

**Grand Lodge
Free & Accepted Masons
Of California
Grand Oration 1881**

**Grand Orator
Marcus D. Boruck**

Having been suddenly called away, was not prepared to deliver the Annual Oration. Permission having been given that it be published with the proceedings, if received in time, it is here presented, as follows:

MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER AND BRETHREN OF THE GRAND LODGE

My theme will be PROGRESS, and in approaching a subject so vast and comprehensive, one is compelled to pause in utter astonishment at the magnitude of the task which he has undertaken. So rapid, in the past hundred years, has been the progress of the world in art, in science, in knowledge, in government, that it is akin to impossibility for one man to do justice to such a glorious theme. Even to keep track of the unlimited number of improved innovations made in every branch of industry and advancement would require the herculean investigating power of a BACON, the innate comprehensiveness of a NEWTON, the prodigious memory of a CARLYLE, the accumulative propensities of a GIBBON, and the wonderful versatility appertaining to the powerful imagination of a JULES VERNE. Hence, you cannot but be silent if you perceive that I tremble even on the threshold of my adventure. No one more than myself is more fully aware of the importance of this great and happy occasion, and no one more fully realizes the dangers which beset me on the road to progress.

To speak separately of all the branches of the many things which go to make up the sum of human life would require a very large volume and many years of close and careful study; so it is not to be expected that, in a short and hurriedly prepared address, ample justice can be given to the subject. Let us, however, select a few that most directly absorb the attention of mankind, and, by a sensible condensing process, pay a passing tribute to the developments of the ages gone by.

As the first and most natural calling of man was agriculture, it is but reasonable that we should give some time to a consideration of it. The ancients devoted much attention to the cultivation of the soil, and we moderns have not fallen behind in our appreciation of the necessity of giving it our most serious attention. Indeed, so little, prior to the light which advanced and progressive science has thrown over the dark pages of antiquity, has been known of their agricultural advantages that historians have ever been in the dark concerning them. But, thanks to the progress of scientific investigation in this nineteenth century, many relics of the practices of the ancients in agricultural matters are now being exhumed from their long burial places under the ruins of the most famous cities of antiquity.

In the palmiest days of ancient Rome, according to DIODORUS SICULUS, only 20,000,000 bushels of corn were furnished annually to that once illustrious Empire. But what, though she was the "mistress of the world" and her eagles were crowned with victory wherever her banners were flaunted to the breeze, would be such an annual production compared with that with which nature and improved machinery blesses man and rewards his labors in every country of the civilized globe at the present time? The Romans, nevertheless, were an agricultural people, while the only knowledge of a reliable character transmitted to us of the Egyptians is found in their paintings and inscriptions on the tombs of the ancients. Beyond the stories told of their frugality and prowess, little is known of their love of agriculture. Not so with glorious Greece, which, though not so fully alive to the importance of the soil's cultivation, still recognized the necessity of drawing sustenance from the generous bosom of mother Earth. We are told by a celebrated author that that people, who, by what remains to us of their poetry, philosophy, history, and fine arts, still exert such an influence in guiding our intellectual efforts, in regulating taste, and in moulding our institutions, were originally the invaders and conquerors of the territory which they have rendered so famous. Having reduced the aboriginal tribes to bondage, they imposed upon them the labor

of cultivating the soil; and hence both the occupation and those engaged in it were regarded contemptuously by the dominant race, who addicted themselves to what they regarded as nobler pursuits.

