaken the vigorous hostility which our grandfathers and fathers showed to the eighteenth century; it is satirized, laughed at and derided. Its furniture, the exponent of domestic taste, is absolutely scorned, quite justly, no doubt, for a wider

knowledge condemns it on general principles, and even sentiment cannot defend it. Its art is likewise banned as entirely beyond excuse, although it is not well to be too wholesale and to forget the Barbizon school and some of the romantics and pre-Raphaelites. The nineteenth century literature fares little better. Its hold upon the people and upon the affections of the great mass of those who read can not be shaken, but that is set down by advanced persons as a proof of popular ignorance. The critics who dread above all things not to be thought modern, and who are quick to mistake the chirp of the cricket for the song of the birds, those who can not hear—

> . . . the bards sublime;
> Whose distant footsteps echo
> Through the corridors of time

have only a sneer, or words of pity or patronage, for a century which began with Coleridge and Wordsworth, Byron and Shelley and Keats, and included in its course Victor Hugo, Emerson and Clough, Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne, Poe and Whitman. They are disposed to spare the last two because they are pleased to think one decadent and the other amorphous, but there is little mercy for the rest. They remember very vividly the deplorable ultra Victorian line at the end of Enoch Arden—

> . . . the little port
> Had never seen a costlier funeral,

and forget that the same great poet wrote "Ulysses" and "The Lotus Eaters" and "In Memoriam" and "Maud," which will remain in all their beauty while English poetry exists. And some of the poetasters of the day follow suit and join the cry. They despise form, for, if they accept the forms and standards consecrated by the genius of men from the beginning of literature, they would not write at all, and formlessness is their chief reliance, because in this way they can best startle, shock or amaze, and thereby draw an attention otherwise lacking. It is not that they produce new forms, ever to be welcomed and studied, but that they reject all forms, and this it is which makes them such severe judges. If we turn to the realm of fiction it must be remembered that the nineteenth century was the age of Jane Austen and the Waverley Novels, of Dickens and Thackeray and Hawthorne, to mention only a few of those who stand out as most purely and conspicuously the representatives of their time. They had their defects easily to be discovered and pointed out, but they added to the world of imagination a host of men and women, the creations of their genius, who will ever be the undying companions of men, and keep their place with those whom Shakespeare and Cervantes gave the world to help and to rejoice humanity. In France it was the age of Balzac, and it is difficult to conceive what modern French literature would have been in the field of fiction without that mighty genius, or what a deduction there would

have been made from human happiness if we had been deprived of Chicot and the Three Musketeers.

I do not say this word in defense of the century in which a large part of the lives of many of us have been passed because I desire to be *laudator temporis acti,* a rôle peculiarly distasteful to me. On the contrary, I earnestly wish to—

> Keep the young generations in hail,
> And bequeath them no tumbled house.

The first step for those who come after us, and who will, I trust, do better than we have done in our time, with the coming century which will be theirs, is to appraise with justice and discrimination the preceding period to which they are the heirs. To consider the near past without prejudice is essential to the success of those who live in the immediate present and are to be the trustees and guardians of the closely approaching future.

I have used literature and art in their varied forms merely for illustration and as a plea for moderation when the preceding century is led out for execution. But there are more serious questions and also far deeper meanings in the great century which has so recently gone. We may reject at once the idols of that period, apparent respectability and the steadfast ignoring of anything which by any stretch of the imagination could be called improper or coarse or indelicate. These limitations upon art and literature were both regarded as fetishes, and they often injured great work

and laid the time open to the charge of being given to cant, an accusation unhappily not without foundation.

But none of these things affect materially or even touch the deep underlying principle which dominated the nineteenth century and which still has a commanding influence upon the minds of men, especially and naturally in America. The spirit of the nineteenth century was belief in progress. "Always toward perfection is the mighty movement," said Herbert Spencer, who asserted that progress was a universal law, and the Darwinian theory was held to be the scientific demonstration of its immutability. As the century passed on the perpetual progress of man was confused with the material development of the time. Material progress has in truth gone far beyond anything which Webster predicted or even dreamed to be possible. Steam, electricity and the unresting labors of applied and mechanical science have utterly changed the conditions of man's life on earth. In the last fifty years there has been a more profound alteration in human environment, a greater difference created, than in all the centuries which elapsed between Marathon and Gettysburg. Wealth was torn from the earth with a speed which was stupefying; industry marvelously expanded; transport and communication well-nigh annihilated distance; and fortunes were piled up which went far beyond the wildest dreams of avarice. The teachings of the Manchester school discovered the reign of universal peace in a trade formula, and the fevered search for quick profits and unlimited money all

pressed the spirit of progress down toward a cash basis.

