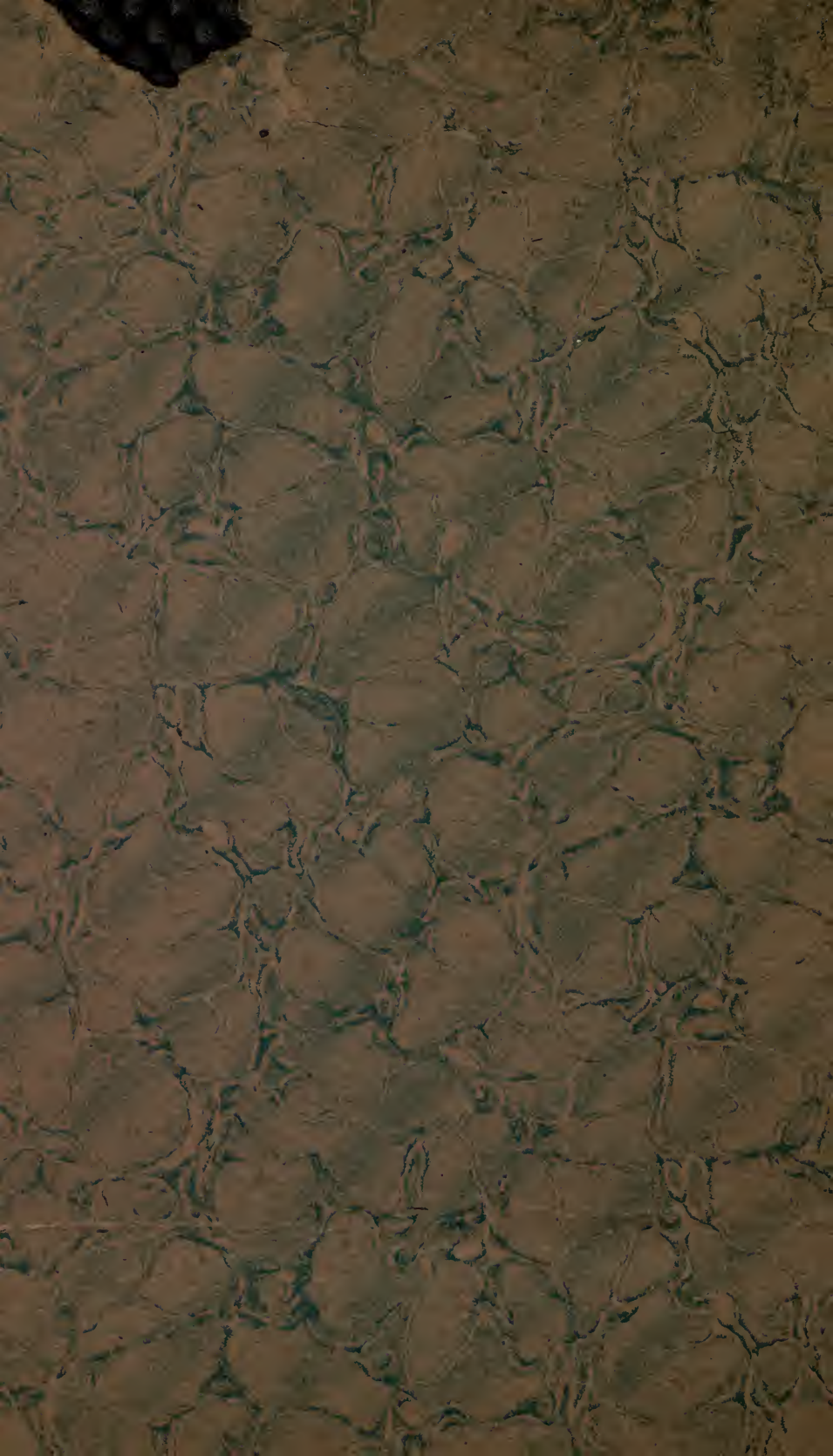


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Then ^{and} Now.

ORATION

BY

CHARLES A. SUMNER,

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

DELIVERED AT QUINCY, CALIFORNIA, JULY 4th, 1876.

Published by Request of the Hearers.



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No. 10214.

THEN AND NOW.

Oration Delivered at Quincy, July 4th, 1876, by
Hon. Chas A. Sumner.

The President of the Day introduced the Orator of the Day, CHARLES A. SUMNER, of San Francisco. Mr. Sumner said :

MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—FELLOW CITIZENS:—The one hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence by the Congress of the United Colonies, or States, of North America : All Hail !

Forty millions of people on this continent greet the morning sun of this day with the grandest emphasis of patriotic exultation. In a thousand cities of the land, the opening moment for rejoicings has been announced by the loudest concert of artillery and the peal of ponderous bells. In ten thousand towns and vilages and hamlets, the proportion of possible welcome has been uttered ; and over all the land the stirring roll of the drum, and the jubilant blare of the bugle, and the long processions of bayonet-bearing and regalia-clad men and flower-garlanded children, and the raising and decorating of memorial and triumphal arches, and the uncovering of marble statues of revolutionary heroes, and the earnest speech of proud reminiscence and hopeful prophecy, are among the high testimonials that are being heard and witnessed this day.

Nor is this even a hint of all of recorded demonstration and contemporaneous magnetic incident which deserves our recognition at this moment of time. In a thousand foreign sea-ports that flag is flung from the mast-head of every ship in the harbor ; nor does there gaze upon it one intelligent man, woman, or child, without some conception of its significance, without some comprehension of its history, without some audible prayer for the perpetuity of those institutions whose one hundred years of life it betokens, and whose flourishing vigor at this day it defiantly proclaims.

And as we gather here, a constituent assembly, in this beautiful valley of the Sierras, to render our humble tribute of commemoration, we seem to feel as a necessary, inevitable, and excellent advantage of our geographical position, that the atmosphere comes to us at this noonday surcharged with the echoes of celebrating voices, awakened in unnumbered homes, rolling in one grand tide from the Atlantic shores. An electric impulse and inspiration that comes from the salutations and cheering of the vast multitude of our fellow-citizens who dwell beyond and below us being borne in, as it were, by the winds of heaven upon our swelling hearts.

Nay more : We seem to catch the strains of martial music, familiar and yet wonderfully weird and wild in its far, faint accents. And as we listen for the haunting whisperings of that music, we remember that the chieftains of the half-barbaric tribes of Herzegovina, who have recently risen in arms against the

Turkish tyranny that has crushed their country for a thousand years, have instructed their clans to gather before their tents this day, and listen, and applaud, and adore the God of battles, after the manner of their fathers, while the bands of their battalions commend their supplications for victory by an accompaniment on the shrill clarions of the Orient—striking the newly learned notes of Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle, and the National Anthem of the American Union.

“ Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.”

They who see from the design the inevitable existence of a Creator, will confess without superstition the Providential direction that long before the date of its authentic utterance placed these words upon the iron shoulders of the bell that announced from the steeple of Independence Hall in Philadelphia, on the 6th of July, one hundred years ago, that the Declaration of Independence had been adopted by the authorized representatives of the thirteen colonies. The tones that were heard that day by those who were within the literal circuit of its vibrations have been renewed in every decade, as a stimulant and a sonorous telling of brave and noble advances by other peoples towards the securing or maintaining of the principles of constitutional freedom.

It is a day for rejoicing in the calendar of the civilized world ! Let it be so. Let the pulsations of intensest joy find perfect health in unrestrained exuberance. Let the full license be given and availed for the heartiest expressions of congratulations, and love, and happiness, and pride. And let no man with mean and cynical devotion to the ordinary quiet of human existence and the gentleness of parlor propriety seek to check or abate the noise of the loud timbrel, or the great shoutings of a free-born and liberty-loving people on the earth.

Despite all the depressions which may be complainingly said to belong to the temporary conditions of trade, we are sure that no stint in willing preparations, anywhere in the land, will hinder or lessen the demonstrations for this day. Despite all the profound misgivings that many may conscientiously entertain, despite all the humiliation and shame which all must confess on account of recent revelations of official malfeasance and profligacy in high places in the Government, the introductory time of these hours is fitly dedicated and devoted to the unqualified and grateful recognition of the fact that the Almighty has cast our lines in pleasant places—in a Republic which, under the benign influence of heaven, our fathers, with wise purposes and robust faith, planted and vindicated through a long and bloody war ; sealing their

compact of freedom with the signature of enduring success, for us and for our children and our children's children, and before the kingdoms of the globe.

We are very glad, O, men and women and little children, we are very glad that we have lived to see this day. Our earliest ancestors, in the revolutionary years, dreamed of this day with full and longing hearts. Our latest fathers wished to be spared to behold this day, and died in hope for us.

And ye sons of other nations and distant climes, who have come to dwell among us, and to partake in full measure and harmony of our priceless heritage of republican government! Were it possible, your emotion of thankfulness should be greater than ours, as you mingle in the active commemoration of the events suggested for this day. Far, far across the waters, for many a weary year, your ancestors replied, by an abiding trust in their souls, to the sneers of kings and courtiers, as these declared that our system was impracticable and our national life near to its fit and ignominious doom. And so have their steadfast confidence and patient expectations been blessed unto their children, who are privileged to commune with us and of us to-day.

And what a tremendous debt of obligation is ours to those who wrought out for us all this glorious framework of Government. Blessed fathers! Your memories are very green in our hearts this day! The long roll cannot be called within our brief limits of speech; but for some of them—not as forgetting or disparaging many others, equally as worthy of our oral register on this occasion—for some of them we must pronounce the names with reverent recollection.

General George Washington! Commander-in-Chief of the American forces! That name! There is a fullness, a calmness, a syllabic grandeur in that name that befits the man.

One hundred and one years ago yesterday morning, when forty-three years of age, he took command of the united forces of the Colonies, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, under an elm tree, which stands to this day and is known by his name.

"Washington!" Into whose presence, it has been testified, no man could come without a sense of profound respect, almost amounting to emotions of awe. In all history—look it over and over and over, ye young men of America—and we shall strive hereafter to enforce the worthiness of such an examination—in all history, the grandest military hero of any age! No fire of fanaticism, no zeal born of prejudice and not according to sound knowledge of his cause, burned in his bosom. Assuming command of our armies when the idea of independence was abhorrent to him, he was taught by his observation and experience concerning the home government, that nothing but independence would secure freedom to the people of this land. Convinced of the truth of the situation, his duty was plain; appraised of his duty, his purposes were heroic and inflexible.