The contrast between these two great and immortal peoples is so apparent that I cannot resist the temptation of quoting two eminent writers, scholars and authors, in corroboration. ALEXANDER VOM SCHI.EOEL, the celebrated German historian, speaking of the Romans, says—and his language is pregnant with food for many of our wealthy land-owners to-day as well as for the thoughtful student of history and the science of government—"In all their foreign enterprises, even in the earliest times, they were exceedingly covetous of gain, or rather of land, for it was in, land and the produce of the soil that their principal and almost only wealth consisted. They were a thoroughly agricultural people, and it was only at a later period that commerce, trade, and arts were introduced among them, and even then they occupied a subordinate place." This statement is supported by that idol of every lover of oratory, CICERO, who, while speaking of agriculture among his people and his own love for it, but reflects the importance they attached to it; and this beautiful and simple language only echoes the sentiment which I know actuates the breasts of every lover of his country before me. Let us hear him: "I come now," he says, "to the pleasures of husbandry, in which I vastly delight. They are not interrupted by old age, and they seem to me to be pursuit? In which a wise man's life should be spent. The earth does not rebel against authority; it never gives back but with usury what it receives. The gains of husbandry are not what exclusively commend it. I am charmed with the nature and productive virtues of the soil. Can those old men be called unhappy who delight in the cultivation of the soil? In my opinion there can be no happier life, not only because the tillage of the earth is salutary to all, but from the pleasure it yields. The whole establishment of a good and assiduous husbandman is stored with wealth; it abounds in pigs, in kids, in lambs, in poultry, in milk, in cheese, in honey. Nothing can be more profitable, nothing more beautiful, than a well cultivated farm."

That pretty word-picture was painted by one who never dreamed of the success which has since crowned the husbandman in his efforts to achieve the acme of his ambition. That language was uttered when the ancient *sarde* preceded the plough, and steel had not been appropriated for the furrowing of the earth. From the first hours of Rome's greatest glory to the introduction of SMALL'S improved sowing plough, but little improvement or progress was made in instruments of husbandry. But from the moment the fresh earth was tamed up, and the sweet aroma struck the nostrils of the ploughman, and the clink of the steel blade fell upon his ear, the age became resonant with the praises of the farmer, and the prayers of the housewife ascended to heaven in thanksgiving for the new discovery. Aye, from that moment began that progressive revolution which has given us all the machinery which is familiar to you, and which enables the husbandman to reap the reward for his labor to which his industry, thrift, and economy entitle him, while the poets sing—

"The sowers stalk
With measured step, and liberal throw the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground."

What a field for the romantic-loving devotee at the shrine of CERES now presents itself to our vision! Steam-oh! Glorious agent of a new civilization has supplanted the corded muscle of the industrious land tiller. Mounted high behind the moving plough, and regulating the throttle conducting the machine itself, as the engineer guides the iron horse, he silently contemplates the progress made in the past fifty years, but little thinks of the long ages of experiment and thought required to bring farming implements to such a degree of perfection. Were I to speak of the improved ploughs, harrows, field rollers, land pressers, sowers, etc., it would require more time than is allotted me to generalize the many objects under the one head of Progress. In the language of our distinguished fellow-citizen, HENRY GEOBGE, I have but to say, when discussing this subject for the purpose of treating with another equally as important a factor: "The utilization Of steam and electricity, the introduction of improved processes and labor-saving machinery, the greater subdivision and grander scale of production, the wonderful facilitation of exchanges, have multiplied enormously the effectiveness of labor;" and speed on to the subject of Bail-roads.

And would you believe me, that it is only half a century since the first prize was offered for the construction of a locomotive to ply between Liverpool and Manchester, and which was not to cost above £550? However, such an engine was built by the immortal STEVENSON. But let me tell you the stipulations of the contract, and then you can marvel at the stupendous strides towards Progress that have been made in that brief period of the world's interesting history.

The locomotive was to be able to take three times its own weight on a level road at a speed of ten miles per hour. STEVENSON'S achievement exceeded the stipulation; the prize was accorded him; and immortality crowned his endeavor. In our own country PETER COOPER, the kind-hearted and venerable philanthropist, is accorded the honor and proud distinction of having built the first locomotive that ever sped over the rails on this continent. This was in 1830, and twenty-three miles of railroad completed the length of all the rails in the United States. In ten years after there were 3,000 miles of railroads in this country, while a similar increase was going on in Great Britain. The importance of this discovery soon began to excite the cupidity as well as attention of moneyed men the world over, so that no other branch of investment or no other enterprise grew to such preponderating proportions in the same space of time since the world began.