But these were but the region clouds passing over the essential spirit of the age, which was the belief that the movement of mankind was ever upwards and onwards; that men would continually rise "on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things." This was the spirit which both in England and the United States turned the thoughts of men and women to the conditions of labor and of the poor, and started the movement for their improvement with the factory acts, —a movement of altruism which has gone on with gathering force from that day to this, and the beneficence of which is even yet far from exhausted. It was the spirit which convinced men that human slavery was a hideous anachronism, and which inspired the great conflict that in the Civil War in the United States preserved the Union, removed the darkest stain upon western civilization, and widened the area of freedom. It was the spirit which brought the resurrection and liberation of Italy, and forced the establishment of constitutional government in many countries where the rights of the people were as yet unknown. The men of 1848 believed that if you could give every man a vote, an opportunity for education, set men free, and call the government a republic, all would be right with the world. We know now that there is no such panacea for human ills. We are well aware that the liberation of political development was only a limited phase of advance toward a better world. The sciences of anthropology and of archeology, the study in all forms

of man as distinguished from men, the relentless research of history, have revealed the astonishing permanence of human nature and human desires. There have been made painfully clear to us the racial and climatic, anatomical and physical differences among men, thus demonstrating the existence of conditions which make social development seem as slow, almost, as the operation of geologic changes in the earth's surface. We have learned in a measure that the reforms and advances which laws can bring to pass are so small that we can only with difficulty realize that they all help, and that every little rivulet goes to swell the mighty stream, even as the slow processes of time and nature wear down the primeval rocks and transform the outlines of continents. The theories of Buckle have faded even from the memories of men, and no one now imagines that by environment and education a Hottentot can be turned into an Englishman. We are gradually learning not to confuse knowledge with original thought. That we vastly surpass our ancestors, near or remote, in knowledge is beyond question, but there is no evidence that we have better brains or greater unassisted intellectual power. We need take but one famous example from recorded history to prove this. No one would be bold enough to assert that we have ever produced men of greater intellect, or with a larger native strength in original thought, than the race who gave us Democritus of Abdera, originator of the atomic theory; Thales, who laid the foundations of geometry upon which Euclid built; Plato and Aris-

totle, who have influenced the thought of western civilization and permeated the theology of both Christianity and Islam. All was the result of their own original thought unaided by accumulated knowledge, unhelped by any instruments or mechanical devices,—all the work of pure reflection and sheer mental strength. These men I have mentioned are only four in the great group of Greeks who, especially in the Periclean age, carried every form of pure thought as well as all the arts, painting, sculpture, poetry and the drama to a point that, it may fairly be said, has not been surpassed in all the triumphs of the centuries since the Renaissance. Thus history has shown that in the power and native strength of the human mind there has been no advance, although heaped-up knowledge, greatest of instruments, which has gone beyond all imaginings, is so often wrongly intermingled with our estimates of the unassisted human intellect. And yet all this did not touch the heart of the question or the faith in progress which inspired Webster. He believed that he found in the Pilgrims of Plymouth as he recounted their history a complete harmony with the spirit which he represented, and which was to govern and direct the century which lay before him. History has shown, indeed, that he expected too much; that the men of the nineteenth century thought they could at once effect changes which really might require ages for their fulfilment; that they neither completely understood the lessons of the past nor perceived the limitations which the laws of nature set to the possible

accomplishment of their own brief lives. But the central point was not reached. If it became clear that proof of a law of progress was lacking, it seemed to them equally obvious that there was no evidence of the negative—nothing to show that the progress of mankind in all directions might not continue. Whatever criticisms might be made, whatever limitations discovered, deep down at the very bottom was the fact that they were the exponents of a noble ideal which was in its essence nothing less than faith in the destiny of man.