Well and prophetically wrote Representative William Hooper, in 1778, addressing Robert Morris: "Will posterity believe the tale? When it shall be consistent with policy to give the history of that man from his first introduction into our service, how often America has been rescued from ruin by the mere strength of his genius and conduct and courage, encountering every obstacle

that want of money, men, arms, and ammunition could throw in his way—an impartial world will say to you that he is the greatest man on earth. Misfortunes are the elements in which he shines, they are the groundwork on which his picture appears to the greatest advantage. He rises superior to them all; they serve as foils to his fortitude and a stimulus to bring into view those great qualities which his modesty keeps concealed."

O! patriot of patriots! We bend over thy lowly tomb this day with tears of thanksgiving, and our choicest words of honor. O,

"Patient of toil,
Serene amid alarms!"

We lift our eyes whence cometh that help he sought and found, when he passed beyond the camp and besought the God of battles. And we praise Him who bestowed this wonderful captain for us and for our political redemption.

So gentle as to draw from one of his severest—though a friendly—critic, the title of "The amiable Washington"; and yet firm and resolute when the exigencies demanded these qualities of a commander. And not without that quality for which he has little if any credit—the quality or sense of humor. This element in his composition was certainly illustrated, in conjunction with the positiveness of his will, when an appeal was made to him on behalf of several thousand royalists, who desired to remain in the city of Boston after the evacuation by the British troops. Patriotic neighbors and petitioners joined with the parties most interested in representing to Washington that these people "are very good people, and like yourself are firmly attached to the English Church. They promise that hereafter they will do nothing in the way of giving aid or comfort to the enemy." To this the reply was made by Washington: "I have no doubt they are very good people, and I hope that when they die they will all go to heaven; but so far as I am concerned, they must go to Nova Scotia."

Samuel Adams! Who was for "independence" from the beginning of operations; and whose pen and voice, and unceasing activity in organizing forces against the Crown, were immense levers of influence towards the great consummation. His were the words of radical necessity, and duty,— "We must fight; we must have independence,"—which met the swift echo and electric cheer of that peerless orator of the revolution,—

Patrick Henry, of Virginia.

Joseph Warren, who fell on Bunker Hill with the triumphant exclamation on his lips: "It is sweet to die for one's country." O, blessed fathers! Joseph Warren: Who on that day volunteered for service in company with a friend and comrade of different mould, but equal devotion:—

Israel Putnam, of Connecticut. "Old Put," as the boys loved to call him; whose counsel was more than half the secret of that day's virtual victory: "Save your ammunition, boys, save your ammunition; and don't fire at the grannies until you can see the whites of their eyes."

John Adams! The youthful cousin of Sam. Adams, and the worthy kinsman of so indefatigable a leader—a scholar, orator, and author, whose contributions to our arms and our diplomacy have not been more than half appreciated unto this day.

Nathaniel Green! Whose campaigns were such illustrations of military genius as provoked unwilling tributes of admiration from the veterans of Continental Europe.

Tom Paine. Of whose political writings, known under the titles of "Common Sense," and "The Crisis," tens of thousands of copies were scattered throughout the land at a most critical period, and drew from Washington immediate and thereafter frequent testimonials of appreciation and gratitude; and from whom no alleged subsequent misconduct should take a large meed of popular acknowledgment at this centennial celebration.

General Joseph Reed. Who occupied an important position of trust in the management of affairs, and who, when approached by a British emissary with the proffer of gold and rank for his renunciation of the cause of the colonies, declared that he was a very poor man, but such as he was, the King of England had not money enough to buy him. O, that he had been endowed with centennial vigor; that he might have lived unto this day, and occupied one corresponding position of authority—that he might have held the office of Secretary of War during the present Administration.

General Richard Montgomery. Foremost officer in the attack upon Quebec, on the 13th of December, 1775; who was killed in the very grasp of victory, and by the only volley fired by the retreating British soldiery. The house where his body was laid out is still preserved in one of the principal streets of Quebec. And though more modern and elegant buildings surround it, the homage which visiting Americans pay to such patriotic valor is illustrated in its preservation, and in the crowds that often in the summer season throng that little cottage.

John Stark. Who raised a body of troops in the Green Mountains; and while despondency was spread over the land on account of disasters elsewhere, he went out and stood upon the vaunted pathway of a large body of mercenary Hessians that were passing to Burgoyne's reinforcement, with this appeal and prophecy to his men: "The enemy must fall into our hands before night, or Molly Stark's a widow." And confronting and defeating this and the following troops who were hastening to Burgoyne's assistance, he heard the welcome of his spouse and the plaudits of his country.

Ethan Allen. Who early in the contest made the successful demand for the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga, "In the name of Almighty God and the Continental Congress." And who, afterwards, when a prisoner in England, and the nominal guest of a British Lord, was asked if the portrait of Washington was not fitly placed in the ante-room leading to the vault of a large public street drain in the city of London—(in which ante-room large numbers of the lowest orders gathered, with the request for permission to search for lost articles of value in the filth of the sewer)—replied in the affirmative, with this additional remark: "If that portrait does not make the Britishers get down on their knees and hunt for something they won't find, I don't know where you can get a picture that will produce that result."

Paul Jones. Who in his refitted Indiaman, the *Bon Homme Richard*, on the 23d of September, 1779, engaged in that memorable encounter with the *Serapis*, capturing both it and its companion, the *Countess of Scarr-*

borough, and the convoyed fleet of merchantmen, after a three hours' contest of unparalleled audacity and persistency. "I thought he was blown to pieces a dozen times," said the Commander of the *Serapis*, "and each time was astounded to discover his wreck still fastened to us. And when I did actually scuttle him, I found him on my own deck in full command!"

John Barry. The first naval officer who held the rank of Commodore in the service of the United States. Born in Ireland, he came to this country when fifteen years of age, and obtained such credit as a seaman that he was appointed by Congress, in 1776, to the command of the brig *Lexington*, and shortly afterwards to the command of the frigate *Effingham*. On this latter named vessel he first displayed the American flag as at present constructed—the first Commodore to give that banner to the breeze on the ocean, and in successful conflict with the enemy. General Howe offered him sixty thousand dollars and the command of a British frigate on condition of his deserting the American cause. He received and dismissed the proposition with a laugh of derision.

Francis Marion. Famous as a skirmisher in the Carolinas, and distinguished by his action at Fort Moultrie and the siege at Charleston. His own chivalrous bravery, and the enthusiasm with which he inspired his troops has been well depicted in the song of our ancient bard—attributed to Marion's men:

"Our band is few, but true and tried;
Our leader swift and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.

Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As the seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its soft and silent islands,
Within the dark morass."

Nathan Hale. That youthful hero and martyr of the Revolution, whose last words, as he ascended the gallows to which he had been condemned by the British commander at New York, should be forever engraved on our grateful memories: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

John Hancock. Who said he would endeavor to write his name in so plain and large a text that even so ignorant a man as the King of Great Britain could spell it out.

Charles Carroll. Who, when it was suggested that his name on the list of signers to the Declaration of Independence might be taken for that of another person adjacent to his estate, seized the pen again and affixed the words "of Carrollton;" saying, "If the British tyrant wants to know where I am, or where my property is, he can find both me and mine."

Jacob Duche. Rector of Christ's Church, Philadelphia. Who issued a number of influential tracts in behalf of the cause of the Colonies; but who, on account of his alliances in the Anglican Church, was for some time distrusted by the dissenters about him. After some wrangling in regard to the choice of an officiating minister for the occasion; owing to the persistency of John Adams, a Congregationalist, Jacob Duche was requested to open the first Centennial Congress with

prayer. After a silent supplication—(as he tells us in his diary)—that God would forgive him for all his prayers unwittingly offered in behalf of a tyrant—he broke forth into such an eloquent extemporaneous appeal for the cause of liberty, and for the union of the Colonists in resolution for independence—if honorable peace could not otherwise be had—that many of the delegates fell from their knees to the floor, prostrate, and arose at the conclusion of the prayer with strong cries of “amen,” and with tears coursing down their cheeks.

Old Ben Franklin! Bless his memory forever and forever! Old Ben; who desired that Canada and Ireland should join in the original protest against Great Britain. Old Ben, who would not wear livery in any court in Christendom. Old Ben Franklin, whose figure is one of the most familiar and beloved objects of portraiture in every household in the land. In combination: philosopher, statesman, and diplomatist of unrivaled, undying, and increasing fame—that human treasure-house of practical wisdom, political thought, and ever-ready, suggestive wit. He stirred up anew, and to a jubilant pitch, the hope of souls most sorely tried in the dark days of the Revolution, by the shrewd publication of a challenging response to the boast of the British ministry. He said: “Great Britain, at an expense of three million pounds sterling, has killed one hundred and fifty Yankees in the campaign; which is twenty thousand pounds a head; and at Bunker Hill she gained a mile of ground, half of which she lost by our taking position on Plowed Hill. During this time sixty thousand children have been born in America; and the boys and girls are marrying as fast as possible, and raising large families for future reinforcements.”

LaFayette! Brilliant representative of the chivalry of the sunny land of France! Whose biography is more enchanting than a romance, and deserves to be among the illustrated patriotic memories of every American youth. LaFayette: who left the comforts and luxuries of a palace when only nineteen years of age, to serve with and become the bosom friend and companion of General Washington. What a picture of pure devotion to the cause of Liberty—LaFayette and Steuben and De Kalb and Du Portrait abiding in the cheerless dugouts of Valley Forge through the long winter of 1777-'8; enduring all manner of physical privations without a murmur, and lending all the support of their counsel, skill, and courage to the great commander of our armies.

Jonathan Trumbull—The war governor of Connecticut; whom Washington denominated “a main pillar of support.” From whom our favorite nick-name has been derived—as Washington was wont to turn to him, in the midst of his counsel on important occasions, with the remark: “Let us hear what Brother Jonathan has to say.”

Alexander Hamilton. Scarcely twenty years of age when he distinguished himself as an essayist in behalf of the principles for which the battles of the Revolution were fought; whose writings were all-powerful in his day in promoting the cause of independence and constitutional government, and are no less worthy of reading and study now than when they first appeared in the ephemeral publications of the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

And that other name, which we must not omit to utter, though it has been on your

tongues so often this day; which may be properly reserved to close the list that I have space to select: the author of the Declaration which has been read to you on its one hundredth anniversary—Thomas Jefferson of Monticello. And yet what superfluous mention, when his words—our words, which he put into our mouths and hearts, and into the immortal literature of freedom—are ringing in our ears.