Why, sirs, let me say that the cost of railroads in Great Britain alone has exceeded the fabulous sum of £630,223,491, or something over three thousand millions of dollars, not to speak of the rapid strides managers of this enterprise are making throughout all the empires, kingdoms, republics, and principalities of the continent, and the enormous amounts of money being annually expended in their construction. Here with us, from the twenty-three miles of railroad actually constructed in 1830, we have had an increase in miles of almost one hundred thousand, and they permeate the innermost recesses of the grandest empire that ever the sun of heaven shone upon. They drain the richest country ever discovered, and still are not of sufficient accommodation for the 50,000,000 of freemen that people America's blessed shores. The stupendous cost and almost inconceivable responsibility attached are beyond anything we have ever read, dreamed, or thought of.

In England the vast expense to which I alluded is due principally to the prejudice existing among the people against public interests in favor of private enterprises. In fact, the bulk of this money was paid for land damage, owners often recovering double the real value of the land through which railroads passed. How different here among our own enterprising fellow-countrymen. Governments, both National and State, generously contributed, and are today keeping alive the same spirit, towards making these undertakings successful. The capital stock of all the railroads in this country is something over two thousand millions of dollars, while the total debt, funded and not funded, exceeds two thousand five hundred millions, making a grand total capital invested of almost five thousand millions of dollars. What a subject that would be in itself, much less wringing it in under the head of "Progress." In all history there is not recorded or made mention of any avenue through which so much wealth annually passes as through the hands of railroad magnates and the manipulators of these absolutely essential and gigantic institutions. And all this is due to the application of steam to machinery and the invention of the locomotive by the junior STEVENSON. Onward still the march of Progress takes its way; but nowhere in the world has it received such impetus as when it first struck these western wilds.

When the Mayflower first struck Plymouth Bock and landed her precious cargo of courageous women and brave, independent men upon Massachusetts' storm-tossed shores, little they dreamed that three great lines of railroads would be pushing hard towards the placid bosom of the Pacific Ocean and connect an empire so eloquently and prophetically alluded to by the immortal BERKELEY when he exclaimed—

" Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The first four acts already past;
The fifth shall close the drama with its day;
Time's noblest empire is its last."

Possibly you now recognize what a mammoth undertaking it is to address you on the subject of Progress. The farther I proceed with it the more difficult it seems, and the more my inability to do it justice stares me in the face. But I cannot overlook the propriety of touching upon the triumphs of Engineering Skill, and in doing so will ask your pardon if I assert that American

engineers, in many particulars, surpass the world. Considering the importance of canals and bridge building, the construction of water and gas works, they stand out pre-eminently as the peers of any that have ever lived. Nevertheless, I will speak of the successes in foreign lands in preference, after I have briefly alluded to the fact that in the United State's, at the present time, there are no less than 4,000 miles of canal accommodation, and 600 towns supplied with water works, employing nearly 15,000 miles of water-pipes. The increase in water companies—by way of progress—have increased in number from fifty to about one thousand in 1881, and they represent a capital of nearly two hundred millions of dollars. The gas companies are nearly on a par with the water companies, while it is unnecessary to speak of the expenses of canals. All of this is due to progress and enterprise; and many of these works reflect undying credit upon the genius, talent, and learning of our American engineers. The most noticeable feature among the canal departures, and one fraught with great results to the people of the Eastern States, is the construction and completion of the Cape Cod Canal. The coasting traffic to be affected by the completion of this canal involves the employment of over forty thousand vessels annually, carrying a cargo of six hundred millions of dollars value; while the tonnage expected to pass through it the first year is closely estimated at four millions of tons. The time saved by its construction, the dangers averted, and the protection guaranteed to merchantmen is incalculable, will remain a lasting monument to the achievements of American engineering and enterprise, and will go far towards enriching the goaheaditive Yankee in his well-to-do New England home.

The celebrated DE LESSEPS, one of the most distinguished engineers of his time or of any age, aided by many of our brethren in this free land, purposes connecting the waters of two oceans—the wild and stormy Atlantic and the broad and peaceful Pacific—by means of the construction and completion of the Panama Canal. We bid him god speed in his noble work, as it is another evidence of the progress the world is hourly making; but we would quietly intimate that the Monroe doctrine is still regarded by Americans as a thing of holy and sacred character, and that it will not succumb even to the behests of art, science, or human skill.