So the century swept on and we are its children. It brought us to the point where the extended application of international arbitration, the conventions of Geneva and of The Hague, made strong the hope that there could be no more great wars, and seemed at least to assure us that if any war unhappily should come, then such limitations had been established and such agreements made that the worst horrors of war would be either avoided or mitigated. These hopes, these dreams, if you will, filled the minds of men. Then suddenly, without warning, there broke upon the Western World the greatest and the worst war ever known in a recorded history of six thousand years which had been filled with wars. Not only was it the greatest of wars, but when it came the powerful conventions of society, the comfortable fictions of daily existence, were rent and flung aside, and primitive man, even the savage of the Neanderthal period, began to show himself lurking behind the demure figure of nineteenth cen-

tury respectability. The difference was that the primitive instincts and passions were now equipped with all the methods of destruction which the latest and most advanced science could furnish. Germany had carried her purely materialistic conception of organization at home and dominion abroad to the highest point of perfection. How near she came to victory we know only too well. She fell upon a world which, except for the British Navy and the French Army, was unprepared. Reckless in her strength she finally did not hesitate to invade and trample on the rights of the United States until she forced us into the field. Her preparation was marvelously complete, her efficiency unrivaled—and she failed. All the nations arrayed against her were largely under the materialistic influences which were so powerful in that phase of nineteenth century progress, and which had forgotten the real and informing spirit of the time; confounded material progress with that of intellect and character, and made the cash basis loom large upon man's horizon. As Disraeli said, "The European talks of progress because by the aid of a few scientific discoveries he has established a society which has mistaken comfort for civilization." The mistake was not confined to Europe, and the confusion of thought which it implies both as to science and civilization was world-wide. Fortunately, none of the other nations which fought against Germany was wholly under material control. When in presence of a dire peril their love of independence, of liberty, of freedom of thought and of humanity between men and nations

rose supreme. They preferred to suffer and die rather than lose these precious possessions, or sink into slavery and vassalage before a seeker of world dominion. So inspired they won, and the German scheme of world conquest went down in ruin.

Now as a result we face an exhausted and almost prostrate world, with suggestions in Asia of world conquest, while in another region a savage despotism which has replaced the autocracy of the Czars is threatening the destruction of all civilization. But that which most concerns us here are not the economic conditions, formidable and difficult as those are, or even the physical dangers which so darken and overcloud the future. It is in the realm of ideas that the most significant manifestations are always to be found as well as the solution of the problems, if there be one, for in the end ideas reign and thought will govern the world.

The inalienable companion of the spirit of progress —of the law of progress, if there is one, as the nineteenth century believed—is optimism, which is not a system of philosophy, but a state of mind. The hope for continuous moral and intellectual progress could not otherwise exist, but now, born of the great war and its legacies, the mental and emotional condition known as pessimism is rising up, looking us in the eyes and calling upon us to face the hard facts of history and of the world about us. Read the books and articles which are appearing daily in France and Germany and Italy and you will hear the note of pessimism ever waxing

louder and more distinct. If it is said that it could hardly be otherwise among people who have just emerged from such an awful experience as theirs, one can only reply that this is their view, and their personal equation does not alter the fact of their opinion being as it is.

Turn to Spain, a neutral country not ravaged by war. Recently I read an article by Señor Baldomero Argente from the *Heraldo* of Madrid. It begins in this way: "Faith in indefinite progress is merely another way of expressing our limited vision. We see that the world has been going forward during our lifetime, and assume that it will continue to do so. But I am convinced that our present civilization is about to perish the way earlier civilizations have perished. Men may say that then we shall have a new civilization better and grander than the previous one. But are they sure that the present civilization is better than the civilization which preceded it?" He then goes on to trace the earlier civilizations which have risen, flourished and decayed; points to the wave of gross materialism now flooding the world, the restlessness and extravagance of a civilization rotten to the core; and concludes, after admitting that a new civilization may arise and fall, "But the time will come when the people will no longer have the strength to revolt, and the nations of Europe will disappear one after another, never to revive until after a long night of barbarism." Here is not only a complete denial of the nineteenth century belief, but a profound skepticism as to whether there has been

