

PIONEERS OF PROGRESS

BY

T. A. BLAND

Author of Farming as a Profession, ¹¹Life of Benjamin F. Butler, Esau,
How to Get Well and How to Keep Well, In the
World Celestial, etc., etc.



CHICAGO
T. A. BLAND & CO.
1906

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THE BLAKELY PRINTING COMPANY
CHICAGO

PREFATORY.

Biography is the life of history. Without it the chronicles of a nation would be of small value. It teaches both by precept and example. If the example is good the lesson is uplifting. The lives of good men and women are practical object lessons; and the history of such lives is a rich inheritance to the world. It constitutes the chief part of a nation's wealth.

The nineteenth century was a record-breaking period, in the way of producing great men and women. Men and women who have distinguished themselves by their wise words and noble deeds.

It was the author's good fortune to be born in the early part of that century, and to live his manhood life during the last half of it, and to enjoy the personal acquaintance of some of those great souls who have been prominent actors in the drama of progress.

In this book the author gives his impressions of those headlights of humanity, in the form of brief biographical sketches and personal reminiscences. He has tried to be just to his subject and to his readers, that his

book may be a worthy contribution to the biographical literature of his age; he has striven to divest his mind of prejudice, while showing active sympathy with the views of, and strong personal regard for, some of those whose lives were, in his opinion, of especial value to humanity.

That his book may prove interesting to the general reader, and an inspiration to the youth of the country, is the sincere hope of

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

By REV. H. W. THOMAS, D. D.

Crystals enlarge by accretion; cells multiply and grow. From the moneron and mollusk the life-work went forward and up to the body and mind of man.

A most wonderful fact, is the self-consciousness of the individual. The self, the I, that affirms the self, and the other; that discriminates between the I and the me; that says, this is my body, my house; that draws the line between being and existence. The material world is objective; is perceived through the outward reading senses. It has to do with properties. The spiritual world is subjective; lies within, and has to do with qualities, or the principles of the moral order of the good.

The tremendous meaning of the life of man is found in this fact of the self-conscious individuality and volitional power to think and do. It is not possible for all these individuals to live in separateness; the needs of each compel some form of association; hence the family, the state, the church, and the relations of industry and commerce. And in the progressive forms of civilization the facts of the one and the many; or indi-

vidualism and socialism must always be present; and both must be recognized and conserved; for each has its place in the one and larger social whole.

In this world-process of larger and better becoming, there have been in all the long years the "Pioneers of Progress." Despotisms in government and religion, aristocracies of learning, wealth and the self-enforced authority of kings and ecclesiastics, have sought to enslave the millions. Even in Athens Socrates had to drink the poison; and two thousand years later Bruno was burned at the stake in Rome. The blood of martyrs has marked the slow, hard way of religious liberty through the long centuries; and countless millions have died in the battles of contending despots.

But Galileo came with his telescope; the old astronomy gave place to the new; the Reformation lifted up the rights of reason and conscience in religion; the infallibility of the Pope has been declared; but the temporal sovereignty is forever gone. Under Louis XIV the authority of the church was supreme; and it owned one-third the wealth of France. The revolution wrought the secularization of the social order; and now that brilliant nation is a Republic; civil authority is supreme.

With the ever changing order of progressive becoming, is the vast commercialism of

these great years; made possible by the mighty forces of machinery. With this have come the possibilities and dangers of new forms of the abuses of wealth and power. The trusts and the fabulous fortunes of the few are a growing menace to the rights and liberties of the many. The old slavery of the colored race came to an end with the War of the Rebellion; a new form of white slavery is arising in the oppressive power of a moneyed aristocracy, that not only seeks to control labor and commerce, but to corrupt legislatures and courts of justice.

The work of the "Pioneers of Progress" is never done; some of the old questions of dispute may be settled, but with new conditions others arise. There are always the two parties—the Conservatives and the Radicals; the one balancing the other. Man is self-transcending; the limits of the subconscious and the supra-conscious powers of his own being have not yet been reached. Prof. James, of Harvard, says psychology is now only where science was before Galileo and Bacon. Sociology has just come into the foreground; the problems of wealth and poverty, of war and peace, and the equalities of justice are coming into the great world-court of the higher humanity. In the larger light of the universal, religion will be less a matter of intellectual differences and disputations, and more and more a glad trust and

hope in the Infinite Goodness and a life of love to man and God. And, meantime, the work of discovery and invention will go forward in the world of material forces, and may far transcend the wonders of the present. The rays of the Sun may soon turn all the wheels of labor and commerce, and light and warm the homes of the world.

Among the names of the "Pioneers of Progress" that of the author of this work should certainly have a place; and his many friends have so requested and urged, but Dr. Bland has just as positively protested. Somehow, this busy and self-forgetful life cannot bear the thought of being an autobiographer; nor can his friends forego their reasonable request.

As a solution of the problem, I have been asked to write an Introduction to the work, in which the life of the author will naturally call for at least some notice; and to this, being old friends, he has consented.

The parents of our author, Thomas and Sarah Thornton Bland, were members of a colony of North Carolina Quakers, who settled in Orange County, Indiana, in 1817. In 1829 they bought a tract of land in Greene County, near Bloomfield, the newly located capital, and built a log cabin in the thick forest; and there, this now distinguished son was born May 21, 1830; and there he lived the life of a pioneer farmer's boy till he was

twenty years old. In his seventh year a log school house was built, in which he studied in winters and worked on the farm in the summers, until the age of fifteen, when the father, thinking further education was not necessary for practical purposes, and needing his help all the year on the farm, the school days were ended. He had mastered Webster's spelling book, the Young and the English Readers, Pike's Arithmetic, and had read the Life of Dr. Franklin and the Bible; had almost memorized them.

From very early years, he had a hungry mind; he borrowed from Judge Cavins and lawyer Rousseau and other scholars in the town, works of history; and these learned men, coming often to his cabin home as friends of the family, was a great inspiration to the young student. His daily labor was hard; but he found time to read two hours each working day, and six hours on Sundays. He studied English Grammar without a teacher, and also other subjects. He says "My mother sustained me by her love and her encouraging words gave me faith in myself and in the future."

But changes came to this earnest and aspiring life. When he was twenty years of age the loving mother died; the faithful toiling father, wishing to provide homes for the three sons, and hoping that all would be farmers, sold the old home and moved to

Illinois. Only the oldest son chose the life of the farmer.

And now comes another change in the life of our author, which he must tell in his own characteristic way. "At the age of twenty-two I married a girl of eighteen, Miss Mary C. Davis, a native of Virginia. In 1902 we celebrated our Golden Wedding. As wife, comrade, and co-worker she has been my faithful companion for more than fifty years. To her wise suggestions and kindly criticisms in the many fields of labor, I am indebted for much of the success achieved. She has journeyed with me from the realm of youthful ignorance and false beliefs through the various stages of intellectual growth, and literary, scientific and philosophical development, to a place in the ranks of progress and reform."

Dr. Bland studied medicine after he was married, and on coming from college began practice in the village of Worthington, Indiana, six miles from where he was born. As a physician his studies were not limited to what is called medicine, but took the wider range of health reforms. He had been a student of phrenology from boyhood. He longed to reach and help the people in a larger way; and hence took the platform as a lecturer on physiology and phrenology in their relations to the health of body and mind; his itinerary covered a number of the

middle and western states and a few in the East.

In 1864 he accepted a commission from Governor Morton, of Indiana, as special surgeon in the army. Returning from that work he was joined by his wife, who had been for nearly two years studying in Dr. Jackson's Health Institute, Dansville, New York, and they established, at Indianapolis, a literary journal, "The Home Visitor." At the end of a successful year this was sold and the *Northwestern*, now *Indiana Farmer*, was founded. In 1868 they established the *Ladies' Own Magazine*, of which Mrs. Bland was Editor-in-Chief. In 1870 Dr. Bland published his first book, *Farming as a Profession*, which had a large sale. Having sold the "Farmer" they removed the magazine to Chicago in the spring of 1872, and in 1874 they removed it to New York City, where a year later it was sold and Mrs. Bland entered a medical college, completed her course, and took her degree as a Doctor of Medicine.

In April, 1878, the Drs. Bland located in Washington City, where for eighteen years the wife had a successful career both as a physician and a lecturer on health and related subjects; the husband on occasion assisting as counsel. But his time was fully occupied with his literary work and as Corresponding Secretary of the National Arbi-

tration League and, also, of the Indian Defense Association and as President of the Eclectic Medical Society of the District of Columbia. During his residence in Washington Dr. Bland edited, for ten years, the Council Fire; for one year the True Commonwealth. In 1879 Dr. Bland's *Life of General Butler* was issued by Lee & Shepard, of Boston. In 1880 appeared his *Reign of Monopoly*; in 1881 *How to Grow Rich*, an anti-monopoly brochure; in 1882 the *Life of A. B. Meacham*; in 1892 *Esau*, a political novel, and in 1894 his medical work was issued.

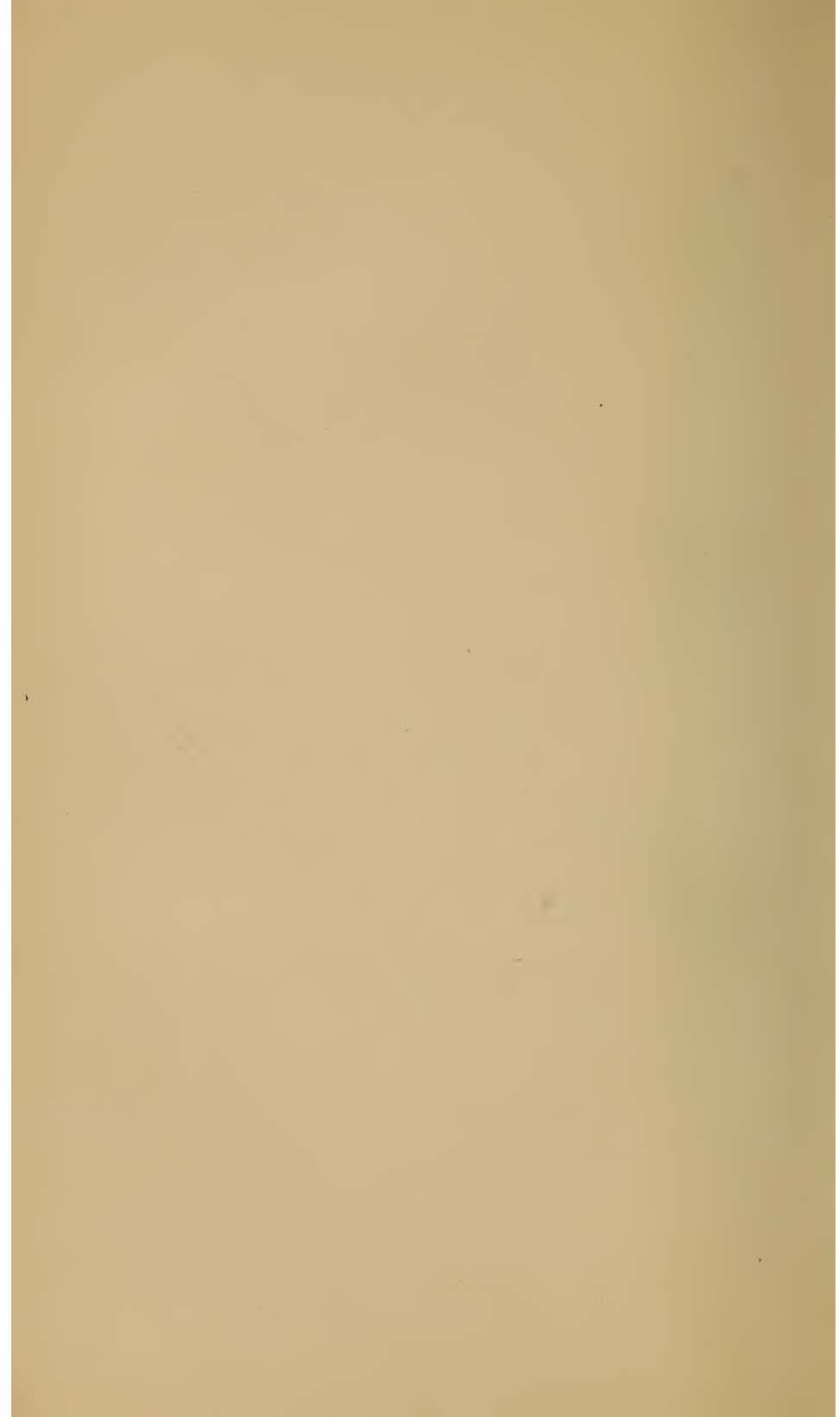
Dr. and Mrs. Bland spent the three years from 1895 to 1898 in Boston in professional, literary and reformatory work; and then removed to Chicago, where they now reside. In 1899 he was elected Secretary of the American Medical Union, which position he still holds. In 1902 his latest work, "*In the World Celestial*," appeared and attracted quite wide attention, and its hold upon the public is still undiminished.

In this passing sketch of the life of Dr. Bland one must be surprised at the large amount of work accomplished; and yet not the half appears. His other writings for the magazines and the general press would make more than fifty volumes the size of his books, and in addition to this he has delivered hundreds of lectures upon various

subjects. He has lived not in the quietude of seclusion but in public; with, and a part of the people; sharing in and trying to bear their burdens. Only as a life of love, and in the sharing or mutuality of love in return is such a life possible.

As a reformer the work of Dr. Bland has been large, wise and helpful. Large, in that it has not been limited to any specialty; his wide vision has looked upon the whole field of the needs and sufferings of a world. Wise, because his judgment has been that of a well-balanced mind. Helpful, because his sympathies have been with the sufferers; he has not stood as one apart from them, and talked at them; but has been as one with them who has known hard work; what it is to sweat in the field, and live in a cabin, and all his life to be comparatively poor.

Looking at this life we can but be impressed with its noble and heroic qualities; its Quaker-like simplicity, purity and integrity; and its moral heroism; and it is beautiful, Divine, to see this husband and wife, who have so long been one in thought and work, growing old in a love that is deeper, Diviner than was possible in the long ago, when together they essayed the task and journey of earth and time. Beautiful as they so joyfully toil on in the brighter hope of the blessed forever.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I stood four hours listening with deep interest to a debate between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, at Charleston, Ill., in 1858. Those men were pitted against each other by their respective parties, Republican and Democratic, as champions of free soil and squatter sovereignty. That debate and the six others held by those mental giants, was the prelude to the memorable campaign of 1860. In that opening skirmish Lincoln won his spurs and achieved a fame that eclipsed the prestige of the veteran leaders of the young antislavery party, which had been born in 1856. The prize nominally at stake was a seat in the United States Senate, which Douglas then occupied and which Lincoln was supposed to covet. If he had any higher ambition Lincoln kept it concealed. Some men afterward thought they discovered in the following incident a still loftier ambition in Lincoln. The Republican leaders, Joseph Medill, Leonard Swett, Richard Oglesby and others were in consultation with Lincoln on the political program of the proposed debates. After his

admirers had substantially agreed upon a policy to be pursued, Lincoln threw them into a panic by saying:

"Your proposed plan is too mild to suit me. I shall press the squatter sovereignty issue and compel Douglas to defend his hybrid child or disown and abandon it."

"Abe, if you do that Douglas will beat you for the United States Senate," said Medill, and Lincoln replied:

"I know that, Joe, as well as you do, but it will make it impossible for him to be President of the United States."

"But, Abe," replied his friendly adviser, "you are not a candidate for President, but for the Senate."

"I understand your position and appreciate your view of things," replied Lincoln, "but I am after bigger game."

The sequel proved that both Medill and Lincoln were right from their standpoints. It is highly improbable that Lincoln thought of himself as a possible candidate for President in 1860. His purpose, it is generally believed, was to sacrifice his possibility of a seat in the Senate upon his belief that to elect Douglas President would be to imperil the cause of liberty. In his reply to Douglas at Charleston he said:

"My friend, Judge Douglas, has decidedly the advantage of me, he is an avowed candi-

date for President; in his rotund and smiling face the politicians see possible cabinet positions, foreign appointments, postoffices, etc., etc., while in my homely old phiz they see no such possibilities."

The manner of saying this, a manner peculiarly Lincolnish, gave it a pith and pungency I have never found in the speech of any other man. His arguments were strong, but their strength was not all in the logic, though he was a powerful logician. There was a quiet and peculiar humor in his illustrations and his manner of speech such as I have never observed in that of any other orator. To illustrate as best I may, I quote: "The Judge's argument is about as thin as homeopathic soup, made from the shadow of a pigeon that had starved to death."

Only those who heard Lincoln utter this can fully appreciate its force. The shout that went up from the listening thousands made the leaves of the trees tremble like the foliage of the aspen.

My personal knowledge of Lincoln was limited, but from the lips of public men intimately associated with him I have heard many an anecdote which I stored in my memory.

Schuyler Colfax told me some amusing stories of the great emancipator. "He was," said Colfax, "a great admirer of Artemus

Ward and of Petroleum V. Nasby. During the dark days of the War of the Rebellion, when the responsibilities of his office seemed to be more than he could bear, he found temporary relief in reading selections from that prince of humorists, Ward, and the letters of Rev. Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby. He would sometimes prelude the most serious cabinet discussions by reading one of the great showman's funniest stories, or the latest fulminations of Nasby hurled at his administration of affairs. Once when I called upon him he asked me if I had read Nasby's latest letter. 'Of course I have,' I answered. 'Everybody reads them.' 'Do you know him personally?' 'Yes.' 'Well, the next time you meet him in Washington bring him to see me.'

"A few days later I met Nasby on Pennsylvania avenue and told him that the President wanted to meet him. 'No he don't, after what I have said about him.' 'Oh, he reads between the lines and understands you, and the quaint humor of your letters does him good; it helps to lift the pressure of his overburdened mind and heart.'

"Lincoln received us in his private room, on entering which I said, 'Mr. President, I have the honor and pleasure of introducing to you my esteemed friend, Rev. Petroleum

V. Nasby.' Extending both of his hands, which Nasby grasped, Lincoln said:

" 'Mr. Nasby, I am very glad to see you; I read your letters with great pleasure. I envy you your wonderful gift of humor; indeed, I would rather be able to write as you do than to be President of the United States.'

"Then looking his distinguished visitor over from head to foot, he asked: 'What on earth is it about you that makes you so all-fired funny?'"

Lord Hartington of England, then a young man fresh from Oxford, visited this country during the Civil War, and the British minister, Sir Edward Thornton, introduced him to the President. Old Abe, as he was familiarly called, took the measure of this young sprig of English nobility, and sized him up as a coxcomb, a type of humanity that he held in supreme contempt. His sense of humor dominated, for the moment, his diplomatic courtesy, and on the young man being presented he grasped his hand with exuberant cordiality, and in a manner and voice peculiarly his own he said:

"My Lord Hartington, I am delighted to meet you, and I am very sure never to forget your name, for it rhymes so admirably with our Mrs. Partington."

Mr. Lincoln was a man of moods. He

had fits of melancholy that at times bordered on despair, but if at such times a jovial friend would tell him a funny story or say something which would remind him of something humorous, he would laugh off his fit of blues. His wit has been obscured by his humor, but it was of a high order and it was spontaneous, as well as keen. A good illustration is found in the following anecdote:

A group of lawyers in the public room of a village tavern were amusing themselves by jokes on each other. Douglas and Lincoln were of the party. One lawyer started it and others joined in, chafing Douglas about his short legs. Lincoln took no part in this, till one of the jokers said, "I think Abe's legs are as much too long as Steve's are too short." This shot was meant to force Lincoln to defend himself, but it failed of its object. Abe was apparently absorbed in some deep mental problem which rendered him oblivious to the controversy which raged around him. Finally a member of the group fired this question at him:

"Abe, tell us how long you think a man's legs ought to be?"

"Well, I have never given that subject much thought, but it strikes me that they ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

On one occasion General Grant was being criticized by a member of Lincoln's cabinet quite severely. "Why," said he, "I have it on what I deem good authority that Grant is a very intemperate man. In fact, that he sometimes gets drunk."

"Do you know the brand of liquor he drinks?" Lincoln wore a sober face as he asked that question, and the accuser of Grant answered as soberly: "No, I do not; but what has the quality of the liquor got to do with it?"

"To my mind, it has everything to do with it. I should like to order a few barrels of the same kind of liquor that Grant drinks for my other generals."

On one occasion a soldier had been sentenced to be shot for the crime of cowardice shown on the field of battle. His mother appealed to the President for a pardon. The appeal touched the great sympathetic heart of Lincoln and he resolved to pardon that soldier. But official courtesy required that he refer the case to the Secretary of War. He gave the mother a letter to Secretary Stanton, in which he recommended favorable consideration of the case. The great war secretary read the President's letter and without a word he drew a line across it with a pen dipped in red ink and handed it back to the sorrow-stricken mother, who

carried it to the President, with conflicting emotions of hope and fear. She did not understand the meaning of the red cross, till Lincoln told her that it meant that the secretary had refused to recommend a pardon. "You see, madam, that I have very little influence with this administration, but," he added, "in this case I shall act on my own judgment and pardon your son without the recommendation of the Secretary of War. The poor boy probably has a brave and patriotic heart and head, but a pair of cowardly legs which ran away with him."

The mother was so grateful for the pardon of her son that she could readily forgive the President's humorous reason for granting it.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT.

Gen. U. S. Grant was a native of Ohio. After graduating from West Point Military Academy he entered the United States Army as second lieutenant. His first active military service was in the Mexican war, where he was promoted to the rank of captain. He afterward resigned his commission and located near St. Louis, as a farmer. Not being very successful in that business, he became a clerk in the office of his brother Orville, who owned a tannery in Galena, Ill. He was filling that useful position when, in 1861, the Civil War began. In July of that year he went to Springfield with a letter of introduction to Governor Yates from ex-Governor Washburn, who believed that he could be of service to the nation as an officer in the army. Governor Yates introduced him to his adjutant-general, Thomas Mather, with a recommendation that he utilize his services. Mather asked Grant:

“What can you do in the army?”

“I can organize and command an army.”

“The h—l you can,” responded Mather.
“Well, there is an unorganized mob down

at Mattoon, known as the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Infantry. I will give you a commission as captain and mustering officer and you may go down there and see if you can bring order out of the chaos that reigns in Camp Cunningham."

Captain Good of Decatur had been elected by the boys as their colonel, but before a commission was issued to him his men decided that he was a failure, and a petition, signed by over two-thirds of the rank and file of the regiment, was forwarded to the Governor, praying him not to commission Good. This was the state of things when Captain Grant reported to Colonel Good for duty. Good was a politician, so he sought by flattery to secure Grant's influence in his behalf with the Governor. The camp had been named for Mattoon's most honored citizen, Hon. James Cunningham. Good issued an order changing it to Camp Grant. This insult to "Uncle Jimmie Cunningham" incensed every citizen and soldier of that section. It failed of the purpose Colonel Good had in view. Governor Yates sent Captain Grant a colonel's commission and assigned him to the command of the Twenty-first Infantry. Under his wise and strict discipline, what General Mather had styled a mob became in a brief time a model regiment. I had assisted somewhat in re-

cruiting that regiment and I was in Mattoon when Captain Grant arrived. I am therefore enabled to speak of the genesis of his career as a soldier in the Civil War from personal observation. I was with his command when, in January, 1862, he made his famous reconnoissance in force in Kentucky, preparatory to his attack upon Fort Donelson. I did not meet him again until after the close of the war. I attended the first reception given him at Cincinnati, when the world was ringing with his praise. He greeted me cordially and introduced me to his wife, whom I found to be a very pleasant woman. The renowned hero of many brilliant achievements was, to all appearances, as modest and companionable as when he was only a captain and mustering officer. He was a man of few words, yet he was not reticent to an offensive degree. He simply did not use a surplusage of words in his public utterances or private conversation. He was as modest as he was reticent. His deeds spoke for him, but of these he not only never boasted, but he appeared to be entirely unconscious of having done anything but his plain duty, as the humblest soldier did his. That he had a great heart is proven by his fidelity to his friends, which has become proverbial. He gave Sherman and other generals all the credit that was their

due, even at the expense of his own fame. His magnanimity to General Lee and his command, when at Appomattox the general-in-chief of the Confederate Army tendered his sword to General Grant in token of final surrender, goes far toward proving Grant a great-hearted man, as well as a wise statesman. His generosity on that occasion did much towards softening sectional animosity in the hearts of the southern people, and helped make it possible for them to again fraternize with the people of the North.

In his treatment of his soldiers, and the prisoners who fell into his hands, General Grant was humane to an exceptional degree. A brother of my wife, Lieut. B. F. Davis of the Twenty-first Illinois, said to me that at first the boys did not like Grant, and that the Governor was roundly denounced for putting him over them as their colonel. They had not been accustomed to strict military discipline. But after we got into the field and had been in an engagement with the foe, they could see that the severe discipline they had complained of was just what they had needed to make good soldiers of them. He became the idol of his men. During his reconnoissance in 1862 a private in the Forty-eighth Illinois Infantry slept at his post one night while on picket duty. The relief officer brought him in as a pris-

oner and reported to the commander of the regiment, Colonel Haney. The penalty for such an offense was death. I called to see the prisoner, whom I had known before he enlisted, and asked him why he had slept while on guard. He replied, "My beautiful wife and my two lovely children have all died since I left them to fight for my country. When I learned that they were dangerously ill I asked for a furlough that I might see them once more in this world. My application was refused on the ground that the army was about starting on this campaign. I am crazed with grief and I want to die."

I told his story to General McClernand, his brigade commander, and said to him: "General, I beg to give it as my opinion that the poor fellow is insane." The General replied, "I will report the case to General Grant, telling the story as you have told it to me, and give him your opinion, as a medical man, of the case."

The result was that the heartbroken soldier was discharged on the ground of insanity instead of being shot to death. About this time I called one morning at the home of a farmer, in whose field the army had camped the night before. The purpose of my call was to get a hot breakfast. The family consisted of the farmer, his wife, one unmarried daughter and a daughter-in-law.

The old man wore a sad countenance and the women were all crying. On inquiry, I learned that the only son of the family, husband of the daughter-in-law, had been captured by Grant's scouts and was then a prisoner in our camp. They felt sure that he would be hung, though they insisted that he had not been guilty of any act of treason or disloyalty. I set their fears at rest by explaining that our scouts were under orders to arrest and hold as prisoners all young men of the country to prevent the possibility of their carrying news of the movements of the army to the enemy at Columbus, or Fort Donelson, and that the young man would be treated well and released within a week. My reward came quickly in the form of an excellent breakfast consisting of fried chicken, soda biscuit and coffee with real cream. I offered to pay for my breakfast in silver coin, but was not allowed to do so. I said to my host: "We encamped on your farm last night and made pretty free with your fence rails in building fires to cook our meals and warm ourselves, and we used about all your hay and corn to feed our horses."

"Yes, I am ruined, but if we are not all hung we will live somehow and be thankful that it is no worse."

"How much is your bill for what the army

has used, belonging to you?" "Oh, I don't know, and it ain't worth while to count it up, for it is gone and counting it up won't bring it back." "Do you think that \$500 would pay for what we have taken from you?" "Oh, yes, I would be entirely satisfied with that much." "Well, go with me to see the General." Proceeding to General McClermand's tent, I said, "General, this is Mr. Simpson, owner of the farm on which we are encamped. He has just given me a good breakfast and I have had a pleasant talk with him. I am convinced that whatever his political views may be, neither he nor his family have committed any act of treason to the United States. I have brought him to you because I knew that it was General Grant's policy to pay for forage taken from non-combatants." General M. asked, "How much does Uncle Sam owe you for the damage done by his boys in blue?" "The doctor thinks that \$500 would be about right," he replied. "But what do you think?" "Well, I'd be satisfied with that." "I will report your claim to General Grant and have no doubt that you will get a voucher for it." Within an hour the old Kentuckian had a voucher for \$500 in greenback currency.

General Grant's life has been written so often and by so many men that I can only glean the field for such incidents as other

biographers have not included in their voluminous books. From my personal knowledge of him, as well as from his history, I am strongly impressed with his resemblance, as a soldier, to General Washington. The strong characteristics of both Washington and Grant were firmness and poise. They were both endowed also with a keen intuition, called by phrenologists the organ of human nature, which enabled them to wisely choose men fitted for positions of trust and responsibility. General Grant's success as a military man was due, in very large measure, to his ability to judge of men's fitness for subordinate positions. His success in selecting public officials to fill executive offices, when he was President of the nation, was not conspicuous. This is to be accounted for by the fact that he had not been trained in civil life, and in part by the fact that a President is a party chief, as well as chief magistrate of the nation. He must select officials from his own party, and largely on the opinion and advice of the leading men of his party. I am impressed to tell an anecdote which is to President Grant's credit, showing, as it does, that he kicked out of the party traces on occasion. I got the story from Hon. John Haley, delegate in Congress from Idaho when Grant

was President, and I give it as nearly as I can in Haley's words:

"I called on Grant and told him that the postmaster of Boise City had farmed the office out to a Democratic citizen, who was doing all the work for half the pay, while the official postmaster lived off the other half, without doing anything to earn it. I have here a petition signed by a majority of the voters of Boise asking you to give the office to the man who is doing the work."