Only this should now be said:—There has been much labored effort to show the beginning of our Revolution in the dim if not distant past. Real scholars by the score and shallow pretenders to research and historical acumen by the hundreds, have professed to discover perfect parallels for our Republic in classic times or in ancient civilization—now in the islands of the sea, and now in the mountain fastnesses of the continent. Or they have affected to trace, step by step, a rising and concentrating sentiment and cultivated judgment touching the things that belong to perfect liberty. Or they have given credit for the “Idea” to men of malignant and tyrannical dispositions,—a portion of whose writings condemned their deeds. In the light of true investigation and clear review this must be set aside. Most certainly the tracing is not legitimate back to the days of those institutions to which the flippant and the phlegmatic “philosophers,” so-called, delight to point. No less a writer than DeQuincy has said: “The Greeks and Romans, although so frantically republican and in some of their institutions so democratic, yet, on the other hand, never developed the idea of representative government. The elective principle was widely known amongst them. Public authority and jurisdiction were created and modified by the elective principle; but never was this principle applied to the creation or direction of public opinion. Strange indeed that so mighty a secret as that of delegating public opinion to the custody of elected representatives, a secret which has changed the face of the world, should have been missed by the nations applying so vast an energy to the whole theory of public administration. But the truth, however paradoxical, is that, in Greece and Rome, no body of public opinion existed that could have furnished a standing ground for adverse parties. In all the discussions of Rome and Greece, the contest could no more be described as a contest of opinion, than could the feuds of our buccaners in the seventeenth century, when parting company, or fighting for opposite principles of dividing the general booty.” And Bancroft sums up the just conclusion, which reaches unto the day of the preparation: “From the fullness of his own mind, without consulting one single book, Thomas Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence.”

Nor should we forget here to utter a word of memorial salutation connected with other names upon the roll of history, as they are titled unto us. Edmund Burke, John Fox, “Lord Chatham,” and the Duke of Richmond. And Colonel Barre; who named our troops that gathered about the city of Boston, “Sons of Liberty;” a name which they were proud to receive, adopt, and perpetuate.

What a picture that must have been in the British Parliament of '77, when Chatham was borne in on a litter, and supported by his attendants, was able in a voice that commanded the hearing of all present, to deliver this grand protest: “You may swell every expense,

accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every pitiful little German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent; doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely, for it irritates to an incredible resentment. If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms; so help me God, never, never, never."

We celebrate, this day, the grandest political revolution that the history of this globe records. We turn our eyes to the past and see thirteen Colonies or States, embracing not over 830,000 square miles, with a population not exceeding 3,200,000 people. We lift our eyes to-day to behold a Republic extending from ocean to ocean, with a measuring belt of 3,000 miles, with an area of 3,559,000 square miles, and with thirty-eight States represented upon our flag, and a total population of more than 43,000,000 of people.

Consider the relative strength of the contesting parties, and there is food for indescribable and overwhelming astonishment at the courage and persistence of the struggle. I believe that very few of our people keep in memory the tremendous efforts made to subdue the Colonists. Great Britain sent to America over 140,000 men, equipped in the best manner then known to civilized warfare. And during the struggle there was no artifice left untried for the purpose of subjugation. There was no stimulant to Indian cruelty or avarice, no bribe of title or gold for venal officers or men of influence—money offered in places "where it would do the most good"—that was omitted from the working and thoroughly executed plan of the British Government. Of the 200,000 men that are credited with having been raised in this country in behalf of the cause of the Colonies, not more than 55,000 were ever on the field at any one time, and not more than 30,000 were at any one time reported in good fighting condition. "Hard, hard indeed was the contest for freedom, and the struggle for independence." Every man and every woman and every child of the age of puberty, whose sympathies were enlisted in the struggle, felt the personal strain of interest and of peril during the last years of the contest.

What a vista of warfare; conducted on the one side with so much lordly ease and pomp, maintained on the other with so much sacrifice and devotion. "The past at least is secure." What a vista of warfare! Lexington and Concord, Ticonderoga, Bunker Hill, Quebec, Sullivan's Island, Long Island, Lake Champlain, White Plains, Fort Washington, Trenton, Princetown, Bennington, Brandywine, Germantown, Saratoga, Forts Mercer and Mifflin, Monmouth, Quaker Hill, Stony Point, Savannah, Charlestown Siege, Camden, King's Mountain, Cowpens, Gilford Courthouse, Hopkins' Hill, Utaw Springs; what a catalogue, what a panorama of deadly struggles, with alternate victories and defeat, until Washington united with the French forces before Lord Cornwallis; until the green cockade of Hamilton and the white plume of Chevalier de Lameth were tossed in triumph over the fortifications of Yorktown.

Measure the cost and the resolution; measure the foemen and the circumstances; measure the suffering and the hope; what an epoch in history. O blessed fathers! Theories of republicanism written in their blood, and

institutions of freedom built up with their bones! Not for their own aggrandizement, not in the mere spirit of revenge for trifling or grievous wrongs; not for anything else or less than a holy desire for liberty, founded on a wonderful faith in the capacity of mankind for self-government.

My friends: we boast of a widespread education in our land, by our schools of popular resort. We point with pardonable pride to the houses erected and devoted to the instruction of the people in all the fundamental and many of the higher branches of learning. And how many sons and daughters of this generation have been taught or prompted by this boasting—if not by direct suggestions from the conversation of parents and teachers—to look with pitying consideration upon the alleged or presumed comparatively illiterate condition of the men of this country in the Revolutionary times. Not only the dandy descendants of Revolutionary sires, who lounge in cities which have been built where our fathers found a wilderness, sprinkling rose-water in the streets, and in the theaters and concert halls;—not only do these indulge in this kind of depreciation, but men and women in communities and in walks of life where we should naturally expect a more intelligent recognition of historical fact, and some readiness in just vindication, are also guilty of the same misapprehension and slanderous speech.

Stop to think of it for a moment! What a profound sense of right, combined with the enthusiastic love of liberty; what ability for original reasoning concerning systems of national rule, as well as physical and moral courage to carry out their designs, there must have been among nearly all the people of the land,—characteristic of the inhabitants thereof! What was the fact? Proportionate to the number of inhabitants, there was in those days a far greater average of thoroughly educated men in the sea-coast towns and border villages of the Atlantic Coast, than will be found in places so situated to-day. In some degree illustrative of this fact, is the standard for senior scholarship which is on record in the principal institutions of learning. In the culture of the classics, two or three years' added study would hardly bring a university graduate of to-day up to the examination for accomplishments which the Boston and New Haven Colleges then bestowed.

One hundred and fifty miles west from the city of Boston, in the little village of Sheffield, in the county of Berkshire, resolutions and an address, suggestive of the Declaration, were prepared one hundred years ago; which, for elegance of diction, as well as fervor of patriotism, will compete with the periods of those documents and speeches, belonging to those times, with which we are most familiar, and which, as specimens of rhetoric, we most delight to study and declaim. A majority of the revolutionary fathers were accustomed to listen every Sunday to preachers whose depth of thought and grace of culture are not exceeded in their place at this day; and the congregations loved the meaty discourses that ran up to the 16th subdivision and closed with a full half hour of personal application. O, never was a greater mistake in the general belief or reputed touching the disciplined judgment and the actual literary accomplishments of the people. Though our Revolutionary fathers, by Providential guidance, builded wiser than they knew; yet did they understand what they

were proposing and what they were doing fully up to that plane of secular wisdom which we claim for the best classes of our own time.

But above all and through all was the splendid spirit of pure patriotism, exemplified in unnumbered instances throughout the land. Look upon the picture in one of the thousand households from which the soldiery of the Colonies went forth! Into the backwoods—the far west it was then called—the youthful pair had gone from Boston, Salem, or New Bedford, Newburyport, or New York, or Baltimore, or Charleston or Savannah. Long before the Revolution, the towns and cities that were scattered up and down the thousand miles of coast, sent back to the then “far West” their enterprising children. And these built up the old homesteads on the extreme borders of New England, Central New York, New Jersey, Central Pennsylvania, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. Go and look in upon one of those homesteads. It is one of thousands; aye, of many thousands. You know the commodious character of the rude homestead structures of those days. The great common room is the one in which we will find our people. There is the aged sire. Twenty-five years ago—with his loving spouse, who now sits opposite to him before the wide hearth—twenty-five years ago he came to this “settlement,” as it is now called, and constructed the log cabin which for a score of years stood upon the same spot that is now covered by the more pretentious mansion. Between him and his wife sit a group of ten children; the least number that we can suppose for the specimen of a family gathering in such a place and at such a time. Ten children are there. John, the eldest son, twenty-three years of age. Then Susan, then Abigail, then Dorothy, then Elizabeth, then Henry, then Ralph, then Ezekiel, then Matthew, then Samuel—Samuel the baby of twelve years of age. There they are—arranged, as we will suppose, in their seats before the fire-place according to their respective ages. But there is one more in the circle whom we must name. He does not belong to this household. Not yet; not yet. His name is “Reuben.” He is sitting close beside Dorothy. It is a cheerful group. Our fathers enjoyed their family life in those times, as they gathered about the evening fire. And there was still a necessity for the warmth of the hearthstone before retiring, in the short night season in this late April time. The company is chatting gaily about the festivities of the winter, and the promise for pastimes through the coming May and leafy June, when a neighbor throws open the kitchen door, and—evidently out of breath with running—commences a recital of the story of the battles of Lexington and Concord! He is permitted to tell the report as he heard it, and can give it at the first version; and then, after many expressions of wonderment, the father commences to question the messenger—seeking every ascertainable particular.