The blessings accruing to the world through the successful operation of the Suez Canal, and the glorious wreath it has placed upon the brow of engineering skill, is too well known to necessitate elaborate treatment at my hands. But the incomparable skill exhibited by such great men as EADS and the leading engineers of England command our immediate attention. The former has, by a process common to us all, regulated the courses of gigantic rivers and made blooming paradises out of cites that have hitherto been regarded as the hotbeds of malaria and foul diseases. Through the superior knowledge of that eminent brother, New Orleans today is only outrivalled by San Francisco for the healthfulness of her climate and he happiness and prosperity of her people. And again the triumph achieved by the blowing up of Hell Gate, which was long considered a physical impossibility, speaks volumes for the progressive skill of engineers in this age, and enables large vessels to sail or steam safely from Long Island Sound, through the harbor, and land their cargoes safely in the port of New York.

In this connection I might make mention of the astonishing power evoked by science and engineering skill, in excavating vast amounts of matter from the beds of rivers in some of the large cities of the world, and I will evidence this by speaking of he " Great Thames," and the " Royal Albert " Docks on the Thames, at London. The latter is a miniature Chinese wall, and required for its construction 500,000 cubic yards of concrete, 80,000 cubic yards of Portland cement, and over 20,000,000 of bricks in the construction, upwards of 4,000,000 cubic yards of material was excavated and lifted a height of seventeen feet. So great, in fact, is the improvement in machinery of this character, that here alone 40,000,000 gallons of water daily are pumped out of these docks-rearing seventy engines and the constant employment of not less than three thousand men. To contrast this with the fabled achievements of antiquity, would be as comparing the fulcrum that ARCHIMEDESS used when he hurled large stones at the fleet in the harbor of Rhodes, with the power and destruction that can be inflicted upon an enemy by a missile thrown from a Krupp gun. So great is the progress going on throughout the world, and in which our brethren figure very conspicuously, that I shudder at attempting even to call your attention to the very leading subjects that engross the study of mankind.

Following the subject of railroads and engineering, we cannot but pay a passing tribute to that of Navigation. It is to the credit of America that she sent the first steamship across the turbulent waters of the Atlantic to Liverpool. The name of he vessel was the "Savannah," and it

required twenty-six days for her to make the voyage. Progress in navigation was very slow until the "Carthagena," an English built ship of 400 tons, in 1829 made a successful voyage to the East Indies, and even then a sort of lethargy hung over this wonderful innovation. About 1843 the "Great Britain" was launched under a governmental subsidy of £81,000 and from that day began an era which has resulted in the grandest success. The "Great Eastern" soon followed in the wake of the "Great Britain," and steamship navigation became an assured fact. To go into detail, time would not permit were we to speak of the rapid growth of steam facilities. The world is now brought thousands of miles closer by the saving of time, and the crossing of the Atlantic is accomplished in the short space of eight days. Scientists and navigators were astonished; the curious gazed in wonderment at the fast flying vessels, while we, in the progressive age congratulate ourselves upon such practical and beneficial results. To even mention the mammoth proportions of many of the merchant ships and war vessels that now sail the high seas would be out of taste, and therefore I simply hasten to consider one of the many glorious results that spring from the application of steam to ships upon the sea and naturally arrive at that of telegraphy, which, by means of the "Great Eastern" and the genius of CYRUS W. FIELD, received such an impetus that to-day the globe is girdled by hundreds of thousands of miles of wire, some of which crosses the loftiest mountain peaks and trails the depths of every ocean. It has been more instrumental in bringing the nations closely together than any other agency ever invented by man. The estimated cost of all the cables now in operation throughout the world is variously placed at \$75,000,000. Think for a moment of the time, which lies within the memory of many present, when it required months to receive information from the other side of our own blessed country, and then listen to this eloquent tribute to the progress of science from the lips of CYRUS W. FIELD, who recently made a trip around the world :—

The first person from the shore who spoke to me when we arrived at Yokohama, gave me an unmistakable sign that modern civilization had penetrated the Far East. He was a friend with a telegraphic message, and he put in my hand intelligence sent from home a few hours before,

How had it come to you?