"Mr. Haley, this is a Republican administration, and Republicans are entitled to the offices, on the Jacksonian Democratic policy that to the victors belong the spoils; but when I appoint a man to office I expect him to do his duty honestly and faithfully. It appears that this man is not doing his duty, but is hiring a Democrat to do it for him. I shall give the office to the man who is doing the work, and I will do it at once."

That President Grant made mistakes no one will dispute, but that he ever knowingly did an act prejudicial to the public service no one who knew him will believe.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Wendell Phillips was born in Boston in 1809. His ancestors were among the best people of that city—wealthy, talented and cultured. His name is a combination of the family names of his mother and father. He was educated in Harvard College in both literature and law. He was a rising young attorney, when in 1837 he made a speech in Faneuil Hall which blasted his fame and drove from him all clients who could pay fees to an attorney.

A meeting had been called to condemn the assassination of Lovejoy at Alton, Ill., by a proslavery mob from Missouri. Mr. Phillips and his young wife occupied seats in the gallery of that famous Temple of Liberty. The resolutions expressing the views of those who had called the meeting were read, when the attorney-general of Massachusetts, who out of courtesy had been given a seat on the platform, arose and launched into a speech denouncing Lovejoy as a political firebrand who deserved his fate. The applause which punctuated this barbarous utterance of this cham-

tion of slavery and assassination showed clearly that unless this recreant son of the old Bay State should find a champion of freedom worthy of his steel, who could and would answer him with equal eloquence, the meeting would fail of its purpose. Mrs. Phillips believed that her husband could, by throwing himself into the breach, turn the tide and save the day. She said to him: "Wendell, you must answer that man. Just as soon as he closes you must open on him with your whole battery of truth, logic and eloquence." Wendell Phillips adored his beautiful, talented and cultured wife. Her wish and word were to him law. He was in full sympathy with the resolutions denouncing the killing of the champion of freedom, and his whole being was filled with righteous wrath. But on giving me an account of that memorable meeting he said:

"I doubt if I should have had the audacious courage to make a speech if my wife had not urged me to it. Her faith in my powers gave me courage to try them."

That speech was one of the most famous that ever echoed from the walls of that temple in which Adams and Otis and other great champions of liberty had denounced tyranny and plead for the rights of man. The friends of freedom were enthused to the highest degree, while the proslavery element

of the audience were highly indignant. The first applauded, the others hissed. When Mr. Phillips characterized the attorney-general as a recreant son of Massachusetts a man in the audience sprang to his feet and in thunderous tones demanded that he take that sentence back. With his characteristic calmness of manner, so well known to those who have listened to his speeches, Mr. Phillips said:

“No, I shall not take back a sentence which my deliberate judgment fully approves.”

A mighty volume of applause greeted this brave reply; when it subsided Mr. Phillips proceeded with his speech, and when it was finished he had won a forensic triumph of which any young orator might be proud, but his career as a lawyer was ended. Henceforth the blue-blooded, wealthy and classic young attorney was classed with the despised abolitionists. Like the Nazarene Prophet, he was repudiated by the rich and great, and must find in the common people his associates. He accepted his fate without a murmur. In fact, he found among the common people and the ostracized prophets of freedom more congenial companionship and fraternal sympathy than he had ever found among his former aristocratic associates.

Wendell Phillips was an aristocratic Dem-

ocrat. Perhaps it would be more proper to class him as a democratic aristocrat. He was the best representative of both of those classes that I ever knew. My personal acquaintance with that great man began in 1866. I had heard him speak on the labor problem in Indianapolis, where I then lived. On the following morning I called upon him at his hotel. Handing him my card, I said, "Mr. Phillips, I have called to ask permission to present to you some criticisms upon your lecture of last night." With a pleasant smile he said, "Nothing could give me more pleasure than to listen to your criticisms." Thus put at my ease, I presented my objections to his plan for righting the wrongs under which the working classes suffer. He listened with deep attention till I closed, when, laying his right hand upon my knee, and looking me in the eye, he responded:

"I perceive that it is impossible for you and I to differ, for we are both honest men and thinkers."

"Why, Mr. Phillips, I thought I had differed from you somewhat."

"Oh, our difference is a mere matter of method, not of principle. You are an evolutionist, while I am a revolutionist. I am glad you called, however. I am made the richer by your acquaintance and your

criticism. I will revise that lecture in some points along lines suggested by you."

Our next meeting was in his home in Boston, an old-fashioned, very plain brick house in Essex street. His parlor, as he called it, where he received me, was a second floor room furnished in a style severely plain. My call was a social one and our conversation need not be reported.

In 1876 Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, visited this country, and when in Boston he expressed a desire to meet John G. Whittier, William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips. Mrs. Sargeant invited those distinguished men to meet the Emperor in her parlors. I read a report of that meeting in a daily paper, and on being in Boston soon afterward I asked Mr. Phillips to give me a detailed account of it. He said: "Dom Pedro had great admiration for Whittier, whose poems he had translated into the Portuguese language. During the afternoon a medical society then in session in the city called to see the Emperor. Mrs. Sargeant told them that he was engaged with friends and she could not admit them without his consent. He said to her: 'Let them come up if you do not object.' He greeted the doctors most cordially, saying, 'I am glad to see you, gentlemen. I am myself a doctor—a doctor of state.'

“When the time came to end the interview with the three of us, we started downstairs together, and the Emperor threw his left arm around Whittier and literally carried him to the foot of the stairs, when he stooped and kissed him on the forehead.”

Mr. Phillips included in his narrative some pretty compliments Dom Pedro paid to Whittier and Garrison, but said not a word about any compliments to himself. “Your report is very interesting,” I said, “but it is incomplete.” “In what respect?” he asked. “Why, you have not told me what the Emperor said to you.” “Oh, ask Whittier or Garrison about that,” he replied.

I met Garrison subsequently, but forgot to ask him about that notable meeting.

In 1875 Col. A. B. Meacham of Oregon, chairman of the Modoc Peace Commission in 1873, and survivor of the massacre in the lava beds, visited Boston to bring out his book, “Wigwam and Warpath.” He was a famous hero, but it was not for that reason that Wendell Phillips extended to him a brother’s welcome and paid the trustees of the old Park Church \$50 for Colonel Meacham to lecture in. It was because Meacham was telling the Indian’s side of the story. Mr. Phillips presided over the meeting, introducing the speaker in a most eloquent and complimentary manner.

One morning, soon after his book came out, Colonel Meacham met Mr. Phillips on Tremont street. Cordially greeting the Colonel, Mr. Phillips took from his vest pocket a roll of bills, and, dividing them into two rolls, he pressed one into the Colonel's pocket, saying in explanation of the act: "I made a speech at Salem last night on the Indian and the committee gave me forty dollars for it. As I got most of it out of your book, I think you are entitled to half."

I called on Mr. Phillips one day in 1876 to ask him for some letters of introduction to wealthy friends of his who would be likely to contribute to a fund for the benefit of the Modoc heroine, Winema. He wrote six letters, which he handed to me. On looking them over I found a check for twenty-five dollars, which I handed back to him, saying, "I cannot accept any money for Winema from you, for you have already contributed your generous share toward her support." He tore the check up, dropping the pieces into the waste-basket. He then filled up another check, which he held toward me, saying: "Take that and send it to Winema if you don't want to quarrel with me." That check was for fifty dollars.

Wendell Phillips was not only the soul of honor, but of generosity. I am in possession of a store of anecdotes which prove this.

Hon. A. B. Brown, a life-long friend of Mr. Phillips, told me this story: "I met Phillips on State street, Boston, one day when I was almost in despair. I was about to lose my home for want of one thousand dollars. I had just come out of a bank where I had hoped to get it, but had been refused. I was blue and my face showed it. Mr. Phillips asked if I was in trouble. 'I am somewhat financially embarrassed,' I replied.

"'How much do you need?'

"'About a thousand dollars.'

"'Wait here a moment,' he said. He then walked across the street and entered a bank. In a very brief time he returned and handed me a roll of bills. I could scarcely command my voice to thank him. On counting the roll I found it to contain twelve hundred dollars. When a few months later I handed him the same sum, he counted it deliberately, and, placing a thousand dollars of it in his desk, he handed me two hundred, saying, 'Give that to your wife as a token of my esteem and friendship.'"

Wendell Phillips inherited a substantial fortune. From 1837 to the close of the Civil War, 1865, he gave his time and talents to the cause of the freedom of the negro without monetary reward. After the negro had been set free he championed the cause of the white workingman and the Indian,

giving an occasional lecture on literary topics. He was now not only famous, but respectable. Public opinion had been radically changed, and the matchless eloquence of Wendell Phillips was appreciated.

In 1878 I asked him how much he got for his lectures. "That depends. For my lecture on the 'Lost Arts' I get two hundred dollars. When I lecture on the labor problem I usually receive one hundred dollars. But when they will let me talk for the poor Indian I ask for no pay. If I get anything it is all right; if not, I am content."

In 1876, Colonel Meacham's health having failed from the effects of injuries received in the lava beds and overwork, Mr. Phillips wrote me to New York, where I then lived, that if I would arrange for it he would give a lecture in that city for Meacham's benefit. I accepted, with thanks. A furious wind and rain storm raged during the evening of the lecture, hence the audience was not large. At the close Mr. Phillips said, "I fear you did not get more than expense out of this lecture." "No," I replied, "there will be very few dollars left for Meacham." "Well, I meant that he should have a benefit and he shall." He then handed me his check for one hundred dollars, to be added to the box receipts.

No poor person, whether white or black,

ever appealed to him in vain for help that he could render. His heart, his purse and his home were always open to the poor and the oppressed. But the mere curiosity seeker found him the most difficult man in Boston to get access to. I was sitting in his parlor one day discussing public questions with him when the hired girl brought him a card.

"Who is he?" asked Mr. Phillips. "Oh, there is a party of ladies and gentlemen from California who say they have called to pay their respects to you."

"Tell them I am engaged and cannot see them."

I arose to go, and said, "Mr. Phillips, I have already remained longer than I had intended to, and I will not keep you from other callers."

"Sit down. I want to talk to you further. Those people have nothing in common with me. Their call is doubtless prompted by curiosity, and I don't mean to be catalogued among the curiosities of Boston."

On calling upon the editor of the Boston Post on one occasion, I was surprised to see above his desk a large likeness of Wendell Phillips. I said, "The Reverend Jasper may be in error about the sun moving, but he could say with truth, 'the world do move.'"

"What special evidence have you of that fact?" asked the editor.

Pointing to the portrait, I said, "There is the proof—a picture of Wendell Phillips in the sanctum of a democratic editor."

"Oh, we all honor Wendell Phillips for his nobility of character, and we are proud of him as the world's greatest orator."

In 1883 Hon. J. Hendricks McLane of South Carolina, while on a visit to Boston, asked me to introduce him to Wendell Phillips, as he had a great desire to meet him. I arranged for a meeting between those two representative men, and was present during the two hours they spent in exchanging anecdotes and reminiscences of ante-bellum days. They fraternized most cordially and laughed heartily at each other's stories. Mr. McLane said afterward that in all his life he had never met a more delightful man than Wendell Phillips. "But," he added, "the common people of the South before the war believed that Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison were hideous monsters." The war not only emancipated the negro, but it freed the ignorant whites of the South from prejudices inseparable from slavery.

My last meeting with Wendell Phillips occurred in November, 1883. His health had visibly declined since the last time I had seen him. I had a strong impression that I should never again meet him on the earth. I was also impressed that he felt that this

would be our last meeting. He was in a tender mood and his talk was chiefly reminiscent. He spoke of our first meeting, of my kindly criticism, and of our never having had any disagreement worth noting during all the years we had been co-workers in the fields of reform. When I gave him my hand in farewell, I said, "God bless you, Mr. Phillips; may you live forever."

"I expect to, but not in this world," he replied.

His last letter to me was written less than a fortnight before his death. It is among my most sacred mementos.

On Decoration Day, in 1885, a Wendell Phillips memorial meeting was held in Faneuil Hall. I was in Boston at the time, and had the honor to be one of the speakers who paid tribute to that great and good man.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

My first meeting with Lucretia Mott occurred in 1876. The Pennsylvania Peace Society held a meeting during the Centennial celebration of the Declaration of Independence. Lucretia Mott was the president, and, although then 83 years of age, she presided with marked ability and with that gentle and cultured manner so characteristic of her in all the relations of life. I was familiar with her history and was prepared to admire her, but on becoming personally acquainted with her my admiration was greatly increased. "She is perfectly angelic," was my wife's tribute to her after we had seen her preside over a session of the convention and had been introduced to her after adjournment. "I fully endorse your estimate," I replied.

Goodness is an essential element of greatness in man or woman. One can be good without being great, but not great without being good. Lucretia Mott was one of the greatest women that this continent has produced. Some have been more famous, because their spheres of action were more

conspicuous, but fame and greatness are not necessarily united. Not infrequently persons achieve temporary fame only to sink into the tomb of oblivion soon after the echoes of the world's plaudits die away, while others for whom their own age were very sparing of its praise become immortal in the annals of time, their fame increasing as the centuries pass, and the world grows older and wiser. The humble disciple of the Nazarene and follower of George Fox, Lucretia Mott, was not born to die. The world will not, cannot, forget her.

This eminent philanthropist and reformer was born in 1793 on the island of Nantucket. She came of Quaker parentage on both sides. She was mainly raised in Boston, but finished her school course in a Quaker boarding school in Dutchess County, New York. She was married in 1810 to James Mott, a young Quaker merchant of the city of New York. Her husband meeting with financial disaster during the War of 1812-15, Lucretia turned school teacher to help support herself and family. This was in Philadelphia, to which city her father and her husband had removed and entered into business together. Lucretia liked to teach, for she loved children, and it was the study of their guileless characters that caused her to reject from her creed the dogma of total human depravity.

Having now begun to exercise her inalienable right to think for herself, she let her mind stray into other forbidden paths. Ere long she became one of the most noted and successful reformers of her age and country. At the early age of twenty-five, Lucretia became a minister in the Society of Friends and preached with great acceptance for some years. But being impressed to preach doctrines at variance with those accepted by her church, the leading members labored with her, but finding her possessed with the courage of her convictions, they pronounced her a heretic and forbade her continuing to preach. She clung to her birthright and plead her cause by saying that the highest evidence of a sound faith is a good life. As no charge could be brought against her save that she believed and preached a heretical doctrine that man is inherently good and that we must rely upon a virtuous life instead of faith in dogmas for salvation. Lucretia and her husband were among the earliest antislavery advocates in this country, and for more than forty years his money and her eloquence were important factors in the antislavery movement. The black slaves' wrongs did not monopolize her time and talents, but she devoted her energies among the very earliest in the cause of the emancipation of woman from servitude to man, and

the effort to give her equal rights and privileges with him.

She held it to be a great injustice to women teachers, that for the same work they should be paid only half as much as men received. As early as 1840 she became prominently known as a public advocate of woman's rights. About this time she was sent as delegate to the World's Antislavery Convention in London. Her reputation as an able and eloquent antislavery reformer had preceded her, and personally she was treated with great consideration, but the convention refused to receive her as a delegate because she was a woman. Lucretia was as indignant as a woman of her religious faith and sweet disposition could get to be, and she finally resolved to call a woman's convention in her own country and force the issue of the equality of rights for the two sexes.

On her return, her husband, her sister, Mrs. Martha Wright of Albany, N. Y., Mrs. C. H. Nichols of New York and others, on being consulted by her, sympathized with her proposed action. In 1848 a convention was called to meet at Seneca Falls, N. Y. James Mott presided, and Lucretia Mott, Martha Wright, Thomas and Mary McClintock, Ansel Bascomb, Catharine Stebbins and Henry Post were the

speakers. The convention was a success in creating an interest in the public mind. The vulgar people laughed and the ignorant press ridiculed the newborn movement, but they failed to stop it. Only a little more than half a century has passed into history since that convention was held, yet the woman's rights question is treated respectfully by the press, the people and the pulpit, and its pioneer advocates are highly honored.

Lucretia Mott devoted the riper years of her long life mainly to the cause of peace between nations. It was in this work that we met thirty years ago, and from then till she passed to the higher life we were co-workers and friends. I was the corresponding secretary of the National Arbitration League of America, an organization which was not so extreme in its principles as the American Peace Society or the Universal Peace Union, but it co-operated with them. The last time that I saw Lucretia Mott she was presiding over a peace society in Philadelphia. A letter was handed her and upon opening it she found a five-dollar bill, the annual contribution of her son-in-law, Edward M. Davis. The letter read:

“Dear Mother:

“I believe that war is an important factor in human progress, but there are other factors, the advocacy of peace at any price be-

ing one of them. I therefore send you a small contribution toward the expense of the work you are at the head of."

On reading the letter to the convention Lucretia said:

"Edward is a good man, but he is not a Christian in the full and true sense of that title, yet this letter proves that he is nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than many who profess to be disciples of the Prince of Peace." I knew Edward M. Davis and can sincerely endorse that tribute to him.

In a sermon on marriage, Robert Collyer told this beautiful story:

"My highly esteemed countryman and friend, Edward M. Davis, while on his way to America from England when but a youth, dreamed a dream or saw a vision, as to which it was you are at liberty to have your own opinion. In his dream the ship reached the good city of Penn. He disembarked and, strolling up a street, he entered a Quaker meeting-house, and among the silent worshipers one face attracted his special attention. That face was angelic in its loveliness, though encased in a Quaker bonnet. He resolved to win and wed that demure Quaker girl. On landing in Philadelphia he recognized the wharf as the one at which in his dream he had landed. He strolled up a street which seemed familiar to him till he

came to a meeting-house that he had seen in his dream. He entered and there before him sat the girl in a Quaker bonnet whose face had won his heart in midocean. He followed her, at a respectful distance, to her home. Asking a passerby who lived in that house, where he had seen her enter, he was told that James Mott and his wife Lucretia lived there. The young man thanked his unknown informant and then sought a lodging-place. Within a year from that time he and that Quaker girl were united in wedlock in Quaker fashion. It proved an ideal union. The marriage being made in heaven, as I believe, it could not be other than an ideal one."

I have already referred to Lucretia Mott's advanced views of theology being condemned by the overseers of her meeting, but I did not give an account of the heroic measures resorted to by those good but conservative men to prevent her from preaching her heretical doctrines. Having, as she claimed, a commission to preach from an authority higher than that held by the overseers, and also claiming her privilege as a member and minister of good character, she persisted in delivering the inspired messages which came to her, despite the command to keep still. Then the offended brethren rose up and literally carried the offending minis-

ter out of the meeting-house. This failed to have the desired effect, for she continued to preach while being carried from the church and finished her sermon on the sidewalk to those who followed her out of the meeting-house, and that included a large majority of the worshipers. She afterward became a member and minister in a society known as Progressive Friends.

Lucretia Mott's public work did not in the least injuriously affect her domestic life. She said:

"My life in the domestic sphere has passed much as that of other wives and mothers in this country. I have given birth to six children, and not wishing to resign them to the care of others, I was much confined during their infancy and childhood. Being fond of reading, I omitted much unnecessary stitching and ornamental work in the sewing for my family, that I might have more time for mental improvement."

This distinguished woman gave in her own life practical proof that woman's emancipation from the thralldom of custom that confines her to the home circle does not unfit her for the duties of wife and mother.

GERALD MASSEY.

The British sovereign has for many generations honored one English poet above all other poets of the realm by appointing him to the post of Poet Laureate with a substantial salary. He is the crown poet. That position has been filled by some of England's greatest bards, and by some of only moderate ability. The appointment is a matter of favor, and is conferred only on poets of the conservative type, those whose muse inspires songs that please the king and the nobility. There have been poets of the people in England who, like Burns, the Scottish bard pre-eminent, who, as Massey says,

“Knew the sorrows of poor folk
And felt for all their bitter pain,
And from whose clouded soul there shook
A music soft as summer rain.”

But during all the centuries until the later years of the reign of Victoria, no poet of the common people was honored by official recognition and royal bounty. The first man to wear the title of People's Poet was

born in a mud hut in the village of Tring, in 1828. His father was a canal-boat driver for forty-five years on an average wage of ten shillings a week. Neither he nor his wife could read. One-third of his wages went for taxes, and the balance had to meet the cost of supporting a wife and eight children. This would barely feed and clothe the family in the cheapest manner. Nothing could be spared to pay for books or schoolmasters. The eighth of that brood of children, a son, was christened Gerald, and, as by custom, inherited his father's family name. His full name is Gerald Massey. Could one with prophetic vision have looked upon that babe as he lay in a hovel as poor as the historic manger in Bethlehem, and told the world what he saw as the horoscope of that child of poverty unrolled before his inspired vision, his story would have been treated with scorn or ridicule. Had he said, "I see this child, a poverty-stunted boy at fifteen years, in London, earning a scant living by running on errands, and stopping at book stalls on the way to read books he could not buy, then running all the faster to make up the time thus spent;" had he said, "I now see him denying himself food to save pennies till he had enough to buy a cheap secondhand book and denying himself sleep that he might store his hungry

mind with treasures of knowledge, reading Bunyan's allegory, Cobbett's works, studying French without a master, devouring English, Roman and Greek history, the essays of Addison and other instructive books, and while still a boy beginning to write poems for the workingman's journal, 'Spirit of Freedom,' poems that fired the hearts of its readers with a desire and filled them with a hope, of better times to dawn upon this sin-cursed and tyrant-ridden world, in the near and pregnant future, and then as a world-famous and officially recognized poet of the people, crowned with brighter laurels than those worn by the Queen's poet laureate," that prophet would have been voted an idle dreamer. Yet all of that and more lay in the womb of destiny and is now a part of the history of that land of which that boy wrote:

" 'Tis the land that our stalwart forefathers
trod,

Where the brave and heroic soul'd

Watered our freedom with their best blood

In the martyr days of old.

The hearts of the lowly gave Liberty birth,

Their hearts were her cradles glorious,

And wherever her footprints lettered the
earth

Great spirits upsprang victorious.

In our rare old land, our dear old land,
With its memories bright and brave
And sing hey for the hour its sons shall
band
To free it of tyrant and slave."

In 1873 Gerald Massey visited America for the first time. He came on the invitation of the American Literary Bureau, whose secretary promised him 100 engagements to lecture at \$100 each, less a commission of 10 per cent. He was booked for one lecture in the Star Course of Chicago. The Philosophical Society and the Free Religious Society each offered him another engagement in Chicago. Those offers were made through the writer of this sketch and both were accepted. During his ten days' stay in Chicago my wife and I entertained him in our home and got the history of his life from his own lips.

Gerald Massey is a very learned man, though he never attended any school after he was eight years of age, and then only long enough to learn to read. He is a self-made man in the fullest sense of that term. His lectures show profundity of thought and wide reading, and they have a peculiar charm, combining, as they do, poetic beauty and oratorical sublimity with logic, wit and humor. He is a radical reformer in politics and religion. This is clearly shown in his

poems, as well as in his prose writings, and his lectures. In his "People's Advent" he cries:

"Out of the light, ye priests, nor fling
Your dark cold shadows on us longer;
Aside, thou world-wide curse called king,
The people's step is quicker, stronger;
There's a Divinity within that makes men
great whene'er they will it,
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it."

Mr. Massey told me this story of how that poem served to open to him the door of fame and success. He had learned to set type, that he might print a volume of his poems, a bookbinder friend agreeing to print and bind the book for a half interest in it. When the volume was ready, he carried a copy to the editor of the London Athenæum. Handing it to the great man, he said:

"This is a volume of my own poems, which I hope you will look at, and, if you think it worthy, say something about it in the Athenæum." He then withdrew, without giving his name. He traversed the streets of the city for some days, trying to sell his book, but with such poor success that he became utterly discouraged and said to his partner, "My book is a failure; it won't sell." He had scarcely finished this despair-

ing sentence when a boy from a book stall came in and said that he wanted six copies of a book of poems by Gerald Massey. Before that boy was served another boy came and asked for six copies. When the sun went down that day the entire edition had been sold. He did not know what had caused the demand for his book until a friend called his attention to a review of it in that week's issue of the Athenæum.

"I at once called on the editor of that great journal to thank him for his flattering review of my book. He received me most kindly, and said, 'Some weeks ago I saw in a shop window a new song, "The People's Advent," by Gerald Massey. I bought a copy and was charmed with it. After you had gone out that day you left me your book, I looked at it and the name of the author caught my attention. Why, that is the name of the author of my new song, I said to myself. I took the afternoon off, and read your book through, and wrote the review of it before I slept. I am glad it has helped to sell the book.'"

Gerald Massey was famous in England at once. Edition after edition of that first book of poems were issued and sold as fast as they could be printed, until he withdrew it for revision. A copy of the fifth American edition, issued by Ticknor and Fields, Boston, in 1863, lies before me, as I write. I

purchased that copy in New York that year. One of the great charms of Massey's poems is found in the optimistic spirit that dominates them. His "To-day and To-morrow" is typical of them all. In this he sings:

"High hopes that burn'd like stars sublime
 Go down in the heavens of Freedom,
 And true hearts perish in the time
 We bitterliest need 'em;
 But never sit we down and say,
 There's nothing left but sorrow.
 We walk the wilderness to-day,
 The promised land to-morrow."

I cannot resist the impression to quote here the last half of the closing verse of his "Eden":

"The golden chains that link heaven to
 earth
 The rusts of all time cannot sever;
 Evil shall die in its own dark dearth,
 And the good live on forever;
 And man, though he beareth the brand of
 sin,
 And the flesh and the devil have bound
 him,
 Hath a spirit within to old Eden akin,
 Only nurture up Eden around him."

Gerald Massey's second volume of poems differs from the first in this, that while his

earlier poems were mainly political, his later ones are chiefly religious. "A Tale of Eternity and Other Poems" is the title of the second collection of his poems. His "Tale of Eternity" is a religious epic, which was inspired by what he believes to be a revelation of conditions and scenes in the world where dwell those who have passed from mortal sight through the gateway of death. That revelation was given through the lips of the poet's wife while she was in a state of unconscious trance. Whatever its source, it is a marvelous poem and the theology of it is in accord with the more advanced religious belief and philosophy of this age. As a literary composition, it is the equal of that greatest poem of the eighteenth century, "The Curse of Kehama," by Robert Southey, one of the most brilliant poet laureates that England ever had. Mr. Massey has for forty years been an earnest investigator of psychic phenomena, and he has long since become convinced that the two worlds, the physical and the spiritual, are in close touch, and that intercommunion of the denizens of the two is an established scientifico-religious fact. This distinguished poet and philosopher is still a vigorous writer, though seventy-eight years of age. He gives good promise of continuing his work on earth for some years to come.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

I met William Lloyd Garrison for the first time, in 1876. Being familiar with his life history, I was surprised at his quiet, modest, genial manner. His face bore no record of the storm, the struggles, the trials and persecutions through which he had passed. Instead, it was placid as an autumn sunset, and radiant with the peace that comes as the reward of a life spent in the conscious service of humanity, the only service man can render to God. It was the face of a man who had been obedient to the higher law, written upon the tablets of his heart, and read by the inner light of his soul, the sanctuary of the Most High. It was the face of a child, with the strength of a man and the courage of a martyr. As I talked with this truly great man, I got a clear understanding of his conduct and words, when rescued by the sheriff from a Boston mob that were resolved on hanging him to a lamp-post for preaching the gospel of freedom. When he had securely locked him in a prison cell, the officer of the law said to him:

“Mr. Garrison, if I had not arrested and locked you up that mob would have hung you.”

“Well, that would not have hurt me, and perhaps I could serve the cause of humanity better by dying for it than in any other way.”

Naturally, my mind was carried back through the centuries to a scene in the city of Jerusalem nearly two thousand years ago, when a greater than Garrison uttered a sentence of very similar import, to that of his quiet reply to the sheriff. The world's greatest political, social and religious reformer had just been sentenced to die upon a Roman cross for preaching liberty to the captive. His friends were overwhelmed with what they believed to be an irreparable disaster. But he said, “Let not your hearts be troubled, I have overcome the world.”

What the disciples of Jesus thought was final defeat, He knew was a complete victory, and He was right and His friends wrong, as the world acknowledges now. And still another grand utterance was revived in my memory. In a talk with my friend, J. R. Brown, a brother of John Brown of Harper Ferry fame, I asked if he was in correspondence with John after he had been condemned to die upon the scaffold.