But ever since the first sentences have been uttered by the neighbor, the mother of that family has been sitting with her elbows on her knees and her wrinkled face and gray hair covered with her hands. Now when the telling is over, and the cross-examination has begun, she looks up! She fixes a steadfast gaze on something. What is that? It is something that hangs above the mantel shelf. It is the old Queens-arm flint-lock musket,

that lies athwart the deer-horn hooks on the chimney front. She looks at it steadily for several minutes while the questioning is going on. There is one in that company who is intently watching that mother now, and evidently awaiting her recognition. And when she turns her head so that the two can behold each other, face to face, there are no tears in her eyes—no words come from her lips. But that other—John—the eldest boy, the son of her early married life, John knows what his mother has been thinking about—comprehends it all! And he speaks after a little, in a low, calm voice: “Yes, mother, I will take the old musket and go.” And he walks over to her, and falls upon his knees beside her and receives her blessing: “O, John! John! You are a brave boy. Your country calls you, and you must go. Heaven bless and keep you John! And O, if it be His will who has been so kind to me thus far through all my earthly pilgrimage, may you be permitted to come back, and may I see your face once more before I go hence!”

Oh Mother! type of ten thousand mothers in that dreadful struggle! Have we lauded the Fathers of the Revolution, and forgotten thee? Forgive our imperfect memories, and take the tribute now. Blessed mothers of the days of the American Revolution!

But there is another competent soldier in that little circle. John goes back to his former station and takes his chair and crosses to his mother’s corner once more, and sits down beside her, with her feeble hand resting in his. He must needs sit beside her now, for the hours of companionship before departure are few. And his favorite sister, Elizabeth—boys will have their favorite sisters when they can choose—comes and leans over the two.

Just at that moment Dorothy,—who has been sitting close beside her lover, to whom she was to have been married on the succeeding Sabbath day,—turns sharply about in her seat and exclaims, in an unwonted tone of voice for her: “Reuben!” That is all she says. “Reuben!” It is enough. Reuben pushes back his chair and rises at once. A splendid specimen of an American youth. Over six feet tall, and broad and athletic in proportion. He almost springs from his seat; yet it is a gentle motion, as in deference to her, though so quick and strong. And his gesture is not wanting in some sort of grace, though it is vehement. He brings his huge right fist squarely down into the palm of his left hand, and exclaims: “Yes, Dorothy, I am a-going—to-morrow.” The last word comes out with a little hesitation, but with unabated emphasis. His ready answer makes a deep impression on his betrothed; for she turns pale and seems on the verge of dizziness. But, in perfect health, and untutored in affectations, she does not faint. She rises now and excuses herself and Reuben, and goes with him to the distant window. It is a solemn scene. Yet it is a common scene of patriotism.

Reuben must go; he knows it. He must go. He would go of his own impulse. And yet he knows—if he thinks about such a matter at all—that if he did not go, he could never call that maiden, “wife.” Nay, though he could have endowed her with a mansion, equal in value to one of the lath and plaster palaces of the monopoly lords whose dwellings crown the hilltops of San Francisco.

It is a solemn scene! Presently the neighbor retires, and the father calls the flock together, and opens the great Bible, and reads

a fitting chapter. And then there is singing; the sweet singing of old familiar tunes. And then there is a parental prayer.

The boys must go on the morrow. And early on the morrow they bid farewell to mother and father, and sister and betrothed; and equipped as best they may be, they depart for the nearest rendezvous.

"Farewell" from mother and father and sisters—John—Farewell! For though that aged matron shall see her boy once again, as she prayed she might be permitted to do, perhaps it would have been better for her if it had been otherwise decreed. For when he comes back after six years' service, through all the campaigns, it will be the same, yet not the same boy that left her side. For he will be maimed and shattered; one leg gone, one eye blown out, and the festering furrow of a poison copper bullet across his breast. He shall not long out-live that mother on the old homestead farm.

And the boy Reuben. O, Dorothy, "Farewell! Farewell!" No more shall you see your beloved, O Dorothy Brown. For he joined Gen. Stark's force near Bennington, and was shot through and through a dozen times on the first onset of that fierce encounter. And with a "life-long hunger" in her bosom—at times almost, almost, not quite—and less, and less so disposed as the years creep upon her—almost at times inclined to repine and reproach herself because she gave the word which Reuben was so quick to interpret, and take as a benediction on his own patriotic thought and resolution. Unwedded for his sake, she passes through life a heroine indeed for her country; a cheer and charm in the households of the brothers and sisters of John and Reuben, who welcome her annual visitations.

How coldly is it sometimes said, that the war of independence was inevitable. Not so. As the conception of a truly republican form of government belongs absolutely to the statesmen of our country, so does the impulse of patriotism, in its most unselfish force and expression, belong to the soldiers who fought and conquered for the principles that were enunciated in the Declaration. Perhaps by a little temporizing, a little more of submissive delay, the uprising could have been avoided? With greater reason, we may say, that a little more delay and submissiveness would have resulted in such provision against attempts on the part of the Colonies to vindicate their rights that any uprising would have been of no avail.

Mark the concert of action. Those far removed—as distance was then estimated—from the immediate scene of conflict, might have called up an infinite variety of excuses for non-participation in the struggle. There was no Government authority adequate for the successful announcement and enforcement of a draft; it was not possible to concentrate public opinion in the sparsely settled communities of the interior so as to compel or constrain the tardy and unwilling to answer the summons that was given. All is: there was an independent understanding of the situation, there was an individual readiness to do battle and endure great hardships for the new born cause of republican freedom. Without social ostracism, without that which we would now call public sentiment, the almost universal response was made. In the outer limits of population the first shout for absolute independence was heard. There were voices crying in the wilderness, preparing the way for the

acceptance and adoption by the people of the Declaration of Independence.

We hear it repeated again that the tide of public sentiment, coming from many concurrent sources, the natural growth of opinion, was such that the ultimate severance of this territory from under the British dominion was inevitable; and that the relations of king and subject might have been dissolved at a far less cost of blood and treasure, if a better day had been waited for in hope. On the contrary, with due reflection, how the probabilities rise for the opposite belief and conviction! On the contrary, the hour was most auspicious. On the contrary, but for the Revolutionary war as it stands on record, the probabilities are that this continent would long have remained the heritage of European kings and emperors; embracing no larger separate areas than were mapped out one hundred years ago; and probably subdivided thereafter into many sections of independent and hostile authority. From the necessities of the case, from the geography of the hemisphere, the people of this continent, under such circumstances, would have been constantly and most relentlessly embroiled in the bitterest warfare. Auspicious hour! We celebrate the striking of the clock of ages; high noon in the political cycle of the planet; when the old bell in the steeple of Independence Hall whirled on its yoke and sent forth the tidings that its founder moulded on it: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

But, my friends, we are not here for the mere recitation of events, however appropriate or necessary such recitation may be. You have not asked me to come upon this platform only that you may hear the names of our revolutionary heroes again pronounced; although you may rejoice at the mention of their titles and the description of some of their patriotic deeds; and so may be agreeably stirred anew to join in the special homage for this occasion on account of the recollection of their labor, their sacrifices and sufferings, and their success. And as it is not our exclusive business to dwell upon personal and political reminiscences, though they fill us with delight, so it is not our highest present privilege to indulge in the bright anticipations which we may reasonably cultivate and commend. If it be possible—nay, it must be so—there is a grander, a truer, a far more satisfactory and even majestic tribute to be paid to the memories of our Fathers, than could be comprised in any form of direct eulogiums. Ours is not the circumscribed work of narration. Ours is not the single service of praise.

Could we suppose our Fathers yet living in conscious proximity to us, perpetual witnesses of our conduct as citizens, we should most assuredly understand that, while the words of honor uttered for them, and the representations of their heroism, were pleasing in their ears, yet their loftier and their only adequate recompense must spring from our watchfulness and industry, and our own complete self-dedication as the friends of freedom. A concise and dispassionate consideration of our duties, and an inquiry into our ability and disposition to perform those obligations which have come with our rights and advantages, is the theme for sacred individual contemplation this day.

As I cannot pause to qualify my limited number of sentences so as to guard against suspicion of an unwarranted spirit of dicta-

tion ; as I cannot finish every paragraph with a protest against any possible challenge in any mind on account of the absolute nature of my statement or suggestion, I wish to say, once for all : I claim no peculiar aptitude for the office to which your kind consideration has called me here this day, and I have no wish to impose upon any one a view of the condition and prospects of affairs that is repugnant to well considered and established convictions. I shall speak plainly and firmly as I think—and so always must I speak, if I speak at all—and yet you will believe me when I say that I have entire respect for your opinions and beliefs touching any subject upon which I may dwell, or to which I may make passing allusion. One thing I know, if I know my own heart—and indeed it is the invocation of my discourse—I can with you this day earnestly seek to lay aside all partisanship, all personal antipathy or likings, wherever they may exist : that we may commune with heartiness and judge with candor.

Our characteristics as a nation have undoubtedly undergone a great change and acquired a peculiar force by reason of the intermingling with other than the original stock. The immigration of many millions of foreigners to this country during the past hundred years, has made up a population, especially in the new States and Territories, with whom appeals have a different and often discordant sound, and representations of fact have a different and contrasting emphasis. Had the population of this country been confined almost entirely to the progeny of those who dwelt in the thirteen colonies at the date of independence, the census roll would scarcely have been one-third as large as now, and the development of industries must have been proportionately small. We have to congratulate ourselves upon great accessions from the civilized nations of the earth. The demonstration of "a land of the free and a home of the brave," has been in itself a mighty testimony to the wisdom of our earliest statesmanship and diplomacy. The homogeneity that is desirable must come with the years ; and not only the already admitted advantage, but the enhanced physical strength and beauty in years to come, will a thousand fold repay the costs of evils which are commonly cast to the account of an immigration of people easily imposed upon by the managers of politics and the heartless aggrandisers of trade.

We are enjoying the full fruits of our Fathers' labors. We can cite a hundred benefits against one great wrong in our National or State life. But are we going forward in the pathway which their principles and policy marked out ? Or where is the recognized, the demonstrable deviation that requires a resolute and untiring effort of correction ? Are there crying wrongs of which we should complain, with the temper and resolution of reform ? Let us see. I remember the time is short, and I set aside a flood of suggestions—coming directly to the main and overshadowing issues.

"The day of material development !" Yes ! "Wonderful," is written on the doorposts of the factories and foundries and machine shops and laboratories of the land. Wonderful ! The lightning train that recently bore its passengers across the continent—3,000 miles in 80 hours—is but one of many demonstrations. What is to be said of all this wonderful advance by inventions, and by their applications with money, nerve, and

muscle ? I say : Right here our needs and our dangers and our duties rise to their highest mountains of observation and demand.