There is something romantic in the reception of intelligence that has traveled so far, passing over vast continents and under thousands of miles of ocean isn't there? That message of good tidings from those I left at home—I will tell you just what route it had taken to reach me. It had been sent from New York to Cape Breton thence under the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Newfoundland, and across Newfoundland. It had been flashed thence under the Atlantic Ocean to Ireland, across Ireland and under the Irish Channel to England, across England to Plymouth, under the Bay of Biscay to Lisbon, Portugal, thence to Gibraltar, thence to Malta in the Mediterranean, under the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Egypt, thence across the Isthmus of Suez, by the great pyramids, and under the Red Sea to Aden, Arabia, thence under the Indian Ocean to Bombay, across Hindoostan to Calcutta, under the Bay of Bengal to Penang, thence through the Straits of Malacca to Singapore, near the equator, thence under the China Sea to Hong Kong, along the coast 1,500 miles to Shanghai, by cable under the Yellow Sea to Japan, and thence across the beautiful hills of Japan to Yokohama.

Of course under this head it would be an insult to American genius were we not to consider the vastness of the contribution made to man's ease and happiness by THOMAS A. EDISON, of whom I might quote from a familiar author—

" He is a freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside."

His invention of the many graphs are household words; but there is nothing which has proved so unquestionably beneficial to the business world as his improvement upon the transmission of telegraphic messages. Mr. JOSEPH B. STEARNS was the first to apply to telegraphy the duplex system in the city of Boston, and the success which this progressive addition met with warranted something more comprehensive still so that, when EDISON had inquired into it, in a very short time he touched the system with his magic wand, and to-day we have the quadruplex system—an invention, if it were not coupled with a myriad of other discoveries in the appropriation of electricity, which would have been sufficient to have secured for its discoverer undying fame and immortality.

All these agencies have their effect upon other branches of art and science. They are not strictly confined to the immediate branch of which they are the direct representatives; but on the

contrary, *materia, medica*, anatomy, and the schools of philosophy and photography are affected by them, and many successful experiments are hourly being mad» with the new and potent agents brought to light through the indefatigable exertions of this wonderful young man. To separately dwell upon the advantages arising there from I cannot. I will content myself with simply passing to another branch, in which Progress has been so astounding in the past one hundred years.

It was just about the beginning of the present century that any notice whatever was given to photography, when THOMAS WEDGEWOOD, an Englishman, made the first noticeable discovery in this art, by exposing paper impregnated with nitrate of silver to sunlight, under a silhouette, or similar dark object. From that date—1802— progress in the art began to take rapid strides, until to-day it is difficult to determine what a clever photographer cannot accomplish in his line of business; or, as the poet says, if we visit one of their establishments with our children, and let the artist apply his skill, in after years we can gaze back and see—

" Pictured in memory's mellowing glass, how sweet
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet;
To roam in fancy in each cherished scene,
The village churchyard and the village green,
The woodland walk remote, the greenwood glade,
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's shade,
The whitewashed cottage where the woodbine grew,
And all the favorite haunts our childhood knew '
* * * * *

Here, once again, remote from human noise,
I sit me down to think of former joys;
Pause on each scene, each treasured scene, once more,
And once again each infant walk explore,
While as each grove and lawn I recognize,
My melted soul suffuses in my eyes."

Next to photography, but of far more importance to humanity, we come to speak of the printing press—printing, the art of all arts ; to me the best, and which we know has done more to civilize, christianize, and benefit the world than all the other agencies yet mentioned combined. I love to dwell on this happy theme, and could spend hours dilating upon what has been accomplished by its instrumentality. This must not be indulged, however. I can simply revert to the fact that not many years ago the old hand press was in vogue, and contrast its slowness with the rapidity and progress of late inventions. In the past twenty years astonishing strides have been taken, until today, with the Campbell-Webb perfecting press, 60,000 sheets, cut and folded and ready for the carrier, are thrown off per hour. Imagine for a moment, the blank sheet entering the press and coming out like the San Francisco Chronicle or Call, completely printed, folded, and prepared for the breakfast table; containing all the latest news of the day, and in one hour sixty thousand people are furnished with rich, rare, racy, instructive, and thoughtful reading matter, and then you can form some idea of the progress made in the art of printing. Were BENJAMIN FRANKLIN again to visit the world, he would not only be astonished at the uses that have been made of his discoveries in electricity, but possibly, like TELEMACHUS, fail to recognize his nearest and dearest friend, when he gazed upon a HOE printing press in full blast, and turning out more and better work in one single week, than he could have given to the world during his whole life-time as regards volume, while he run his hand press in Philadelphia over a century ago. Compare the Pennsylvania Packet, (published by JOHN NIXON, when the " old bell in Independence Hall pro-claimed liberty throughout all the land, and unto all the inhabitants thereof,") which was the first paper to publish the Declaration of Independence, with the New York Herald, only one hundred years later, and you might form some conception of the progress made in printing, and congratulate yourselves that you are witnesses of these great triumphs in this nineteenth century.