"Yes," he replied, "I had a number of letters, written in his prison cell."

"What was their chief purport?" I asked.

"The fear that he would not be hanged."

"Why, did he covet death?"

"Yes. He said, 'If they hang me, I am a success. If they do not, I am a failure.'"

My readers will pardon me, I am sure, for another illustration of the martyr's spirit and courage. Some four centuries ago, in the city of Venice, a monk who had followed his great Master too literally and truly to accord with the traditions and doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, was condemned to die at the stake for the sin of heresy. In my mind's eye, I see that holy man, standing chained to the stake, with the fagots piled high about him. The lighted torch is applied to them, the flames leap up to light a face serene and peaceful, and from those lips, so soon to be consumed by fire, there comes this immortal sentence:

"There is no pain in martyrdom, unless it come from the consciousness of being unworthy of martyrdom."

From that hour Savonarola's fame was assured, and his triumph complete.

Winwood Read, in his "Martyrdom of Man," tells us that in his progress from savagery to civilization, man has marched through a wilderness drenched with blood and billowed with bones.

A few years before the Civil War that distinguished statesman and famous preacher, Owen Lovejoy, in a speech in Congress, said:

“Slavery is the sum of all villainies, and there is not in God’s universe a place where it would be tolerated a single moment, except in hell and the Democratic party.”

Southern members of the House demanded that he retract that offensive statement, and, on his refusal to do so, a number of the more impulsive of them rushed toward him with drawn weapons, intent on compelling him to retract those offensive words. His friends surrounded him to protect him from assault, and possibly death. Waving his hands outward, he said:

“Let them come. They may shed my blood, as they shed the blood of my brother on the banks of the Mississippi twenty years ago, but they should remember that, ‘The blood of the martyr is the seed of the church.’”

“The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea,
And Wickliffe’s dust shall spread abroad,
Wide as the waters be.”

The indignant sons of the South resumed their seats and Lovejoy resumed his, a

modest victor, through the aptness of a quotation fraught with immortal truth.

William Lloyd Garrison lived to be crowned with respect and honor, in the city where he came so near being crowned with martyrdom. His life had been one of self-sacrifice, hence he was always poor in the goods of earth. Boston showed the sincerity of her repentance for misunderstanding and persecuting him by contributing freely to his comfort in his declining years. Thirty thousand dollars were raised and presented to him as a tribute to his character and life, and a statue was erected to his memory.

Like many other antislavery men, I thought Garrison an extremist, but I never doubted his sincerity. He represented the radical wing of the army of universal freedom. Gerrit Smith stood for a more conservative course. In 1854 I listened to a debate on the two policies between Lucy Stone and Henry B. Blackwell, on the one side, and Frederick Douglass on the other. It was in Cincinnati where that debate occurred. An antislavery convention was in session, and those three persons had been appointed a committee on resolutions. They failed to agree and brought in two reports, one signed by Miss Stone and Mr. Blackwell, the other by Frederick Douglass. The majority report followed the Garrisonian doctrine, while the other was in accord with

the doctrine of the Gerrit Smith party. It will be remembered that Garrison and his school held to the doctrine of non-resistance, the doctrine of overcoming evil with good. Holding the Constitution of the United States to be a proslavery document, they regarded it as a covenant with death, and the union of the states of the North with those of the South they regarded as a league with hell. They favored a dissolution of the Union, on the same line (Mason and Dixon's) that the seceding states attempted to divide it upon in 1861. They believed that if this policy should be adopted that an irrepressible conflict would be ended, sectional war averted, slavery abolished in time by peaceful means, and division of the Union would practically move the line then dividing Canada from the United States to $36^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude. Thereafter, slaves escaping across that line would be free, as they were when they escaped to Canada. The exodus of negroes from the northern tier of states of the South would have been so great that in a very few years slavery in those states would have become unprofitable and be abolished, as it had been in the northern states in the early years of the Republic. That those states would then re-enter the northern Republic, thus moving the border-line further South, and that this process would have

continued until all the states had become free and the Union be restored in its completeness, as before, and, the bone of contention being removed, the Union would thereafter be harmonious.

The Gerrit Smith party held to the doctrine that the Constitution did not sanction slavery, and that slavery could be abolished by Congress, acting under its constitutional authority.

The debate ended in a triumph for Douglass. The convention adopted his report and repudiated the disunion report of Miss Stone and her colleague, Mr. Blackwell. This was before the marriage of those able and distinguished young people.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Garrison was limited, and his public career is a part of the history of this country, hence I need not add anything to this brief tribute to one of the greatest of modern prophets of political progress.

MATTHEW SIMPSON.

Bishop Matthew Simpson was a most distinguished minister and prelate of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His fame as a pulpit orator was world-wide, and as an executive officer he ranked high. That great and good man was born in Ohio in 1811. At the early age of twenty-eight he became president of the Indiana Asbury University at Greencastle, Ind., which position he filled with great ability for ten years, but during that period his fame as a preacher overshadowed that of the college president. His only rival as a pulpit orator was Henry Ward Beecher, who was preaching in Indianapolis during the early part of Bishop Simpson's residence at Greencastle. Those two great preachers were not rivals, but friends. Indiana was proud of both of them. There were several elements that went to make up the sum of Bishop Simpson's power, and popularity as a preacher; among these sincerity is first. He preached what he believed to be the gospel of Christ; simplicity ranks next. He was wont to say, "The Gospel is for the common people, and

the style of preaching described in the New Testament as that of Jesus and His apostles should be our pattern; they were not learned dialecticians, but plain lay preachers. They spake the language of the people and they reached the hearts of the people."

Possessing a wealth of words scarcely equaled by any other man, Bishop Simpson always wisely chose those which expressed his thought in a way so simple that all could understand it, whether learned or unlearned. I heard him for the first time, in 1861, at a camp meeting in Southern Illinois. I was charmed with his manner and thrilled by his oratory, and by his earnest pathos, that seemed to clothe his words with electric power. His sermon on that occasion was political, as well as religious. On meeting him some years later, I said to him, "Bishop, your apostrophe to the American flag, on that occasion, was as fine a specimen of genuine eloquence as I ever listened to."

"Thank you; I am pleased to know that even that much of my sermon has been remembered so long by at least one of my hearers."

My real personal acquaintance with Bishop Simpson began in the spring of 1883. He was the president and I the secretary of the Second International Convention of the Arbitration League, which was

held in Philadelphia. It was during the days of that great convention that I had the opportunity to study that eminent man and to become convinced that his goodness was the chief element of his greatness, hence, that his fame was not ephemeral, but of the enduring sort. The world cannot forget such men as Bishop Simpson, for his life was given to the world in earnest effort to uplift humanity and move the race on toward the millennium.

Bishop Simpson was in close touch with President Lincoln during the stormy period of the Civil War. Mr. Lincoln often conferred with him on affairs of state when confronted by great crises. And when the assassin's bullet released the soul of the great President from its mortal tenement, Bishop Simpson was at once summoned to Washington to comfort the bereaved family and to counsel with those in charge of the funeral arrangements. He went with the sacred remains from city to city, and he delivered the funeral oration at the tomb of Lincoln at Springfield. The closing paragraph of that discourse is quoted here as a specimen of Bishop Simpson's simple eloquence:

"Chieftain, farewell! The nation mourns thee. Mothers shall teach thy name to their interested children. The youth of our

land shall emulate thy virtues. Statesmen shall study thy record, and from it learn lessons of wisdom. Mute though thy lips be, yet they still speak. Hushed is thy voice, but its echoes of liberty are ringing through the world, and the sons of bondage listen with joy. Thou didst fall not for thyself; the assassin had no hate for thee. Our hearts were aimed at; our national life was sought. We crown thee as our martyr, and humanity enthrones thee as her triumphant son."

Bishop Simpson was in active sympathy with all movements that promised to make the world better. He earnestly desired the abolition of slavery, the enfranchisement of woman and the adoption of arbitration instead of war in the settlement of disagreements between nations. He held firmly to the opinion that war is not only barbarous, but an unchristian method of adjusting disputes. During the closing years of his earth life he gave active support to the work of the American Arbitration League. It was in this work that the author of this sketch had the privilege and pleasure of a close acquaintance with him. He possessed a most charming personality. To know him was to love him. His kindly nature, his persuasive eloquence and his sympathetic tone of voice constituted his chief power as

a preacher, and it was as a preacher that the great bishop showed his true greatness, and as a preacher, rather than as a college president and bishop, his fame will rest secure in the annals of Methodism. As a patriot, reformer and orator his place in the history of his country is secure.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

My acquaintance with America's most distinguished preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, dates back to 1867. I had started an agricultural journal, *The Northwestern Farmer*, at Indianapolis. A copy of *The Farm and Garden*, edited by Henry Ward Beecher during his pastorate of Plymouth Church at Indianapolis, came into my hands, and this prompted me to put my eminent predecessor on my complimentary list and write him that I had done so. In a brief time I received an autograph letter from him, which I knew that he meant I should print. Immediately on its appearance, the Associated Press agent sent it to the leading daily journals, and it was printed in all of them. This gave my paper a wide and favorable notoriety. It was very kind of Mr. Beecher to write me as he did, and I appreciated his act very highly. That letter was read by almost everybody at the time, but that was nearly forty years ago. A new generation of readers has grown up who have not read it, and if this sketch should meet the eye of

any who did, I doubt not they will enjoy a second perusal of it, hence I quote it here:

“Brooklyn, January 12, 1867.

“Dr. T. A. Bland,

“Dear Sir:

“I am much obliged to you for the numbers of *The Northwestern Farmer*. I have read them with great interest. I am sure, if the whole volume shall prove as good as these numbers, it will not be the publisher's fault if the readers are not greatly benefited.

“Naturally, I am carried back to my own former residence in Indianapolis, and to my labors in the same field you now cultivate. A monthly paper had been started by a Mr. Hatch. He was enterprising, but lacked the necessary capital for his enterprise. At that time Vance Noel was proprietor of *The Indiana Journal*, and John D. Defrees its editor. Mr. Noel inquired of me for some person who could prepare every week for the *Journal* an agricultural department, and I finally undertook it myself. The result was that three volumes of *The Indiana Farm and Garden* were issued under my auspices.

“Almost all the old nursery men and amateur horticulturists of that day have ripened and dropped. The whole state is wonderfully transformed, and Indianapolis, which fluctuated in population from three

to four thousand inhabitants, has risen to the proportions of a great city. The little ten-foot house in which I then lived is gone, but a dwelling which I built and lived in for a few months before my removal still stands, and is interesting to me from the fact that I worked on it with my own hands, and, so far as painting was concerned, performed almost the whole of it myself, inside and out. In the grounds adjoining I had a garden, which would cut a poor figure by the side of stylish eastern gardens, but I suspect few gentlemen extract from their more gorgeous pretenses half as much deep delight as I did from my two city lots. I was too poor to hire much labor and was therefore my own gardener, and, being an enthusiast, I always planned twice as much work as I could perform well, and so my garden was not very trim and clean. But things grew well in it and I was satisfied. If blight has not done the work of death there ought to be some pear trees, now in their glory, which I planted with my own hands.

“In some sense my garden was missionary work. The whole city was given over to politics and money-making.

“Some ludicrous experiences abide in my memory. Good old Daniel Yandes lived opposite me. My health was rendered feeble by chills and fever, yet I would creep out and painfully prepare ground for my bulbs

and roots. The kind old man came one day, and, leaning on the fence, watched me for a long time, as if to be perfectly sure that I was wasting thought on flowers.

“‘Well,’ said he, ‘I suppose you enjoy it?’ ‘Indeed I do.’ Then, with a little sparkle in his eye, as if he half saw the humor of the thing, he said, ‘Well, the prettiest flower in the garden is a cabbage.’

“Being a Pennsylvania Dutchman by birth, he came honestly by his taste. But of the same blood came also good old Mother Bobbs, and who ever loved flowers more than she did?

“During my residence in Indianapolis everybody kept pigs, and everybody kept them in the street. Governor Noble presented me with a pair, and in two years I found myself owner of some thirty children of the street, and of not good conduct. Their skill in opening gates, digging into a field under the rails, or squeezing through between them, went far toward convincing me of the reasoning power of pigs. My slow and wearisome labors were provokingly neutralized by a cunning old sow, who, about twice a week, would get into my garden, in spite of rails or strings, latches and hinges. The chills made a night excursion dangerous to me, yet one midnight I heard her eating and smacking her chops and could endure it no longer. I seized my gun,

omitting formalities of toilet, dashed out after her. Away she went, scampering down the garden, and away I went down the central alley, to be ready for her return. She stopped and I stopped. I could see nothing, hear nothing, and it began to strike me that I had rather the worst of it and only needed a spectator to appear decidedly ludicrous. Just then, with a bark, she dashed past me on the left. I took aim with my ear and let off in succession both barrels. The squeal which each evoked was music to me. She left the garden and never returned, nor do I recollect afterward to have met her on the street. But if I should indulge in all the recollections of Indianapolis that come up I should run on endlessly.

“I hope that you may reap both credit and profit, in a vocation that bears such an honorable relation to the thrift and intelligence of the great working state of Indiana. I remember with vivid pleasure the years I spent in her borders. Happier ones I shall never see. My eldest son, who served through the whole war, is not ashamed to be called a Hoosier.

“I am, very truly yours,

“Henry Ward Beecher.”

That letter gives a clear insight into more than one phase of Mr. Beecher's character—his love of nature and his sense of humor.

I met him personally afterward and heard him preach a number of times. On one occasion during the celebrated Beecher-Tilton trial I called on a mutual friend of ours, and found Mr. Beecher there. He greeted me in his most cordial manner. Grasping my hand, he asked, "How are you?" "Quite well, I thank you," I responded.

"No, you ain't, you're sick. Your liver is out of whack. Go home and take a quart of Brandreth's pills, then you'll fat up like me."

"I beg to decline your services as a physician, Mr. Beecher," I replied. "I am free to admit that as a preacher you are my superior, but if your prescription is an indication of your knowledge of medicine, I think I can beat you curing the sick."

Mr. Beecher was at that time carrying a burden that would have crushed almost any other man. But he bore it with a courage and composure that was a constant surprise to all who knew him. He manifested sublime courage, when, during our Civil War, he visited England, with the patriotic purpose of trying to change the sentiment of the English people, on the issues between the North and South. They sympathized with the efforts of the southern states to dissolve the American Union and establish a confederacy founded on negro slavery. Beecher's fame as an orator gave him a hearing, but his bold utterances incensed

the poorly informed, and prejudiced masses to a degree that would have been beyond the control of a less eloquent, tactful and courageous man. He won a signal triumph and did his country a great service on that occasion.

Henry Ward Beecher was one of the pioneers in the field of religious progress. He would undoubtedly have been excommunicated by the orthodox Congregationalist Church, forty years ago or more, if he had not been a man of extraordinary power. That he preached what his church held to be heresy was notorious, yet he lived and died a minister of the faith of his distinguished father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, a champion of the creed of Calvin, without a peer in his time.

It is an interesting fact that, unless his eldest son, William, was an exception, all of Lyman Beecher's sons and daughters were, to their father's creed, heretical.

THOMAS K. BEECHER

Thomas K. Beecher was one of the sweetest-souled men I ever met. I called at his home in Elmira, N. Y., one day in 1877. His sister Catherine, who answered my ring, said:

“My brother Thomas is at his club in his church. He dines there almost every day.”

I found him in his study. He gave me a cordial greeting, saying, “I have heard of you and enjoyed reading some of your contributions to the press on political economy, and I am glad to meet you.”

I said, “I am glad to meet you, Mr. Beecher, for I have long admired you through your writings, and your published sermons. I have called to ask you to invite Col. A. B. Meacham to lecture in your church on the Indian problem, next Sunday.”

“I will gladly have Colonel Meacham occupy my pulpit, on next Sunday evening, but I suggest that you call on Rev. Dr. Potter of the First Presbyterian Church and ask him to give the Colonel his pulpit on Sunday morning. Dr. Potter is our Pres-

byterian bishop. He looks like John Calvin, but he is one of the best men that ever graced this planet. I will give you a letter to him. But before you go let me show you our church."

He led the way, and I followed him, through that wonderful building, which contains an audience room of about one thousand seats, a lecture room, club rooms, comprising kitchen, dining-room, reading-room, parlor, billiard-room, tenpin alley, gymnasium; also sewing-room, where I found a dozen or more ladies engaged in making clothing for the poor heathen, not of Africa, but of Elmira. "What is the name of your church, Mr. Beecher?" I asked, "and what denomination does it represent?"

"It is Park Church," he replied; "that is all the designation it has."

That church stands in the center of a city block and is surrounded by trees and flower beds.

Mr. Beecher was for some years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Elmira, but a time came when his conscience would not permit him to be classed as a Presbyterian, though allowed perfect freedom in the expression of his views. He resigned his pulpit and salary, rented a hall and commenced preaching as an independent. A large number of his old congregation followed him, and many people who had not

been in the habit of listening to sermons, save that on occasion some of them had dropped in to hear Beecher, not only became regular attendants upon his services, but took an active interest in the work of this free movement. On assuming his new role, Mr. Beecher announced that he would not consent to the use of collection baskets or plates, nor would he allow his congregation to vote him a salary for his services. Contributions, made voluntarily and quietly, were depended upon to meet the ordinary expenses, and for his personal support he relied upon such gifts as came to him privately. He informed me that that plan had worked admirably. "The church has had all the money it has needed and I have had all that was necessary to the support of my family and all that I could use wisely in private charities."

"I am reminded," I said, "that my father, who was an elder in a church in which the elders were the preachers, and who preached without salary, held to the opinion that a hireling ministry was an unchristian institution."

"Your father was right on that subject, however wrong he might have been in his theological views."

Bidding adieu to this truly Christian minister, I proceeded to the home of Dr. Potter. The good Doctor read Mr. Beecher's

letter and then said, "We all love Brother Beecher, and his suggestion meets my full approval. Colonel Meacham shall have my pulpit on Sunday morning next, to preach the gospel of justice to the poor Indian."

In 1881 Thomas K. Beecher visited the city of Washington, as my guest, and preached a Christmas sermon in Lincoln Hall, which I had engaged for the occasion. It was a great sermon. The Daily Republican of the next morning contained an excellent report of it, and the writer said, "In some respects Thomas K. is the equal, if not the superior, of his more famous brother, Henry Ward Beecher."

There was a tender pathos in his voice that melted the hearts of his hearers, bringing tears of sympathy to the eyes of even the unbelievers. The Beecher brothers were both opposed to human slavery, but Thomas not only opposed chattel slavery, but wage servitude, and monopolistic oppression of the industrial classes and small traders. He allied himself actively with the Greenback party and did what he could to secure the abolition of the United States banking system. He held, with Gen. B. F. Butler, Peter Cooper and other prominent men, that all currency, whether gold, silver or paper, should be coined or printed by the general government, and issued to the people direct, and not through banks controlled by private

capitalists or corporations of capitalists. He believed that the monopoly of the tool of trade, money, is the most oppressive of all monopolies. His radicalism in politics did not in the least injure his influence as a minister of the Gospel, for the excellent reason that all who knew him had absolute faith in his sincerity. After all, it is character that counts. Even the evil-doer respects the truly righteous man.

LEW WALLACE.

Lew Wallace won military renown as major-general of the Federal Army, in the war between the government of the United States and the rebellious states of the South. But his fame as a literary man has so completely eclipsed his deeds of heroism, on the field of carnage, that the world is willing to forget the soldier and remember, with pride and gratitude, the author. The author of "Ben Hur" is famous the world over, and he will live in history while men shall continue to reverence the character and emulate the life of the meek and lowly, yet heroic Nazarene Carpenter, which, I firmly believe, will be till this planet shall have finished its mission of giving birth to men, grown sterile from the exhaustion of age, and is ready to return to the bosom of its mother, the sun, to be purified and born again, to repeat its grand career.

I made the personal acquaintance of Lew Wallace about the close of the great Civil War. He was a hero then, crowned with the laurel of victory and the honors of a patriot soldier. I liked him for his modest

bearing, his kindly spirit and his warm hand clasp. I heard him in a public speech, and was charmed by his earnestness and his eloquence. He was a great soldier, and a brilliant orator, and I saw in him more than a soldier or orator—a man of noble character and earnest purpose. That character and purpose were revealed afterward in his great books, "The Fair God," "Ben Hur" and "A Prince of India." All great, but the greatest of all is "Ben Hur," "A Prince of India" being almost as good.

Lew Wallace was a son of David Wallace, who, after serving two terms as lieutenant-governor, was elected governor of my native state, Indiana, in 1836.

The father was a good and great man, hence the son is an excellent illustration of the proverb, "Blood will tell."

I am strongly impressed to present here a brief sketch of the career of Governor Wallace, in part from memory, and in part from data furnished me by his distinguished son.

HE WAS A PIONEER OF PROGRESS.

The era of railways in America began the year Lew Wallace was born, 1828, with the opening of a railroad fourteen miles long in Connecticut and one nine miles long in Maryland. Nine years later Governor Wallace aroused the enthusiasm of the progres-

sive people of Indiana by advocating the building, by the state, of a system of canals and railways. He had won his election on that issue mainly, against both argument and ridicule, for some of those who opposed him urged that his scheme of internal improvements of the system of transportation and travel would bankrupt the state and destroy the business of a great number of people engaged in hauling farm products to market and goods from the cities to the small towns, while it would be of but little advantage to anybody, except contractors and speculators. He argued, with what now seems like inspirational logic, that the cost would be small as compared with the economic and other advantages which would arise from these great improvements.

"Why," he would say, "the cost to the people would not exceed the product of a hen and chickens to each one, and the prices of your chickens and of everything else that you raise would be doubled or trebled." This argument increased his vote, but it fastened on him the nickname proposed by a humorously sarcastic opponent of "Hen and Chickens Wallace."

In his first message to the legislature Governor Wallace said, "Within a quarter of a century of this time people will be able to travel from Indianapolis to New York inside of forty-eight hours." This prophetic

statement was ridiculed by some, while others said he was a lunatic, but the wiser ones said, "Let us wait and see."

A member of the legislature of 1837 told me this anecdote:

"When that part of Governor Wallace's message which urged the building of railroads was read, a member was so disgusted that he could not wait for the proper time to discuss the proposition, so he interrupted the proceedings by saying:

"'Well, I'm eternally down on them sort of roads. We've got some of 'em down in my county, and they air a blamed site wus than dirt roads. They keep a wagon out of the mud, but they air so rough that they wear it out quick if they don't break the axle tree.'"

"The presiding officer said: 'The honorable member from —— is not only out of order, but he evidently thinks that the governor is recommending a system of corduroy roads. For the information of the gentleman and other members who need to be informed on this subject, I will say that the railroads referred to by the governor are not constructed by laying fence rails or poles across country roads to keep wagons from sinking in the mud, but they are built by laying long wooden sills lengthwise four or five feet apart, and spiking bars of iron called rails on top of those sills, for cars

drawn by steam engines called locomotives to run upon and which can travel fifteen or twenty miles an hour and haul loads which it would require a team of one hundred horses to draw on ordinary roads two miles an hour.' ”

The great financial panic of 1837 was an important factor in delaying the improvements urged by Governor Wallace, so that it was ten years from that time before the pioneer railroad of Indiana was built, yet six years later the Hoosier capital was the great railway center of the world. Unfortunately for the people of the state, while Governor Wallace's prophecy was fulfilled, his plan of having the state build, own and get the profits from these public highways, was not adopted.

The plan of the great far-seeing and public-spirited governor would have enriched the whole people and especially the farmers and other producing classes. The people are beginning to discover the mistake that their fathers made in not adopting the policy of that greatest statesman and most profound political economist whom they ever had the good fortune to elect to the important office of chief executive of the state. He was a prophet of progress whose fame will grow brighter as the wisdom of his foresight and the sterling qualities of his character are more clearly seen by succeed-

ing generations of wiser men than those of his time.

It was during the term of Gov. James Whitcomb, 1847, that the first railroad was opened in Indiana. Whitcomb was elected in 1844, hence his election and administration lie within the boyish memories of the author. Governor Whitcomb was a bachelor when elected, but he became a benedict soon after he was inaugurated. The story of his courtship and marriage was quite romantic.

While addressing an audience of both men and women during the campaign Cupid shot an arrow from a strategic position which went straight to its mark, the theretofore impervious heart of the candidate for governor, and stuck there. To drop metaphor, the bachelor orator of fifty fell desperately in love with a charming maiden of thirty summers, who occupied a seat immediately in front of the rostrum. He obtained an introduction and at once laid siege to the heart of his inamorata. Mr. Whitcomb was at that period of his life an inveterate snuff taker, and when in conversation with any person he usually held his open snuff box in his left hand, and at frequent intervals he would take a pinch and present his box to his vis-à-vis. Before introducing him to the lady, his friend, whose good office he had sought, said to him:

“Now, Jim, don’t ask her to take snuff with you.”

“Of course I won’t,” he replied. But he did. The lady declined, with thanks, but this not being an uncommon thing in his experience did not embarrass him. When his friend charged him with not keeping his promise, he was so mortified, that he threw his snuff box into the fire and then and there abandoned the habit of taking snuff.

His wooing proved successful, and soon after he assumed the honorable and responsible office of governor he took upon himself the equally responsible and no less honorable position of husband.

This anecdote seems to the narrator not out of place in this sketch, as Governor Whitcomb is not to have a separate biography in this series.

Lew Wallace’s “Fair God,” as many of my readers know, is a historic romance of the conquest of Mexico by Spain. As a history of that event, with its cruelties, it is exceedingly interesting, but its chief interest to me, as doubtless to many others, is found in the revelations it contains of the character of Montezuma and his people, and of the sociology and religion of that representative nation of a civilization vastly more ancient than that of any European race. There is a growing belief among

scientific men of the most advanced type that the lost Atlantis of Plato actually existed. That time was when a great continent stood where the Atlantic Ocean now bears the commerce of the world, that a mighty nation of highly civilized people occupied that continent, and that at some remote period, variously estimated at from twenty thousand to thirty thousand years ago, perhaps at the time of the Isothermal cataclysm which deluged Europe, that continent went down and the continent now known as North America arose above the waves that had formerly rolled over it. That Mexico and Central and South America escaped the fate of Atlantis, and that the peoples who lived there before the discoveries of Columbus and Americus Vesputius opened the new old world to the knowledge of the old new world, were degenerate descendants of the same race that had lived in the lost continent. In calling those people degenerates I am guided by the general opinion that all civilizations culminate and then decline. Egypt, India and China are striking examples. But, however much they were inferior to their ancient ancestors, the people of Mexico, Peru and other nations of like character were far superior to their Spanish conquerors in all the elements of true civilization.

“Ben Hur” is Lew Wallace’s greatest book, and the one on which his fame as an author chiefly rests. That book is a sermon in story that eclipses all of the lives of the Christ that were ever given to the world. Perhaps the books that most favorably compare with it are “The Prince of the House of David” and “Ecce Homo,” but even the brilliant Renan must yield the palm of literary excellence to Wallace.

On reading “Ben Hur” one can but marvel at the profound knowledge of peoples and customs of the time of the Nazarene. It gives the reader a vivid idea of Jerusalem and the Jews, of Rome and the Romans and of Syria and the Syrians. Next to Jesus, Ben Hur is the great character of the drama. Simonides and his daughter Esther are also great characters; in fact, all the characters are great after their kind. But my readers are doubtless familiar with that marvelous book, which easily ranks as the best American novel.

“A Prince of India” ranks next to “Ben Hur”; indeed, in some respects it is equal to it. That new story of the wandering Jew is equal in literary style to Eugene Sue’s story of that title, and in its moral uplift and profound religious philosophy it is far superior. The familiarity with the religion of Mohammed and the astrology of India

shown by Wallace in that work is a constant surprise to the reader, while the character of the conqueror of Rome, Mohamid Ali, is one of the greatest and most charming pen pictures of a true and grand man and humane monarch ever written, and this is equaled by the history of the beautiful Princess Irena and of the Christ-like Russian monk, Sergius. The story of the condemnation of Sergius to be slain by the lions for preaching the Gospel of Christ to an assembly of paganized priests, brings vividly to one's mind the story of his great Master, who was condemned to die on a Roman cross at the demand of the bigoted priests of Judea. The heroism of the latter approaches very near to that of the former, and the devotion of Irena and her heroic resolve to die with her disciple, Sergius, forcing the gate of the arena and rushing to his side as he stood calmly awaiting the fatal spring of the king of beasts, "Tamerlane," and as calmly as he, awaiting death in its most tragic form, is thrilling to the last degree.