God Almighty put it into the minds of many men of many lands, to discover two principles of motive power—Steam and Electricity. The very methods by which they were discovered and first applied, and the fact that several inventors of apparently almost equal merit in widely separated countries were simultaneously recorded and renowned, is a Coincidence of Providence, establishing the intention of universal use and perfect popular enjoyment. THE GREAT ENDOWMENT OF THE CENTURY was given for the children of the Century, and for all the children of every land thereafter. So reads the Biography of the Arts. Now what is the fact ? Out of these very inventions spring and grow the present wants and the awful present perils of the Republic ! I shall not weary you with an old, old story. I shall state the fact.

We have a work of Vigilance, for we have a war for emancipation. None are so blind as not in some degree to recognize the fact of oppression within our borders ; few are so situated as not to feel the weight of tyranny thus imposed. The fact is that we are cursed with monopolies which originally derived their power from the unwitting consent and aid of the burdened and oppressed—by contributions obtained under false pretenses, or extorted in devious ways of legislation. Our need is redemption from the thralldom of monopolists ; and this need we can more particularly specify in two instances, with distinct and indisputable arraignments.

Such an endowment as was never given to any enterprise of a similar nature, has been granted by our General and State Governments to the greatest railroad monopoly of the land. Proportionately great has been the gift of the people to that other, and in some respects more outrageous extortioner, the Western Union Telegraph Company. We cannot disguise the fact that our National Legislature and our State Assembly are deceived and debauched by the agents of these great monopolists, in combination with the different local monopolies which are to be found in any particular commonwealth at any particular time, or knocking at the door of any particular session of Congress.

I have been an eye-witness to so much of these corrupting and bamboozling processes from these sources, that I am sure no one can be more competent to relate the fact. And it is a momentous fact which requires a prominent and serious consideration at this day.

What is the want, founded upon the needs which this condition of affairs indicates ? Faithful representation. The popular judgment—the prevailing popular judgment—is correct. The need is for faithful representation. Born of the law, enabled to construct their great works with the money of the people, these monopolists are, by the terms of the statute, bound to answer faithful representatives. Yet, year after year goes by, pledge after pledge is made, and the tyrants within our borders, the Emperors of the empire within an empire, laugh at our discomfiture, and mock when, after many failures, we again seek legislative emancipation.

It is not a quarrel of dollars and cents between the mass of the people and a few incorporations. It is a question of national integrity—it is a question concerning liberty for the private enterprise. The finances

of the country, the prosperity of communities, are impaired and jeopardized altogether. Every species of business is either brought directly under tribute to these monopolies, or threatened with ultimate levy.

Our duty as good citizens and as patriots has always seemed to me to be clear and simple. For honest representation you must have unmistakable obligations spread before the people at the beginning of every political canvass. Not only for the proper and avowed purpose of holding representatives to their general agreement, but for their moral and explicit support in discharging the functions of their office.

We speak not now as partisans, but we consult as patriots. Some representatives are deceived; a few are bought. Some representatives are seduced by the blandishments of skillful lobbyists; a few put themselves up at auction for the services which they can render. The most who fail of honorable record are deceived or intimidated. What is required is nothing less than a clear declaration of rights, and the popular prescribing of a corresponding statute for enactment.

Let the platform read: "Every man nominated by this Convention is pledged to introduce, vote for, and support, without hesitation, equivocation or mental reservation the following bill, to-wit: Be it enacted, etc. Section 1. No railroad company in this State, built wholly or in part by subsidies from this State, or from counties or cities in the State, shall charge over 4 cents per mile for each passenger carried thereon. Section 2. Any ticket vendor, or conductor, or other officer of any railroad company described in Sec. 1, who shall be guilty of charging or collecting any money in excess of 4 cents per mile for each and every passenger traveling on such road, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$500, or imprisonment in the County Jail not exceeding six months for each and every such offense of which he may be found guilty." And similar provisions with reference to railroad freights would meet with the same burden. A like pledge exacted from candidates for Congress would secure for the people a just tariff upon the roads which have their charter rights and their subsidies from the National Government.

I do not undertake to say that this is the exact form that should be adopted in all cases, but it furnishes a pattern that is deserving of close imitation.

And so should the pledges read in all large communities for legislation against every species of local monopoly which deals with the necessities of life, or with the prerogatives and privileges of common carriers.

Mark you, it is not proposed that the Nation or State or municipality should assume a paternal government. Quite to the contrary. I know this is the plea of the great monopolists: That the logical deduction or conclusion from the popular call for emancipating legislation of this character will result in interference in private enterprise and legitimate business competition. The plea is more than untrue, coming from such a source. The fact is that these monopolists—as must be reiterated—interfere directly and absolutely with private enterprise in such a manner as to destroy the legitimate competition of trade.

Our government has been requested to endorse a great undertaking on a deliberately written obligation to compensate for such assistance by reasonable rates for the carrying

of persons and property and communications. Not only has this obligation been set aside, but the private business of whole communities is practically usurped by the magnates of these corporations. And year by year usurpation and absorption increase. I state the fact. Every consideration of law and equity, every sense of justice and right, every impulse of patriotism, springs directly in the form of reason and emotion on behalf of this long-sought emancipation. Surely the day ought to be expected when the first and last thought of enterprising business men in the great centers of trade should not be one of obsequious consideration for the favor of incorporators who have been munificently endowed by Nation, State, and city. Surely the people of this and adjacent communities ought not to despair from the idea of a reasonable combination of capital and enterprise required for the construction of a railroad over the natural central mountain route—across the valleys of Plumas and Sierra. Yet we must know that efforts heretofore inaugurated and directed towards that work of construction have been defeated by the influence which the railroad monopoly in California has brought to bear.

The other great monopoly of the land, threatening directly and indirectly the liberties of the people, is known by the name of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Commencing with a capital of a few thousand dollars, it has crept up to the ownership of nearly all the "wires" in the Union; and by purchase and construction now owns \$15,000,000 worth of property of this description; while its stock has been watered \$100,000,000 for the benefit of its managers and manipulators. To-day it practically has the monopoly in the transmission of the telegraphic correspondence throughout the land. *To-day it is the great corrupter of the Congress of the United States.* Before its lobbyists made their appearance at Washington, such a thing as bribery was comparatively unknown in the halls of the National Legislature. It was an exceptional and notorious case of perfidy, when the legislator at Washington forfeited his direct or implied promise to his constituents. But the railroad and telegraph monopolies have changed all that. The railroad has scores of paid lobbyists at the National Capitol; strikers of every sort, lawyers of every grade, land agents and general jobbers of every title. The telegraph has not so many persons ostensibly and exclusively engaged in the business of corrupting the National Legislature. But its forces are better disciplined, and its list of employees on half pay for emergencies fully equals the catalogue of its associate in this business. The telegraph monopoly not only buys Congressmen with gold, but it has the reputation of many Representatives (if not all) in its grasp, and bullies or seduces those who are not to be bought into silence or opposition with respect to all feasible measures for a postal telegraph.

Is the exemplification of the matter practical in a few brief sentences? Judged by the terms of the Eastern roads, constructed almost entirely by private enterprise and private capital, you should be able to travel from San Francisco to New York, with first class accommodations, for \$60. You are required to pay \$130. Gauged by the actual cost of construction—without considering the fact that the original line from Omaha to San Francisco was paid for by the Government, State and City subsidies—you ought not to be

taxed more than fifty cents at the outside, for a twenty-word message from Quincy to the Atlantic Coast. With the postal telegraph in operation, you would not be required to pay more than twenty-five cents for a twenty-word message hence to the Eastern States; while for messages accumulating for dispatch in the night season, one-half cent a word would be the extreme tax upon your correspondence.

Now, the Pacific railroads were endowed, practically, with \$150,000,000. The original telegraph line from San Francisco to Omaha was more than paid for by subsidies. Cyrus W. Field announced that its original cost was more than covered by the net receipts during the first year after its completion.

The railroad and telegraph monopolies, through their agents at Washington, have boasted of their ability to pay \$10,000,000 to promote and maintain their "interests" at the Capitol—for the services, during one session, of lobbyists and newspaper writers, and for the extra salary of Senators and Congressmen. How much of this sum, or how much greater sum, they do expend, may remain something of a mystery to the world in general. We do know that Congressmen and Senators go to Washington poor and retire after a brief term of service with an abundance of money or a vast property in land.

A free press is one of the safeguards of republican institutions. Have we a free press in the United States? We can hardly boast of anything of the kind, except in the towns and villages of the land. Such a publication as deserves to be called a free daily journal is an exception to the rule in the large cities of this Union. Startling as the assertion may be to some, it is the simple truth. By the combination of the Western Union Telegraph Co. and the Associated Press, and the railroad monopolies, almost every daily paper in all our large cities is brought under the dominion of the monopolies and extortionists. Some journals are more and some less stringently held to their service. Some owe more allegiance to one monopoly than another. All are permitted to make a periodical diversion on the side of the people, that they may the more readily and efficiently defend and promote the interests of their masters in times of pressing danger! And all these newspapers are always professing great concern in behalf of the people's rights. This is a plain, unvarnished recital of contemporaneous history. The metropolitan press, as a rule, is a disgrace to our country, and a standing menace to our freedom. "The exceptions to the rule" are so notable as to require no enumeration before any intelligent promiscuous audience. You can name on your fingers the honest daily city journals of national reputation. Not only is the metropolitan press under the dominion of the monopolies referred to, but characteristically ready for any job of public plunder that may be planned and perpetrated against the people.

During the revolutionary war there was no daily journal printed in the Colonies. There were scores of weekly newspapers, most of which were patriotic; and the best among them was published by a woman in the city of Boston. It is safe to say that if, proportionate to the number of inhabitants, there had been a daily press in this country 100 years ago, with the same ratio of such venal sheets as afflict us to-day, Washington and his associates would have been so misrepre-

sented and maligned, and the large communities would have been so deceived, that success for our arms would have been impossible.

Our metropolitan newspapers do not lack for ability. Their local columns often display admirable judgment and industry. There are employed in writing for them many excellent gentlemen and thorough scholars. But as a rule their management is entirely on a mercenary basis. They are up for sale. And when the owners cannot sell their columns in favor of a monopoly or a job, they make a dress parade of their virtue by attacking that particular monopoly or job; saying again for the thousandth time, "O, people, see how we love you and defend your interests!" There is no phrase or sentence of encomium which can attach to the business of journalism which they are not handy in placing to their own unblemished credit!

These papers would make you believe that you owe to them that sentiment of hostility to some monopolies which has sometimes arisen to burning force in this State. They did not excite that sentiment; they did not promote that sentiment. It originated and spread and became apparent and took an organized force in spite of them. Then it was their function, as the paid creatures of the monopolies, to proclaim themselves the authors of that sentiment, the originators of the movement that belonged to it. They proposed to champion the rights of the people and lead the movement to legislative success. But when the hour came for focalizing work in the legislation, when proceedings were narrowed down so as to mean business in emancipation, then was doubt and confusion cast upon this or that particular measure; then the work of general demoralization was the service of the Metropolitan Press. Or if the people's organizations, having had experience in this kind of treachery, refused longer obedience to these organs of incorporators and corruptors—put no more trust in such leadership—then the Metropolitan Press, with great flourish, withdrew altogether from the battle; declared that it was a hopeless war; or remained silent as to the issues, and indulged in frequent and extended praise of the greatest enemies of the public, whom but yesterday it pretended to dislike. I speak of what I have seen again and again illustrated in California and Nevada, and in the cities and Legislatures of those States. Repeatedly have I seen such newspaper demoralization and treachery illustrated at the National Capitol and in the city of Sacramento.

Our unknown relatives and progenitors of the middle ages were Priest-ridden. The people of the United States of America are Press-ridden. The necessity for the hour is for the people to do their own thinking and manage their own political organizations. Emancipation from monopolies means, first, emancipation from the dictation of the Metropolitan Daily Press. Which leads me in conclusion of this portion of my address to declare, that the present hope of the country is in the people of the country places and in the press of the towns and villages of the nation.

I am far from being one of those who believe that the admitted dangers to the Republic are such as make the balance of reasonable expectation against the promise of perpetuity for our institutions; though many men, eminent for cool judgment and understanding, have not hesitated to express such an

opinion. I do not think that these monopolies can go much further in the work of extortion and corruption. Because I believe in the people of the country; I believe in an aroused and thoroughly concentrated public sentiment. On this we must depend.

Our principal cities contain a large proportion of worthy men, but these cities are practically under the control of rings. Sometimes most under the management of the worst classes in the community, when according to the outside repute, given through the press, they have been freed from such wretched domination. The temper and disposition of the present generation of people in the country places, enlightened and excited for proper action, and the educated patriotism of the children who are to come after us, are the main reliances for substantial and enduring reform in this country. Our metropolitan press is the chief lever in so shaping matters political in our cities that we can hope for little or nothing of reform legislation by the city representatives. Reform we must undoubtedly achieve, if the Republic is to stand.

As much as any one, I regret and deplore the fact that rich thieves can buy seats in Congress and the Legislatures, from many districts in the land. But the danger thus threatened and embodied is apparently met by a rising popular disgust at the exhibition which these creatures make when they enter the halls of legislation, and commence to recite the speeches written for them by their accomplished private secretaries. I protest against the arrogance and impositions and positive tyranny of the monopolists,—with the admission that the day of our downfall is not far distant if their rule is not checked and overthrown; but I think I see their doom in the white heat of a just public sentiment—a public sentiment organized as our Fathers combined for it in the days of the Revolution. The property, the “vested rights” of these monopolies, will not be theirs many years longer, at all events, if they manage or are permitted to control without qualification as they have done for many years past. For another revolution is at hand! But I look for a practical and peaceful solution of our difficulties; and I give my illustration of plans and methods and results.

We are exorbitantly taxed by the railroad monopolists. Our private business enterprises are impaired, or destroyed, or rendered miserably subordinate to the monopolies. Now, it is no answer to all this to say, that the main enterprise has been a benefit to the State and Nation. If there is any good in such enterprises, the people are entitled to a reasonable measure of benefit. The inventions were given for all the people. More than this; with respect to the monopolies most complained of we restate the fact, that their works were built with the people's money. A large revenue, an immense percentage on the capital that is legitimately represented—tho' that capital come from the State and Nation—would not be begrudged to those who control the great railroads and telegraph lines of the country. But the extortions are tremendous and unendurable; and they are kept up by corruptly defeating all honest legislation touching their revenues and their tariff. Now, honest legislation must be had. It must be had by the people speaking directly through explicitly pledged representatives, in the manner which has already been indicated. We must have a faithful representation of the popular will.

But suppose a proper public sentiment, directed in a liberal business channel, was cultivated among the people? Take the outside of the expense of a trunk railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific on a central route. Honestly constructed, it should not cost more than one hundred millions of dollars. But give the vast margin of fifty millions—one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Ought there not to be ten thousand men, of all the merchants at home and abroad, who are deeply interested in trade across the continent, who could well afford to actually give ten thousand dollars each towards the construction of such a road,—on promise of a reasonable tariff of freights and fares? This would aggregate one hundred millions of dollars. Are there not five thousand merchants and private citizens who would invest five thousand dollars each in the stock of such an enterprise, after such a contribution, with the allied impulse of hostility to the monopoly and a sentiment of patriotism? Suppose that this number of persons are thoroughly informed in the premises, and fully aware of the necessity for breaking up the corruption which springs from the monopoly that is thus to be defeated and overthrown. Is it an incredible thing? Are we asking or proposing a co-operation and combination that is simply ridiculous? Is it so in this Centennial Year? This latter investment would add twenty-five millions to the enterprise. Then, are there not twenty thousand persons who would invest two thousand dollars each? Aggregating forty millions of dollars. In all one hundred and sixty-five millions—enough to construct a railroad and a ten-wire telegraph line across the continent! The very figures, when spread before the eye, indicate, and it seems to me demonstrate, the entire reasonableness of the expectation—provided there is any truth in our assuming a deep seated and widespread spirit of patriotism in the Republic.

Public spirit is patriotism, when applied to the business enterprises of a great country. I wish I had the opportunity to emphasize this statement with many illustrations that press in upon me. Public spirit is patriotism, when citizens are well informed as to their duties, and conscientiously bound to their fulfillment. And the public spirit should, in these early days of the new century, build your rival railways by southern passes, and over your own natural and incomparable central route.

But you may accept a proposition more closely drawn to the capacity of the masses of the people. From one hundred thousand citizens expect for such an enterprise an investment—not a gift—of one thousand dollars each. There is one hundred millions. From one hundred thousand more expect a contribution of five hundred dollars each. This would suffice for the construction of a rival central transcontinental railroad. And then there are two hundred thousand persons directly interested in the success of the project; the persons best qualified to contribute to the success of the enterprise—to confer and build up an enduring patronage on the new road and under the new and reasonable regulations.

Or, once more, we will suppose—you may say imagine—that half a million of people contribute for such a purpose one hundred dollars. This is fifty millions. After such a subscription was made, ten thousand men of all classes of capitalists would gladly hasten

to the investment of ten thousand dollars each; and then we should have the rival road and an everlasting competition.

Is this a utopian scheme? Will any one say this is a "South sea bubble"? The value of this investment, the substantial excellence of the work, cannot be successfully challenged. But you cannot laugh at any such proposition so heartily as the British ministry, one hundred years ago, shouted in derision at the protest of the Colonies against taxation, and the threats of the Colonists for war and independence.

Fellow citizens, what are we doing? Boasting of our freedom? Boasting of our lineage? Boasting of the courage of the past? Boasting of the power to maintain ourselves against the combined governments of Europe in a foreign war! And yet so miserably poor within ourselves; so utterly devoid of the fraternal spirit of co-operation as against the tyrants that are at our own threshold, that we must join the monopoly's press and the "silver-tongued" orators who are pensioned by the rich thieves and fools in Congress—who are hired for the work of mocking—and sneer and scoff at every such plan as this for emancipation!

O, for the spirit of co-operation and patriotism that exists in the new-born Republic of France! For the like of it, as there recently exhibited in the payment of the national debt, would bring to pass all these desirable consummations.

Nor is this a mere matter of faith, or a kind imputing of moral disposition in secular enterprise. Seventy-five millions of money are daily thrown over from one hand to another in the stock transactions of the country; and sometimes in San Francisco this amount is passed from hand to hand, in its represented forms, within the two sessions of the Boards that congregate within the halls of hazard. The audacity for such a popular scheme, the courage for such an investment, is not lacking. And there is often a disclosed ambition among men who control immense amounts of capital at the centers of trade, to leave some record worthy of the name of humanity. Even among the worst, even those who force young men into corners of tribulation,—and take hundreds of thousands of dollars from the fruits of the forgeries to which their victims have by them been compelled,—investments have been made in theological seminaries with some hope of a popular human, if not a Divine forgiveness. And this is confessedly going down to the lowest plane of expectation. But let it be made known in various ways that the people would recognize the enterprise indicated as worthy of execution by men claiming the highest and purest of patriotic motives—let attention be so directed and emphasized—and the money would come!

And this is not speaking of utter impossibilities; for in a thousand and one small communities, at a proportionate cost and sacrifice, similar results have been attained in this Republic, and in all the other civilized nations of the earth.

We must cultivate this public sentiment, unto a practically emancipating application and conclusion. We must not deny the possibility of its existence, and its practicable workings. We must stimulate its exercise by mapping out ways for its development and its display. We must not be shamed from giving utterance to such expectations, by the derisive laugh of the monopolists, who do accompany

their editors and orators when they say: "You would be very free with other people's money!"

Think of it! Think of it! What three millions of people could do one hundred years ago! Tossing their all into the cause of freedom. Pledging their fortunes and their lives, unhesitatingly and unqualifiedly, for the freedom of the Colonies and the good of the human race. And here we are speaking for forty-three millions of people on this continent; and it is almost hazardous to his reputation for common sense for a man in a mountain town in California to suggest the bare possibility that we have a million of adults in this generation of the great Republic, who would be willing to contribute one hundred dollars each to deliver this land from the chains of a grinding and debauching tyranny! Think of it! Think of it—before you cast these suggestions into the fire of your contempt.

Co-operation in business is not merely a commercial but a patriotic need of the times. That fraternizing interest which is denominated by this comprehensive term must be a cardinal feature in the progressive life of the people of this Republic during the century that is to come. Not that communities shall or should be brought to the dead level of privilege or enjoyment; not that competition shall not be allowed full and encouraged opportunity and scope; but that with respect to the fundamental wants and requirements of the people, the balance of privilege for all shall be recovered and kept with a steady and unflinching hand.

These monopolies do more than directly oppress and interfere wrongfully with business enterprises of the citizens. They check the advances of mankind in the application and enjoyment of inventions. It is so in some degree with respect to railroading; it is pre-eminently so with respect to telegraphs. To-day there stand on record inventions which multiply the working capacity of the telegraph more than a hundred fold. But they do not come into practical and popular use because the telegraph monopoly in this country will not have the prices for transmission cheapened, nor their pretended reasons for maintaining their exorbitant tariffs still further impaired and exposed. More than this: thousands and thousands of persons are kept out of employment by the managers of this legacy of discovery and invention. Where a railroad and telegraph monopoly of the country at this day employ one person, proper competition and a proper application of inventions and discoveries by way of improvement—with the proportionate reduction of terms—would result in creating a demand for twenty persons. With a postal telegraph all the wonderful improvements which have been made in the methods of transmitting messages by electricity during the past ten years would be applied, and within the decade all the written communications of the people would be transmitted over the telegraph wires. None qualified to speak with reference to this subject could maintain a negative to this assertion before an intelligent audience. But the people are kept in ignorance of these facts; these inventions are smothered; Congress is bamboozled and bribed in order that the telegraph monopoly may continue to flourish and extort. How long is this to be in a free country, or in a country worthy to be called free? In this nineteenth century of Christian civilization, and this second century of the life of the

American Republic:—How long? How long are we to be under the dominion of these monopolists? The people and the press of the country places of the land are alone to be relied upon for a cheering answer.

The margin for individual enterprise and splendid business competition should grow wider with each important invention calculated to lessen the requirements for manual drudgery, and to diversify the industries of life. The grasping of selfish monopolies must be met by the fraternizing of the people in their several departments of labor; or the second auspicious hour for emancipation will have passed forever from our reckoning! It is a part of true patriotism to meditate upon these things.

The "pursuit of happiness" is declared to be an inalienable right. To "insure domestic tranquillity" is proclaimed a purpose of the Union. Yet we know that there is an apprehension among many good people (especially among those who claim entire orthodoxy for their creed and purpose) to the effect that one of our greatest dangers as a people consists in our present or future excessive characteristic happiness and content. In this there must be a confusion of ideas; a substituting of the thought of luxury and enervating ease, for a just conception of a condition of plenty and peace. These good people delight to review their early history, and their children are glad to hear the story—how they struggled, and toiled, and overcome, amid many and great privations. They hold those parental plans injudicious which favor for their children the amelioration or avoidance of hardships such as attended their own boyhood struggle for a livelihood and competence. And going beyond this, in the general thought concerning the land and the people:—when they see so much wrong-doing in our Republic, they prophesy an immediate and literal war of redemption, or an ordeal of terrible distress. Between these good people's opinions, and the rose-colored view of the optimist, the just picture and judgment may be found in a balance. Discipline is a thing for the generations that are soon to come upon the active stage of life in this Republic, but a tax of penury and want is unnecessary. And for the battling that is disciplinary in its character and redeeming in its results, the fields are ready and to the hand for every patriot.

Talk not to me of heroism or martyrdom as confined alone to the bloody field of carnage. The courage, patience, and persistence that compose the fine quality of heroism are needed now in our country in the blessed days of peace. Our sons and daughters are and will be required, in the name and cause of patriotism, to challenge foes and confront unnumbered enemies to the cause of political right and liberty. Not in literal manual combat, nor yet in any misty debates about the problems of life which the phlegmatic philosophers put forth with so much unction and exclusiveness.

The statement and the illustration of the demand for all the strength and vigor of patriotism can surely be placed in brief and unmistakable paragraphs.

Your boy will find, as he enters upon the arena of life, that if he would be honest and earnest in devotion to the principles of liberty in this country, he must be both brave and resolute. The blandishments of the devil's own princes are on every hand. And it may be that martyrdom is for him; for if it shall be true that he stands confirmed as an honest

representative, he must not expect promotion, except he live in vigor to see the day when the rising strength of an intelligent and honorable people shall overbear all the cunning of the rings of monopoly. Back to private life, or not one step beyond the first promotion—such will be their orders, if he will not do their law. And often it is to-day the fact—and will be so to-morrow—that he who contributes most to create and promote a just public sentiment will reap no political reward. He may be, he is likely to be, the most unpopular man in the very communities where he has instigated and inoculated a spirit of righteous resistance, rebellion, and reform. And in the first dawning days of victory for the cause he has espoused, he must expect to see time-servers and hypocrites reap the harvest of his labor and fortitude.

The monopolies lay to the young man who makes his first appearance in the public forum: "Be circumspect, young man, and do not attack our vested rights." That much, at least, will be whispered into his ear, at the very outset of his mission as a public-spirited citizen and patriot.

But if he should be recognized at once as possessing unusual ability, the agents of the monopolists will go further and say, "Come into our private rooms, young man, and we will point out to you the certain and only road of preferment. We will convince you forthwith that your prudent and proper and profitable course lies in the direction that we alone are competent to indicate. To begin with—as a trifling token of our regard for you and of our disposition to be your friend in all things—you shall have plenty of money for your comfort, your pleasures, and your dissipations. We are rich and powerful; we say to this man Go, and he goeth, and to another Come, and he cometh; we build up legislatures, we nominate Governors, and Congressmen, and United States Senators; and no young man can be sure of a lasting and honorable reputation who has not our endorsement. And if any man, under a misapprehension of the strength of popular will, rebels against our dictates when, with our consent, he shall have been elected, we kick him out of office, and add a thousand humiliations to the ordinary shame of a remarkable and unexpected defeat. We can show you, if you will come into our private rooms, full enough to convince you of our ability in respect to these matters. Come in, and communicate with us."

I give almost a literal copy of the language of appeal and admonition and promise in such cases made and provided.

But the young man may say, if he shall have been elected to any representative position: "I am pledged to my constituents," or "I am bound by my implied and understood fealty to my party, to oppose strenuously such measures as I understand you wish promoted or sustained."

Then the reply will come—as its equivalent is on the record in affidavits before the Committees of Congress at this day: "Young man, you don't know what that you are doing, or what you are talking about. You will probably never be heard of again in public life as a public officer if you don't agree to our terms and walk in paths of pleasantness which we open out. That is: never creditably known. Many young men in the ardor of their youthful dispositions, and in the natural pride of life, have presumed to oppose us, as you think you may

do to-morrow ; but they have been driven out of public life, or we have, at the very least, kept them on the grade where they stood when they commenced hostilities. Not one step have they taken in advance ; except they have repented and come in with us and accepted our vows and obtained our good opinion, they have never advanced one step further in public position or popular reputation. Come in and look at our ledger and our catalogue."

Perhaps the young man goes into their parlors, in their splendid hotel, or in their dwelling-houses over-looking the metropolis—from whose verandah the King of monopolies can look down upon his city full of victims. And they call the roll ; and they recite circumstances ; and they tell in detail the shameful history of thousands of the "leading citizens" in the State of California, and in the States adjacent thereto—Senators, Representatives, Governors, etc.

And then they repeat their solicitations : "Accept our liberal proposition and you are rich to-day, and you still remain free for all opinions and pursuits not antagonistic to our 'vested rights.' Do it, young man, do it, or we will open our metropolitan daily and weekly papers upon you ! We have scholars at San Francisco engaged in writing on the *Evening Wisconsin* and the *Morning Owl* who will pick out all the flaws in your extemporaneous rhetoric and the inadvertent errors in your statements, and artistically exhibit you as an ignoramus and a fraud—if you don't come in with us. Now recollect, you are just beginning life, and the future is before you. We can attribute a thousand things to you which you never thought of, much less uttered, and so assert and reassert that the majority of the people who read our publications—for lack of any other cheap publication in which to find the news—will believe that you are the author of the most ridiculous falsehoods as well as the most ungrammatical periods. And in addition, our blackguard dailies or our Barbary Coast weeklies will not only adopt this method of sending you to Coventry, but will question whether your initials do not belong to a regular attendant in the lowest haunts of vice ; will lampoon you and your family, until your relations, one and all, like Job's wife, shall invite you to curse God and die !

"Young man, you had better come over and come with us. We will do you good. Here is a purse of gold to begin with. And we will give you a homestead to-morrow. Why need you work and drudge all your life long to attain reputation and honor ? We can make you honorably renowned in a day. Why should you voluntarily plunge into battle for the 'dear people,' against our interests and our vested rights ? We will make you perfectly comfortable to-day, and secure you with a bond for to-morrow and for all the coming days of your life. Come with us. Don't make an accursed fool of yourself. Come with us. You shall have your name heralded in our daily Metropolitan and our weekly San Francisco Presses, as "a rising young statesman" of the State. Your bills shall be paid at the Palace Hotel whenever you come to the city. You shall have all the money you need for your comfort and luxury. You shall have all the means you require for your canvasses in your locality. Your portrait shall be shed abroad before the world in our mammoth Centennial sheet, and in our weekly

gallery of successful saints in San Francisco. A great future is opening out before you, young man. Come in and be of us. Don't be fidgetty about the rights or the reasonable desires of the people. Who are the people ? The people are numbskulls. Our metropolitan press "plays" the people for all they are worth at every election. Suppose a few hard-fisted yeomen denounce you for an apparent disregard of platforms and a violation of private promises. If for your interests and our own you run for office again in that locality or that district, we will smooth matters over at the election time. And, young man, we have a hundred ways of "going after" any tough customer in any particular community who is obstreperous against us, and particularly insists upon legislative assaults on our "vested rights." Come in with us."

And so the pleading goes on—in this strain it proceeds day in and night out, until the final determination is made. Is there not an opportunity for patriotic heroism here ? Under such circumstances, do you need a foreign war to develop the spirit of a soldier in the breasts of the boys of the rising generation ? Do we not rather require a quiet moral home-discipline in truth and integrity, to develop the soundest faith in our institutions and the most abiding love for the liberties with which our fathers endowed us ? Do we not need all the accomplishments that earnest study can get for our children who are to meet the domestic tyrants of this land—if ever they are to be successfully encountered—and defeat their devices and overthrow their policy ?

This Republic cannot be re-cemented by the collision of armed soldiery, combatting foreign enemies, and so wedding the people anew in the comradeship of the camp. The demoralization and the ruin of character that inevitably follows any great war is sufficiently exhibited in the government as it stands. The greatest champions of the race have been born and nurtured in times of profoundest peace. As the doors of the temple of the heathen God of War were closed when the Divine Hero came to fulfill His mission to man in the land of Palestine, so has the blessing of a quiet boyhood life been characteristically the enjoyment of nearly all the human defenders of the rights of the people. The cultivation of honor and courage in the colleges of peace, is the discipline for the young who are to be invited into the banquet-hall of the kings of monopolies and their courtiers—where the king and his dukes, earls, marquises, baronets, and unnumbered flunkies, gather for the orgies of the night ;—and who are to retire unseduced by the dissipations, and defiant of the threats and warnings given in the parlors above.

We boast a land of content ; and there is peace. We boast of wealth of productions ; and they are beyond valuation. The corn and the wine and the oil, and the iron and copper, and the precious minerals—are they not all in the invoice of the country ? Against your own mountains that gird us round about, the hydraulic ram with its three hundred feet perpendicular pressure throws a river of water, sending down immense streams, heavy with golden sands, for generous deposit in the long block-ribbed flumes—yet relatively wearing no more of substance from the immense deposits of equally valuable earth than the play of a pocket-syringe could fret from one of the lower layers of the great pyramid

of Egypt. And of the productions of the necessities and the ordinary comforts of life: so vast is the burden in granary and factory and warehouse, that true political economy must to-day discover in the fact of superabundance a preponderating cause of financial distress.

O, land of peace and plenty! The need is for the American youth to take advantage of the time and educational privilege, that he may be a warrior in the civil battles of the new century.

The stimulant for discipline and comfort and training is unequalled. For if our institutions are to be preserved, rewards will come to those who have the moral right. We must soon agree as a people to take the best men for the most responsible offices, without respect to peculiar opinions in reference to subordinate political issues. We must soon learn to make clear popular discriminations between the real soldiers for liberty and the political frauds who, for themselves alone, or for their secret monopoly masters, mount the rising tide of public opinion and determination.

The stimulant and instruction in culture as patriots has been with us too much neglected in the years gone by. It is the study of the lives of our Fathers of the Revolution—their statesmanship and their practical policy—that most needs the commendation of the hour. What more fascinating study! In how many instances exceeding the charm of the most bewitching novel that was ever written from historic annals. Precept with example, and the invitations and incentive of lineage, are combined and concentrated here.

To-day we stand looking back upon the past, and taking our vows anew, as with nerves of steel: that this Republic, this Government “for the people by the people,” shall not fail from off the earth. Yet hardly have we arrived at the true conception—as I trust and believe—of the intensity of that devotion which intelligent and educated citizens will hold towards this country when they shall have risen from the perusal of the pages of the worthy biographies of the Founders of the Republic. Nor is there in the classic writings of England a pattern for diction, exceeding in its length and breadth of excellence the periods of Jefferson, the paragraphs of Adams, and the essays of Hamilton.

True patriotism is always a lively and aggressive sentiment. The Republic is full of saintly men who are negatively good citizens, but almost absolutely worthless for the warfare that is at hand. We need no foreign war; but we do need a war-like spirit in its fullest measure and aggressive force, and its most exhilarating glow. It shall come as an Inspiration from the pages of these biographies!

Nor can we be sufficiently thankful that the year brings forth, for many reasons of profit to writer and publisher, a long catalogue of new editions, and a rapidly lengthening list of fresh and perfect reviews of our Fathers' patriotic deed and thought. And shamed be the boy of fitting age and decent opportunity, who shall not at the close of the year we open to-day—if not before—be able to recite a comprehensive record of the Revolution, and the names and the principal facts in the biographies of all its influential heroes; and the general principles which each of them inculcated when the ultimate form of government came to be considered and determined.

No work for the purely patriotic in our day? No occasion for superlative commendation of such a sentiment? No practical application of it in the business affairs of government, in these piping hours of peace? Look abroad and look at home. The old monarchs of Europe hate us even more than they did our Fathers in the days so long gone by. The rich men who run the governments of Europe by loans, and by hiding the sinews of war, are in close social league with the rich men of this country who compose the incorporators and managers of the gigantic monopolies of our Republic. All these, and all alike, prefer a “strong government,” as they call it; by which, among themselves—as they sit in private consultation—they agree that they can soonest bring to bear those influences and accomplish those results which make their miserly money-calling sure and great.

Or you assert or suggest that no patriotism is possible save in the walks of public life—no manifestation or exemplification appropriate save in legislative action, and upon the forum? We want from the coming generation an American Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, and Douglas Jerrold, and George Cruikshank (who would not sell his pencil to any party), who shall spear these mushroom and shoddy aristocrats; who shall pursue them as they ascend to their throne-chambers in their hotels and clapboard castles of luxury, seduction, and vice, with a mercilessly crucifying art. We want men of such genius, whose patriotic judgment is clear, and who are not to be bought with the monopolist's gold. Nor shall such writers wait long for recognition; for so anxious in this direction has been the instinctive hope of the American public, that many clowns and thinly endowed humorists who have really essayed something to this service, have been welcomed with a tumult of applause as they shied their caps into the arena of letters.

We need the drama that will “hold the mirror up to nature.” At this day in this country we have nothing that fully answers such description—if, indeed, we have anything that makes a worthy approach to such composition as Shakespeare so intended to commend. The foibles and silly affectations of fashionable life—where female offenders against what is called good taste are the objects of caricature and censure—and in this the play is a species of cowardice—are held up to moral reprobation by some of our “society comedies.” But the vices and crimes of the unscrupulous sons of avarice, which do most grievously afflict the country, are not touched by our American stage authors; or only referred to in the most delicate Harrold-Skim-pole manner. The American comedies that are to be recognized as worthy, healthy, and reformatory sarcasms on the times—our times—are yet to be written. They cannot, at the first years of introduction, be played in the theaters of the large cities—only in the country towns and villages. And from this must come another advantage of instruction and recreation.

We now pay exorbitant prices for eligible seats in our metropolitan theaters; where we may listen to one or two good actors and actresses, supported by ladies and gentlemen whose reading is forced and unnatural at all times, and often execrable in the extreme—the worst possible elocutionary patterns for

our children, so far as management of voice and appropriateness of gesture is concerned. I have heard some of the old English comedies performed far better in the Academy Hall, in a village of the State, than I have ever known the same or similar plays to be presented in any one of the many be-puffed city "Temples of the Drama" which I have visited. There is a great lacking in popular opportunity for this kind of most instructive recreation. A most foolish lacking—for there is an immense amount of uncultivated or unutilized dramatic talent in the land; unexercised, if not actually repressed, on account of the practical monopoly in this kind of amusements in the city, and the ignorance and prejudice touching the native ability of our boys and girls for pleasing and effective stage delineations. Every town in the country should have a suitable edifice for the drama, that would mirror the times. The acting material is abundant; and the beneficial results of the systematic cultivation and regular or frequent exhibition of the home talent for the home theater can be expected by every intelligent person who will reflect upon the subject and the scheme. For elocutionary clearness and precision of utterance, and for truth of emphasis and tenderness of genuine pathos, I have never heard any professional reader surpass in excellence the little lady who read your patriotic poems from your platform to-day.

But the elements for romance in our history will soon appear to be enhanced a thousand fold, and so will more smoothly and naturally and enchantingly come forth the satires of the age. Passing the Centennial year, we are fully within the barriers of time for the complete exercise of the gifts and the spirit of imagination towards the things of the past. The appearance of contemporary events gives place to the faintly shadowed outlines of the distant mountain-tops and the softly changing hues of the landscape that lies between. Children of fancy, pictures of love and devotion, may now be drawn upon a background unsurpassed for the accessories of foliage and perspective of cloud. While we may not boast of ancient ruins and cities, and decaying castles, with which to invite the modern traveling philosophers of Great Britain and the Continent, as centers for their observation, and as studies and incentives for the romantic, yet shall our own accomplished children find the national history which is undisputed, and the heroism which it embodies and suggests and prophecies, more than compensation.

And all shall combine—O, let us believe it will be so, as so we pray it may be—and all shall combine to nurture the patriotism of the near future, which can tolerate no truth-bearing challenge that reads before the world: "You have the form of a Free Republican Government; but a few incorporated thieves have absolute dominion throughout your land."

O, day of memory and hope! Our confidence and our enthusiasm rise with every retrospect, and amid all shortcomings and defects spring forth brighter and stronger from every hour of solemn meditation.

The once restless ambition for territorial expansion is no more. We have set our lines on the South; and if the green and yellow plats of Canada and British Columbia are to be added to our survey, it will not be because we seek an annexation. Our fields are measured to-day, by universal consent. Within the boundaries as they now stand, the labor and the development of the nation for a hundred years to come are to be experienced and enjoyed.

Of that which is due and desired, we have but faintly sketched some of the larger matters.

For every one of us there comes a summons unto a perfect citizenship. We shall not attain unto it; we must strive to approximate it. Bound no more—no more, if ever in our past lives—by the iron chains of party, we take the issues that come for our decision into the closets of honest hearts, and lay our verdicts upon the altar of our country;—unbiased by personal favoritism, unqualified by sinister considerations or enfeebling fear. So may it be. Then shall true civilization advance; then shall the arts of peace flourish best of all in the land of Washington; and then shall the Creator here make manifest the uttermost beneficent possibilities of the human race.

"O, Country, marvel of the earth!
O, realm to sudden greatness grown!
The age that gloried in thy birth—
Shall it behold thee overthrown?
Shall state corruptions ruin sow?
Shall selfish schemers bring thee low?
No, land of Hope and Blessing, no!

"And they who founded in this land
The power that rules from sea to sea;
Bled they in vain, or vainly planned,
To leave this country great and free?
Their sleeping ashes from below
Send up the thrilling murmur, no!

"Our humming marts, our iron ways,
Our wind-tossed woods on mountain crest
The hoarse Atlantic with its bays,
The calm, broad ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent flow,
And loud Niagara answer, no!

"Nor yet the hour is nigh when they
Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit—
Earth's ancient kings—shall rise and say—
'Proud country, welcome to the pit!
So soon art thou, like us, brought low!'
No, sullen group of shadows, no!

"For now behold the arm that gave
The victory in our Fathers' day,
Strong as of old to guard and save—
That mighty arm that none can stay:
In clouds above and fields below,
Writes in men's sight the answer, no!"

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