And now we will attempt to soar higher than GILDEROY'S kite, and that they say far exceeded the loftiest flights of the bird of freedom, and spend a few moments with the aeronaut in

his aerial sphere. There is no art that has so long baffled the ingenuity and skill of the philosopher. It is as old as memory itself. From the time that DAEDALUS, ICARUS, his son, and the dove of ARCHYTUS attempted to fly from the cruelties of MINOS, the King of Crete, who, fabled antiquity tells us, built the celebrated labyrinth whence THESEUS rescued ARIADNE, up to the present, nothing positively definite has been accomplished in aerial navigation. One thing, however, the uses of the barometer, at high elevations, has been satisfactorily tested by balloonists, and much has been learned as to the air currents over our heads on almost a similar basis as that which enables us to know of the depths of the sea. But that information was given by the early poets, who, speaking of the flight of DAEDALUS and his son, say that the father gave instructions to ICARUS to fly neither too high nor too low; but that the son, disregarding the advice of the father, fell from his "flying machine" and was drowned in the Icarian Sea.

Up to the present day all has been conjecture, and though the confidence of many wise men has been lent to various schemes of this character, even so late as the recent venture of Professor KING and a bevy of journalists, and the exhibition at the Mechanics' Pavilion, progress has been slow indeed among the clouds, and demonstrates that the poet was wise when he sang that_

" Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

And that he ought to be content with progressing on the land and sea, and leave the heavens to the Master of the universe and the mercy of Gilderoy's kite.

In the grand summary I must necessarily overlook many important subjects—even mining, which has been brought to such a wonderful degree of perfection. The student of geology and natural science may travel the two hemispheres in search of new information, and endeavor to enrich his mind with knowledge of the bowels of the earth, yet he must come back to our own golden shores to be made acquainted with the mysteries hidden underneath the mountains and the valleys of the Sierra Nevadas. There, four ordinary, commonly educated-men, born of poor and humble, but honest parentage, have laid bare to the gaze of the closest scrutinizer of nature's mysteries, secrets that far exceed the winding, unfathomable and inextricable entanglements of the fabled Cretan Labyrinth. Down over 3,000 feet into the body of nature, they have driven the diamond drill, catacombed the mountains for miles around, extracted more wealth than over CROESUS conceived existed, tunneled through darker and hotter substances than ever man worked before, and made famous their names and families, by placing themselves in that category of progressively enterprising characters, where but few out of the thousands of millions of struggling mortals ever reach. The greatest explorers and men of the most vivid and fantastic imaginations are almost dumbfounded at the magnitude of the excavations and the hazardousness of the enterprises in which the Bonanza Quartet have been engaged, and at once pronounce mining not only successful, but progressive to an eminent degree.

And to conclude my remarks it is necessary that I should apologize for not having spoken of the exploring expeditions of LIVINGSTONE and STANLEY, who braved the dangers of the African jungles in order to add to the geographical knowledge we have in our possession. The dangers they encountered and the difficulties they over-came are themes upon which future poets can dwell with delight, and the historians and chroniclers of time and its many changes can ponder. It is not within the narrow limits of a speaker's province to do justice to the moral courage they have displayed, or to pass proper encomiums on their achievements.