any real progress in the past, or that the civilization now tottering is the best. Go to England. There has recently been published a book by Mr. J. B. Bury, Regius professor of modern history at Cambridge, one of the ablest, most learned and most eminent of English historians, entitled the "Idea of Progress." At about the same time and with the same title appeared the Romanes lecture by Dean Inge, a brilliant writer and one of the most distinguished leaders among the clergy of the Church of England. Each in his own way comes to like conclusions. Professor Bury declares that the search for a law of progress has failed, and that the existence of such a law is wholly unproved; and Dr. Inge thinks that the laws of nature neither promise progress nor forbid it, but that assured belief in it is a nearly outworn form of optimism. Here from these two eminent men is a flat negation of what the nineteenth century devoutly believed. In our own country there is a stronger hope in the popular conception of progress, and better apparent grounds for it, perhaps, than in any other; but as the months have slipped by since the war no observant man can deny that there is a growing doubt, a rising tide of pessimism, among those who think and who are the first to see and to weigh the chances of the future. This situation, showing so strongly this tendency of thought in western civilization, is a very solemn one, not to be disregarded or lightly brushed aside. Webster turned to the great landmark set up by the exiles from England on this spot in 1620, and as he studied and

depicted them and their deeds he saw nothing but stimulation and encouragement, and naught but harmony with the spirit of progress,—the spirit of his own time which he so largely embodied and illustrated in after years.

This was the message of the Pilgrims to him and to his age as they read it. What do they say to us, not in the dawn of a young hope everywhere for a new and better world, not in the heydey of the idea of continuous progress, but after six years of trial marked by an intensity and severity hitherto unknown, in an hour of darkness and doubt beset with perils which no man can measure or foresee? What meaning have the Pilgrims to us who have one and all been bred up in the nineteenth century spirit, who, carried away by the vast material progress of the past century, for the most part looking no further than the physical effects and thinking too little of the higher meanings, now find ourselves beset by doubts, surrounded by dangers, and with the theory of life which seemed so fixed and permanent trembling in the balance? What has the foundation of the new Plymouth, so full of the inspiration of hope to Webster and his time, to say to us as we look about us in this troubled and desolated world?

As the little group of men and women who gathered here in 1620 stand out before us very luminous in the pages of history they have a stern, an austere, look, due perhaps in a measure to our own consciousness of what they believed and what they suffered and did. No doubt they lived and toiled and loved and married

and were given in marriage and met the little events, hurrying on from day to day, much as human nature in all ages has commanded. But it is to be feared that they did not face all these daily incidents of life with a smile. To them life was very serious, perhaps a safer conception than the other extreme, which finds money and amusement and restless movement the most desirable objects of existence. But whether light-hearted or grave, the Pilgrims encountered the demands of life with unfailing courage, a quality always essential, never more so than when the clouds hang low and the minds of men are filled with apprehension. They had a very strong and active sense of public duty. It is possible that by their example they can on this point teach us something. Just at present there seems a great deal of concern about rights, and a tendency to forget the duties which rights must always bring with them, and without which rights become worthless and can not be maintained. They were never so absorbed in their personal affairs as to forget those which concerned the public,—the public meaning to them the entire body of men and women who had come to the New World together. In this spirit, before they founded and established their little state, they drew up and signed the famous compact of the *Mayflower*—a very memorable deed, this voluntary act. They combined themselves into "a civil body politick," and agreed to make laws in accordance therewith, and to those laws and "offices" they promised "all due submission and obedience." It was a very simple little

statement expressed in very few words. It is quite true that all that is vital in the compact may be found in Robinson's farewell letter received at Southampton, or in the patent itself. The Pilgrims may not have originated either the words or the principles of the compact, although the principles embodied were few and the words not many. But the fact remains that they had thought enough about government to agree upon these principles and be guided by them. It was only an agreement, if you please, but they made it. The act was theirs. They gave life to the thought. After all deductions made, here was a Constitution of government which is in its essence an agreement among those who accept it, made by the people themselves,—an idea which has traveled far and wide, even to the ends of the earth and around the habitable globe since the *Mayflower* lay at anchor off Provincetown. Here, too, written in this same small paper was the proclamation of democracy, something which had quite faded away in Europe, and had never before been declared in the American hemisphere. The election of municipal officers was common enough in England, familiar no doubt to all the signers of the compact. What was of vital importance and entire novelty was that the signers of the compact arranged for their rulers and representatives in a new and unoccupied country. In an unknown land, with no surrounding pressure from an established society and an old civilization, when each man could easily have broken away and sought for license and opportunity to do his own will, especially as

they had founded their settlement outside the territorial limits of the patent, they promised to obey the laws made and accepted by the community. Each and every man of them sacrificed a part of his own liberty that all might be free. "Liberty," said Georges Clemenceau, a great man of our own time, "liberty is the power to discipline oneself," and this was the spirit which inspired the Englishmen who signed the *Mayflower* compact. No greater principle than this could have been established, for it is the corner stone of democracy and civilization. They knew that there could be no organized society unless laws made by the state were obeyed by all, and this mighty principle they planted definitely in the soil of their new country, where it has found its latest champion in a successor of Bradford and Winslow, the present Governor of Massachusetts.[1] It was their palladium and it must be ours, also, for when it is reft from any state or nation the end of civilization in any form conceivable by us is at hand. The men of Plymouth thought and thought connectedly about government. In their new home they seem to have had, and very naturally, an impulse toward a larger action by society as a whole, and they tried communism in regard to land and its development. Their native caution led them to limit the period of experiment, and when the time expired they abandoned it. You can find the story told in Bradford. Economically and socially they decided it to be a failure, an obstacle to advancement and in conflict with human nature, and

[1] The Honorable Calvin Coolidge.

they let it go without a pang. They decided that the right of man to private property honestly obtained was essential to social stability and to civilization. As in very adverse circumstances they managed to succeed, there is something here worthy of consideration in these days filled with the noise of destructive, clamorous and ancient remedies for all human ills.

Some twenty years later they joined the group of adjacent colonies and formed the New England Confederation, the first effort in the direction of that Union of States which was to make the United States and create a nation continent-wide in its scope. To have been the first to proclaim democracy, and one of the first to engage in the opening attempt to unite scattered states in a nation, is an impressive record for the handful of men and women who landed from the *Mayflower* three hundred years ago. The underlying and the lasting causes which made the action of the Pilgrims a decisive event in history seem to me as I enumerate them more than ever to be not what they did with their ships and farms, their trade and their fisheries, but with their minds and with their thoughts.

In these days of celebration, when public attention is strongly drawn to the Pilgrims, the voice of detraction is not stilled. There are always people, few happily in number, but very vocal, who cannot bear to acknowledge greatness, and to whom genius seems an offense. They seek in literature and in history to bring those whom men reverence and celebrate down to their own level. They search for the flaws, the errors, the

shortcomings, and forget that those are not what concern us. No one regards the Pilgrims as perfect. They themselves had no such conception. They had a very deep and intimate conviction of sin. But what matters is their greatness not their littleness. They did a great deed; there it stands, ineffaceable and beyond forgetfulness. They fought a good fight; they made mistakes and some other things besides. They had strong characters and unyielding courage. They had deep convictions. They were close kin to Macaulay's Puritan. "He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot upon the neck of his king." Whatever their failings, however simple, uneducated and undistinguished the mass of them may have been, they did a mighty work, and their work lives after them. The conquerors of untrodden continents, the founders of great nations, are not so common as unduly to crowd the highways of history, and when we meet with them it is wiser, more wholesome, to venerate them for what they did than to belittle them because they were not perfect in all the details of life demanded by their critics in the much-abused name of the truth of history which the Pilgrims would have been the last to fear.

Yet the greatest of all still remains behind. The founders of the new Plymouth came here to find freedom to worship God in their own way. They sought to preserve their race, their allegiance to their native country and their language, but their religious freedom was the primary object to which all material purposes,

all hope of bettering their worldly condition, were entirely subordinate. In 1597 some of their forerunners petitioned to be allowed to settle in Canada, and wished to go because there "we may not onlie worship God as we are in conscience persuaded by his word but also doe unto her majestie and our country great good service." So comes the voice of a quarter of a century before. Listen now to what Bradford says on the eve of the final landing, and you feel in every line the great aspiration of their souls:—

> May and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: *Our faithers were Englishmen which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this willderness, but they cried unto the Lord, and he heard their voyce, and looked on their adversitie, etc. Let them therefor praise the Lord because he is good and his mercies endure forever.*

Whatever our beliefs or disbeliefs, here is a very noble and beautiful spirit, a very fine and lofty courage, to be reverentially admired of all men, and which can never be out of fashion. It matters not whether we agree with their theology or with their forms of Christian worship. That which counted then and has counted ever since was that they set the spiritual above the material, the possessions of the mind and heart above those which ministered to the body and made life easier and more comfortable. They builded herein better than they knew. The object immediately before them was freedom to worship God in their own way which had been denied to them in their native country.