The rescue by the African giant, servant of the Prince of India, of both of these devotees, comes as a delightful relief. The noble action of the last of the Roman emperors, Constantine the Second, in bearding the lion of pious fanaticism and peremptorily forbidding a second attempt to sacri-

fice the heretical monk on the altar of anti-Christian bigotry, cannot but cause the reader to drop a tear of sympathy over the final fate of that good but weak ruler, of an empire once the greatest on earth, but which, as the result of the ambitious effort of the First Constantine to perpetuate its power by uniting the Pagan and Christian churches into a great religious hierarchy under the title of "The Roman Catholic Church," had lost most of its territory and power, and was finally conquered by the Moslem Turk, who made the once powerful capital of Rome, Constantinople, his seat of power.

The efforts of the wandering Jew, "A Prince of India," to save Constantine and his empire from the fate that he saw was impending, forms another highly interesting chapter of this book. The speech of that great man, who had then lived on earth for fourteen centuries, before the bishops and prelates of the Greek Church in the emperor's audience room is the greatest theological production I ever read. The emperor was convinced that the prince's views were sound and his program feasible, but the prelates denounced the entire discourse as a mass of heretical sophistry. They denounced the prince in bitter terms and would have attempted to put him to death

but for the interference of the emperor, whose guest he was.

Lew Wallace lived to a serene old age, an honor to the state of his birth and to the nation whose unity his sword helped to preserve. I admired and loved him as a man and I am glad of this opportunity to pay him a brief but sincere tribute.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

I made the personal acquaintance of General Butler in 1866, when, as a journalist, I interviewed him on the political issues of that period. The War of the Rebellion had ended the year before in the complete subjugation of those states of the Union which had attempted to set up a republic of their own. The men of the southern states whose opinions on public policy dominated the majority of the people of that section held that the United States was simply a confederacy of independent states which had voluntarily united for mutual benefit, and that when one or more of those states should decide that their rights and interests were being violated by the other states, or by the general government, they had the same right to withdraw that they had to enter the Union in the first place. Many public men of the northern states held this same view. This class was not confined to the Democratic party, but embraced many leading Whigs. Slavery was the bone of contention when the Union was formed by the adoption of a constitution. All the states

save one were slave states then; negro slavery was found to be unprofitable in the North, but it was profitable in the South. The Union came to be divided on sectional lines. The slavery question got into politics and finally became the leading issue. A large majority of the people of the free states were content to leave the southern states free to manage their own affairs as they saw fit; but few desired to take from them the right to perpetuate the institution of slavery where it still existed. But a majority were opposed to any increase of the area of slave territory. The republic of Texas asked to be annexed to the United States. It was a slave-holding republic. For that reason many northern people were opposed to its being admitted into the Union as a state. Martin Van Buren, successor of Andrew Jackson as president, was defeated for the nomination for president in the Democratic convention of 1844 by the delegates from the South and their northern allies, because he had publicly announced his opposition to the annexation of Texas until she should abolish slavery. James K. Polk of Tennessee was nominated and elected on that issue. This made the Democratic party a proslavery party. Texas was admitted into the Union in 1845. A disagreement arose between the United States and the republic of Mexico over the boundary line

between Texas and Mexico. The United States declared war against Mexico and sent Gen. Zach. Taylor and Gen. Winfield Scott to whip our little sister. They did it quickly and effectively. In the treaty of peace that followed, our commissioners compelled Mexico to cede to the United States all that immense territory now known as New Mexico, Arizona and California. The South wanted this new territory erected into slave states; she also wanted Kansas, which then included Colorado, admitted as a slave state. To effect this the Missouri Compromise act, a southern measure when it was adopted, which limited slavery to the territory south of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$, commonly known as Mason and Dixon's line, had to be repealed. This was effected through the efforts of Stephen A. Douglas, who secured the passage of an act giving the people of new territories the right to adopt constitutions with or without slavery, as they might choose. This broke up the old parties, and the free-soil elements of both united in the formation of a new party, which took the name Republican. The Democrats divided in 1860 at the Charleston convention, one faction nominating Douglas for president and the other faction Breckenridge. Lincoln was elected as a Republican. The South seceded and the war followed.

Benjamin F. Butler led the bolt from the

Charleston convention and supported Breckenridge for president. He ran for governor of Massachusetts that year as a Breckenridge Democrat. He opposed Douglas and his platform on the ground that squatter sovereignty opened up the whole question of slavery, including the revival of the slave trade. In a speech in the Charleston convention, he said:

“Our opponents will see in this platform what I hope southern gentlemen do not mean—the reopening of the African slave trade. It will be proclaimed from every stump, flaunted from every pulpit, thundered from every platform in the North, while we, your friends (and without us you are powerless), will see the last vestige of the constitutional rights of the South stricken down.”

General Butler asserted that the Breckenridge Democrats were opposed to secession and that the leading supporters of Douglas in the South were disunionists. He claimed to be a constitutional Democrat, and therefore in favor of the constitutional rights of the South, but opposed to the dissolution of the Union for any cause.

Immediately after the election of Lincoln the Democrat leaders met in Washington for conference. General Butler and Mr. Breckenridge were among them. Those two men joined in the effort to stay the secession movement. South Carolina had

already passed an ordinance of secession and sent three commissioners to Washington to treat with the United States for terms of separation. General Butler strove to persuade them not to present their credentials to the President, and on failing in this, he went to the White House and advised President Buchanan to summon the United States Marshal to the White House and when the South Carolina commissioners should present their credentials, have them arrested on the charge of treason and put on trial for their lives in the Supreme Court, as Aaron Burr was tried in the early years of the republic. He offered to assist in the prosecution without fee. Attorney-General Black favored Butler's plan, but the President refused to sanction it. This wise plan of nipping the secession movement in the bud failed through the weakness of one man whom the people had endowed with supreme power.

General Butler tried to dissuade the southern leaders from their mad course, but he failed. They insisted that the North would not fight. Butler said:

"We of the North are very quiet now, because we don't believe you mean to carry out your threats. But as sure as you attempt by force to break up the Union the North will resist that attempt with the last man and the last dollar, and you are as cer-

tain to fail as there is a God in heaven. You may ruin the South and blot out slavery, but you can't destroy the Union. It is cemented by the blood of your fathers and mine, and one it must continue forever."

General Butler was the commander of the state militia of Massachusetts, and the morning after Fort Sumter was fired upon he, by order of the governor, started from Boston for Washington with his brigade. He had sent one regiment, the Sixth Massachusetts, on an earlier train, and the first blood of the war was shed by that regiment in Baltimore, a mob firing upon it as it passed through the city.

For a history of General Butler's career as a soldier, his capture of Baltimore and Fort Hatteras, his campaign on the James, his capture of New Orleans, etc., etc., the reader is referred to the author's life of General Butler, published by Lee & Shepard of Boston, in 1879.

General Butler was not only one of the greatest military men of this country, but he was a great man in other respects. His capture of New Orleans was one of the most brilliant feats of generalship recorded in history, but it is equaled, if not eclipsed, by his wise government of that rebellious city. He speedily brought order out of chaos, and his sanitive measures banished the yellow fever from that home of deadly

miasma. It is strange, indeed, that the official physicians did not adopt Butler's methods of dealing with the epidemic last summer. If they had done so hundreds, if not thousands, of lives would have been saved.

The war over, General Butler returned to his home at Lowell, a Republican of the radical type. This brings me to my first interview with him, already referred to. He had come to Indianapolis, where I then lived, to speak in a Republican campaign. He sustained the reconstruction policy of the party and denounced President Johnson and his followers as political traitors. He was subsequently elected to Congress as a Republican. But while he was a loyal Republican on the reconstruction issue, he differed with that party on the money question. In 1869 he introduced into Congress a bill which, if it had become a law, would have revolutionized our monetary system. It would have relegated gold and silver to the realm of commodities, and made United States Treasury certificates the sole money of this nation. His speech in explanation and advocacy of his bill was one of the most masterly ever delivered in Congress. He said in the opening:

"We want a uniform, sound, cheap, stable and elastic currency. All financial writers agree that paper money is the cheapest of any circulating medium. Stability is the

fixedness of volume of the currency as compared with the property to be measured by it, and no one can doubt that paper money regulated by law is absolutely stable, while money coined of gold or silver, or any other substance limited in production and fluctuating as to amount, is unstable. But it is said that our money must be the same as the money of the world. I would as soon, or sooner, have our government, our laws, our institutions, the same as the rest of the world. We have divested our government of every trait of despotism, every attribute of the monarchies of the old world save one, and that is the all-controlling and all-absorbing power by which the masses of the peoples of all nations of the earth have ever been enslaved—coined money.”

For this bill and speech General Butler was turned out of the Republican party, and the Democratic party, being controlled by August Belmont and other hard-money men, he became an Independent. Judge Rockwood Hoar, the Republican candidate for Congress against him, called him a political widow. The retort of General Butler squelched his opponent and Butler was triumphantly elected.

In 1878 General Butler ran for the office of governor of Massachusetts as an Independent. He was defeated by a small ma-

jority at the close of one of the most strenuous campaigns ever witnessed. In 1882 he was successful in his ambition to be governor of his native state. This practically closed the political career of this remarkable man, who is generally conceded to have been the worst abused man in America. He was hated by the aristocrats and favored by the common people. His subordinate generals, who had West Point diplomas, were bitter in their enmity towards him, but the common soldiers of his command almost worshipped him, while General Grant appreciated his military genius and achievements very highly and paid him some fine compliments. He said:

“I believe that if General Butler had had two corps commanders, such I could have selected had I known the material of the army as well as I did afterward, he would have captured Petersburg not only, but threatened Richmond itself, so as to have aided me materially.”

General Butler was a great lawyer. He received large fees from rich men, but often gave legal gratuitous advice to poor people. In case they were exceptionally worthy he would appear for them in court without charge. He never took a fee from a man who had served as a soldier in the Civil War. An ex-soldier told me that on one occasion he was being wronged and oppressed by a

grasping landlord, and having served as a soldier under General Butler he laid the case before him. The General advised him to let his landlord sue him and he would appear for him. I told my avaricious landlord that if he would not settle on the terms I had offered him my attorney had advised me to let him sue me. "Who is your attorney?" he asked. "Gen. Benjamin F. Butler," I replied. "Well, if Butler is to fight for you, I guess I will surrender."

After the war closed General Butler conducted a free pension agency in Boston, and hundreds, if not thousands, of the old soldiers, secured pensions through it without cost to them. He was a many-sided man. Acquisitiveness was a strong element of his character, but his organ of benevolence was also large. He could not resist the plea of a beggar. On one occasion when I was his guest a poorly clad woman came into the parlor where we were in conversation and made a piteous appeal for a few dollars to pay her rent and purchase food and fuel. It was a cold evening and the woman was almost frozen. The General listened to her piteous tale with admirable patience, and his sympathy was sincere, for as the tears rolled down his cheeks he handed her a roll of bills and said, "There, my good woman, that will pay your rent and warm and feed you and your children till this storm is over."

Acquisitiveness had abdicated for the time and benevolence reigned supreme. Had his visitor made a demand for money which she thought the General owed her, but on which he held a different opinion, it would have aroused the instinct of avarice and self-defense and he would probably have shown her the door.

General Butler was not a member of any church, but he was a firm believer in an overruling Providence and in a future life.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

John Clark Ridpath was born in Putnam County, Indiana, in 1840, and raised on a farm. He graduated from Indiana Asbury University in 1863, with high honors. In 1879 the University of Syracuse, New York, conferred upon him the degree of Bachelor of Laws in recognition of his superior literary attainments as shown in his able and voluminous historical works, his English Grammar, etc. His first history of the United States was a grammar school text-book, published in 1873. His last history of the United States has but recently been issued. It comprises fifteen volumes. He had barely finished that most complete history of this country ever written when, in 1900, the Angel of Death put a period to his work on earth. In the interim he had produced two of the greatest works ever written. The Encyclopedia of Universal History, eight large volumes, and the Great Races of Mankind, in eight large volumes. Also the life and times of William E. Gladstone. All of his books are standard and have had large sales. Besides these more elaborate works Doctor

Ridpath wrote a great number of brilliant essays and beautiful poems, some of which appeared in *The Arena*, of which he was the editor for two years, 1896-1898. There are quite a large number still in manuscript in the hands of his daughter, Mary Ridpath Mann, of Chicago, who is her father's literary legatee and to whom I am in part indebted for the details of this sketch. It is Mrs. Mann's intention to edit and publish her father's essays and poems in a series of volumes.

My first meeting with Doctor Ridpath occurred in 1881 at Greencastle, Ind. He was then a member of the faculty of his alma mater, which position he occupied for a number of years with distinguished ability.

A committee, of which he was the chairman, had invited me to lecture in that city on "Political Economy," a subject in which we were both much interested. I had admired his writings and was prepared to like him personally. He measured up to my ideal of him, and more. His social qualities were so developed that I found in him a most charming companion. Our friendship begun then, grew as the years passed.

I was living in Boston when Doctor Ridpath came there to edit *The Arena* and my wife and I gave him a reception, inviting some fifty or sixty of the literati of that city to meet him. It proved a very enjoyable

occasion to the special guest and to all the others. After an hour of social intercourse and music I introduced my honored guest in a formal way, briefly reviewing his literary career and emphasizing his progressive views on sociology, political economy, etc. He responded in an informal talk that was replete with sound philosophy and poetic beauty. His speech was a gem, a rare intellectual treat.

The music of that occasion was furnished by Prof. John Jay Watson, widely known as the "Ole Bull" of America, and his daughter, Miss Anna Watson, who was almost the equal of her father as a violinist and one of the greatest pianists this country has produced. The violin used by Professor Watson was presented to him by Ole Bull on the occasion of his first visit to that distinguished Norwegian in his home at Christiania. This tribute to my friend Watson is given here not only because he was a great musician, but also a grand man, and an intelligent and sincere reformer.

Doctor Ridpath's books are to be found in the libraries, so they are available to the public, but his essays are not yet issued in book form, and as I desire to give my readers a taste of them, I quote briefly from one entitled, "Is History a Science?" which appeared in *The Arena* for November, 1897.

"The phrase, science of history, has en-

tered into the philosophical language of the age. Whether such a phrase and the notions which it suggests are warranted in the present stage of inquiry is one of the profound questions which still remain unsolved at the end of a great and progressive century.

“James Anthony Froude says: ‘History is a dry subject; and there seems, indeed, something incongruous in the very connection of such words as science and history.’

“On the other hand, the profound Buckle declares that history is the science of sciences.

“What then are we to believe? Is the history of mankind the science of sciences, as Buckle tells us, or is it nothing more than a box of letters, out of which we can make any meaning we please, as Froude tells us?

“To my mind, it appears clear that in answering such a question we must first define science. What is science? A science is the systematic arrangement of the laws by which any group of facts or phenomena is governed. The term law used in the definition signifies no more than the observed order which the facts or phenomena hold constantly to one another. From this it is clear that we must have facts to begin with. In order that there be a science there must not only be facts, but the facts must be asso-

ciated facts. They must be in sequence or correlation with each other. They must be bound together by some common principle. They must have a logical and a chronological relation. They must be of such sort as to yield to classification and arrangement into groups and categories; for without this quality of association and relation, though the field of inquiry be piled with facts, there can be no science. If in the nature of things the facts stand apart, then the scientific principle cannot be established over them. There may be chaos and force, but no science. It is not enough that we have facts and the gathering of the facts in groups under the laws of logical association. There must also be an interpretation of the facts, else there is no science of them. The old world was as full of facts as the new, but not as full of science. It was as an interpreter that the man of antiquity was so great a failure.

“The interpretation of facts and phenomena out of the unknown to the known is the very substance of science. Science explains in terms of the known the thing that was before unknown. She discovers the law by which the things are bound together. She gives us a clue by which to thread the chamber of the labyrinth. She puts into our hands the endless chain of causation and

teaches us to follow it link by link. She uncovers the living principle of things, so that the facts around us which before seemed dead, inane and chaotic, become quickened into a dramatic and beautiful life. Interpretation, however, is only one of several principles that enter into science. But if we stop here we have only the half of science, and that the poorer half. Science demands that we shall be able to tell what will come to pass hereafter. Interpretation looks only at the present and the past. If science stops short with simple interpretation she would hardly be worthy of praise; but she also adds the gift of prophecy. Science understands the mysteries of the future. She reveals, at least in part, what is to be. She sees, as if with prophetic eye, the facts of the universe, instinct with inherent forces, approximating and entering into union, or repelling and flying asunder. She sees collisions and catastrophes, the marriages and births and deaths of nature. She marks the waxing and waning moons of a thousand cycles. She sees the falling of next winter's snows, the blushing of next June's roses. She sees all the shifting changes in the secular order of the world until the final cataclysm, when the floods of water having retired into the caverns below and cold having taken the throne of nature,

the earth shall become a dead and icy clod in silent orbit, where once we traveled with our hopes and loves."

This is a masterly definition of science as she will be and as she is now only beginning to be. The reader cannot fail to note the poetic spirit that gives charm to the writings of this great essayist.

But to proceed with our extracts, for we are only giving extracts from this great essay:

"What is history? It is the movement of the human race interpreted. It is the facts and events of human life arranged on the lines of the causes that produce them. It is a record of the thoughts and deeds of the human race considered as a rational product under the reign of law. Whatever man has accomplished with mind or hand, tongue or implement, with voice or will, with pen or chisel or hatchet or spear or sword, with plow or keel or level, with fire or wind or steam or battery, that is a part of history. Man has quarreled and fought, and conquered and been conquered. He has burned towns, entered into conspiracies and torn up governments, and sacked and pillaged until the traces of his madness and the stains of the blood he has shed have marked every square rood of the world. He has kindled the fires of philosophy, he has writ-

ten books filled with immortal thoughts. He has listened to the rhythm of the deep, the sighing of the infinite and written poetry. He has dreamed great dreams and sung immortal songs. He has given to stone and bronze the forms of life, to marble the inspiration of beauty, to canvas the splendors of creation. He has invaded the ferocious elements of nature, and they have quailed around him like the creatures of the menagerie before the lion tamer. He has stroked the wind and coaxed the steam and smoothed the mane of the growling thunder.

“On plain and field, in hut and palace, by river bank and ocean shore, on mountain and desert, in all lands and on all seas, in all times and in all places are seen the traces and monuments of man’s career, and the marks of his hand, the shadows of his brain. These things are the facts of history. They are the things to be considered and interpreted. The facts are as bounteous as the air and as exhaustless as the sea. These facts are the basis of a science. No other science is so richly endowed with facts. It is when we come to the classification and arrangement of the facts that the difficulty begins. These facts have plans and purposes for their origin. They have thought for their principal material. They have un-

manageable passions and the capricious impulses of human nature for their initial forces."

Our writer now proceeds to point out some of the faults of historians, prejudice being the chief thought. He says, "Embarrassed with the perplexities of the problem, historians generally find a way out by assigning as a cause the thing which they themselves would wish to be the cause.

"If the historian is a Romanist and the thing is good, Romanism caused it; if he is a Protestant and the thing is bad, then Romanism caused it, if good reformation caused it. If the writer is a Tory then the bad things arise from radicalism; if he is a radical then all good is born of innovation and all evil of reactionary bourbonism.

"Our Civil War was caused by state rights heresy, says the national union man. It was the attempted destruction of individual rights, says the old secessionist.

"I asked a preacher the cause of crime, and he said it was original sin. I asked a doctor and he said it was bad health, a lawyer said it was the violation of law. Is Hume to be trusted? Yes, if the matter under discussion is not involved with his metaphysical opinions. Is Macaulay to be believed? Yes, provided the thing he writes about is not the character of Whig statesmanship and the reign of William III."

Speaking of the prophetic character of history, Doctor Ridpath admits that in this regard history has not got beyond generalities. It is only prepared to say that: "The nation that is vicious, unjust, luxurious and effeminate will certainly and speedily fall into decay and end in ruin and overthrow.

"The nation that is vigorous and free will just as certainly take possession of the high places of civilization and inherit the earth. Such principles as these we may accept as certain in their results. These are high and general laws that are written with an iron pen. There is for men and nations one law that cannot be evaded, and that is, good for the good, and bad for the bad. This law is about the only one which has thus far been made out from the eternal code. That is, it is the only law which enables us to discern historically what shall come to pass in the hereafter. We are able to say what we know, that people and nations will rise or fall, will become great or become nothing, just in proportion as they are free or not free, independent or not independent, virtuous or not virtuous, and, I had almost said, as they are poor or rich. If great wealth and luxury can co-exist with perpetuity, it has not yet been shown by a single instance in the history of man."

The temptation to quote further from this able and interesting essay is very strong.

But want of space forbids, and besides, we have got to a good place to stop. The lesson is complete. The historian who is to be of real service to the world must discard sectarian spectacles and rise above partisan prejudice. This Dr. Ridpath has done to a degree far beyond most, if not all, other historians.

HORACE GREELEY.

Verily, these are times that try men's souls, and measure their qualities, and weigh their characters, and estimate their worth, as no other times ever did, or could. The quickened pulse of thought has vitalized the whole people, until the public ear is keen of hearing, the public eye sharp of sight, the public judgment quick of action, and the public heart warm and responsive. The universality of intelligence, and the ubiquity of the newspaper, bring passing events and public action into review as distinctly and inevitably as the brilliant light of the magic lantern does the shifting scenes of the panorama. Socrates, Plato, and Pythagoras had few followers, and little fame, while they dwelt among men, because of the limited means of communication and the want of intellectual and moral development among the people. Now the whole atmosphere is rife with the grand thoughts and glowing words of philosophers and prophets, of all ages and countries. The sages of old have thousands of disciples now to one in their own day, which fact is

due to the universal dissemination of literature. Robert Emmet, when asked to name his last request, before dying a martyr to Irish freedom, said, "Let no man write my epitaph till other men, in other times, can do me justice." It was a wise request, but one no American patriot, prophet, or sage need prefer in these times, for this age is passing correct and righteous judgment upon its own great men—more just and righteous than the judgments it passes upon the immortal heroes of the past. The good that men do lives after them, the evil is often buried in their graves. The historian is always more generous than just (unless dealing with foes), hence historic characters stand stripped of their faults, and with their virtues magnified till their cotemporaries would scarcely recognize them in their historic garb. I do not condemn this. "Let the evil die in its own dark death, but the good live on forever." I refer to this fact simply to show that we judge our cotemporaries more correctly than we do those who lived before us.

Again, genius and talents have outlooks and opportunities now that they did not possess in the ages past. An illiterate backwoods boy came up by the way of the experiences of a farmer's life, a boatman's toils, and a country lawyer's struggles, to the leadership of the greatest nation on

earth, and a fame that is world-wide and immortal as history.

About ninety years ago, a son was born to a toiling young couple, who lived in a cabin on a poor little farm in the old Granite State (New Hampshire). They were moderate people in all respects, limited in education, modest in ambition, and with no leading thought but to pay for their little farm, develop it into a comfortable home, and live a quiet life. This worthy pair never arose above these modest hopes; indeed, they did not fully realize them, but worked hard, lived hard, and died poor. The boy had genius, the fires of which burned within his soul. He had ambition, the demands of which proved a constant stimulus to effort. He had a destiny that lifted him out of the quiet and obscure life his father led into a field of thought and action, rich and wide. He became a disciple of Faust, and for years he stood at the printer's case, giving currency to the thoughts of other men who wrote for the paper on which he worked. Then he began to submit his own views to paper, and they were put into print. His ability secured him a position as assistant editor. Here he labored until the field seemed to him too limited, and he went to New York to grow up with the great city, and he did grow up with it—he grew as fast as the city

did. He arrived there, friendless and penniless, about seventy years ago. After numerous trials, and struggles, and discouragements, he succeeded in establishing a newspaper that, under his editorial management, soon became the greatest and most influential journal in the whole world. It achieved a popularity and influence entirely exceptional in political literature, and this not because of the popularity of the views it taught, but in spite of their unpopularity, for Horace Greeley and his *Tribune* were always in the van of every reform, and subject to the criticism of the conservative and the timeserver. But the New York *Tribune* is but one block in the monument that is to render immortal the name and fame of Horace Greeley, and one of the least important. Remove it entirely and his greatness remains undimmed. Indeed, the only blurs and blots upon his fair fame are the mistakes he committed in yielding to the demands of his party for a compromise of principle, with a view to party success. This all journalists have done, and this Horace Greeley did, at times, in his earlier career. It is to his credit, however, that he grew stronger as he grew older, until he became entirely independent. That independence was shown in a manner most striking, when he signed the bail bond that opened the prison door to Jefferson Davis.

Mr. Davis' wife visited her husband's attorney, Charles O'Connor, of New York, and said to him:

"My husband is a sick man and unless he is released from prison very soon, he will die. Can you not devise some way to get him out of jail?"

"Madam, there is one man who can secure your husband's release. That man is Horace Greeley. I know how Mr. Greeley is regarded by southern people, but they do not know him. He is one of the greatest-hearted men that graces this planet. If you will go to him and tell him your story, as you have told it to me, and say to him, 'Mr. Greeley, you can save my husband's life, and I ask you, in the name of that God whom we both serve, and of that human sympathy which makes the world akin, to do it,' he will give you his promise to do anything in his power to aid you, and he will keep that promise."

Mr. Greeley listened to the pathetic appeal of the sorrowing woman, and, with tears coursing down his furrowed cheeks, he said, "Madam, if I can save your husband's life, I will do it."

This is the true story of how Horace Greeley came to sign a bail bond for Jefferson Davis and secure his release from prison.

Mr. Greeley was at that time about to receive the Republican party nomination for

governor of New York. His friends urged that if he signed the bond of Jeff Davis he could never be governor of New York.

"I know that," he replied, "but I shall keep my word with that woman at any cost."

It is not as a politician that Horace Greeley is to be classed in history. Indeed, it is not as a politician people regard him to-day, but as a philanthropist, reformer, and political economist. Benevolence was the leading trait in his character. In every conflict between his heart and his head, his heart was sure to win, and this is why people love him so well, and mourn him so deeply. His kindness of heart and love for humanity prompted him not only to give up his substance to the needy about him, but it led him into the advocacy of every plan that promised to better the condition of humanity. He opposed slavery, and so strongly did he oppose the cruel institution that he became the chief object of hate in the sight of its friends. He was a friend to the poor, and hence ready to embrace any movement for their relief. He was a Fourierite, a co-operationist, a temperance man and a health reformer, and, besides Franklin, the greatest practical economist of this country. His works on agriculture, and political and domestic economy, are full of

such wisdom as make a people prosperous and a country rich.

A few weeks ago Horace Greeley was a candidate for the presidency, and, as such, subject to the usual fate of candidates for that high office—extravagant praise from one party, unqualified abuse from the other. To-day he lies cold in his grave, at Greenwood, and around his tomb a nation stands uncovered, in silent grief—a grief so deep and sincere as to blot out the last vestige of partisan bitterness, and, while we forget the politician and presidential aspirant, we embalm forever in our hearts the memory of the great philanthropist, reformer, and editor.

This sketch was written for a popular magazine soon after Mr. Greeley's death. It is as good as I could write now, so I use it.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

Susan B. Anthony is one of the noblest women that ever graced this planet. This opinion is based upon a personal acquaintance with her of almost half a century, and it is amply sustained by her public life record of services rendered, not to her own sex only, but to humanity at large. Not to include her in this series of distinguished people I have met would be an injustice to my readers, rather than to my esteemed friend, Miss Anthony, who needs no tribute from me, as her place in the true temple of fame is already secure. My first recollections of what is called the woman's rights movement are associated with her, and from her advent into that field, more than fifty years ago. She has been in the limelight of public opinion, up to the present time, and she has never suffered from the exposure. She has won the plaudits of the progressive and the respect of the conservative elements of the world. This, because she is a woman of unsullied reputation, as well as large ability, great industry, unflagging energy and a modest sincerity that is unmistakable. She

is thoroughly honest and terribly in earnest. In the early days of her career the paragraphists sometimes attempted to be witty at her expense, but she pursued the even tenor of her way with as much equanimity as though there was not a newspaper reporter in the world. She was apparently indifferent to criticism, sarcasm or praise. To her friends she would say, "My critics are ignorantly doing me and my cause a service."

Miss Anthony was never noted for that beauty of face that charms the sensualist and wins the favor of the thoughtless or superficial observer, but instead, she possessed a charm of manner and loveliness of character that wins the affection of all truly loyal-hearted men and women. Her qualities are of the kind that do not lose their charm with the passing years. She is not charming, but delightful. In the parlor she is entertaining in a high degree; on the platform she is forceful, logical, witty, sarcastic, eloquent and convincing, hence popular. Her power over an audience is a surprise to those who have not studied her closely, but her intimate friends know that she is wonderfully magnetic, as well as forcible and eloquent. Perhaps the readers may ask why Miss Anthony did not marry, if this quality so highly abounds in her nature. I reply that she is wedded to her life work, and she

has offered upon the altar of public duty all considerations of connubial happiness. I am sure that she has made a personal sacrifice in this direction. Had she not heeded the call of duty in the field of reform she might have been a loving wife and model mother, with perhaps some literary fame. I said this of her in a magazine article thirty-five years ago, and she thanked me for saying it, and added, "You, my friend, understand me as few do, and as the world at large never will."

Susan B. Anthony was born to wealth, yet she so despised idleness that on completing her education she resolved to make herself useful and at once began teaching, and followed that calling for some years, earning golden opinions from pupils, parents and school directors. But, though her services were as valuable as those of the best male teachers, she received only one-third as much pay. The injustice of this fired her soul, and to it is due in large measure whatever she has said or done as a woman's rights reformer.

Her first effort as a public speaker was in the cause of temperance. She was sent as a delegate to a state temperance convention at Syracuse, N. Y. The convention, made up largely of preachers, refused to recognize her because she was a woman. This insult to her sex still further tended to convince

her that the most needed reform was along the lines of woman's emancipation from the superstition of sex inferiority, through which women had been tyrannized over and treated unjustly in the family, the church, the state and in all the relations of life. In this instance she defended her right to a seat in the convention with eloquence and force of argument, but those disciples of Paul stood by his doctrine that a woman should not be allowed to speak in meeting, and ruled Miss Anthony out of order. She was defeated at the time, but she had the courage of a martyr hero, who grows stronger by defeat, and wrests victory from the jaws of death, or by a lifelong siege against the strongholds of fossilized despotism and injustice. She finally won renown in the temperance arena, also in the field of educational reform. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union owes its existence to the pioneer work of Susan B. Anthony more than to any other woman, or man, though she was never honored by membership in that organization. She did not ask for such recognition, nor desire it, for the reason that it was not broad enough for her. Miss Anthony is a Christian of the liberal type. She holds, with the Universalists, that God is too good to damn any of His prodigal sons or daughters, and with the Unitarians, that man is too good to be

damned. She does not believe in the orthodox devil or hell, but in the more Christian institution, styled by the Catholics purgatory, a place of penitence and reform, where sin-sick souls are purged of their sins, and by development of their moral consciousness and their intellectual faculties fitted for a better and happier life than they have known in this world. Miss Anthony and her lifelong friend and co-worker, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, believed in the Declaration of Independence, and they strove with might and main to secure an amendment to the Constitution of the United States that would bring that instrument into line with Jefferson's immortal document, and thus make this government in fact, as it is in name, a democratic republic.

She sought to work with political parties, and, on failing to get the Republican convention to adopt a Republican platform, she would go to the Democratic convention, and, failing there, she would attend the National Greenback or Populists' convention, where she usually succeeded in securing an endorsement of her views, but though she and other eloquent women entered the campaign and did valiant service for the platform and ticket, the old parties would make common cause against the new and defeat it. Miss Anthony made a noted campaign in Kansas in 1867, and at its close she estab-

lished a woman's rights journal in New York, "The Revolution," of which Parker Pillsbury was for a time the editor. That famous man was an associate of Garrison, Phillips and others in the anti-slavery cause. Mr. Pillsbury was one of the brainiest and most eloquent men I ever knew, and every way one of the best. He was honest, brave and true. I loved him as a dear friend and I revere his memory, as does Miss Anthony and all genuine souls who knew him.

Miss Anthony was born in Massachusetts, of Quaker parentage, in 1820, but her family removed to Rochester, N. Y., during her girlhood, and that city has been her home since. Despite the fact that she is eighty-five years of age, she is still at work for the cause of freedom and justice. She attended the International Council of Women at Berlin in 1904 and was an honored guest of the Emperor.

Note.—Since this sketch was written Miss Anthony has passed to the higher life. This event occurred March 13, 1906, in the home of her sister at Rochester, N. Y. Some two hours before she lost consciousness she said to her friend, Rev. Anna Shaw, "To think that I have had more than sixty years of struggle for a little liberty, and to die without it seems cruel." Her friend replied, "Your legacy will be freedom for all women-kind after you are gone." With a smile, she

responded, "If so, I have lived to some purpose." Then she added, "Perhaps I can do more over yonder than I did here." She left her whole estate to the cause she loved, with Rev. Anna Shaw and Miss Lucy Anthony as her legal representatives. By order of the mayor, the flags on public buildings were at half mast on the day of her funeral.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

In 1844 a mesmerist visited Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and lectured upon that wonderful science. Among the persons whom he put into the mesmeric state there was a boy of seventeen years of age, son of a shoemaker by the name of Davis, who proved to be the best subject for demonstrating the science that he found there. That boy was very illiterate, being barely able to read, yet, when mesmerized, he displayed great learning. Rev. Dr. Fishbough was so greatly interested in the phenomena presented that he engaged a stenographer to report what came from the lips of this boy, Andrew Jackson Davis, and two years later a book was published with the attractive title of "Nature's Divine Revelations," every word of which, except the introduction, having come from the lips, if not from the brain, of that unlearned boy while in an unconscious state, and who in his normal condition could not comprehend his own utterances. That book of over seven hundred pages covered almost every subject of human inquiry, involved in science, philosophy

and religion. It created quite a sensation at the time, and is still widely read by students of psychic science. This book was followed soon afterward by a series of books, four volumes, under the general title of "The Great Harmonia," with sub-titles as follows: Volume 1, "The Physician"; Volume 2, "The Teacher"; Volume 3, "The Seer"; and Volume 4, "The Reformer"; all given by young Davis while in an unconscious hypnotic trance. The first of those volumes of the "Harmonial System of Philosophy" purports to be a revelation of the origin and nature of man; the philosophy of health, disease, sleep, death, psychology and healing. The second volume deals with the spirit, its nature and culture; the existence and nature of God, the philosophy of immortality, the spirit's destiny, etc. The other two volumes cover about every field of reform in an able, scholarly and radical manner. Some twenty other books have come through or from this wonderful man.

I had read the first series of five books before I met the author of them, if he can properly be called the author, and I was curious to see him. While on a visit to New York in 1867 I visited Mr. Davis at his home in Orange, N. J., in company with a Presbyterian friend of mine, L. H. Tyler, a wholesale merchant of New York. I was armed with a letter of introduction

from Parker Pillsbury and one from Prof. Samuel R. Wells; also a commission from the editor of the Indianapolis Journal, to interview Mr. Davis for that paper. On reading my letters of introduction, Mr. Davis said:

“I’m always glad to hear from Brother Pillsbury, but you did not need a letter of introduction to me, for I know you through your writings, and I am delighted to meet you.”

I introduced my friend Tyler, whom Mr. Davis greeted most cordially, and then led the way to his study. Our visit lasted three hours, during which time, at my request, our host gave us a brief history of his wonderful experiences and a summary of his religious views, which latter may be summed up in a paragraph:

“God is the author of Nature, hence Nature is Divine. Man is the ultimate of earth, the crowning work of Deity, possessing all the attributes of God in a finite degree, and through the Divine law of progress he is destined to reach that ideal state which the Hindoos designate as Nirvana, and which Jesus describes as oneness with our Father. Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect, was a practical command which all can and will obey. Every prodigal will finally turn back toward the

Father's house and be welcomed by Him as a beloved son or daughter."

Mr. Davis told us that beginning as an unconscious trance medium between the high realms of the spiritual world and this world, he had evolved into a state of conscious communion with those exalted beings, who, having arisen out of their earthly bodies, centuries ago, and are the guardian angels of those still in the body, some of them being tutelary gods of the tribes or nations to which they belonged. Yaveh, translated Jehovah in our Bible, was in the olden time the tutelary god of the Hebrews. Being clairvoyant and clairaudient, Mr. Davis sees spiritual beings, he said, and talks with them, face to face, as freely as he does with his earthly friends. On occasion he leaves his earthly, or, as Paul terms it, his natural, body, and in his spiritual body visits the celestial spheres for a brief time and returns with memories of what he saw and heard in that realm.

Mr. Davis impressed me as a man of perfect sincerity, and at times, as he talked, his face seemed illuminated. His earnestness was unmistakable; he evidently believes that what he says is true. On bidding this wonderful man adieu, my friend and I took our departure. Mr. Tyler was the first to speak. "That," said he, "is the greatest man I ever

met, and one of the best. I have believed him to be a humbug, but my opinion is entirely changed. I am greatly obliged to you for taking me with you to see him."

Since that day, now nearly forty years ago, I have met Mr. Davis a number of times and talked with him quite freely. He is a man of superior mental ability, having a large brain, with the intellectual, moral and religious organs highly developed, and he impresses one as a man of high intelligence and broad culture. He has written with his own hand, but, as he claims, under inspiration or spirit guidance, over twenty books since the five books given through him while in an unconscious trance. The era of modern spiritualism dates from 1848, two years after the publication of Davis's first book, and Andrew Jackson Davis has been styled the prophet or forerunner of spiritualism. He was more than that. He at once pronounced the raps heard at Hydesville, in 1848, as telegraphic signals from the spirit world, and he founded the first journal, "The Herald of Progress," which advocated spiritualism as a religion, founded upon revelations direct from the spirit spheres to this age. He was for many years the leading lecturer upon the spiritualistic platform. He is still living upon earth, and, although almost eighty years of age, he is

quite active in mind and body, and does not look to be above sixty-five. He took a college course in medicine some years ago, getting his degree like any ordinary student, and is now engaged in the regular practice of medicine in the city of Boston. His card reads: Andrew Jackson Davis, Physician to Soul and Body.

RYLAND T. BROWN.

When some sixty years ago it devolved upon Governor Wright of Indiana to appoint a state geologist, he asked Dr. Ryland T. Brown of Crawfordsville to take that office, and to make an investigation into the hidden mineral resources of that commonwealth. That the Governor made a wise choice is demonstrated by the practical results which followed. There was, I believe, but one iron furnace in Indiana, the Richland furnace, in Green County, built and owned by that enterprising man, Andrew Downing, who used charcoal in smelting the iron ore, which he converted into pots, kettles, stoves, etc., to supply the local demand for such things, and pig iron, which he shipped to Louisville, Ky., on a small steamer which he purchased for that purpose and put under the command of Captain Mark Shryer. That steamer, the Richland, was the first boat of the kind that ever awoke the echoes of the forests and fields that lined the shores of White River, and it could ride the waves of that small stream only when the spring rains had filled it al-

most to the top of its banks. The vast beds of bituminous coal that lay beneath the soil of the state were then undiscovered. But Doctor Brown went out with his spade and pick and discovered them. Omitting detail, it is but just to the memory of that pioneer mineralogist and geologist to say, that he did more to develop the mineral wealth of Indiana than any other man, though he has had some able successors in the office of state geologist. Nor was this all that he did for that state; Doctor Brown was an all around scientist. As a chemist he has had few equals, and he used his knowledge of that science in the interests of agriculture in a practical way, and to an extent far beyond that of any other man of his time. He was the most valuable man that ever filled the position of chemist in the United States Bureau of Agriculture. As an entomologist and pomologist he ranked with Dr. John A. Warder and other distinguished men in those lines of scientific research. I made the personal acquaintance of Doctor Brown in 1864. He was then, and had been for some years, professor of natural science in the Northwestern Christian University at Indianapolis. I was invited by President Benton to deliver a lecture to the students in the chapel of the university and Doctor Brown was among the professors who honored me with their presence.

I was introduced to him by President Benton and from that time we were friends. In 1866 I began the publication in that city of the *Northwestern Farmer* (now the *Indiana Farmer*). I engaged Doctor Brown as the chief of my staff of writers on scientific farming. His essays did much to give character and popularity to my journal. He continued with me, until 1871, I sold the *Farmer* to Mr. Kingsbury, who is still the editor of it and who retained Doctor Brown on his staff until his death at the advanced age of 82.

Ryland T. Brown was born in Indiana in 1805 and raised on a farm. He got a primary education in the district schools. He became a physician and was successful in that profession, but while in practice at Crawfordsville he took a college course, graduating with high honors at the age of forty. He was for some years professor of chemistry and toxicology in the Indiana College of Medicine and Surgery. In addition to his other functions this widely learned man was a minister of the gospel in the Christian or Disciple Church for forty years, and he ranked with the ablest expounders of the faith of that denomination. He was broad in his views and thoroughly Christian in his character and conduct. All who knew him esteemed him, and those who knew him best revered him and

loved him. I regard it a privilege to pay this brief but sincere tribute to my esteemed friend and co-worker.

Doctor Brown was endowed with the gift of poesy in a high degree, though he did not often express himself in that form of literary composition, but on rare occasions his o'erburdened soul could not be content with prose composition, but yielded to the inspiration of the divine muse.

January, 1872, he handed my wife the following letter and poem, which she printed in the February issue of her magazine, "The Ladies' Own," and at her kind suggestion I reproduce both with much pleasure, under the title which, with the author's approval, she put to the poem:

"A POETIC PROPHECY."

"M. Cora Bland, Editor Ladies' Own Magazine. Esteemed Friend: In rummaging a drawer of old papers I found the following lines which bear date 1851. I had suffered myself to become deeply interested in the struggle to prevent the extension of slavery into the territories of the United States. The compromises of 1850, which gave the Fugitive Slave Law to the country, appeared to be a triumph of the opposition and so greatly discouraged were the friends of universal freedom that many went back and walked with us no more. With these

gloomy surroundings these lines were written, confidently believing that the time would come when they could be read."

I.

Avaunt! ye busy scenes of flesh and blood—
 Of groaning ills but slightly mixed with good—
 Of moonbeam hopes that darkling fade away
 Into the deepest gloom that earth inherits;
 And evanescent joys that will not stay—
 Avaunt! "I rather would consort with spirits."

II.

Spirits of the mighty dead, who never lie,
 Whose burning thoughts along the pathway lie
 Of ancient lore, O come and deign to fling
 Your shad'wy mantle o'er my musing soul,
 And raise my grov'ling thoughts that fondly cling
 To earth, above its sordid, base control.

III.

Thou Language! Thou, the noblest gift of Heaven,
 To garner up our thoughts, art kindly given,
 And stamp with immortality this dream
 Of fleeting life. What were the mighty past,
 If shone not here, thy thought-embalming beam
 To light its primal chaos, dark and vast.

IV.

Thou Language! Whose mysterious chain, alone
 Doth bind the past and present into one,
 And give the living soul the power to drink
 Deep draughts of lore from willing springs of eld,
 That deathless thoughts may lend the power to
 think,
 And print our souls with scenes we ne'er beheld.

V.

By thy mysterious voice thou bid'st us climb
The mount of mind, where Sage of olden time
And Heaven-inspir'd Seer hath meekly stood,
And seized th' immortal thoughts that round them
spread,

Then gave a rich repast of mental food
To feast our souls—the living from the dead.

VI.

Spirit that fearless raised "the potent rod
Of Amram's son," when proud oppression trod,
With iron heel, the chosen race to earth—
Thou paralyzed with fear the tyrant's hand,
And led the unfettered thousands forth,
To give them freedom in a better land.

VII.

A voice—a warning voice from Egypt comes—
A beacon light shines from her ruin'd tombs;
Then let the nations of the earth beware
Of binding chains on MAN, whom God hath form'd
To till His soil, and breathe the fragrant air
Of liberty—while harmless, all unharmed.

VIII.

What boots a nation's wealth—a nation's fame,
If foul oppression's deeds shall stain her name—
What though her pyramids may pierce the sky,
Her serried hosts may count their millions strong—
There is an ear that hears the plaintive cry
Of the oppress'd, and will avenge their wrong.

IX.

Spirit of Freedom! thy strength hath ever been
Jehovah's mighty arm—the hand unseen;
And though thy foes have often seem'd to gain
A moment's triumph, yet the blood they shed
Has cried to Heaven above, nor cried in vain,
For vengeance on the victor's guilty head.

X.

Go read the tyrant's doom, from days of old—
Go bid the ruin'd marts their tale unfold—

Go learn, where broken columns strew the plain,
That Justice does not always sleep, nor long

The crush'd and trodden millions cry in vain
To Him who guards the weak, against the strong.

XI.

But, O! what sick'ning scenes shall blot the page
Of faithful history, e'er that glorious age

Of Justice, Truth and Righteousness shall rise?
What lessons, hard to learn, must yet be learned
by man—

How earth shall struggle, groan and agonize—
Are things a prophet's eye alone can scan.

FRED P. STANTON.

When, in 1857, Kansas, which then included Colorado, was in the throes of civil war over the question whether it should become a slave-holding state or a free commonwealth, Fred P. Stanton was secretary of that turbulent territory. He had been appointed to that office by President Buchanan, who had been elected as a pro-slavery man and who favored the pro-slavery party in Kansas. Robert T. Walker of Mississippi was appointed governor by the President, and Fred P. Stanton of Tennessee secretary of state, for that territory. Those men were expected to favor the pro-slavery party. Governor Walker shirked the responsibility when the crisis came by visiting Washington until it had passed, leaving Secretary Stanton in the position of acting governor. A convention had been held at Lecompton, composed largely of delegates elected by voters from Missouri, and a pro-slavery constitution had been adopted. The free state men of Kansas asked the Governor to call the legislature together in extra session for the purpose of authorizing a

vote of the people of Kansas on that constitution. Walker did not dare to do that, lest he lose his official head, so he put the responsibility on Stanton, who met the crisis boldly. As Walker bade Stanton adieu the latter said to him, "It is probable that you will read my message convening the legislature in extra session before you reach Washington, and he did. The President also read it and he very promptly removed Stanton from office, but he did not possess the power to revoke that last official act of a genuine democrat, which act resulted in making Kansas a free state. That proclamation is a historic document of value, but so far as I know it is to be found only among the archives of the state of Kansas. I deem it proper to give it here, which I am able to do through the courtesy of Mrs. Laura Stanton Moss of Topeka, a daughter of Governor Stanton.

"To the Members of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Kansas:

"An extraordinary occasion having occurred in the affairs of the territory, within the meaning of the Thirtieth Section of the organic act, which authorizes the legislature to be called together upon such occasions;

"I, Fred P. Stanton, secretary and acting governor, do hereby summon the members of the council and house of representatives of the said territory to assemble in their re-

spective houses at Lecompton on Monday next, the 7th inst., then and there to consider matters of great moment pertaining to the public welfare.

“Given under the seal of the territory, at Lecompton, this, the 1st day of December, A. D., 1857. (Fred P. Stanton.)”

After Governor Walker had left, a committee of pro-slavery men called on Governor Stanton and coolly told him that if he issued a proclamation convening the legislature he would not survive the act twenty-four hours.

He replied: “Gentlemen, your threats are wasted on me. I shall do what I believe to be my official duty without regard to personal consequences to myself.”

I had read an account of the matter in the journals, but years afterward the details were given me by Governor Stanton personally. He said:

“My office was a cabin which stood some distance from any other house and it was my chamber as well as my office. In it I slept alone, and I slept as well as usual on the night after giving my proclamation to the press. I was not armed, my only available weapon being a pocket knife. I had no fear of assassination, as that could do the pro-slavery cause no good and would have done it much harm. I expected the President to remove me from office, but that

consideration had no weight with me in determining my action."

Fred P. Stanton was born in Virginia in 1815, and educated in a select school in Alexandria, the principal of which was a noted Quaker school teacher, Benjamin Hallowell, whose memory was cherished by Governor Stanton with reverent affection and who is held in high esteem by all Quakers. Becoming a lawyer, Mr. Stanton located in Memphis, Tenn., in 1840. He very soon came to be recognized as a man of high character and an excellent lawyer. He was a man of fine personal appearance and an able and eloquent public speaker. Hon. Casey Young, when a member of Congress from the Memphis district, in 1889, said to me:

"When I was a boy I went with my father to hear Fred Stanton make a speech. He was then a member of Congress and a candidate for re-election. That speech and the personality of the speaker made a profound and abiding impression upon my mind. I thought him the grandest looking man I had ever seen and the greatest orator I had ever heard speak. I associated him in my mind with Cicero, Pericles and Demosthenes, of whom I had read in the histories of Rome and Greece."

Mr. Stanton represented the Memphis district in Congress from 1847 to 1857,

when he was appointed to the office of Secretary of Kansas. His removal from that position ended his career as a public man. He located in the city of Washington some years later and opened a law office. He did not become a claim agent or a lobbyist, as many ex-members of the House and Senate have done and still continue to do, but he pursued the practice of his profession in a legitimate and honorable way, earning an honest living, but not wealth, as that word is understood in these modern times. His natural love of justice and his kindness of heart, stimulated by the teachings and example of his Quaker schoolmaster's influence over him, combined to make him a philanthropist. He was opposed to monopoly of privileges and all forms of oppression and injustice, and he believed that nations should settle their disputes by arbitration instead of by the sword. He was the founder and first president of the National Arbitration League of America, of which organization the writer of this sketch was for some years corresponding secretary. I had known and admired Governor Stanton before, but our work together in that effort to create and crystallize public sentiment in favor of the abolition of war by a civilized method brought us still closer together and cemented our friendship that never was nor ever can be severed.

PETER COOPER.

Peter Cooper was born in New York City in 1789. I met him for the first time in 1876. He was then a candidate for president of the United States on the National Greenback ticket. He had no expectation of being elected to that important office, but felt it to be his duty to stand as a representative of the financial policy which he believed to be best for the common people. I visited him in his home, a very unpretentious one, though he was a multi-millionaire. He impressed me as a man of superior mentality, grand moral endowment and fine social qualities. He greeted me most cordially, and during my visit of two hours he gave me quite an interesting history of his long, active and successful career. He said: "My object in life has been to be as useful as I could to my fellow men, and thus develop my own character. This I believe to be the only way to achieve the boon which we all seek, and that is happiness."

In reply to my question, "What are your religious views?" he said: "In a conversation recently with Rev. Howard Crosby, I

said to him, 'If I were God I would give the poor fellows who have the hardest fate in this world a better chance in the next world than I would those who are rich and comfortable here. I judge God by myself, so I believe that He is not only just but merciful.' "

He gave me a most interesting account of his connection with the birth of our railway system. He built in his shop in Baltimore the first American steam locomotive, and with it he pulled the first train of cars out of that city. A railway had been built in 1828 from Baltimore to Relay, nine miles out toward Washington. He showed me a picture of himself standing on his locomotive during that trial trip.

Peter Cooper was a successful inventor and an enterprising manufacturer, hence it is easy to account for his great wealth. "It was not," he said, "my purpose to get rich, but as my inventions and enterprises proved successful and wealth began to pour in upon me, the idea that I might become the custodian of riches to be wisely used for the good of the improvident and unfortunate took possession of me. For forty years the chief desire of my heart was to build in my native city an institution where poor boys and girls could get a free education that would fit them for useful careers. The Cooper Institute is the realization of that

desire. Some twenty-five thousand young men and women have already been educated there, and over six hundred thousand persons annually enjoy the benefits of the free library of the institute. I do not regard myself as owner in fee of the wealth which has come into my hands. I am simply the responsible administrator of an estate which belongs to humanity at large."

After reading my life of General Benjamin F. Butler, whom he greatly admired, Mr. Cooper said to me: "I want you to be my biographer. Let us go to the institute and see Doctor Zacos, the curator, about it. He has the memoranda from which you could construct a biography of me." Doctor Zacos declined to surrender the memoranda saying that, "When the proper time comes I will write your life myself." Mr. Cooper was then ninety years of age, hence not so vigorous in mind or body as formerly, so he did not contend with his old servant. Doctor Zacos died without performing his proposed task, and so far as I know the life of Peter Cooper has not been written. This brief sketch is my humble and sincere tribute to his memory.

WILLIAM BYRD POWELL.

Dr. W. Byrd Powell was one of the brainiest men it was ever my good fortune to know. He was professor of cerebral physiology in one of the medical colleges I attended when a student of the science and art of healing. I had read with deep interest and great profit his learned work on *The Human Temperaments*, and I was prepared to listen to his lectures with profound attention and sympathetic interest. I sought his personal acquaintance and we became warm friends, and until his demise in 1865 I kept in touch with him. Doctor Powell was a master in his specialty, the anatomy and physiology of the brain and nervous system, and in the science of the temperaments, their differentiation, combinations, and their influence upon mental action and health. He was familiar with the works of Gaul, founder of the science of phrenology and of those great disciples of that pioneer in the field of mental science, Spurzheim, Combe, Caldwell and others who had done so much toward perfecting that science, and in building upon it a sound

and safe philosophy of life and conduct; and he contributed much to the store of facts and to the elucidation of the philosophy evolved from those facts. He was a pioneer in a special department of science, which bears a most important relation to the happiness of men and women as husbands and wives. If his book on temperamental and phrenological adaptability could be read, and its principles accepted by all young men and women, before entering the important relation of marriage, harmony and happiness would be the rule, and divorce for incompatibility the rare exception. I cannot in this brief sketch give Doctor Powell's science and philosophy of matrimony, but I cannot resist the impression that prompts me to present a very brief summary of it.

Marriage has two fundamental objects—the propagation of the human species and the happiness of those united for the purpose of obeying the first great commandment—to multiply and replenish the earth. Those only can properly obey that command who are temperamentally adapted to each other. In temperament the man and woman should be opposite, but in mental endowments they should be alike. The blondes should marry brunettes, the fat the lean, etc. But the man or woman who marries for temperamental or passional reasons solely, one of the opposite sex, whose intellectual,

moral and social organs are not in harmony with their own, will, when the fires of passion subside, find themselves very unhappy. Husbands and wives should be companions, comrades and co-workers. They should read with sympathetic interest the same books, think alike on all important subjects, enjoy the same sort of entertainments, have the same kind of friends, and find in each other's society a joy and happiness that increases year by year, even down to old age. They should be able to sing with the heart and with the understanding, "John Anderson, My Joe John," and that more modern song, "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," with its beautiful refrain:

"But now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
And the journey of life nearly done,
But to me you are as fair as you were, Mag-
gie,
When you and I were young."

Doctor Powell made one of the most important discoveries in connection with the brain ever given to the world. This is what is known as the Powell life line. The functions of the sub-brain, commonly called the vegetative brain, was not understood, even by the phrenologists, until Doctor Powell announced that it is the seat of the subconscious mind. That through it the subconscious mind sustains and regulates the

vital organs of the body and that health and longevity depend in large measure upon the depth or thickness of that foundation upon which the mental brain rests, determines the amount of life force of a person, his ability to resist the encroachments of disease and keep death at bay. The boundaries of the sub-brain are clearly determined by dissections, hence, its depth can be learned from a measurement given by Doctor Powell. To the class he presented directions for this measurement in anatomical language:

“Draw a line from the orbital prominence of the osfrontis to the spinal protuberance of the os-occipitus, then measure from the neatus auditorus externus up to that line.” A free translation of this into English would read: Place one end of a line on the forehead, immediately above the outer corner of the eye, and the other end on the bony protuberance at the back of the head, then measure from the opening of the ear up to that line. This measurement shows that in some persons the sub-brain is one inch deep, in others only half an inch, the average being about three-fourths of an inch. Persons with only half an inch have very slight hold on life and rarely reach the age of thirty years. Those with three-fourths of an inch usually live to the age of three score years and ten, while one inch gives good promise of the person becoming a

centenarian. The life line of palmistry corresponds with this life line of Doctor Powell. They are both valuable aids to the physician in prognosing, that is, in forming an opinion as to whether a patient will die or recover. Powell's life line has been my guide in this matter during my whole career as a medical man. As an examiner for life insurance companies I have relied upon it more than any other sign or indication of longevity. On my recommendation the Home Life Insurance Company issued a policy to a man who had been three times reported against by medical examiners of high standing. That was in 1862 and in 1884 I learned that he was still paying his premiums and with good prospect of continuing to do so for many years longer.

That one discovery should have given Doctor Powell worldwide and immortal fame, and that is but one of his discoveries that, although little known to the world now, are destined to be appreciated at their full value when the scientists who now occupy the public stage and enjoy the limelight of notoriety through discoveries that do not conflict with, but rather confirm the traditions of the past, have lived their brief time and dropped into the tomb of oblivion. It is not unlikely that the discoveries of my great master, Doctor Powell, will be presented to the world by some future Paracel-

sus or Lombroso, as original discoveries and accepted as such by the scientists and philosophers of that future time. In fact, some thirty years ago a mountebank phrenologist claimed in a paper published in the *Phrenological Journal*, to be the discoverer of a scientific measurement that would show how long a person is likely to live. His discovery was along the lines of Doctor Powell's and I so stated in the following issue of the same journal and gave Doctor Powell's measurement in full. The bold pilferer of my revered master's discovery did not attempt to defend his stolen goods, but silently dropped out of the public eye before he had fairly gotten into it.

Doctor Powell had the good fortune to live in advance of his age, to be a prophet of progress, hence, he could not be accepted as a leader by the conservative priests of science, who, like the priests of Judea, deem it their bounden duty to defend the temple from profanation, by keeping those cranks, the prophets, from entering its sacred portals. The prophet may die unhonored and his praises unsung, but his prophecy remains as a heritage to humanity.

HIRAM W. THOMAS.

Soon after my removal from Indianapolis to Chicago in 1872 a friend said to me, "You ought to hear Rev. Dr. Thomas preach. You would like him, I am sure." On the following Sunday I attended the services at his church, the First Methodist Episcopal, and listened to one of the most able, eloquent and truly Christian discourses which I had ever heard. I was not only delighted with the sermon, but charmed by the personality and manner of the preacher. His sincerity and earnestness were unmistakable and his courage was sublime.

Coming from the lips of a Methodist minister, some of his utterances were a surprise to me, but a pleasant surprise. My wife and myself became frequent attendants upon his ministrations, though we had previously attended Rev. Robert Collyer's church and enjoyed his sermons very much. On forming a personal acquaintance with Doctor Thomas, our interest in him was much enhanced. We found in him a genial companion and warm friend. Some time later a card appeared in the daily journals

of the city inviting thoughtful and earnest men and women to a meeting in the lecture room of the First M. E. church for the purpose of considering the matter of forming a society for the discussion of important questions along scientific and philosophical lines. That card was signed H. W. Thomas. Some two hundred persons accepted that invitation. Doctor Thomas explained his purpose and after some discussion a committee was chosen to report a plan of organization one week from that evening. That committee was composed of Rev. H. W. Thomas, chairman; A. V. Keith, Esq., Prof. T. B. Taylor, Dr. T. A. Bland and Dr. H. N. Abbott. The committee reported a constitution and by-laws of the Philosophical Society of Chicago. The report was adopted and Professor Joseph E. Haven, D. D., L. L. D., elected president, with Rev. Robert Collyer, Mrs. Kate N. Doggett, Hon. Henry Booth, Miss Francis E. Willard, Prof. C. H. Fowler, D. D., Miss Jessie L. Bross, Hon. Julius Rosenthal, Prof. Thomas H. Safford, Rabbi Bernhard Felsenthal, Gen. Isaac N. Stiles, Prof. Richard Edwards and Prof. A. H. Worthen were chosen vice-presidents; Hon. J. M. Palmer, corresponding secretary; H. H. Anderson, recording secretary, and J. R. Floyd, treasurer. An executive committee of five were chosen, with Rev. H. W.

Thomas, D. D., chairman; Prof. David Swing, D. D., N. W. Abbott, M. D., Gen. M. B. Buford and T. A. Bland, M. D., associates.

The preamble to the constitution read as follows:

“Being profoundly impressed with the unity of truth and its infinite value to man, and being equally impressed with the blinding effects upon the human mind of ignorance, prejudice and superstition, it has seemed desirable to us to seek the organization of a society whose motto shall be, What Is Truth? Whose members, regardless of past associations, preconceived opinions, or expressed convictions, shall, in a spirit of simplicity and candor, associate together for the investigation of questions that are peculiar to our time, pertaining to human welfare and happiness.”

The executive committee held weekly meetings in Doctor Thomas' study, and thus I was brought into close touch with him, and a bond of sympathy, of ideas, and of personal regard, has held us together during the years that have since then passed with their records into the realm of reminiscence. For although in 1874 I removed to New York City and from there to the city of Washington later, and afterward to Boston, returning to Chicago in 1898, Doctor Thomas and myself exchanged letters

from time to time and on rare occasions we met in my home or his and conferred together on questions relating to the welfare of our fellowmen. In 1881 this great man and distinguished preacher was expelled from the church in which he had been raised and educated, and in which he was not only one of the most popular, but one of the most truly Christian ministers. In taking this action the M. E. Church suffered a loss, while Dr. Thomas was a great gainer. In his lecture on "Heretics and Heresies" Colonel Ingersoll says to the church, referring to the case of Doctor Thomas and Professor Swing, "Go on with the work of expelling men from the pulpit for thinking. The world at large will welcome them to its broader platform."

The expulsion of Doctor Thomas from the church on the unproven charge of heresy created a great sensation throughout the country. In Chicago the popular interest and excitement rose to fever heat. A public meeting was called, a committee appointed, a theater was hired and Doctor Thomas invited to preach to an independent congregation. So great was the desire to show this popular preacher what they thought of the verdict of the Rock River Conference that the people crowded the theater as soon as the doors were thrown open and the thousands unable to enter

filled the streets for many blocks in each direction, on the Sunday morning when Doctor Thomas preached his first sermon to the People's Church in Hooley's Theater. From that day for twenty-two years he preached regularly to congregations composed of the best people of Chicago and much larger than he had ever preached to in the First Methodist Church. His audiences were not confined to Chicago people, but every Sunday thoughtful people from every part of this great country, and often from across the ocean, listened with thrilling interest to his eloquent sermons. The People's Church, which for many years occupied McVicker's Theater, has been one of the famous institutions of this western metropolis, a Mecca where large-minded pilgrims found a holy shrine, at which they could worship without signing a dogmatic creed, or pronouncing a sectarian shibboleth. The Methodist Church has broadened greatly during the last quarter of a century. There were many of its ministers then who stood by Doctor Thomas in his trial, but they did not constitute a majority. That class are in control now, and if Doctor Thomas was put on trial in the Methodist Conference to-day, the plea which he presented to the Rock River Conference that expelled him would undoubtedly be accepted. He said:

“I do not ask the church to endorse my views, but to tolerate one in holding them. I want a liberal methodism for myself and my brethren, that can tolerate honest doubt rather than enforce dishonest faith.”

The conference said, “Come into conformity or get out.” Doctor Thomas replied, “Get more liberality and we can live together without conformity.” The *Inter-Ocean*, a secular daily journal, said:

“It was not Doctor Thomas that was on trial, but the Methodist Church, and it is the church, rather than Doctor Thomas, that stands convicted.”

With the added fame of his heresy trial and his succeeding triumph, Doctor Thomas was at once in demand by lecture bureaus and his popularity in that field has steadily grown. His lectures are really sermons and his sermons lectures. They are both highly entertaining as well as instructive. He has been for some years, and still is, president of the World's Liberal Congress of Religions. The duties of this position and his advancing age induced him, three years ago to ask his church to elect another pastor. They did so, but retained Doctor Thomas as pastor emeritus.

Dr. Thomas was born on a farm in Hampshire County, Virginia, April 29th, 1832. He worked with his father on the farm in summer, and attended the country school in win-

ter, until he acquired a good primary education. He then walked eighty miles to an Academy, and worked his way through a two years' course. After two years' private instruction under Dr. McKesson at Berlin, Pennsylvania, he finished by taking a course in Greek and Philosophy under Dr. John F. Eberhart, now of Chicago.

He began preaching at an early age, and for more than half a century he has been one of the most popular and progressive ministers of this country. His published sermons have been widely read and highly appreciated.

Dr. Thomas was married in 1855 to Miss Emeline C. Merrick, a Pennsylvania girl, who was a faithful, loving and efficient helpmeet in all respects. She died in 1896. In 1899 he married Miss Vandelia Varnum of New York, a woman of superior ability, and widely known in the lecture field.

DAVID MACDONALD.

When I was a country boy I sometimes visited the county seat during the sessions of the Circuit Court. David MacDonald presided over our court for many years. My father held the unfavorable opinion of lawyers, common to those bred to the Quaker faith and to the business of a farmer, but he had a very high opinion of Judge MacDonald. I have heard him say more than once that, "If there are any honest lawyers, David MacDonald is one."

When, in 1865, I established a journal in Indianapolis, I took an early opportunity to call upon that excellent and truly great man Judge MacDonald, whom President Lincoln had appointed to the high position of justice of the United States District Court for Indiana, which office he continued to occupy until his death, in 1870.

On my telling him that I was a son of his old friend, Judge MacDonald greeted me in the warmest manner, and thereafter treated me more like a son than a friend. My memories of him are very pleasant. We often talked of old times in Indiana and exchanged anecdotes of men prominent in her early history. He had been educated in the

state university at Bloomington and afterward held for a while a professorship in his alma mater. Joseph A. Wright, twice governor of Indiana, and later United States senator, was educated, both in literature and law, in the same institution of learning. "Wright came to Bloomington," said Judge MacDonald, "to work his way through college. He was an orphan boy without a dollar, but with a degree of courage seldom possessed by boys, and an ambition that spurred him on in the face of obstacles that would have appalled most boys. He earned a dollar and a half by three days' work as a well digger, and got another dollar and a half for three days' time spent in hunting a cow that had strayed into the wilderness. Those three dollars enabled him to matriculate, and by doing chores and odd jobs he earned enough to pay his fees and board till his college course was finished."

I once said to Judge MacDonald, "You doubtless knew James Whitcomb in the pioneer days."

"Oh, yes, I knew him well. He came from one of the eastern states when quite a young man, and opened a law office in Bloomington in the early years of the century. He was quite a polished and scholarly man. The first president of the State University, Professor Hall, in a book entitled 'The New Purchase,' refers to him in his

humorously sarcastic style as Sir William Cutswell, Esq. He was the first man ever known to wear a nightrobe in Indiana. On one occasion this habit got him into serious trouble. At the county seat of an adjoining county, where Whitcomb had gone to attend court, a waggish lawyer said to the proprietor of the tavern, where all the lawyers were stopping, 'That young fop, Jim Whitcomb, evidently thinks your beds are dirty, for he pulls off his shirt and puts on an old gown to sleep in.'

"'He does, does he? Well, I won't stand an insult like that.'

"To assure himself that his informant was not lying, Bonny Face watched through a crack in the door of the Yankee lawyer's room, and thus caught him in the act of discarding his laundered shirt and donning a nightrobe. He lifted the latch and entered. With an expletive full of sulphurous wrath, he demanded of his lodger what he meant by insulting his house so outrageously.

"'I beg your pardon, sir; I am not conscious of offering any insult to your house.'

"At this crisis two other lawyers, who were in the secret, rushed from their rooms and explained matters to the irate landlord, who, on learning that the joker had made a fool of him, poured out the vials of his wrath upon his head and drove him from his tavern.

“About 1835, Dr. Benedict, a disciple of Samuel Thomson in medicine and of Barton W. Stone in religion, came to Bloomington and held a protracted meeting, preaching daily and nightly with considerable eloquence and great zeal, what was then known as New Light doctrine. Among his converts were James Whitcomb and myself. A church was organized and Whitcomb and I were elected elders. Whitcomb was an enthusiastic violinist and a skillful performer on that instrument. He was grieved, therefore, to learn that Dr. Benedict regarded the fiddle as a wicked instrument, and forbade any member of his church to play it. Being a bachelor, Whitcomb boarded with a Mrs. Wilson, also a member of the new church. One evening quite a number of the brethren, including myself, were in Brother Whitcomb’s room, engaged in singing hymns and conversing upon religious topics. Whitcomb referred to Dr. Benedict’s condemnation of the violin, and insisted that he was in error. ‘Like everything else, the violin can be put to bad use, but if sanctified and used in the service of God, instead of the devil, there can be no harm in playing it.’

“We all agreed with him, and proposed that he play an accompaniment to a religious song that we would sing. He consented. Sister Wilson was astonished to hear Brother Whitcomb’s fiddle going. She

came to the door and reprimanded him for returning to his old ways of wickedness. The offending elder defended himself most skillfully, and so successfully that Sister Wilson joined in singing that good old hymn, 'When I Can Read My Title Clear,' to Whitcomb's accompaniment on the violin. While thus piously engaged, Dr. Benedict came up the stairs. He paused at the door, and for a moment stood as though transfixed with horror at the evidence of depravity before him. Whitcomb's arguments failed to convince the good doctor, who said, 'Elder Whitcomb, you must go before the congregation of the disciples, and make public confession of your sin and promise not to repeat your offense.' Whitcomb declined to do this and was disowned by the church. He afterward became a disciple of Thomas Paine."

On one occasion I told Judge MacDonald an anecdote of Paris C. Dunning, at that time lieutenant-governor of Indiana, and he said: "I must tell you a characteristic story of Paris. I was visiting Bloomington some years ago as the guest of an old friend, on the Fourth of July. Dunning was to be the orator of the day, and my friend and I went to hear his oration. As we were on our way back to his residence he asked me how I liked Dunning's speech. I replied that I did not think much of it, in fact, I was rather

ashamed of it when I delivered it myself on the same spot twenty years before."

Governor Wright's name came up one day and the judge said: "Governor Wright was, as you know, a devoted Methodist, and this was one of the elements of his political strength. During his canvass for re-election as governor, Joe, as he was familiarly called, made a speech at Centerville, and, being told that a few miles from there lived a large family by the name of Jones, all Methodists, but all Whigs, he made inquiry and learned that one Squire Jones was a very influential man in his neighborhood and a leader among his relatives. Joe mounted his horse, at the close of his speech at Centerville, and proceeded to the country home of Squire Jones. He introduced himself and was very cordially invited to stay over night. The governor talked religion like a circuit rider, but not a word did he utter about politics. When the hour for retiring arrived the governor, on invitation of his host, led the family in their evening devotions. He did the same thing the next morning. When he was about to take his departure he opened his saddle bags and took from one of the capacious pockets a copy of the Methodist Discipline and a Methodist hymn book. Holding them up he said, 'These are the documents I carry on my campaign.'

"As he rode away, Sister Jones said to

her husband, 'That's a dear good man, and, Whig though you be, you must vote for him.'

"The governor got nearly every vote in that neighborhood that year."

Joseph A. Wright was a Democrat of the Jefferson and Jackson type, hence when the South rebelled he was earnestly and actively loyal to the Union, though then quite aged and feeble.

It was through his efforts, while governor, that the Indiana State Board of Agriculture was organized, and he became quite famous as an advocate of high farming. My father esteemed Governor Wright very highly and always voted for him when he was a candidate for office. In his early career he was associated, in the law, with Gen. Tilman A. Howard, one of Indiana's best and ablest men of the early days. General Howard died in Texas in 1845, while representing the United States as minister plenipotentiary to that republic, just before her annexation to the United States.

The temptation is strong to record here anecdotes and reminiscences of quite a number of other contemporaries of my friend Judge MacDonald. I should like to write at length of Gen. Jacob B. Low, one of the pioneers of Indiana, a fine lawyer and a great-souled man; Col. Willis A. Gorman, a veteran of the Mexican War, and later

the territorial governor of Minnesota; Judge Samuel R. Cavins, a man of unsullied fame and of such qualities of head and heart that when he would allow himself to be a candidate for office it were useless for any man to enter the race against him.

Judge MacDonald withdrew from the New Light Church after a few years of membership in it, and became, in religious belief, a Unitarian. But the cold intellectuality of the Unitarians, as a religious body, did not satisfy the deep emotions of his soul, and a few years before his death he became a member of one of the Methodist churches of Indianapolis. With his characteristic honesty and sincerity, he told the officers of the church that he desired a religious home where he could worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, without being required to profess a belief in doctrines which he could not accept as true, and he was received on that statement. He was a profound student of the Harmonial Philosophy and a firm believer in the continuity of life and the ministration of angels. After he became United States district judge the railroad officers of the state tendered him complimentary passes over their respective lines of travel. Those he invariably returned, with thanks for the courtesy, which as a public judicial officer he could not accept.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is the most eminent American philosopher, and one who has by his essays and lectures shed a brilliant luster upon this country.

To say that he has founded a school of philosophy would be to do him an injustice and incur his disapprobation. This has not been his aim. He was wise enough to know that the great principles of philosophy were all known to the ancients; to Socrates and Plato more fully than to others, but the chief axioms have been the common property of the world's thinkers for thousands of years.

No; he could only restate the great truths that are the common property of all; present them in new costumes, or at best, correlate them into higher and more useful forms, and leave them to the mental digestion of whoever might follow him. I find the strongest proof that Emerson is a philosopher, in his repudiation of discipleship, in his distinct avowal that he has no wish to found a school of philosophy or be a leader of men.

He would have a profound contempt for one who should say that he accepted Emerson's writings as his creed.

He has given the world the best thought he had, in the best dress he knew how to construct, with the hope that his effort may inspire others to think.

If any can excel him he would rejoice in their triumph; if others can comprehend his entire thought and thus make it their own, he is glad, and if some can only get a part of his thought, he wants them to chew it well and digest it thoroughly, instead of bolting it whole and then going to sleep on it.

He has no respect for opinions made to order. Every man should do his own thinking. If he is even not able to think very profoundly, yet he is richer with his own ideas, obtained by his own mental effort, be they ever so simple, than with those of another that he accepts without understanding, and weighing and testing by criticism.

"Books," says Emerson, "should be suggestive rather than instructive. They should set the reader to thinking, instead of giving him the full-orbed thought of another."

Thought, to be of much value, must be achieved by the individual possessing it. Inherited mental wealth, like entailed real estate, is apt to prove a curse rather than

a blessing. Prove all things by your own rules. Take nothing for granted.

Mr. Emerson is an excellent illustration of his own doctrines. He is eminently original. True, he has accepted all, or nearly all of the fundamental principles taught by the old philosophers, but he accepted only after proving them, and as he adopted them, one by one, he dressed them in suits of Emersonian cut and sent them out to be criticized. Nor are they cumbered with clothes. Emerson despises verbosity. He uses words as vehicles for conveying ideas about, and he is always careful not to send his thoughts out in vehicles of such elaborate construction that the people shall be in danger of losing the idea in their admiration for the rhetoric.

He condenses to the verge of abruptness, yet his style is elegant, showing culture and refinement. He never descends to slang, wit, sarcasm, or any sort of vulgarism. He is a gentleman, a thinker, a scholar.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is a native of Boston. He was born in the year 1803.

He graduated in Harvard University in 1821, at the age of eighteen. It is said of him that while he did not excel in the special studies of the college course, he was, by odds, the best general scholar in his class.

Philosophy, history and biblics were his special favorites.

He was meant for the church, and in 1829 he was ordained at the Second Unitarian Church of Boston and entered upon the duties of assistant pastor, under the Rev. Henry Ware. His ministerial career was short, however. He very soon found himself differing with his church on matters of faith, and besides, he could not submit to the ritualism and ceremonials of the service as then conducted, and in 1832 he resigned his charge and sailed for Europe.

On his return to the United States in 1833, he entered upon his career as lecturer, a profession which he has adorned and ennobled, but which has not made him wealthy. His subjects were culture, nature, compensation, etc., etc.

The thinkers went to hear him, but as they were vastly in the minority, his halls were not often crowded. Ruskin said to a committee in Manchester who asked him to lecture recently: "If I had any assurance that your people desired instruction in some department to which I have given special thought, I would not hesitate to accept your offer. But I have no time to merely entertain a vulgar mob, nor can I afford to act the buffoon for the gratification of children, and this, my observation teaches me, is demanded of the modern lecturer." One of

the most popular of American lecturers said to the writer some years ago: "I am sick of lecturing. I am disgusted with making a clown of myself from night to night for the gratification of gaping rustics and brainless snobs. Why, there is more thought in one of Emerson's lectures than in twenty of mine; yet while he lectures to empty seats, I perform before immense crowds."

I was glad to learn that this man had the sense to place a proper estimate upon Emerson's ability, if he did not have the nobility to stand on his plane and invite the people up higher.

Emerson's first book was a volume of *Essays*, published in 1841. This met with favor from the press and the more intelligent classes; but to this day the great mass of people know nothing of it. He was at this time editor of the *Dial*, to which he had been a contributor from the start.

In 1844 the second volume of his *Essays* was issued, and this work met with more favor than the first. He now began to be widely known, both in this country and Europe.

Mr. Emerson is something of a poet, at least he thinks he is, and in this opinion he is corroborated by quite a number of critics; but I confess I cannot appreciate his style of poetry. I like his thought better in undress than when clothed in the robes of

poesy. A volume of his poems made its appearance in 1846.

"His Representative Men," an ideal work, was issued in 1850. The design of this work is most admirable, and the working up is fully equal to the conception. It comprises a series of mental portraits of ideal characters. Plato, painted as Emerson would have him appear, stands for the Philosopher; Swedenborg for the Mystic; Shakespeare for the Poet, etc.

Mr. Emerson's chief mission and aim has been to aid in emancipating the minds of the people from the slavery of creed and school, and to inspire them with a spirit of true manhood. He would see independence of thought and freedom of belief take the place of discipleship and creed worship. It is gratifying to the writer and will, no doubt, be to the reader, to note the fact that Mr. Emerson's books and lectures have proven sufficiently popular to yield him an income sufficient for all the needs of a philosopher.

This sketch of the Concord philosopher was written by the author of this book thirty years ago for a popular journal of that day. A short time after that I made the personal acquaintance of that truly great man. I found him genial, companionable and modest; a good listener as well as

a good talker. He liked to listen to those who had something to say and knew how to say it in as few words as practicable. It is related of him that on one occasion a man called to see him with a letter of introduction. Mr. Emerson received him with his usual cordiality and introduced some topic of general interest at the time, expressing briefly his own views.

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Emerson."

"That being the case, there is nothing to be gained by discussing that subject."

Mr. Emerson introduced one subject after another for perhaps ten minutes, with the same barren result, the visitor agreeing with him on every point. The monotony worried the host and he said to the visitor:

"My dear sir, please say no just once so that there will be two of us."

Emerson's genuine democracy is well exemplified in an anecdote told me by a friend who vouched for its truthfulness.

A gentleman from a small town in western New York called upon the philosopher with a letter of introduction.

On reading that letter Mr. Emerson said:

"I have a highly prized correspondent in your town, a profound philosopher."

"I do not know to whom you can refer. I was not aware that we had a philosopher in our midst. What is his name?"

"Henry Smith."

“You must be in error. I know everybody in our village and vicinity, and there is certainly no philosopher among our people. There is a man there by the name of Smith, but he is an old cobbler.”

“That is the man I refer to. I am surprised that you, his fellow townsman, should not know as I do, that Henry Smith, who probably has repaired your boots on occasion, is a deep thinker, in fact, a modern Socrates.”

Mr. Emerson encouraged other thinkers, and thus quite a coterie of them clustered about him. Mr. A. Bronson Alcott was a favored protege of Emerson, and his patronage was of great advantage to Mr. Alcott, an excellently good man and a fine scholar, as the phrase goes, but not a very great thinker.

Kindness of heart was one of Mr. Emerson's great virtues, hence he was always ready to aid the weaker ones in their quest for knowledge, or in their efforts to gain a hearing from the public.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Some thirty-five years ago, while on a visit to New York, I had the pleasure of listening to an address on Woman, by Julia Ward Howe. I was glad of the opportunity to hear a woman whose reputation in literary and art circles, as well as in the ranks of the progressives, is so enviable. I listened to her as a critic. I was more intent upon an analysis of her style than an effort to extract pleasure from her finished and charming address.

I decided that she was one of the great prophets of the time, occupying one of the loftiest heights of Nebo. She is artist, poet, reformer, but above all, an idealist. She is both an iconoclast and an architect. But her field of labor is in the realm of ideas. One of her biographers says she is not an artist. I differ from him. I am sure that although her creations are less tangible to the physical senses than the statues of a Hosmer or a Powers, or the paintings of Lessing or Church, they are not less real and beautiful. Indeed, they excel them as

much as mind excels matter. About her claims to the title of poet there is no dispute. Nor do any deny that she is a true reformer, a lover of humanity, a prophet of the better time coming. This eminent woman was born and bred in the city of New York. Her father was a wealthy banker, hence, her social position was what people style the highest. It is greatly to her credit that she did not, as most wealthy men's daughters do, give her chief attention to dress and to the external amenities and accomplishments of fashionable society. Her taste for study was displayed quite early, and her father, with that rare good sense so often wanting in rich men, encouraged her in it. Through the aid of a fine library and the best teachers she became an educated girl. She was not merely "finished," but educated. She knew something, and her mind was so trained to habits of thought that to become wiser every day, as long as she lived, would be simply natural. She studied German with the ulterior view to becoming an heir to the rich inheritance bequeathed to the world by the poets and philosophers of that nation. She sat at the feet of Goethe and Schiller when a child, but later in life the subtleties of Swedenborg claimed her attention and deeply impressed her mind.

Guizot's *History of Civilization*, which she read when about twenty years of age, made an excellent impression upon her mind. Its commonsense practicabilities and rather prosy facts and deductions, had a wonderfully modifying influence upon the temper and direction of her thoughts. When about twenty-three she was married to that eminent political and humanitarian reformer, Samuel G. Howe. On going abroad with her husband, whose fame was greater in Europe than it was in America, Julia had her ambition stimulated by the obvious fact that she had no importance, save that borrowed from the great man that she had married. She was by no means content with this, and she resolved to acquire an importance of her own. She resolved to dip still deeper into the mines of thought, and when her mind should be sufficiently stored to justify the attempt, she would enter the arena of authorship.

Her first book was a collection of poems entitled, "Passion Flowers," published in 1854. Her next book, "A Word for the Hour," was published in 1856. Doctor Howe was at this period editor of the *Boston Commonwealth* and Julia contributed largely to his paper. She wrote a play, which was brought out at once, but did not succeed very well. It had merit as a drama

of thought and feeling, but lacked adaptedness to stage properties.

In 1859 Doctor Howe and his wife visited Florida, having in charge that distinguished preacher, Theodore Parker, then dying of consumption, but refusing to die because he felt that his work was not finished. On her return from that visit, Mrs. Howe gave us a most readable book of travel.

She has written voluminously for the New York Tribune, the Atlantic Monthly, and other leading periodicals, and she has delivered also a number of most able and classical lectures on Ethics, Art, Man, etc. In 1866 she published a book of poems, "Later Lyrics. They pertained, in large measure, to the Civil War just closed, and were mostly written during the war. Some of them had been set to music and sung all over the land by the soldiers of the Union. Her Battle Hymn of the Republic would, alone, have made her famous. "From the Oak to the Olive" is the title of a book of travels in Europe, which is full of interesting sketches, beautiful pen pictures and thoughtful deductions. Mrs. Howe has been one of the warmest friends of her own sex and an earnest and able advocate of woman's right to the broadest and best culture, the fullest and freest opportunities, and the highest and noblest privileges.

As a writer, she is chaste, elegant and impassioned. As a speaker, eloquent, artistic and poetic. Her rhetoric is perfect, her logic sound and her elocution almost faultless. Her voice is exceedingly rich and musical and she has perfect control of it, while her gestures are those of the true orator.

ALFRED B. MEACHAM.

Alfred Benjamin Meacham was born in Orange County, Indiana, in 1826, and educated in the pioneer schools of that time. When yet a boy, his parents removed to Iowa, and in 1850 he and his brother Harvey crossed the plains to California as gold-seekers. In 1851 they visited San Francisco for the first time. The public houses were all saloons and gambling dens. The Meachams did not drink or gamble. This fact made them conspicuous. The rough men with whom they were obliged to associate resolved that they should drink with them. The leader invited them to drink, and, upon their declining, he said:

“You have got to drink or fight.”

Alfred replied, “If you will first let me tell you a story I will then drink with you, if you ask me to do so.”

“All right,” replied the bully. Mounting to the top of a whisky barrel, the young man told, in eloquent and pathetic language, the story of how, when she was dying, his good, pious mother had called him to her bedside and begged him to promise her

never to drink liquor or gamble; that on his bended knees, with his dear mother's hand on his head, he had made that promise. The rough miners and others who made up his audience were deeply affected, and tears coursed down cheeks unaccustomed to tender emotions, and when the speaker closed by asking, "Would you have me break that promise?" "No, no, no," came up as a response. That was his first temperance speech, but Alfred B. Meacham became, years afterwards, a famous temperance orator.

Returning to Iowa after a few years, those brothers married the girls they had left behind them, and again went West, settling in Oregon, where they built a home together, in which they lived till 1870, in which year Harvey was killed by a falling tree.

In the meantime, Alfred had become famous, not only as a temperance orator, but as a political speaker, and at the bar, for he had become a lawyer. As a lawyer, he invariably declined to prosecute in criminal cases, but was often successful in defending men unjustly charged with crime. One of the most noted cases of this kind was when he defended a stranger who was being tried in Judge Lynch's court on a charge of horse-stealing. There was no positive proof of his guilt, but strong circumstantial evidence.

Meacham urged that the committee of vigilants turn the prisoner over to the proper officers of the law, but the majority opposed this, and the man was about to be hung. Drawing a revolver, Meacham placed himself beside the prisoner, saying, as he did so, "I will defend this man's right to a legal trial with my life." That argument prevailed, and within a few hours a witness arrived on the scene whose testimony vindicated the accused man, who proved to be an honest man and a preacher of the Gospel. His gratitude to his heroic defender was unbounded.

In 1868, and also in 1872, Mr. Meacham was a state elector on the Republican ticket, and in 1872-73 he was a member of the Electoral College, from Oregon, and cast the vote of that state for President Grant. He had been Superintendent of Indian affairs for Oregon during Grant's first administration, and by his firm but just treatment of the Indians he had won their confidence and friendship. The President knew this, so he asked him to head a commission to treat with the Modoc Indians, then on the war-path. On reaching the border of the lava beds, in which Captain Jack, the Modoc chief, and his people were intrenched, Meacham opened his sealed instructions, to find that General Canby was ex-officio member of the commission, and that he could

make no treaty, nor any move in that direction, without the advice and consent of the general, then in command of the army of the Pacific Coast. A truce was entered into between the commission and the Modocs, each agreeing to refrain from any act of war while negotiations for peace were pending. The Modocs, thinking it safe to do so, sent their ponies out to graze in charge of the women and boys of the tribe. A company of soldiers, under the command of Major Biddle, frightened the women and boys away and drove the ponies into Canby's camp. Captain Jack sent a delegation of squaws, headed by his sister, to ask General Canby to return his ponies. Canby refused, saying that the ponies would be returned when the war was over, but not before. Chairman Meacham went alone, on Captain Jack's invitation, to meet the chief midway between the two hostile camps. The chief opened the conference by saying:

"The government has broken this new law (the truce) and no treaty can be made until it is mended. Send back my stolen ponies, then we can talk about peace." A few days later the Modocs asked for a council at the same spot where Meacham had met Jack, between the commission and the Indians. General Canby urged acceptance, but Winema, cousin to Captain Jack, and wife of Frank Riddle, interpreter for the

commission, visited the Modoc camp, and on her return told Meacham not to go, as the chief would demand the return of the ponies, and if this was refused the commission would be killed. Canby refused to credit this, and insisted upon the meeting. It was held, with the result that on General Canby's saying to Captain Jack that his ponies would not be returned until peace was made, the chief drew a revolver from his bosom and shot the general in the face. Boston Charley then shot Rev. Dr. Thomas, a member of the commission, and Chief Schonshin, after some hesitation, pointed a rifle at Meacham and fired, but Winema pushed his gun aside and the ball went wide of its mark. Schonshin then drew his revolver and charged upon Meacham, but Winema threw herself between him and his intended victim, and the chief, not wishing to kill her, failed to kill Meacham. Other Indians joined Schonshin, and over twenty shots were fired at Meacham, as he retreated backward, with Winema fighting his assailants off. Seven shots hit him and he went down from the stunning effects of one of them and from loss of blood. Boston Charley now attempted to scalp him, but before he had finished that savage act Winema frightened him off by crying aloud, "The soldiers are coming!" The Indians now ran for their stronghold, and after

about an hour a party of soldiers and a surgeon came to the scene, to find Canby and Thomas dead and Meacham apparently dead, while Winema was kneeling by his side, wiping the blood from his face and trying to stop its flow. Commissioner Meacham survived to tell the Indian side of that terrible tragedy from more than a thousand platforms and to write two books—"Wigwam and Warpath" and "Winema and Her People."

That famous hero of peace and friend of justice came to our home in New York, in 1875, as a despairing invalid. My wife and I, both physicians, treated him, nursed him, and when he was able to work we managed his lectures and cared for his health and comfort. He passed to his reward from our home in Washington, D. C., February 16, 1882, dying from the effects of privation and exciting perils he had passed through as United States Commissioner to the Ute Indians in Colorado during 1880 and 1881. He had started, in 1877, "The Council Fire," a journal devoted to a sound Indian policy. Before he died he made us promise to continue that paper, and for ten years afterward we did so. It was discontinued only when the government policy toward the Indians became so fixed, by act of Congress, that it was useless to longer plead for justice for that oppressed and fast-disappear-

ing race, which occupied this continent before the days of Columbus, and welcomed the first invaders with open hands, offering to share their country with them.

Colonel Meacham's death caused wide mourning among the Indian tribes everywhere, and high tributes were paid his memory by public men and the press. The *Washington Post* said, in part: "Colonel Meacham was in some respects a great man. He possessed talent of a high order, courage that never quailed and enthusiasm that prompted to deeds of heroism in behalf of any cause he espoused. He was a large-hearted, generous and thoroughly honest man, but his fame rests chiefly upon his efforts by pen and tongue to educate the American people to the point of dealing justly and humanely by the Indians of this country."

This friend of justice died poor, as the world counts wealth. Immediately after his death I prepared a bill and got it introduced into both houses of Congress, putting his widow on the pension roll at \$600 a year. That bill passed without opposition, and at once. I afterwards secured the passage of a bill giving Winema a pension of \$300 a year, which she still enjoys. In 1882 the author of this sketch wrote a life of his friend Meacham, which is now out of print. A great many Indians, especially among the

civilized tribes, bought that book and prized it very highly.

Hon. George W. Manypenny, Commissioner of Indian Affairs under the administration of President Pierce, and at the time of Colonel Meacham's death chairman of the Ute Commission, paid this beautiful tribute to his dead colleague:

"The death of my friend and colleague has filled my heart with profound sorrow. On the day before he died he authorized me to say to the Secretary of the Interior that he would leave here, if it was desirable that he should, in time to reach the Uintah Reservation by the 15th of March, to resume his duties as a commissioner. Before the message was delivered my colleague was dead."

"I first met Colonel Meacham in a lecture hall in Columbus, O. I went there not only to hear a lecture on the Indian question, but to see the man who fell by the bullets of the Modocs, with Canby and Thomas, and who, though supposed to be killed, was providentially, and through the aid of an Indian woman, brought back to life. He was still an invalid, made so by the wounds inflicted by the Modocs, yet he was there to plead the cause of the race to whom those who injured him belonged. He handled his subject in an able and earnest manner. Having read the story of the tragedy and known that for several years thereafter Colonel

Meacham was a helpless invalid, and was at that time not free from pain, his appearance on the platform as the champion of the Indian, pleading for justice in behalf of the race, was a spectacle as rare as it was beautiful, and presented a phase of character that commanded my highest admiration."

This is an extract from a speech delivered by Colonel Manypenny at a memorial meeting held by the friends of Colonel Meacham on the evening of February 20.

Rev. Alexander Kent said, in part: "It is rare to find a man who loses sight of himself in his love for his work, and who is willing to be lost sight of by others, if only the cause he serves may be pushed to the front. Colonel Meacham seemed to me such a man. No personal pique, I think, could have dulled his interest. Certainly no ingratitude or injuries could make him a foe. His services to the Indians after the experience of the lava beds placed him in the front rank of the Christian army and showed him to be endowed with the very spirit of his Captain."

I should like to quote many other tributes to the memory of my friend, but want of space forbids.

ALVA CURTIS.

Dr. Alva Curtis was born in Massachusetts in 1798. He was educated in the common schools and also took a regular college course in literature and medicine, receiving the degree of Master of Arts, also Doctor of Medicine. He achieved a high position in the ranks of the regular Allopathic school, and had a large practice while yet quite young. He was not satisfied with the results of his prescriptions, however, so he looked into the merits of the new botanic system of medicine, with the result that he became one of the most noted medical reformers of his time. He reduced the crude therapeutic theory of Samuel Thompson to a science and christened it physio-medical. He held that medicine should be based on physiology instead of pathology. He defined health to be a state of the body when all the organs performed their respective functions naturally and harmoniously. Disease, he said, is a state in which the organs of the body perform their functions under abnormal conditions, and with greater or less difficulty. He accepted the theory of

his eminent predecessor, Dr. John Brown, of Scotland, author of the classic sentence, "*Vis Medicatrix Natura*" (healing power of nature); that nature is the true physician and the doctor of medicine, if true to his calling, is simply her assistant, whose sole duty is to find out what she is trying to do and aid her in her efforts to restore the patient to a state of health. Water in various forms and temperatures and sanative or non-poisonous vegetable medicines made up his list of remedies. Poisons, he said, do not cure disease, but, instead, they prevent a cure. They destroy or hinder the action of the vital force which is always trying to maintain health or restore it. He held, with Doctor Brown and his most famous American disciple, Dr. Benjamin Rush, that disease is a unit. That it is produced by various causes and manifested by a variety of symptoms, and that one of the great errors of the physicians is in calling symptoms diseases and treating symptoms, instead of causes. For example, fever and inflammation are not diseases, but manifestations or symptoms of disease. They are nature's methods of removing obstructions to harmonious vital action. Remove the cause of the fever or inflammation and it will disappear, and the vital force resume its normal action. To reduce the fever by bleeding and purging is, according to this theory, to

be an ally of disease instead of an assistant to nature. Pain, says Doctor Curtis, is the voice of nature calling attention to diseased conditions. If, said Dio Lewis, in one of his lectures, a doctor is called to a patient suffering from pain and he stops the pain with morphine and then claims to have cured the patient, he would be on a par with a policeman who would knock a man senseless for crying fire and then claim to have put out the fire.

Doctor Curtis founded a medical college in Cincinnati, about the middle of the last century, where his doctrine was taught. The writer of this book took a course in that institution when he was a student of medicine, hence, he became acquainted with its founder and also with that great philosopher and distinguished scientist, Dr. Daniel Vaughn, who was professor of chemistry in that college, and also in the Ohio Medical College, founded by Dr. Daniel Drake, one of the greatest physicians and surgeons of this country. Doctor Curtis was a delightful man socially, but he was so intense in his beliefs that he became a famous controversialist, which fact cut him off from the society of those who differed from him radically. His influence upon the world would have been greater had he been content to teach his system and refrain from severe

criticisms upon others. I formed a strong friendship with him, which was never broken. We corresponded occasionally up to within a year of his death, in 1882. He died a poor man. Being a reformer and a philanthropist, that fact is not surprising. Calling his system of medicine physiomedical, Doctor Curtis taught that it was the duty of physicians to study the laws of life as related to diet, exercise, etc., and to advise their patients on those subjects, as well as to prescribe medicines for them. He was, himself, a devout worshiper at the shrine of Hygea, and his strict observance of her laws enabled him to reach a ripe age, though his body was frail and his brain so active that he constantly taxed his powers to the limit of endurance. He was a good illustration of his own teachings. He was a doctor in the true sense, a teacher as well as a physician.

In religion, Doctor Curtis was something of a heretic, being naturally inclined to progress, through questioning the grounds of the old faith and investigating the claims of the new. He was one of the first men of prominence to investigate the wonderful phenomena which startled the world in 1848, and which at first was known as the Rochester knockings, but now bears the more respectable title of psychic phenomena.

As early as 1850 Doctor Curtis entered upon the earnest study of the manifestations which claimed to be produced by visitors from the spirit realm, with the purpose of establishing direct communication between the two worlds. He became fully convinced of the truth of that claim.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

I met Colonel Ingersoll for the first time in 1873. I was then a resident of Chicago and chairman of the lecture committee of the Free Religious Society. My associates on the committee and myself had read Ingersoll's lectures on "The Gods" and on Thomas Payne, delivered at Fairbury, Ill., and published by himself. Those lectures had been widely read and had attracted a great deal of attention, and been commented upon favorably and unfavorably by the people, the press and the pulpit. We decided to invite him to give a lecture in our course. He accepted our invitation in a characteristic letter in which he said:

"I will be glad to give you my new lecture on Individuality, and in reply to your question as to my terms, I will say that I will pay my own expenses and charge you nothing for my lecture. I won't come down a cent from that."

His terms being satisfactory, the Society engaged him to lecture and realized a profit of over \$100 on it, though the admission fee was only 25 cents. Those great news-

papers—the Times and Tribune—printed the lecture in full the next morning. That was the first lecture given by Colonel Ingersoll where an admission fee was charged, and may, therefore, be regarded as the occasion of his entering upon a career in which he achieved both fortune and fame.

I deem it an interesting coincidence that I introduced Colonel Ingersoll to his audience and presided over his first lecture that I ever heard him deliver, and I introduced him and presided on the occasion of his giving the last lecture I ever heard him deliver, twenty-three years later. That last lecture was given at a beautiful seaside resort in the old Bay State but a few miles from Plymouth Rock. In the interim we had been neighbors for some years in the capital of the nation, where he and his great-hearted brother, Eben, practiced law together. In some respects Eben Ingersoll was a greater man than Robert. He was both more conservative and more radical, more conservative along religious lines and more radical in politics and sociology. Though I knew him but for a brief time, I fraternized with Eben more fully than I did with Robert, though Robert and myself were good friends always, yet we differed widely on nearly all public questions, including religion. That was his one great hobby. He was a special attorney for the

heretics, and he took advantage of the license of his profession to be very sarcastic and severe in his treatment of the opposing counsel, the clergy. He took every possible advantage of his opponent, that evidence, technicalities, logic, wit, humor or sarcasm gave him. Yet there was no more malice in his denunciations of the Church than there was in his speeches before the jury in a court of law. Some of the preachers understood him and fraternized with him, just as opposing lawyers do after a hotly contested legal battle. I beg not to be understood to say that Colonel Ingersoll was insincere. He honestly opposed any creed that taught the doctrine of man's total depravity, and of a burning hell for those who do not believe in such doctrines. He visited Spain and explored the torture chambers built by Torquemada, where heretics were put to death by slow tortures, the slowest and most terrible that could be devised. It was under the inspiration of that institution, the Inquisition, that Colonel Ingersoll wrote his lecture on "The Freedom of Man, Woman and Child." For the loving gospel of the Universalists, the intellectual and cultured faith held by the Unitarians, the silent worship and fraternal spirit of the Quakers and the optimistic creed of Spiritualism, Colonel Ingersoll had only kind words.

Sir William E. Gladstone and Hon. Jeremiah Black each attempted to answer Ingersoll's objections to the orthodox dogmas but the popular verdict was in Ingersoll's favor. Colonel Ingersoll was greatly misunderstood. Religious people generally thought him an atheist, but he was only an agnostic. He did not deny the existence of a God, nor the doctrine of a life after death. He only went so far as to say that he did not know. He said, "I will believe when the proof is presented." He was something of an iconoclast, a destroyer. It was his mission to tear down the outgrown temples of superstition. He was not a builder, the destroyer seldom is, but he is no less necessary to progress than his successor who erects upon the site of the old ruin the temple of the new time. The poet, Whittier, in his tribute to the reformer, credits him with the two-fold functions of the destroyer and the builder. Not having had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the distinguished Quaker poet, I cannot include him in the list of famous men I have known. For this reason, and for the still better reason that it fits so well into the woof of this tribute to one of his great admirers, whom I have been told was admired by him, I am impressed to quote selections from that poem:

“All grim and soiled and brown with tan
I saw a strong one in his wrath,
Smiting the Godless shrines of man,
Along his path.

The outgrown rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone.
But life shall on and upward go;
The eternal step of Progress beats

To that great anthem calm and slow,
Which God repeats.
Take heart, the waster builds again,
A charmed life old goodness hath,
The tares may perish—but the grain
Is not for death.

Colonel Ingersoll was too strongly denounced by his foes and too highly praised by his friends. He was a great orator, a wit and humorist of a high order; he had a tender heart that was easily touched by the sorrows of others; he was warm and generous in his social relations, and as a husband and father he was sans peur et sans reproche. His lectures were entertaining in the highest degree. His doctrines, or, rather, want of doctrines, did not draw the crowds that went to hear him, nor did his denunciation of wornout religious dogmas constitute the chief element of his drawing power. His

lectures were replete with anecdote, wit, humor, poetry, pathos, and that still higher art of the orator—word painting—all combined with a dramatic power and skill that would have made him a theatrical star of the first magnitude. In his home or his office he always had a good story to tell, and since the days of Lincoln I have never known a man who could excel him as a story teller. It is related of him that when a prisoner among the Confederates in 1863 his ability to tell stories and say witty things made him so popular with his friends—the enemies—that the general in command said to him: “I will arrange to exchange you as soon as possible, for if you stay in my camp much longer you will become so popular with my soldiers that they will follow you when you do leave.”

Colonel Ingersoll’s apostrophe to a glass of water and his funeral discourse over the dead body of his brother Eben are among the most beautiful utterances that ever dropped from the lips of man. Those and other gems of his are classic and will live and be read and admired long after his denunciations of the creeds have passed out of men’s minds.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

Among the results of our modern civilization the development of woman's powers of intellect stands out prominently, and among the glories of the religious and political progress of the age, none are more noteworthy than the emancipation of woman from the superstitions and tyrannies which were wont to hold her in slavery, soul and body. In all past history intellectual women were exceedingly exceptional. Now, and in this country, there are almost, or quite as many women as men, actively employed in the various fields of thought.

Formerly women dared not advance an opinion upon any religious theme, or even repeat in a public way, the dogmas established by the priesthood. To-day she not only occupies the pulpit, from which to dispense the "Word," as interpreted by a masculine Presbytery or conference, but she is bringing to bear upon the knotty religious questions of the day the keen blade of her own analytical thought in a manner most effective. The modifications of religious forms and doctrines, so characteristic of this

age, is due, in large measure, to the humanitarian leaven that woman has contributed to the new batch of the bread of life that is being handed out, in these later times from the pulpit and the press. This is progress, or it is retrogression. It means that the race is advancing toward the goal of a desirable destiny, or receding into a state of anarchy more deplorable than the barbarism from which it has emerged.

I believe most sincerely that the world is moving in the right direction, and therefore rejoice in the evidences of increased and independent thought on the part of woman. I respect the honest conservatism that protects, by all fair means, established ideas, but I honor still more the radicalism that questions and criticises all things and destroys whatever is not good and true, however venerable.

Lydia Maria Child was a constitutional radical. She comes of a radical family, and her life-lines have been cast amid radical surroundings. Her father, Convers Francis, was one of the first abolitionists of Massachusetts. Her brother, Doctor Francis, was one of the most eminent Unitarian ministers of his day, and the theological preceptor of Theodore Parker; and her most intimate friends have been such spirits as Emerson, Parker, Ripley, Margaret Fuller, Lloyd Garrison and Isaac T. Hopper.

Mrs. Child was born in 1802, and her mind having been turned to literature at an early age, she was one of the first literary lights of America. Her first production was a poem entitled "Yamoyden," published in 1821. This was before Irving or Cooper or Mrs. Sedgwick had become famous; before the school of American literati that has, during the last three-quarters of a century, crowned our native land with glory, had fairly been inaugurated. She was one of the founders of that school and one of its most honored members.

"Habamok," an Indian romance, was her first novel. Its scenes were laid among the savages of New England, and the story, aside from its romance, possesses much of historic interest. This was followed by "The Rebels," an ante-revolutionary story, which proved a great success. She was a great lover of children, and a most successful teacher in her youth. In 1827 she started the first child's paper ever attempted, under the title of "The Juvenile Miscellany." While engaged in the delightful but rather arduous duties of teacher and editor, Lydia took to herself a husband in the person of David L. Child, of Boston, a gentleman of culture and a lawyer by profession. This was in 1828; and the next year she gave to the world that wonderfully popular cook book, "The Frugal Housewife," which was

followed by a work entitled "Mother's Book," that was read widely in this country and England, and translated and read by the Germans. "The Girl's Own Book" came out soon after the above, and "The History of Woman" in 1832. Then followed in rapid succession "Biographies of Good Wives," the memoirs of Madame De Stael and Madame Roland, of Lady Russell and of Madame Guyon. Until now, 1833, Mrs. Child's writings had not been sufficiently radical upon any subject of public interest to excite any special prejudice. Her career had been a brilliant one, and she was a literary favorite.

Garrison had started the *Liberator* in 1831, however, and Mrs. Child responded to the sentiments that filled its pages by writing a book on slavery, entitled, "An Appeal for That Class of Americans Held in Slavery." It seems hardly credible that so mild an appeal for the oppressed should have produced such a storm of prejudice against its author as to almost wholly stop the sale of her other books. But we should remember that at that period a large majority of even the best people believed in slavery. All political parties, and every church in the land, save the Quakers, Dunkards and Wesleyan Methodists sustained it, and only a small band of ultra radicals, among the Quakers of Philadelphia and the

Unitarians and Free Thinkers of Boston, were found to oppose it actively.

Lydia Maria Child was the leading spirit among these, and this work of hers, the first anti-slavery book ever published.

Even the renowned and saintly Channing opposed the agitation of the slavery question until he read Mrs. Child's book. But so active a convert was he that, in 1835, he also wrote a book against slavery. Miss Martineau, in her work entitled, "The Martyr Age in America," justly gives Mrs. Child a leading place, for she sacrificed the most brilliant literary and financial prospects at that time enjoyed by any American author, to the espousal of the most unpopular cause that the ripening conscience of humanity had then developed. She wrote several other works and numerous tracts, which had a large circulation through the efforts of the Anti-Slavery Society.

She did not abandon polite literature entirely, however, but in 1836 gave to the world a novel entitled, "Philothea," a story of ancient Greece, a most classical work, but which did not meet with much favor because of the prejudice against its author. Mrs. Sarah Jane Hale, in her "Woman's Record," rejoiced at the failure of this book, and styled it a just rebuke to the author for wasting her powers in such senseless radicalism as the anti-slavery cause.

From 1841 to 1849 Mrs. Child and her husband edited the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, a weekly paper published in New York by the American Anti-slavery Society. During these years she found a home with that eminent humanitarian reformer, Isaac T. Hopper, whose biographer she afterward became.

She watched with deep interest the Brook Farm Experiment, and sympathized somewhat with the efforts at association being made by the disciples of Fourier, but she did not go to the extent in it that Emerson and some others did. She believed that if selfishness could be kept in subjection, Fourier's ideas might become practical.

A juvenile book, "Flowers for Children," issued in 1852, had a large sale, and her "Life of Isaac T. Hopper," published in 1853, met with great favor. Already the anti-slavery cause was becoming popular and its champions honorable. In 1855 Mrs. Child gave to the world the great work of her life in the form of a book in three volumes entitled, "The Progress of Religious Ideas." She spent many of the best years of her life in the preparation of this work, and it is a most learned production. It is a complete and comprehensive review of the outworkings of the religious instinct in all ages and among all peoples. This book takes the broad, charitable view that can see vir-

tue in an opponent and recognize truth though met with on heathen ground.

"Autumnal Leaves," brought out in 1857, "Looking Toward Sunset," a volume of pleasant poetry issued in 1864, "The Freedman's Book," in 1865, and a "Romance of the Republic," in 1867, complete the catalogue of the more prominent works of this talented and industrious author.

At a ripe and beautiful old age Mrs. Child retired to her country seat at Wayland, Mass., where, with her husband and a few choice friends, she spent in quiet the evening of her days.

FRANCIS A. WALKER.

Francis A. Walker was the son of that eminent political economist, Professor Amasa Walker, of Yale University, and he was his father's successor in that important chair for a time. This distinguished man arose from the position of a private soldier to the rank of brigadier-general in the great Civil War. He was one of the youngest men to achieve rank and fame as a soldier, being but twenty-five years of age when the war ended. He was pre-eminently endowed with executive talent. General Grant recognized this, and desiring to inaugurate some important reforms in the Indian Bureau, appointed General Walker Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and it is simply just to say that no better officer ever occupied that important position. The Quakers and the Indians esteemed him highly, while thieving agents and conscienceless land grabbers feared and hated him. He afterward filled the important and arduous position of superintendent of the census for two terms. That is a field in which executive talent and scholarly training are both

needed, and it is generally conceded that Francis A. Walker was the best superintendent of the census bureau we ever had.

I made the personal acquaintance of General Walker in 1879. We became warm personal friends before we had known each other very long. I saw in him the varied elements that enter into the constitution of a noble manhood, well balanced and highly developed.

Socially he was one of the most charming men I ever met, and one of the most kind hearted and obliging. I never had occasion to ask of him a favor for myself, but I did for others more than once. Indeed, it was through going to him on behalf of another that I became acquainted with him. I had asked Secretary Schurz, of the Interior Department, to appoint a man well qualified for a clerkship in one of his numerous bureaus, and he had said, "If General Walker can find work for this man I will appoint him to a clerkship in the census bureau."

The applicant had lost both feet, they having been frozen while he was in the mail service in the far West. He was unable to do manual labor, but was well fitted for clerical work. On my stating the case to General Walker, he said: "My force is about full, but I will find work for this worthy man." He showed heartsomeness,

a quality which I have found sadly wanting in some other public officials.

It is not as a soldier or a civil public official that Francis A. Walker will be remembered longest. His great achievements were found in the field of practical scholarship applied to the great science of political economy. He was one of the founders, and from the first until his death he was president of "The American Economic Association," an organization composed of the greatest scientists of this country, and which has done much to promote progress along economic lines. The doctrine of public ownership of railways and all other natural monopolies, is cardinal with the American Economic Association, and the growing popularity of that doctrine is due in large measure to its published proceedings, and to the writings of President Walker, Secretary Ely, Professor Lester F. Ward and other able and distinguished members.

President Walker's annual addresses are among the greatest of its papers, being replete with scientific facts and philosophical deductions, clothed in robes of classic eloquence; and his books are standard works on political economy and sociology.

On completing his work in the census bureau, General Walker accepted the presidency of the College of Technology, one of Boston's greatest institutions, which position

he filled with distinguished ability until his untimely demise in 1896, at the age of fifty-six years.

He was constantly in demand for public addresses before learned societies, colleges and public assemblages of thoughtful men, and so he exhausted his brain and nervous system until the vital forces gave up the conflict. Less than a month before his death I warned him of the danger that menaced him and urged him to take a rest.

"I cannot," he replied, "the pressure of work is upon me and I can see no stopping place."

"You must rest," I urged. "If you do not take a voluntary rest you will take an involuntary one very soon, and it will be permanent, so far as this world is concerned." I was not surprised, therefore, at the announcement of the sudden death of this eminently useful man, who ought to have lived and worked a quarter of a century longer, for he had a good constitution and was temperate in all things except work.

President Walker's book, "Money, Trade and Industry," published in 1881, is the ablest exposition of the money problem I have ever read. If that book could be read by every voter of this nation the people would take the money question into politics in an intelligent way and settle it, for this country, at least. He wrote as a scientist,

and not as a partisan, hence his facts and deductions are so clearly stated that all who have what is known as common sense can understand him. His sympathies were with the common people, and he wrote in the interest of the great mass of wealth producers, as against the limited class who live off the labor of their fellows. I dare not attempt in my limited space to summarize that great book. To be fully comprehended it should be read in its entirety and without prejudice. It is to be found in nearly all the libraries in the country.

HENRY GEORGE.

An Indian called at my home in Washington, D. C., one day in 1880, and presented me a book, with a request that I read it. That book bore the title, "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George. I thought the title quite incongruous, as I had not been accustomed to associate the two words, progress and poverty, as having any such relations as cause and effect. My Indian friend pronounced the book the greatest work he had ever read. He said, "The author of that work has exposed in a masterly manner the false basis of the white man's system of land tenure, and shows it to be the cornerstone of the hydra-headed monopoly which has divided the people into classes, the extreme representatives of which are millionaires and tramps, neither of which were known a century ago. Henry George has shown in this book the logical relations between millionaires and paupers."

On visiting Indian Territory a few years later, I found that Henry George's book was very popular with the educated men of the five civilized tribes, "Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, Chickasaw and Seminole."

It was while on my way from Atoka to Tushkahuma that I read, for the first time, Henry George's reply to the criticisms of the Duke of Argyle upon his book. My Indian traveling companion had slipped a copy of it into his pocket before starting, and handed it to me to read as we drove along, with the remark that, as he was a poor talker, he had "brought Mr. George along to entertain us on the way." I could not fail to see that Mr. George had the better of the argument.

There are other causes of poverty besides land monopoly, and those causes have been pointed out by other writers. But Henry George did the world a great service and deserves to be classed among the pioneers of progress.

It is not to be expected that any one man should see the whole truth, for man's intellect is limited. Wendell Phillips, replying to a critic who had pronounced him a man of one idea, said, "If I have one well-developed idea, which is of value to the world, I am exceptionally endowed, for very few men have even one idea of their own."

Concentration is an essential element of power. Henry George concentrated his large brain upon the one theme of land monopoly as a cause of poverty, and in an effort to present a plan for the abolition of the cause and the effect. As to the measure

of his success, people differ; but as to his ability, sincerity and intense devotion, there is but one opinion among those who knew him.