So might I speak of the poets of the past century, of the names of LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, HOLMES, EMERSON, and BRYANT, who, speaking of our own loved country, says:—

" Thine eye with every coming hour
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die! "

And then I can safely dismiss the pleasing subject, by mentioning the name of the immortal DRAKE, who, in his first four lines, when speaking of our victorious

Flag, says :—

" When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.
Then from her mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave unto his mighty hand
The symbol of his native land."

History, of course, is a subject allied with government, and naturally can be blended with the latter under one common head. The American schoolboy, thanks to the fostering care and never-dying devotion of THADDEUS STEVENS to the public school system of our country, lisps in numbers the events that have transpired from the discovery of our land, in 1492, to the assassination of our lamented President, JAMES A. GARFIELD. The main principles underlying the foundation of our institutions are as common to him as the exigencies of the school hour, and the principal features embodied in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of our fathers are ever present to his youthful vision; while the principles of JEFFERSON and MADISON and the doctrines of MONROE go hand in hand with his alphabet. He knows no God but one; no country but that of which the " Star-Spangled Banner " is the symbol; no people but they who swear to support the institutions of which it is an emblem; and no government other than that which the martyred LINCOLN designated as being " a government of the people, for the people, and by the people.

The English historian, JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, was wont to assert that "the early Romans possessed the faculty of self-government beyond any people of whom we have historical knowledge, with the one exception of ourselves." And right in the face of this thoughtless assertion we have another from CICERO, which is to the effect that " a commonwealth ought to be immortal and forever renew its youth.

The Roman Republic has long since passed from the face of the earth. The science of government has been reduced to a practical basis, and the fallacies of FROUDE left naked before the world. Rome was not the nearest approach to a successful and perfect government, as we understand it in this day of progress, nor either is that of England. When CESAR fell in the Senate house MARK ANTHONY exclaimed—

——" Then you and I,
And all of us fell down,
And bloody treason flourished o'er us.

The whole nation was plunged into the most fearful excesses. Murder, rapine, and foul conspiracy and assassination stalked fearless through the land. Chaos ruled supreme, and Order, which is " heaven's first law," gave way to anarchy and bloodshed. The rulers of the people had no power to restrain their ungovernable tempers, and every petty rascal set himself up as the Chosen One of Israel to lead his people out of bondage. Their laws and constitution were at fault, and the common result was the downfall of their boasted institutions. History records the events that followed, and the rapid dissolution of that mighty empire.

Contrast these scenes with those that have followed under the *aegis* of Progress. Some historians say that " popular forms of government are possible only when individual men can govern their own lives on moral principles, and when duty is of more importance than pleasure, and justice than material expediency." This is so, and nowhere in the world has this truth been more fully exemplified than in our own free America. In the long line of Presidents who have occupied the chair of WASHINGTON down to the present incumbent, not one could be questioned as to his moral character; not one but had the full confidence of the people ; and not

one who, at his death, but was sorrowfully mourned by a loving and grateful country. Oh, how different this to the picture drawn by history of other lands, other times, and other rulers of the masses!

The learned FROUDE states that the life of a nation, like the life of a man, may be prolonged in honor into the fullness of time, or it may perish prematurely, for want of guidance, by violence or internal disorders. And thus the history of national revolutions is to statesmanship what the pathology of disease is to the art of medicine." How true this is, and how well it defines our progressive governmental system. The dark and dismal cloud of civil war overhung the land in 1861, and threatened with ruin and disaster our long cherished and free institutions. The wise man was lost, and the statesman was bewildered; but the Constitution of " our fathers " pointed a way out of the difficulty; and, after the sacrifice of more than one million of lives upon the bloody field, in prison dungeons and hospitals for the sick and weary, peace was about to dawn on the people, and law again, under the Constitution, was supreme, when the foul and conscienceless assassin did his bloody work and committed his heinous crime. The purest, the best, the most upright and patriotic of men, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, fell a victim to his bullet, and the whole country was plunged in the deepest grief and sorrow.

Patriotic hearts were wrung with anguish, and for a moment all the good accomplished by the assertion and maintenance of the holy doctrine "that all men are born free and equal" was threatened with destruction. Thanks to our progressive government and the love for and confidence of the people in it, it was not shattered to pieces. On the contrary, for sixteen long years thereafter an era of prosperity set in, and the millions enjoyed the blessings guaranteed by a popular and people's form of government.