That of which they were not conscious was the corollary of their great aspiration, when once fulfilled, that all other men must also be free to worship God in their own several ways. Their powerful neighbors of Massachusetts Bay, coming with a like purpose, resisted for half a century the inevitable result with all the fierce energy of earnest men strong both in character and intellect, and failed. When the Pilgrims achieved their purpose through much sacrifice and suffering they opened the door to the coming of freedom of conscience, and freedom of conscience meant freedom of thought upon everything within the mental range of humanity. Of all the possessions painfully won by the race of men throughout the centuries nothing approaches either in value or meaning the right of each and every man and woman to think their own thoughts in their own way. Can we longer wonder that the coming of the Pilgrims to these shores towers ever higher as a decisive event in history, for the battles won in the fields of thought make all other battles look small indeed, as the procession of the centuries moves slowly by.

Webster saw the greatness of the Plymouth achievement; he saw the progress of the historic world in things material as well as in knowledge, and, above all, he saw the progress which had come in his own land from the labors, the deeds and the principles of the Pilgrims who set forth from Leyden. Apparently, as I have already pointed out, he did not see, or if he saw he did not draw, the distinction between historic progress

in arts, science and knowledge and a law of progress which was to be the fine flower and the overruling influence in the century which he represented and wherein he was to play so distinguished a part. To the Pilgrims the very idea of a law of progress was unknown. Even their great contemporary, Francis Bacon, who prepared the way for it, never accepted or formulated it. But they faced the world as they found it and did their best. The sustaining power of the nineteenth century which was faith in the continuous progress of mankind on the earth was not theirs. But whether there is a law of progress or not these Pilgrims of Plymouth stand forth exemplars of certain great principles which never can grow old and which can never be of better service than in days of doubt and trouble such as now beset the world. On one great point they made their meaning clear. They never confused moral and economic values; they never set material advance above the higher qualities of heart and mind. They never for a moment thought that life and its mysteries could be expressed in economic terms, which seems, if not actually avowed, to be the tendency among all classes to-day. They set character first. They reverenced learning and did homage to intellectual achievement. They succeeded marvelously. As we look at the world to-day, at what it seeks and what it apparently longs to be, is there not a great lesson to be learned and followed by us as it shines forth in the aspirations and deeds of these plain people whom here we celebrate? The wild new land, the unconquered wilderness which

gave them the freedom they sought, seized with surprising quickness upon the deepest affections of their heart. It seems as if they said that here and not elsewhere will we live and strive—

> Until at last this love of earth reveals
> A soul beside our own, to quicken, quell,
> Irradiate, and through ruinous floods uplift.

A noble aspiration always, and when the "ruinous floods" came, as they did, these Pilgrims still pressed on, won through, and lifted up the cause for which they came, in the land they had made their own.

In all probability they still held to the belief of the Ancient World and of the Middle Ages that our minute planet was the center of the universe, to which, if I am not mistaken, Francis Bacon, regardless of Copernicus, Kepler and Galileo, still adhered. The earth was all they had, and brief life was here their portion as it is with us. Yet they did not live in vain. They strove to do their best on earth and to make it, so far as they could in their short existence, a better place for their fellow men. They were not slothful in business, working hard and toiling in their fields and on the stormy northern seas. They sought to give men freedom both in body and mind. They tried to reduce the sum of human misery, the suffering inseparable from human existence. Whatever our faith, whatever our belief in progress, there can be no nobler purposes for man than thus to deal with the only earth he knows and the fragment of time awarded him for his exist-

ence here. As we think of them in this the only true way, our reverence and our admiration alike grow ever stronger. We turn to them in gratitude, and we commend what they did and their example to those who come after us. While the great republic is true in heart and deed to the memory of the Pilgrims of Plymouth it will take no detriment even from the hand of Time.