I made the personal acquaintance of Mr. George in 1884. I was charmed with him. He was a companionable man, social and genial. He and I fraternized at once and were ever afterward warm friends. The Duke of Argyle derisively referred to Henry George as "the prophet of San Francisco," a title which his friends accepted. From a paper read before the Chicago Literary Club, in 1903, by Mr. Louis F. Post, and published by L. S. Dickey & Co. of Chicago, in a pamphlet of 48 pages, I quote this: "Like the prophets of Israel, Henry George warned a corrupted civilization that it must mend its ways or perish. Like them, he proclaimed anew the immutable decree that man must conform to the laws of righteousness or suffer the natural consequences of unrighteousness. Listen to his warning cry."

"The fiat has gone forth, with steam and electricity, and the new powers born of progress, forces have entered the world that will either compel us to a higher plane or overwhelm us, as nation after nation, and civilization after civilization, have been overwhelmed before. * * * If, while there is yet time, we turn to Justice and obey her, if we trust Liberty and follow her, the dangers

that now threaten must disappear, the forces that now menace will turn to agencies of elevation."

Henry George, though not a churchman, was intensely religious. But his friends point to the fact that the prophets of Israel were outside the orthodox church and very severe in their criticisms of the priests. Mr. George numbered among his friends many preachers, and some were disciples of his, notably Dr. McGlyn of the Catholic Church and Dr. Lyman Abbott of the Congregational. Mr. George once gave me a very cordial letter of introduction to Dr. Lyman Abbott, which I failed, however, of opportunity to deliver.

Henry George was much broader in his reform thought than the world has credited him with being. He is so thoroughly identified with his theory of land reform that people forget that he was a tariff reformer, a money reformer, and, in fact, an all round reformer.

This distinguished man was born in Philadelphia in 1839, of English and Scotch parentage, though his father and mother were both born in America. He was a printer by trade. He went to San Francisco in 1858 and worked at his trade till 1866, when he became a reporter, soon afterward an editorial writer, and then managing editor. He was one of the founders of the San Francisco Post. But the time came when he

had to choose between conducting it as a reform paper and giving it up and go out of a profitable enterprise into poverty. He did not hesitate, but chose the latter alternative. Governor Irwin appointed him to a small office, which was the only office he ever held. He was nominated for the Legislature of California, in 1869, by the Democratic party, but was not elected. In 1877 he was the Democratic candidate for delegate to the Constitutional Convention. The workingman's party also nominated him, but, on hearing that he was expected to submit to the leadership of Dennis Kearney, Mr. George said to the convention, "There are some planks in the platform I cannot endorse, and I will not submit to Mr. Kearney's dictation." The nomination was at once withdrawn and George was defeated by the Kearney candidate nominated in his place. But Kearney is almost forgotten, while George enjoys a constantly growing fame.

"Progress and Poverty" was published in 1879 by the author, most of the type being set by himself. The book sold slowly at first, but soon began to attract attention, and within a few years it reached an enormous sale in this country and Europe. It has been translated and published in every civilized country. He wrote some other works, "Social Problems" being the chief one.

Mr. George was an independent candidate for mayor of New York in 1886, he being nominated by petition, thirty-four thousand men signing the petition. Tammany offered him a seat in Congress if he would decline the race for mayor, and, on his refusing this bribe, the two wings of the democracy united upon Abram S. Hewitt, who was elected. Theodore Roosevelt was the Republican candidate against George. Hewitt's vote was 90,000; Roosevelt got 60,000, and George 68,000 votes.

In 1897 Mr. George was a candidate for mayor of New York on the labor reform ticket. His very strenuous life had begun to tell on his health, and this campaign broke him down. He closed his work on earth by addressing three audiences in one evening. The chairman of the meeting where he spoke first that evening introduced him as the great friend of labor. Mr. George opened his speech with these grand and significant words:

"I have never claimed to be a special friend of the laboring man. Let us have done with this call for special privileges for labor. Labor does not want special privileges. I have never advocated, nor asked for, special rights or special sympathy for workingmen. What I stand for is the equal rights of all men."

In the words of Louis Post, when the next

day broke the prophet of San Francisco lay dead. The culminating hour of his consecration had come, when the eyeballs glazed and the ears grew dull, and out of the darkness had stretched the hand, and into the silence had come the voice, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Some twenty years ago, I wrote a story, entitled, "A Squatter," founded upon the actual experience of a pioneer Hoosier, who in 1820 built a cabin, cleared a farm, planted an orchard, etc., on an eighty-acre tract of public land, with the intention of paying the Government for it as soon as he could save money enough to do so. I am impressed to quote briefly from that story, as an illustration of the injustice and hardships suffered by many of the early settlers of this country.

"The fourth year in the new country was drawing to a close. Amos Trueblood had raised a large crop of corn for the acreage planted, and had fattened twenty hogs, that would average two hundred pounds each, net weight, and would sell for thirty-six dollars. He must keep enough pork for his own use, but he could sell thirty dollars' worth at the least. He had been able to spare thirty bushels of wheat that fall, which brought him ten dollars, and Ruth had sold twenty dollars' worth of chickens and butter during the season, half of which had gone

for store goods, and half had been put into the purse that contained the fund being saved up to pay for the home. The hogs were killed, the pork sold, and Amos and Ruth sat by the uncleared supper table counting their savings. There could be no mistake in the count, for both had counted the hoard dollar by dollar two or three times, and it came out one hundred and ten dollars each time.

“Well, little wife, it’s been a long pull and a strong pull for us, but at last we’ve got money enough to pay for our home. I must start to the Land Office to-morrow morning. Thee must get some neighbor woman to stay with thee to-morrow night, and I hope to git back the next night.”

With one hundred silver dollars, in two purses, in the right and left pockets of Jonathan Lindley’s great coat, borrowed for the journey, and two dollars in change for expenses, Amos Trueblood started for Vincennes at dawn of day. His heart was full of hope; hence nature wore a pleasant face. It was a lonely ride of forty-five miles, through a very sparsely settled region, and over a road little traveled, save by men on errands like his own. The country was infested by highwaymen, hence the journey was not wholly free from peril. Those knights of the road rarely attacked travelers in daytime, but men often rode all night to

get to the Land Office in advance of others who were suspected of wanting the same tract of land they had selected. These night riders usually went armed, but their weapons did not always protect them from being robbed. Many blood-curdling tales of midnight adventures with members of "Murrel's band" were current in that country in those days, and long afterward..

Amos had little fear of being robbed, for he would reach Vincennes before sunset, yet he kept his wits about him, and was keenly alert, when passing through particularly lonely stretches of forest. About 2 p. m., while letting his horse drink from a small stream he was fording, he caught a glimpse of a horseman approaching the road he was traveling, from the right, a short distance in advance of him. It was a lonely place. Not a cabin had been passed for some miles. Visions of highwaymen were at once suggested, yet the stranger might be an honest man. Be that as it might, Amos could only proceed on his journey. Just as he reached the intersection of the bridle-path the stranger was in, and the main road, the horseman turned into the road, and saluted Amos with:

"Howdy, stranger?"

"I am quite well; how does thee do?"

Instead of answering Amos' question as to the state of his health, the stranger said:

"On your way to Vincennes?"

"Yes, that is where I'm bound."

"Live about here?"

"No, my home is on White River."

"Goin' to enter land, I reckon?"

"Yes, I'm on my way to enter an eighty-acre tract that I settled on as a squatter on first coming West four years ago. I've not been able to pay for it before, though it only takes a hundred dollars."

Amos thought that if the man was a robber, surely he could not be mean enough to rob him, if he knew that he was a poor squatter who had worked hard for four years to raise money enough to pay for his home. He was mistaken. Having obtained the information he sought, the fellow suddenly drew a pistol from his pocket, and pointing its muzzle at Amos' breast, he ordered him to throw up his hands. The command had scarcely escaped his lips when Amos struck him a blow on the left ear, that felled him to the ground. His pistol went off while he was falling, the ball entering his own horse, bringing him down also. Our hero did not stop to take special note of the damage to the enemy resulting from his blow, but striking his horse with a hickory switch, and kicking him in the flanks with his heels, he galloped away in the direction of Vincennes.

Proceeding at once to the Land Office, he presented to the register a slip of paper

containing a description of his land. The official referred to a record book, and then turning to Amos, he said:

"That tract is not public land."

"Surely thee is mistaken," responded Amos.

"No, that tract was entered in the name of John Bolton on the 10th of last month."

"Why, John Bolton is in North Carolina."

"Very likely, but he has an agent in this State who is picking up choice tracts of land for him, and the tract you want is now his property."

Amos' heart sank within him. For a moment he stood speechless and pale, but, recovering himself, he said:

"An hour or so ago a highway robber pointed a pistol at me, and demanded my money. I struck him a blow that knocked him off his horse, and, as he fell, his pistol went off and killed his horse, at least he fell like he was shot through the heart. It was only a hundred dollars I had, but it was the price of my little home, and had cost me and my wife four years of hard work and close saving. Now I find that I am robbed of my home by a rich man who does not need it a tenth part as bad as that robber needed my hundred dollars."

"I'm sorry for you, my friend," said the official, "but such things happen every day."

ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE.

Alfred Russell Wallace was born in England in 1823. His father was a barrister, but inheriting an income sufficient to support him, he lived the life of an idle English gentleman till he was 35 years of age, when he married, and afterward, until the family had become so large that his income was insufficient to meet his expenses. Then, instead of opening a law office, he turned gardener. He was an excellent illustration of the proverb, "A certainty in life paralyzes ambition."

Alfred left home at the age of fourteen, going to London, where he became a mechanic. He was a good hand worker, but brain work was needed far more than hand work, and he was by inheritance, chiefly from his mother, well equipped for an intellectual career. The first thought-provoking book which he read was one by Robert Owen, which taught that heredity and environment form the character of men, instead of its being formed by the personal efforts of the individual. Wallace refused to believe this and determined to shape his

character to suit himself. He had an ideal which he wished to realize, if possible. While he accepted the fact that environment was a factor in forming character, he believed that a strong will and high ambition can lift one above the forming power of circumstances, that are external. Fortunately, his attention was called to phrenology, and that great science and philosophy confirmed him in his view, for he had inherited a brain which served as an excellent organ for scientific investigation, philosophic deduction, and the strength of conscience and will power that gave him the courage of his convictions. Instead of being a creature of circumstances, he was a centrestance, compelling circumstances to be his servants instead of his masters.

At the age of twenty-four Mr. Wallace first had his attention called to geology. This was the beginning of his studies in natural sciences, the genesis of his great career which has made him world famous. He was as profoundly versed in geology, botany and other branches of natural science as Darwin, and had written extensively on that subject before he had met Darwin in 1862. Those two men fraternized at once, and from that time they were colaborers in developing the theory of evolution, now so generally accepted as a scientific solution of the origin of life and of the philosophy

of progression. Darwin's "Origin of Species" is a joint work in which Wallace performed an important part. He traveled extensively in the interest of science, visiting South America, Borneo, Singapore, the country of the Malays, etc., etc., gathering facts, not for the purpose of bolstering up a theory, but from which to evolve a philosophy. He has, from the first, held that facts are of no value unless they can be used to construct a royal highway to the realm of philosophy, and that philosophy to be of value must be prophetic as well as reminiscent; that it should enable us to penetrate the veil of the future, as well as read the records of the past and deduce its lessons.

While struggling with the problem of the origin of life Wallace called on Herbert Spencer, hoping to get from that distinguished man a clue to it. But Spencer confessed his inability to aid him. All he could say was that everything pointed toward the conclusion that life was a development out of matter; a phase of that continuous process of evolution by which the whole universe had been brought to its present condition. This was as far as Darwin could get. But Wallace subsequently went farther. He saw with philosophic insight what those great men had failed to discover; that life is primary, matter secondary. Instead of life being an evolutionary product of matter, mat-

ter has simply been a phenomenal product of intelligent life.

Wallace says: "Darwin taught, that man's whole nature, physical, mental and moral, was developed from the lower animals, by means of the same laws of variation and survival, and as a consequence of this belief, that there was no difference in kind between man's nature and animal nature, but only one of degree." My view, on the other hand, was and is, that there is a difference in kind, intellectually and morally, between man and other animals, and that while his body was undoubtedly developed by the continuous modification of some ancestral animal form, some different agency, analogous to that which first produced organic life and then original consciousness, came into play in order to develop the higher intellectual and spiritual nature of man.

These views caused much distress in the mind of Darwin, but they do not in the least affect the general doctrine of natural selection. The difference in views did not affect the personal relations of Darwin and Wallace, which were always most cordial and fraternal. That Darwin had a very high opinion of Wallace's scientific attainments and opinions is proven by the following: Wallace says: "February 23, 1867. Darwin wrote me, asking if I could solve a

difficulty for him.” He says: “I called on Bates and put a difficulty before him, which he could not answer, and, as on some similar occasions, his first suggestion was, ‘You had better ask Wallace.’”

“I wrote him my view of the matter, and he replied as follows:

“‘My Dear Wallace:

“‘Bates was quite right; you are the man to apply to in a difficulty. I never heard anything more ingenious than your suggestion and I hope you may be able to prove it to be true.’”

Doctor Wallace has enjoyed intimate personal relations with about all the great scientists and philosophers of his time, including Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Tindall, Lubbock, Carpenter, Hooker, Lockyear, Mivart, Newton, Lyell, and many of less fame. He puts Huxley above all others as an intellectual giant and profound scholar. Prof. St. George Mivart he speaks of as rather an unfair critic of Darwin, he being a sincere Catholic, yet one of the most charming men he ever met, and a great scholar. He often dined with Mivart, and on such occasions he usually met one or more Catholic priests, whom he found to be genial, companionable and full of wit and humor.

Doctor Wallace has written many books, chiefly scientific and philosophical, but he is

a many sided man. He has delved deeply into sociology and psychic phenomena. He has developed a theory of land nationalization which is very different from Henry George's single tax scheme.

During his visit to Washington City in 1888 the author of this sketch gave Doctor Wallace a reception and invited fifty or more of the best thinkers of the city to meet him and hear him expound his theory of land nationalization. It proved to be very similar to the system of the American Indians, which is, that the land is a gift from the Great Spirit to the entire nation and should be held by the tribe or nation in fee, for the common and equal occupancy of the people, each member of the tribe being entitled to an equal portion, or as much as he can use, to be held by possessory title, without original payment or subsequent tax. Hon. H. M. Teller, then Secretary of the Department of the Interior, said to the writer in 1884: "Just between you and I, the Indians are right on the land question and we are wrong." The Jewish land polity under the law of Moses was substantially the same.

When visiting the capital of the Chickasaw Nation in 1886 I was invited to address a joint meeting of the two houses of the council, and on the close of my speech an educated Indian responded. After express-

ing in eloquent words his appreciation of my views of the Indian problem and thanking me for my defense of his people, he said:

“There is not a homeless man, woman or child in this nation. Some live in humble cabins, but no rack renter or tax collector can dispossess them; nor can an imprudent man sell his land and squander the price of it, thus rendering his family homeless. This you cannot say of your nation, which boasts of the civilization of its people. I have read your history and know that when your government was founded 90 per cent of your people owned homes of their own, while now, at the close of the first century of your history, over 90 per cent of them are tenants, liable to be turned out of their rented homes for failure to pay rents fixed by grasping landlords. We ask you to urge your lawmakers, who assume to be our guardians, not to force us to adopt your policy, which has resulted so disastrously to your people.”

I repeated that speech to a committee of Congress and it produced no practical effect. The white man's land policy has been forced upon the Indians. That some progress has been made along this line is shown by a fact given by Doctor Wallace, which is, that in 1775, the initial year of the American Revolution, a school teacher in England was

expelled from a philosophical society, forced to give up his school and leave his town for reading a paper advocating the nationalization and equal distribution of land. Doctor Wallace has not been so badly treated as his humble predecessor. He is punished only by being called a radical. When the Anglo-Saxon nations shall have become fully civilized he will be honored as a pioneer of progress on many lines.

With Herbert Spencer, Gladstone and other great men, Wallace has made an honorable record as an opponent of compulsory vaccination. He says:

“I was brought up to believe that vaccination was a scientific procedure, and that Jenner was one of the great benefactors of mankind.” He found it difficult to change his views, as so many men believed in vaccination. But Mr. Tebbs got him to look at the other side of the question and he became convinced by statistics and arguments that vaccination did not prevent smallpox, but did produce other diseases which often caused death. Herbert Spencer had pointed out that the first compulsory vaccination act had led to an increase of smallpox. He gave the subject that careful study which, as a scientist, he had given other great subjects, with the result that he became one of the ablest and most powerful opponents of one

of the greatest delusions that history records.

I now come to the latest and most widely known and discussed of Doctor Wallace's heresies. I use the term heresy merely in the popular sense—a belief which is not in accord with the orthodox faith, nor held by a majority of the people. In his autobiography entitled, "My Life," recently published in two large volumes in England, and also in America, there is a chapter of over 70 pages entitled, "Mesmerism to Spiritualism." In this chapter he presents very frankly the facts which he obtained through careful scientific investigation covering a long period, which convinced him long ago that mesmerism is a science, and later that spiritualism furnishes scientific proof that human life is continuous; that death is simply an incident in the evolution of life, and that communication between those who have passed to the celestial realms and those still in the body, is possible and actually has occurred, and is continually occurring all over the world. Sir William Crooks and Doctor Wallace, as members of a committee of the dialectical branch of the Royal Society, investigated spiritualistic phenomena diligently for some years and reported that the phenomena were abundant and genuine and they could not be explained upon any other

hypothesis but the spiritual. Those two eminent men have continued their studies along that line and they have been joined by quite a large number of distinguished men; among these he mentions Professor Varley, Professor Chambers, Gladstone, St. George Mivart and T. W. H. Myers, who later became president of the Psychic Research Society.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Ireland has produced some great men. Storm and stress give opportunity to men who have within them the elements of greatness. But the trials which bring out the noble qualities of souls crush into slavish submission those who lack those qualities. English rule over Ireland has crushed the masses of her people, but there have always been a few heroic men who could not be subjugated by the iron rule of tyranny and robbery. John Boyle O'Reilly was one of those. That noble Celt was born in Donegal, 1844. His father was a man of superior ability and a scholar of distinction who gave his son a classic training. On reaching manhood John joined the Fenians and soon became a leader in that organized effort to liberate Ireland from British rule. He was arrested on a charge of treason and sentenced to be shot, in 1866. That sentence was, through the influence of English friends of prominence, commuted to imprisonment for life, at hard labor in an English prison. In 1867 this was changed to penal servitude in Australia. Through the

aid of a native girl he escaped in 1869 and sailed for America. Here he lectured on the wrongs of Ireland for a year, when he accepted a position on "The Pilot," a Roman Catholic journal published in Boston. He joined in a Fenian raid into Canada, and corresponded with "The Pilot." In 1874 he bought that journal and from that time until his death, in 1890, he was its editor. He was not limited to editorial work, but wrote essays, poems, etc., for various periodicals, and delivered many lectures on literary, political and sociological subjects. He was a bold and radical thinker on all lines, unless I except religion, and he had the courage of his convictions, save when his opinion conflicted with the dictum of the Pope, whom he had been from childhood taught to regard as the supreme authority on religious questions.

I was introduced to Mr. O'Reilly in 1888 by a Catholic friend who sympathized with the views of Indian policy held by the Indian Defense Association, which organization I represented as corresponding secretary and editor of its organ, "The Council Fire." That policy was to protect the Indian tribes in their right to hold their lands in common until they could be educated in our system of severalty land ownership and be prepared in some measure, at least, to protect themselves against the greed and cun-

ning of white men. Our interview lasted an hour, during which I did most of the talking, my auditor limiting himself to such questions as he thought needful to bring out my views in the clearest manner. At the close he said:

“Doctor Bland, I had supposed that the Indian policy of Senator Dawes was just and humane, but you have convinced me that it is radically wrong. The Pilot is your paper. In it you are at liberty to express your views on Indian matters freely and I will sustain you.” The following issue of The Pilot contained an editorial against the Dawes land in severalty bill, then before Congress. Senator Dawes immediately sent in a reply to that editorial, in which he assumed that it had been inspired, if not actually written, by Doctor Bland. I was lecturing in Boston at the time and on receiving the Senator’s letter Mr. O’Reilly sent me a note by special messenger, asking me to call at his office. I responded promptly. He greeted me with:

“I have a letter from Dawes, which I am not fully prepared to answer, so I want your help.”

On reading the Senator’s communication, I suggested that O’Reilly interview me on the letter and print the letter in full with my criticisms on it. “That is the thing to do,” he said. The Senator let the matter rest

there and from that time the editor of 'The Pilot' was one of my strongest allies. We were in agreement on about every question of public policy, and our personal relations were cordial and fraternal in the best sense.

John Boyle O'Reilly and Wendell Phillips were great admirers of each other and warm personal friends. Having recorded this fact, it seems to me scarcely necessary to add anything in the way of detail as to the views of that distinguished Irish-American on the great questions of his time. His poems and his prose works are in all our best libraries and if my readers will peruse them they will be convinced that I have done but simple justice to the character and career of that brilliant and great-hearted man, whom England condemned as a traitor and America will ever honor as a patriot.

RICHARD T. ELY.

Peace hath her victories and science her heroes in these modern times; victories which eclipse in their glory and significance all the bloody triumphs of the barbarous past, and heroes whose laurels are brighter and more lasting than those that encircle the brow of Caesar. The era of brain has succeeded the era of brawn. "The pen is mightier than the sword," is no longer a prophetic ideal, but a recognized fact. Man is beginning to understand the destiny foreshadowed in the command given his primeval ancestor, "Subdue the earth and reign over it." He no longer cowers before the forces of nature, hearing in the thunder the voice of an angry God. Through the revelations of science the bolts of Jove have become our faithful servants. Harnessed to our cars, they are more obedient and far stronger and swifter than the horse. They light our homes, run our errands and carry our messages. This is but one example of what has been achieved by scientific men over the mighty forces of nature. The hero of old sought by his sword to conquer his

fellow men and compel them to serve him. He knew no other field of conquest. He had not learned that knowledge is power and thought a mighty force. The men of this age who use their brain power to exploit their fellows in the arena of labor, commerce or politics, to their selfish personal ends, are but one remove from their barbarian ancestors, who used the implements of war in the interest of ambition and avarice. They use their knowledge in concocting schemes, by which the common earnings of the people can be monopolized by them. Science in their hands becomes a tool of grab. This is notably true of the science of political economy. The selfish monopolists are shrewd enough to use that science in their own interests, so far as possible. They subsidize masters of that science and use them to deceive the people by false facts and vicious logic. There are, fortunately for the world, political economists whose honor is above price and whose courage is sublime. Men who can neither be bought nor bulldozed. Bulldozed expresses my meaning as no other word could, and it has come into such general use as to cease to be vulgar. Indeed, it has become a standard phrase. Webster's definition is "To intimidate." Teachers of political economy have been intimidated by threats of removal from positions in universities, and some of them who

have become obnoxious to the plutocratic monopolists have been dismissed by truculent boards of trustees from institutions of learning founded, or in part sustained, by wealthy monopolists.

Richard Theodore Ely is one of the most profound political economists of this or any other country, and one of the bravest. He is a scientist of exceptional learning, he having, after graduating from Columbia University in 1876, entered the great University of Heidelberg, from which he received in 1879 the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, the highest honor any institution of learning can confer.

In 1881 he became a teacher of political economy in Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, which position he filled with distinguished ability for ten years, when he accepted the presidency of the College of Political Economy in the University of Wisconsin. This position he still occupies. Doctor Ely was one of the founders of "The American Economic Association," and its first secretary, which important post he held until he was promoted to the presidency after the death of President Francis A. Walker.

Doctor Ely's first book, "French and German Socialism," was issued in 1883. In 1888 his "Introduction to Political Economy" was published. In 1889 his "Social

Aspects of Christianity" came out, and his "Coming City" appeared in 1902. His books have all been widely read, both in Europe and America, and they have had great influence. Doctor Ely may properly be styled a radical reformer, but his radicalism has a tinge of conservatism, which keeps it within proper bounds. He opposes both the Ishmaelitic spirit of the individualistic school and the despotic theory of the German socialists. He would have the principles of sociology govern the science of economics in such a way as to prevent injustice, without infringing upon personal liberty. In 1890 Doctor Ely read a paper in our parlor in Washington City before the True Commonwealth Club, an organization which was founded for the purpose of promoting the principles of the American Economic Association. That paper was entitled, "Farmers and Natural Monopolies." The following abstract of it will serve to give a comprehensive idea of Doctor Ely's views on one of the great questions being discussed at the present time.

"By natural monopolies we mean those pursuits or businesses which tend, on account of their own inherent properties, to become monopolies. They are distinguished from artificial monopolies, by which we mean monopolies rendered so by act of legislature. The most prominent examples of

natural monopolies are water works, gas works, the electric lighting business, street car lines, telegraphs, telephones and railroads. Examples of artificial monopolies are those established by patent and copyright. Artificial monopolies are made monopolies temporarily because it is held to be the public interest that a limited monopoly should be granted to someone who has rendered the public a service by inventions or authorship, while natural monopolies exist in spite of our determination to maintain competition. The tendency to monopoly is a law inherent in their nature which will manifest itself sooner or later, and no statute law can prevent this. We can no more maintain permanently competition in the railroad business than we can make our rivers flow up hill. All phenomena which seem to indicate the contrary are only temporary and illusive.

“The question of natural monopolies is, then, this: How shall these pursuits, which are natural monopolies, be rendered subservient to general public interests? The answer to this question is of vital importance to farmers, and it is well that they should understand it thoroughly.

“Farmers, as such, may not seem to be immediately interested in the gas supply of cities, or in the lighting service or water supply, nor may it at first be apparent that

a cheap and good management of telegraphs and telephones is of much concern to them. The farmers, however, if they ever intend to become prosperous, must learn to look at public questions from a broad social standpoint. They are not and never can become an exclusive class in the community, but can only prosper as the community prospers. High general wages, for example mean large purchasing power. Thousands and hundreds of thousands do not consume a sufficient amount of agricultural products to satisfy their rational wants. Measures which will increase general prosperity will augment the power of the masses to purchase those things which the farmers raise. Widely diffused prosperity will increase the consumption even of staples like wheat, corn and potatoes, and still more of products like meat and fruit of all kinds. Now all these services rendered by natural monopolies are essential to the well being of people living in cities who purchase what the farmer raises. The charges for these services constitute an important element in the cost of living in cities. There are artisans and mechanics who for themselves and their families must pay out in street car fare nearly a tenth of their entire income. It becomes apparent, then, how important for the general welfare is an efficient and cheap management of these natural monopolies.

“Another point must be mentioned. The charges for services rendered by natural monopolies enter into the cost of doing business and increase the prices of articles. The manufacturer and merchant in cities consider their outlay for telegraphic service, for electric lights and gas, and for telephone a regular part of the expenses of doing business, and they are bound to get it back in the prices paid by farmers and others for things purchased.

“Furthermore, the more prosperous other kinds of business, the less will be the tendency of people to rush into agriculture, and to overdo this one kind of business.

“Of course, the greatest of all these natural monopolies is the steam railroad, and no one doubts that the well being of the farmer depends immediately and directly upon the management of this monopoly. All these different natural monopolies, however, work in harmony. Where there is no positive agreement they instinctively act together to protect their interests against those of the general public. The editor of one of the leading papers in the Northwest told me that the difficulty of dealing with any one of these natural monopolies was that all the other monopolies were at once up in arms to make a fight for one which it was attempted to hold in check. We should, therefore, have clearly before us one con-

sistent plan for dealing with all natural monopolies. The only way in which they can be so managed that they will promote the prosperity of the country at large and become entirely subservient to all public interests is by means of government ownership, and management by public agents directly responsible to the people. All farmers' organizations should make a demand for such ownership and management a prominent plank in their platform. Private corporations must, according to the very law of their being, manage their business for private interests, and it is idle to hope to be able to compel them by statutes to change their own nature. Public ownership and management alone can protect the public against judicial and legislative acts stimulated by powerful private parties in their own interests.

Finally, public ownership and management would remove from legislative halls of city, state and nation the most powerful and corrupt lobby ever known; it would help purify government; it would aid all patriotic citizens to build up a strong and pure government, which would exercise its power to promote, in so far as it can be promoted by government, the interests of the great masses, the farmers included."

Like all truly great and profoundly learned men, Doctor Ely is modest and un-

assuming in manner, and so genial and companionable that all who know him personally pronounce him charming. I had met him before that evening on which he addressed the club, but most of his auditors had not. They were delighted with his paper and enjoyed greatly the intellectual and social feast that followed.

This eminent man is in the zenith of his career, and it is to be hoped that he may, for many years yet, be able to continue the great work of educating the people and especially the youth, in the principles of the true science of political economy and sociology, and in steering the Ship of State between the moss-covered cliffs of monopolistic special privilege and the dangerous reefs of anarchistic socialism, into the safe harbor of equal rights, freedom and justice.