A great political struggle ensued at the end of that time. One class of freemen was arrayed against another in a friendly political struggle for supremacy and the control of the administration of the Government. One party won, and its honored chiefs were installed amid all the rejoicings incident to the inauguration of the Chief Magistrate of a powerful nation. Business assumed its wonted course, and peace and prosperity dawned upon the "land of the free and the home of the brave." Policies were instituted; the good of the people was considered; the well-being and future happiness of the nation became the chief theme among the Solons of the Government. The artizan and mechanic, the husbandman and merchant, the landsman and the seaman, the child and its parent—each and all congratulated the other on the glorious future that lay in the dim distance for our free Republic—a Republic whose influence throughout the world has caused Italy, the land of song and fable and romance, to throw off the yoke of ecclesiastical dominion ; Germany to assert the rights of Government and State over that of Church and bigotry glorious France to become one of the most prosperous and foremost republics of the world ; and Mexico to throw open the gates of her superstition and allow the sunlight of intelligent liberty .to illumine the dark pages of her superstitious history!

But I cannot depart from my theme. My enthusiasm over the progress of the world of late sometimes carries away my better judgment. The influence of our great country I have feebly attempted to describe. The sixteen years which I have spoken of exercised it all. But alas ! when the great political struggle to which I referred a moment ago, was completed, and all had settled down quietly, patiently, and peacefully, to enjoy the blessings that were flowing there from, again the ruler of this mighty empire was stricken down by the hand of the assassin. The Chief Magistrate of the nation, about to depart on a friendly recuperating visit, was shot in the back. There is a poet somewhere in Texas who almost describes the act in these lines, where he speaks of the murder of a poor peddler:

" There was a step timed with his own,
A figure that stooped and bowed—
A broad bright blade that gleamed and shone,
Like a splinter of daylight downward thrown,
And the moon went behind a cloud.
" The pale moon came out so bright and good
That the barn-fowl waked and crowed,
And ruffled his feathers in dreamy mood,
And the gray owl called to his mate in the wood

That a man lay dead in the road."

Ah me! President JAMES A. GARFIELD, the " pure, the good, the true, the noble, the filial, the fond, the loving, " lay dead in the road." But though his body perished and the nation's ruler lies to-day in his lonely grave near Mentor, and the insignia of a mournful country still hangs from the dwelling-houses and homes of a sorrowful people, the machinery of government goes on as smoothly as ever. Not a ripple is seen on the governmental sea. The progress of the science of free government is achieved, and though, while we weep over the loss of one of nature's noblest souls, and bow in quiet obeisance to the will of Him " who doeth all things well," we cannot but offer a prayer of thanksgiving that our system is perfect. Of old Borne it is said, in her days of decadence, that " Money! the cry was still money ! Money was the one thought, from the highest senator to the poorest wretch who sold his vote in the Comitia. For money judges gave unjust decrees and juries gave corrupt verdicts. Governors held their provinces for one, two, or three years; they went out bankrupt from extravagance, they returned with millions for fresh riot. To obtain a province was the first ambition of a Roman noble. The road to it lay through the praetorship and the consulship. These offices, therefore, became the prizes of the State, and being in the gift of the people, they were sought after by means which demoralized alike the givers and the receivers. The elections were managed by clubs and coteries, and, except on occasions of national danger or political excitement, those who spent most freely were most certain of success." And how closely does that picture resemble that which is embodied in the hellish system which resulted in the death of one of the greatest and purest men that ever occupied the chair of the immortal WASHINGTON. It must be stopped. The science of free government is a success, and must not be retarded by such shocks as wretches impose upon it. The heavens have so ordained, and their laws must be obeyed. The thing who committed the foul deed, though our country is still happy, prosperous, and progressive, should suffer the penalty of his horrible crime; and, though I am no executioner, I can express my abhorrence by exclaiming with TOM MOORE—

" Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim,
With hopes, that but allure to fly,
With joys, that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame,
On the parched desert thirsting die,
While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,
Are fading off, untouched, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
Just Prophet! Let the damned one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell."