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THE HON. MARCUS A. HANNA, U. S. SENATOR FROM OHIO

THE SENATOR

A THRENODY

by

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*In loving memory
of a
playmate, schoolmate
and boyhood
friend*

MARCUS ALONZO HANNA

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P R E F A C E

SENATOR HANNA'S funeral fell upon a blustery February day. A snow squall swept from the northwest across my country place in the suburbs of Philadelphia, filling the air and covering the fields with snowflakes, and blowing out the national colors that hung at half-mast above the flag-arbor. While trying to follow in imagination the burial scenes in Cleveland, my thoughts took the form of a lament over the death of my early friend, cut down at the summit of his honors and promise of usefulness; and these were inwoven with the flight of the snowflakes. Thus came the opening verses of the threnody which follows, and which gradually took its present shape.

For the first fifteen years of our lives Marcus Hanna and the writer were boy-friends, and the tie then formed was never broken. Born in the same Ohio town, in the summer of the same year, we were close comrades, sharing the tasks and the sports, the pleasures and some of the pains, of village boyhood. It is not strange, therefore, that I, the sur-

vivor, should wish to write something that may aid to set him in a true light before his fellows, and serve to keep his memory green.

It follows naturally that much of this commemorative poem should be concerned with the Senator's early life. Indeed, taken in connection with the biographical and explanatory notes, which have been made full with that intent, they give a true picture of the conditions and manner of Senator Hanna's boyhood, which must have gone far to form his character and shape his future. No doubt, also, many readers will catch glimpses of their own boyhood in the pictures of village scenes in our native place a half century ago.

The publishers have kindly complied with the author's request to formally publish this book on the first anniversary of Senator Hanna's death, February 15, A. D. 1905.

Brookcamp, Devon, Pennsylvania.

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CANTO FIRST
A PROLOGUE OF A LIFE

THE ARGUMENT

A Pilgrim from the Tomb—An Inspiration of Friendship—A Vindication of Character—Life's Chief Aim—False Friends—Prevailing Friendship—Labor and Capital—The Senator's Position—The Core of Social Christianity—The Chief Master's Solution—Ancestors—"Where the Forefathers Sleep"—Our Fathers—Our Debt to Motherhood—A Mother's Ministry—The Queen of Home and Heart—Love of Home—Its Influence Upon Character and Life.

CANTO FIRST

I

A Pilgrim from the Tomb.

The flag above the arbor floats half-mast!
Its canton blue and bars of red, show bright
Against the fluttering mass of snowflakes white
That fall, and float, and fall, and fill the air,
Drifting before the wailing Northwest wind
That blows from yonder lake-side city where
The earth is opening to receive my friend.

Here, while I stand facing the pelting snow,
O Northwest wind, beat, beat my cheeks aglow!
For thou but late hast come
A pilgrimage from yon far tomb.
Apast the mountain heights, and swelling hills
Pierced with his mines; apast his flaming mills
Whose fiery pillars streaming high
Above the towering chimneys, mark the van
Of the New Exodus of Man;

Apart our native village, dear to me,
O boyhood's friend, with memories of thee;
Apart the harbor where, with flags half-mast,
His ships at anchor ride, or speed them fast
 Across Lake Erie's broad expanse of wave,
Whose yeasting billows beat her pebbled shore
 In endless requiem, now high, now low,
 Hard by that new-made grave.

There, surely, thou hast lingered to embrace
 That form, that face, which men shall know
 No more on earth—no more!
Blow, then, O Northwest wind, thy keenest blast;
 Before thee drive the legions of the snow;
Bear out the banner flying at half-mast;
 Thou canst not press too rudely on my brow,
Nor clasp me with too boisterous an embrace,
 Since thou hast kissed his face!

II

*A Prologue
of a Life.*

If they be right who reason that the test
 Of sterling manhood, lies in loyalty
To family, to friends, to fatherland,

To one's conviction of the present best,
And one's ideal of integrity
In daily life and service; be it known
That standard was his own!

Loved ever friend more fervently than he;
Or for a friend with nobler steadfastness
More firmly stood?
Served ever friend a friend more loyally¹
Than he the man he loved?—whose Master-soul
Before th' assassin's shot
(O utmost deep of witless wickedness!)
Fled through a whole world's dole
To rest with God?²

Most earnestly the Senator has wrought
Man's largest labors; and he ever fought
With frank intensity for what
His clear and honest judgment thought
The true and righteous cause.
So just and brave and strong he was
That they who knew him best
Most surely knew the keen straightforwardness,
Persistency, fidelity and zest
With which he sought, and with unselfishness,
To follow Duty's laws.

III

*Truth Awaits**Time's Opening Gates.*

Now fast, now slow, the snowflakes fall;
Now from the west, now from the north,
Flying before the-fickle squall.
Little by little falling, flake on flake
Softly they fall, and silently they take
Their pathless journey to the destined land.

Imponderable each,
Yet have they laid the face of Mother-Earth
Beneath a burden only Nature's hand
Can loose, that laid.
So character was made;
So, little laid on little, deed on speech,
Kind act on gentle thought, worth grew apace,
Worth ever nurturing to higher worth,
And strengthened by the unworth it opposed,
Until there came a morning that disclosed
The true soul of the Senator; as fair
In duty wrought to fellows and to friends,
To peers, employees, and the larger ends
Of State, of Country and Humanity,
As snow untrodden on the meadow's face.*

So roll the clouds away!
Upheaved in nimbus masses in the sky,
They loose their nival crystals to the air,
Lighten their frowning fronts, dissolve, drift by,
Leaving the sun to shine as it shall set
Serenely fair,
Resplendent on this February day.
So Truth awaits behind Time's opening Gate,
And soon or late—alas, too oft too late!
Comes forth with radiant face to vindicate
The worthy purpose, act and character
That prejudice and ignorance unite
To minish and distort and blur,
And hide from Virtue's unsuspecting sight.

IV

*The Power of Friendship:
False Friends.*

Who would the source of human actions find
In that vexed wilderness, the human mind,
Must follow many streams back to their springs
Uprising from the sordid deeps of self:
As lust of power or fame, or greed of pelf,
Or grosser appetite for sensual things,
Or itching lust of dwarfed incompetents

For place beyond their nature's just intents.
But more, far more his search must sweep the
 heights
Where rise the noblest motions of the soul,
 The loftier passions and the pure delights,
The great enkindling thoughts that fire the mind,
The fine enthusiasms for mankind,
 That bend man's highest types to their control.
There shall one see, of all life's springs we know,
That Love and Friendship yield the fullest flow.

O fickle friendship! fleeting as the snow
That falls and melts, and melts and disappears.
See! now it fills the air and banks the lawn;
Now look again; its fragile forms are gone.
The sage of Uz in the far long ago
Thus sang of friendships, transient as the snow
And snow-fed mountain streams, that fade away
Before the heats of poverty and woe:

“To one who is consumed by burning grief
Consideration from a friend is due.
My brothers as the torrents have been false,
As winter torrents when they fade away.
The streams were dark by reason of the ice;
The snows within their bosom hid themselves.

When spring-time comes to breathe upon them
warmth,
They melt, they dwindle! Summer comes with
heat,
And from their channels are the streams extinct.
Their branching brooklets wind along the sands;
They mount up in the wastes, in vapor die.
The traveling bands of Tema looked for them;
The caravans of Seba hoped for them;
They were confounded, for their trust was great;
They burned with grief upon the empty banks.
Thus ye, too, are become a dried-up brook;
Ye saw my troubles, and ye stood amazed,
No sympathy in speech, or e'en in look!"*
Thus sang the Patriarch in the long ago,
And likened fickle friendship to the snow.

V

*Prevailing
Friendship.*

But there are friendships that no time nor change
Can move from their fixed course and fervent flow,
Can mar their sweetness, lessen or estrange.
Theirs is a life that, like perennial streams

* See Job 6: 14-20. The above is the author's free translation.

Which winter's cold nor summer's heat can stay,
Mounts every barrier, all obstruction breams,
And holds with ever-growing strength its way.
Such friendship knits two kindred hearts in one,
As royal Jonathan and Jesse's son.

Such friendship, with indissoluble bands
Imbound the Senator's great soul to his
Who led the nation's current policies,
The Canton statesman, whom the people's hands
Invested with their highest civic crown.
His friend's success, without a conscious thought
Of self-advancement, lovingly he wrought,
And shaping his high fate, forecast his own.
The fervid warmth of active sympathy
Forced every germ of genius into flower;
The mighty throes of conflict for a friend
Brought into action every latent power
Of mind and heart; focused the energy
Of his strong will upon a single end
With all its poised and trained ability,
And gave all faculties an upward trend.
All eyes were fixed in eager scrutiny,
Whether protagonists or party foes,
Upon this knight, to common fame unknown,
Armed *cap-a-pie* in friendship's panoply,

Invading the arena which the chiefs
Of party held unchallenged as their own,
And like a seasoned veteran giving blows
And fending, till amidst triumphing cheers
The tyro champion saw the conflict close;
The Presidency for his friend was won!
Then came the people's verdict: "Friend, well
done!
In wider fields thy talents we require;
As thou hast served thy friend, serve us. Go
higher:
Sit with the Nation's Senators, thy peers!"
Thus, ever, service wrought unselfishly,
By high rebound of virtuous act, uplifts
The allied range of nature's noblest gifts,
Leaves man a larger, worthier character
Endowed for helpfulness in wider spheres.

VI

A Covert Peril.

A Potent Good.

Wee dainty things! Light as the gossamer
That floats upon the mellow air,
These flakes of snow fall on the wood and
field.

PLATE VIII. Glenmere
of Sen
on Lake

PLATE IX. An autogr
Hanna,
handwri

PLATE X. The Hand
View C
Ohio.
the Ar
Bacon,

THE MOUNTAIN

... ASSOCIATION of
... Chief
... Labor
... Core of
... Solution
... Our
... MENT
... of

CANTO FIRST

I

Pilgrim from the Tomb.

The flag above the arbor looms half-mast
Its canton blue and bars of red and white
Against the fluttering mass of snow-fall white
That fall, and float, and fall, and lie in air
Drifting before the wailing Northwest wind
That blows from yonder sea-side city where
The earth is opening to receive my friends.

Here, while I stand facing the peering snow
O Northwest wind, beat, beat my breast again
For thou but late hast come
A pilgrimage from yon far tomb.
Apost the mountain heights, and swelling hills
Pierced with his mines; apost his flaming shafts
Whose fiery pillars streaming high
Above the towering chimneys, mark the way
Of the New Exodus of Man;

Keenly resolved and set with all his soul
To speed the advent of the happy day,
And for its coming well prepare the way,
When they who earn a wage and they who pay
Shall strive together toward the common goal:
Justice to each, and justice to the whole.⁴

His chief ambition, worthier far his aim
Than highest office or than widest fame,
Was fixed, with all his keen intensity,
To win for this high social creed and claim
Co-operation and consent of all:⁵
That wealth and wage, labor and capital
Are bound together by a kindred thrall
Of sweet content and safe prosperity,
Or discord, strife and stark adversity.
One interest each is theirs, one destiny,
One bounden duty—well and faithfully
To yield each to the other honor due,
Alike, in work or wage, reward or service true.

So taught the Senator; and so he wrought,
Example squared to precept, deed to word,
As ever in man's living it should be.⁶
Therein his plain and just philosophy
With those diviner truths had nice accord,

The core of Social Christianity,
Laid on the lives and consciences of all
Through the inspired teachings of St. Paul,
By Him whom in his heart the Senator called Lord.

VIII

The Chief Master's Solution.

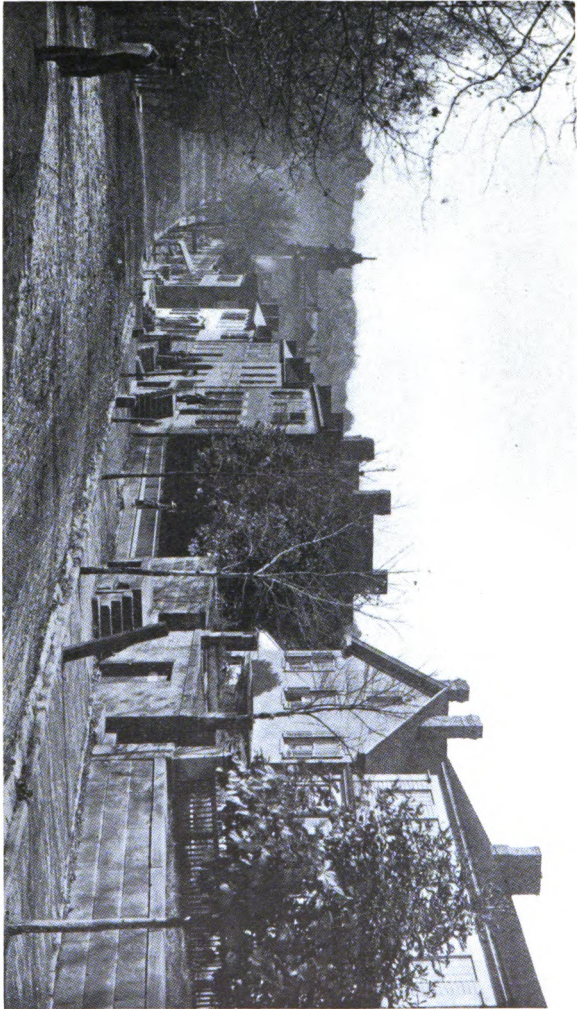
Masters of labor, yoked, though in the lead,
With them that labor, give most earnest heed
To what your Lord and theirs exacts of you;
“*Render to them that serve*”—the wages due?
That, surely! Yet not that alone: “*Give ye
That which is just and equal*”!⁷ Such the law
Bound on the lords of labor by the Hand
That sealed the right divine to such command
When nailed in sacrifice upon the Cross,
To save His Brotherhood of Man
From this life's bitterest woe and sorest loss.

Owners of labor, since the right to work
Is yours—the right of all your fellows,—hark
What law the Master lays upon your toil:
“*Not with eye-service, fearing men alone,
But heartily, as wrought before the Lord.*”⁸
To slight your lawful task, to shirk, to droil,

To void your contract—this is to despoil
Another man of that which is his own,
Bought fairly in the market, fairly sold,
Your honest toil exchanged for honest gold.

Oh, would the world but bow beneath the yoke
Of laws benignant, just and wise as these
Of Him who spake as never mortal spoke,
The vexing problems soon would cease to be
Between employer and his employees,
Melting before their heavenly charity
As errant April snows before the face
Of April's sun, and in the warm embrace
Of the soft-breathing southern breeze.

Then din and agony of strife would cease
'Twi'xt men of muscle and the men of means,
'Twi'xt Capital and Labor, brain and brawn;
Society would have a glad release
From needless burdens on prosperity;
Then would the mightiest barriers be withdrawn
That block the ways of inter-racial trade
And, radiant with promise to our race,
O'er human enterprise would break the dawn
Of that Millennial Day, the Golden Age,
Foreseen and sung by prophet, saint and sage,
The reign of Love and Universal Peace!



MARKET STREET, NEW LISBON, OHIO, LOOKING SOUTH

IX

Our Fathers :

Life's Earliest Friends.

These dove-white messengers from heaven high
Dim with their fluttering wings the winter sky.
Of Nature's creatures, things of lightest weight,
Yet, back in boyhood's palmy days, when we
Flung up our hands with cries of boisterous glee
To cheer the falling snow, and leaped to seize

The tiny flakelings as they trembled down,
They smote our soul with such intensities
That impress they have left on memory
Deep dented as the aërolite
That, on a quiet summer night,
Rushed flaming through the starlit skies
Pursued by fear-expanded eyes,
Made on the bosom of the pine-crowned hill
Whose rugged summit overhangs the town.⁹

Mysterious being! Marvelously wrought!

Those tiny flakes, dissolving as they fell
Softer than beats the wing of Azrael,
Have smit the gates of slumbering Memory
With hammer force, that rings and rings again
Through all the secret chambers of the brain,

Till forth he comes bearing the magic key
That opens doors long closed, and ushers out
Fond recollections, images of forms,
And faces and events long since forgot
Lost seemingly to feeling and to thought.

With these there come, dearest and chief of all,
The forms of those from whom our being sprung.
Our fathers first: men notable among
The men of note; in character as strong
As stalwart in their frames;¹⁰ erect and tall,
Manly in bearing; men of largest mould
In heart and limb; wholesome to look into
Their thoughtful kindly faces, mirrors true
Of natures by the noblest aims controlled.
Physicians both; and skilful in an art
That tends to fill and elevate the mind
With knowledge and ideals just and high
Of what is due and needful to mankind;
And disciplines its votaries in heart
To wise and tender sympathy with those
Who suffer 'neath the stress of human woes.

X

Ancestral Stock:

Hereditary Trend.

Soil, climate, culture, serve to make the plant;
But kind and quality the plant compose.
So, "blood will tell!" On Scotia's heathered sod
Where, 'neath the banner of the Covenant,
The war for British liberties began,
The forbears of the Senator arose;
Hannays of Sorby, no ignoble clan,¹¹
In commerce, letters, politics and arms
Proving the masterfulness of their blood.
Thence into Ulster: thence, with that high flood
Of Ulster Scots that rolled upon our coast,
Our Pilgrims of the eighteenth century,
Enriching the wide arteries of the West
With wasteful Briton's warmest blood and
best.

A forceful race, facile and militant,
Stern Puritans in faith, simple and free,
Impulsive, hospitable, kind and brave,
Lovers of Church and School, haters of cant,
Fearing their God, but with no grosser fear,
Their stalwart bosoms broke the savage wave
That fiercely beat against our young frontier.

With them adventured to our beckoning shore
The Senator's paternal ancestor.

Sad is the record of his brief career: "

From Philadelphia westward he moved on
To Cumberland's rich valley, settling there
Amidst the Ulster Scots, whose canny care
Had made the border blossom as the rose,
And the wild vale a mead of Asphodel.

As falls the woodman's axe, swift fate befell
The Pioneer, who died within a year,

Leaving his orphaned children there alone
Within the wilderness of that new land.

Yet Heaven, and hope, and help are everywhere;

The wildest forest grows a helping-hand;
And men were there upon that far frontier
Who gave, with simple rites, a Christian grave
To Thomas Hanna, and the orphans gave
A cabin Home. And duly so it fell
One, whom a kindly Quaker took to rear,
Grew up to love, and cherish to the end
The manners, speech and tenets of a Friend.

XI

Still Westward-ho!

Time passed: the orphan boy to manhood grown,
And master of a household of his own,

Moved down the Cumberland; and following
The line of least resistance, held his way
Along the valley to Virginia.

A founder of the fine old Lynchburg town,
His home was there throughout the trying days

Of conflict 'twixt the colonies and crown.

A sterling patriot, though never free
To smite with carnal arm for liberty,¹⁴
He served the cause in many kindly ways
Wherein both heart and conscience could agree.

Still westward flowed the migratory tide!
The star that once had been his father's guide
Across the sea, now led Friend Robert on
O'er mountain wilderness, through forest wide,
To those far fields,—fairer than Acadie
Or Tempe's fragrant vale, to pioneers,—
Where roll Ohio's fair and fertile hills,
The Eldorado then of our frontiers.

And there he pitched his tent, and there abode;
Like Abram—El-Khalil, the Friend of God,
The leader of all pilgrims to the West,
Who found in Hebron's hills his promised rest.
There in his new-found home Friend Robert
sleeps,

Not with his fathers; but with that brave wife
 Who shared the burdens of his strenuous life.
 And meet it is that this full Age which reaps
 The harvest that her hands have helped to sow
 Should bid the artist and the orator,
 And scribes of ballad, song and border tale
 And history, an equal honor pay
 The pioneeress heroine who bore
 In equal share with father, husband, son
 The heat and burden of that weary day.

XII

*Where the
 Forefathers Sleep.*

With them their children sleep ! Among them one
 Whose image had been deeply stamped upon
 My boyish mind,—the Senator's grandsire.¹⁶
 His tall and stately form wore the attire
 Of an old-fashioned Friend; his hat, broad-
 brimmed,
 Shaded a face on which the years had limned
 Marks of a character kind, shrewd and strong;
 A helper, yet a leader among men;
 Placid and good, without austerity;
 Distinguished, without pride; and one might see

In every line and feature graven plain
A love of righteousness and hate of wrong.
Yes, blood will tell! Hereditary trend
Derived from one's ancestral stock appears
And reappears in father and in son,
Drawn from that strong and kindly merchant
Friend.¹⁶

I well recall, deep-fixed in memory,
A day when, with a fringe irregular
Of village boys, I followed from afar
The funeral of that worthy citizen.
Drawn by a boyish interest to view
The long procession, walking two by two
With solemn step the pathway to the grave,
I hung aloof, and watched the winding train,
Held by the cord of sympathy that drew
My feelings to my playmate, covered then
With that weird glamour that in childish ken
Falls upon one who holds the awesome place
Of friend and mourner in a burial scene.

On yonder grassy hill, with gentle slope
To Mill Seat Run, a little graveyard lies,
Wherein the Friends were wont their dead to lay.
Taking the coffin at the narrow lane
That leads to that God's acre, seven strong men

Raised it aloft, and on their shoulders bore,"
 And reverently in silence laid away
 Their father Benjamin, to rest in hope
 Of resurrection at the Lord's Great Day.
 Impressive sight ! new to my childish eyes ;
 Though long years afterward my father's sons
 So bore their honored parent to his grave
 Upon the height of that romantic hill
 Whose brow o'erhangs the plain of Steubenville,
 Whose base the fair Ohio's waters lave.

XIII

*Our Debt to
 Motherhood.*

Our mothers, sacred name ! Writ in our thought
 Nearest—and near—to that benignant Power
 Whom they, in reverent faith and homage, taught
 Our wondering Childhood dimly to adore.
 Sprung of New England's earliest pioneers,
 True Puritan autochthones were they ;¹⁸
 Transplanted to the West in youthful years,
 While yet the nineteenth century was new,
 And beautiful Ohio, free by grace
 Of her great Mother-State Virginia
 Lay on our young Republic's far frontiers.

In their well-tempered natures one might trace
The piquant freedom and self-centred ease
Of frontier manners, with the poise and grace
And culture born of ripe communities
So finely interblended and inbred,
That Nature in their lives exhibited
That highest product of her moulding care,
The richest fruitage of the human race,
The fairest, noblest character in life,
The loftiest type of daughter, mother, wife !

If in life's large achievements there be aught
Our hearts have purposed or our hands have
wrought
Of lasting good, to them, dear hearts and true !
The meed of service done is mainly due.
If Heaven the kindly gift on us bestowed
Of gracious opportunity to show
Some just esteem of gifts so rare and vast,
Somewhat of grateful duty for the past,
'Twas but a dust-grain in the balance cast
Against the boundless debt we to our Mothers owe.

XIV

*A Mother's
Ministry.*

Mine, brought (alas, too soon!)
By fervid suffering wasted to the tomb
Through darkened, weary days; but thine
To mellowed age and years full-measured spared,
Her venerable form and saintly face
Filling within thy home the honored place
Sacredly kept, the centre and the shrine
Of manful love and filial reverence.
She saw thine honors and thy fortune shared
With ripe content, and happy eyes aglow
With such fond pride as only mothers know.

Mother! most dear the hallowed thought that
springs
From that beloved name! Sweet music rings
On all the bells of boyhood's memory
As contemplation brings her image near;
And evermore the chime has this refrain:
"My darling child!" "My mother—mother
dear!"
Now fainter grows and tenderer the refrain
That sounds the first far note of Infancy;

Yet o'er all intervening years I hear
My mother's voice,—how soft, how sweet, how
clear!—

Low murmuring that ancient lullaby
In loving accents chanted o'er the head
Of infant hosts in countless number,
“Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy Angels guard thy bed!”

Angels indeed! Diviner ministries
Are none e'en there before the Father's face,
Where high Archangels wait to serve, than these
That fill the heart and hand of Motherhood,
The holy fountain of Earth's highest good,
The sacred channel of Heaven's richest grace.
On that illustrious height
Where Honor bids the Muse of History write
The fadeless names of those who “well deserved,”
Since lovingly and faithfully they served
Their God, their fellow-men, their native land,
The Truth, and Righteousness in Church and State,
The world's elect to wear the title “Great,”
Truth bids the Muse of Poesy declare
The highest, fairest, brightest shining there
Read only “MOTHER,” writ with larger hand!

XV

*Home Shelter:**Home Loyalty.*

The Northwest wind is blowing fierce and shrill ;
The wood, the fields, the lawn—how bleak and
drear!

How keenly cuts the blast! And I am chill.

From yonder window beams a face most dear,
Queen of my home and heart, and through the storm
A loved voice sweetly summons me to come
From cold and cheerlessness and harm,
To warmth and cheer beside the hearth of home.

This is a parable of Life: where'er

Storms chill the breast, and life grows burden-
some,

Stark winter rules a moiety of the year,

And long and bitter days make wearisome
The tardy flight of time, 'tis surely there
The eager heart with fondest rapture turns
Where warm and bright the welcome hearth-fire
burns,

To find its fullest rest and rarest joys in Home!

So was it with the Senator: his heart
Found ever in his home life's better part.

Dear to his boyhood, dearer still as man,
No place on earth such pleasure could impart;
Therein a typical American!¹⁹
Home-lovers are our countrymen: they roam
The world around; they flit from shore to shore
Through many a land and many an ocean o'er,
Yet ever from their wanderings gladly come
To one dear spot, the sweetest 'neath the dome
Of heaven high—the sacred seats of Home.

XVI

The Songs of Home.

The dearest songs known to our English tongue,
The songs most fondly loved and oftenest sung,
Most sadly sweet, most plaintive-pleasantsome,
Are fragrant with the memories that bloom
Like roses round the door of "Home, Sweet
Home."²⁰

They bid "fond recollection" bring to view
The scenes, the forms, the joys, that childhood
knew;

They breathe the quenchless longing of the mind
For that fine olden time, the golden days
When playmates, schoolmates, home-mates, com-
rades true

Filled the free air with shouts of merry plays,
Or the dim schoolroom with its sober hum.

Then budding love disclosed its first faint hue
On rosy cheeks that, blushing, ruddier grew.
Then friendship forth its tender tendrils threw
 To knit, in after years, with bands of steel
Our spirits with that "master passion" which
 Humble and high, but aye the noblest feel.
Then the dear "Old Folks"—loving, watchful,
 kind,
Beamed on us smiles of fond parental grace,
Wreathed like a heavenly aura round each face.
Alas, those happy eyes long, long ago
Were quenched beneath spring flowers, or buried
 'neath the snow!

Next to the righteousness of holy faith,
The surest bulwark that a country hath
 Is this deep love of home: the guarantee
That man's strong arms and woman's gentle hands
 Shall blend their tasks in happy unity
To hold unbroken all the sacred bands
 Of marriage, household, and the family
That unit of all sound and safe society.
'Tis this that makes assurance doubly sure

That from our midst the virtues shall not fail
Which give to character both strength and charm;
Which make one's native land worth living for,
And, if need were, worth dying for, as well;
Which clothe our liberties with coat of mail
And gird defenses round our commonweal
Stronger than navy's floating forts of steel,
Or mighty guns that sentinel our coasts,
Or army's disciplined and gallant hosts.

CANTO SECOND
VILLAGE SCENES

THE ARGUMENT

The Basement School—Snowballing and Sled-
ding—Cellar-door Conferences—A Veteran Soldier of
1812—An Augury with Birds—Schoolroom Friends
and Scenes—Autumn Games—Nutting Days—Win-
ter School and Sports—Schoolroom Pranks—School
Literature—Woman's Equal Rank with Man—The
Boys' Debating Society—Summer Sports—A Buckeye
Swimming School—"Swim or Drown."

CANTO SECOND

I

Village Scenes of Long Ago.

Across the vista dimmed by falling flakes,
Each crowded close upon its fellow's trail,
A vision of our native village breaks.

From that dear long-ago uplifts the veil
From that loved spot amid Ohio's hills:

I seem to see that schoolroom 'neath the Church,
The "Basement School," although the High School,
then."

I hear the high-keyed boyish cheer that fills
The echoing vale, as forth the youngsters rush,
And vent their pent-up vigor with such cries
As only from the lips of children rise,
Or haply nature's children, savage men.

I feel the blood of age run hot again
With mimic battle flush,
As thick and fast the snowball volley flies;
Or every quivering nerve with rapture thrills

As fast and faster, fleet and yet more fleet
Our home-made sleds, now side by side,
Now in the front—hurrah! Now rearmost, glide"
In friendly contest down the sloping street.

Was it so long ago? But yester-year
It seems, since we, a bunch of eager boys
Sat huddled on a slanting cellar-door
While I, the chronicler and *raconteur*,
From fancy's tangled wilderness spun out
Wild tales of Indian war;
Of bold adventure on the West frontier;
Of valiant fight, or yet more thrilling scout
With Wayne, or John Paul Jones, or Marion;
Or Perry and his fleet at Put-in-bay;
Or Scott at Lundy's Lane, or in the land
Of Montezuma, where the tropic sun
Revels amid Resaca's palms, or bright
Its fervor burns on Palo Alto's height;
Or blithely fought and marched with the brave
band
Of Taylor, "Rough and Ready" hero of Monterey.

II

*Boyhood's
Dreams.*

So wove we tales of the heroic past,
Ourselves the heroes of each stirring scene;
Though oftentimes our venturous lot was cast
In comradeship with some old volunteer
Of eighteen hundred twelve-fifteen,
Whose vivid yarns we still were wont to hear
On those rare times when he would condescend
To such small hero-worshippers as we.
Or when, snug seated on our father's knee,
We joined a group within a village store,
And heard with gaping awe the veteran tell
His escapades, and fight his battles o'er,
The while, with strokes and punches of his cane
Jotting the pivot points of the campaign
Upon the dusty surface of the floor.

These serial stories ran from eve to eve,
Till curfew bell rang out the hour of nine,²⁸
Clipping the climax of some thrilling deed;
Whereat each erstwhile hero home would speed,
His fierce puissant mightiness to rest
On the dear refuge of a mother's breast;

And thence, with kiss and fond good-night,
consign
His martial limbs and victory crowned head
To the untroubled sleep of boyhood on
The safe but unheroic trundle bed.
How real they seemed, those deeds of daring-do
To lads like us, whose day dreams wore a hue
Never too vivid, and a form whose size
No seeming disproportion knew,
Nor swelled to magnitudes undue
To our undisciplined and yet prophetic eyes.

Prophetic? Yes! For so the fate befell
That, ere a score of years had passed away,
Some of that village band had borne a part,
And borne it passing well,
In battle scenes before whose vastness pale
Those that invoked our youthful fancy's tale.
And some, alas! unloved by mother's lips,
On whose dull ears no loving "good-night" fell,
Dead, dead upon their grassy battle bed,
In the last, long and dreamless slumber lay
Of heroes fallen in the mighty strife
To hold the Union One, and keep the Nation's life.

III

*Swallows on
the Church.*

Now fade the blinding snowflakes from my view;
The Northwest wind that late so blustrous blew
Breathes like a zephyr low. Its blast so chill
Seems mellowed to a summer's gentle breeze,
And I, oblivious of time and space,
In fancy wander down the village hill,
And sit unchallenged in the wonted place
With all the lads, assembled as of yore
Upon the high stone steps before my father's door."

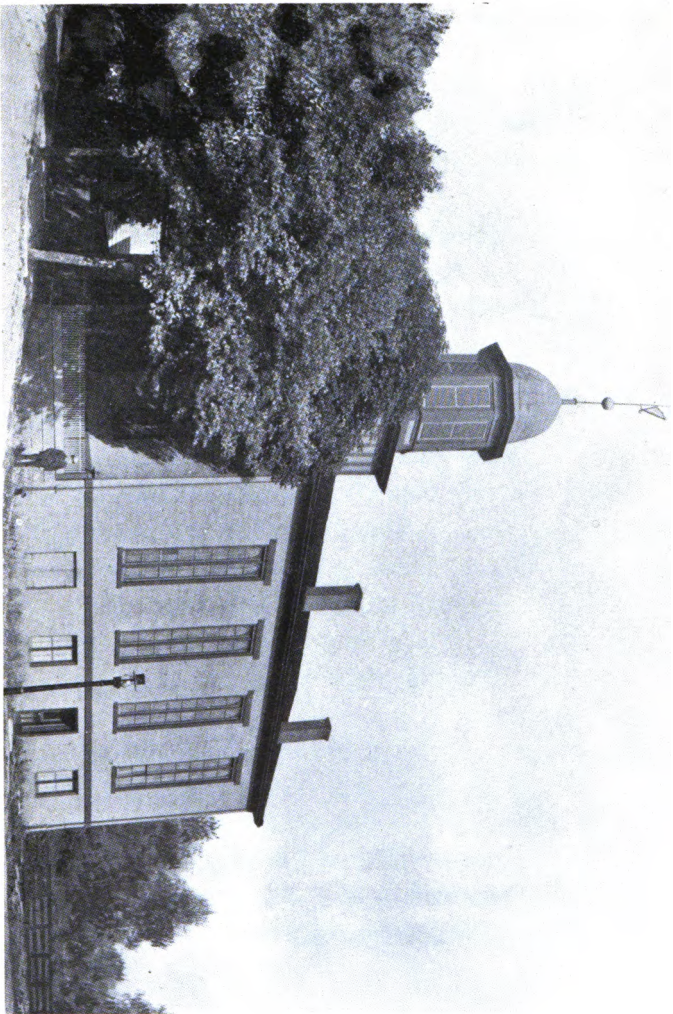
And as I sit me down
And give and get the boy's salute—"Hello!"
The shadows softly creep upon the town;
The breeze, as oft at twilight, murmurs low,
Then dies away; the leaves upon the trees
That shade the church across the street are still
As are the rounded spire and gilded ball,
And harp-shaped weather-vane that to and fro
Swung dismal protest to a winter squall,
But cheeped a cheerful greeting to the summer
breeze.

How eagerly we watched the flight
 Of swallows from their perch upon the church,
 As viewing from their vantage height
 The insects flitting through the twilight gray,
 They downward swept upon their tiny prey!
 How swift and graceful, and how wondrous deft
 Their airy evolutions, right and left;
 Now high, now low, with sudden right-about
 They skimmed the air, and filled their gaping beaks,
 Then back—so ran our boyish theories —
 To their high perch to banquet at their ease!

IV

*An Augury
 with Birds.*

A curious game of chance we played with them;
 I wonder now, did other boys the same?
 Each lad his choice obtained by counting out
 With those odd jargon rhymes, that down the
 line
 Of centuries of children hold their place.²⁵
 Cried Number One—"All on the harp are mine!"
 "And mine," cried Number Two, "all on the ball!"
 Thus on, till every lad within the game
 Had got in course some spot upon the church



THE OLD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SHOWING THE BASEMENT HIGH SCHOOL ROOMS

Where swallows had resort. The sum of all
The birds alighting on a single space
That counted most within the given time,
 Made him the victor in this game of "Perch"
Whose hap had been to get the winning place.

If so it chanced, one day, that thine the lot
 To have the tip-top of the central rod
That pierced the cupola, where space allowed
One bird alone above the twittering crowd,
 Who would have ventured to divine
That heard thy cry: "All on the top are mine!"
And saw thy swallow poise with easy grace,
Then flit away, leaving the lofty spot
 To yet another, and another still,
 And many others following, until
The victory, against all odds, was thine,—
That this was but an augury of what
The future held within her bright design?

And if to thee the destiny befell,
 Of all thy young competitors, to gain
The highest honors and the loftiest seat,
 And on the checkered field of life attain
Success most notable and most complete,
They were the first and heartiest to greet

The issue as a victory most meet,
 The victor as a man deserving well.
 And dear to memory is the pleasing thought
 That when the wheel of favoring fortune brought
 Riches and honor and their weighty cares,
 The scenes and comrades of those early years
 Were not belittled, and were not forgot.²⁸

V

*School Day
 Friends.*

Our schoolmates! They have vanished from those
 scenes
 Of early life, by varying winds of fate
 Blown far apart. Within our native State,
 Across the country's continental zone,
 Beyond the Nation's boundaries, they have gone.
 A shifting, strenuous race are we,
 With homes unsettled and wide-reaching range;
 By migrant impulse of heredity,
 And force centrifugal of social change
 Soon scattered from our native seats
 O'er distant lands and far-dividing sea.

Vainly we seek, though fain our hearts would trace,

For sake of those old times, their diverse ways.
But, be they where they may upon this earth,
Heaven grant them health, and prosperous life and
peace,

And sweet remembrances of early days
Of school life in the village of our birth!

And for those silent dwellers with the dead,
Swept by that mighty migratory wave
Which bears all mortals to the unknown land
That lies beyond the borders of the grave,
For them, for thee, remains the pious trust
That life shall bloom again resurgent from the
dust.

VI

*Schoolroom**Scenes.*

Fast fly the snowflakes; Memory waves her wand;
The screen that veils the past slowly unfurls.
I seem to see again that High School band;
The glowing stove that faced the central aisle
Which separated village boys and girls,
The boundary 'twixt earth and Paradise
Our schoolroom poet said, although our eyes

Were in youth's callowhood, and earth-bound
still,

Albeit soon enough our hearts would feel
The rare deliciousness of first love's thrill.

How deep the silence of the study hour!

Profounder by the sense of pent-up fires
Of youthful energies, that burned the while;
The gently creaking murmur of the quill
(Whose ancient sway was there unbroken still),
Gliding across the glossy copy-books

Bound up in well-ruled quires,
With copy-mottoes, proverbs wise and rare
Upon the upper line writ large and fair*
To guide the tyro's hand and form his style.

The teacher slowly striding to and fro,
Along the aisle hard by the blackboard wall;†
The movement through the schoolroom at the call

Of such or such a class,
As lads and lasses leave their desks and meet,
Compeers and comrades and competitors,
Upon the forum of the recitation seat;—
In fancy, through a lifelong interval,
I seem again to see, to hear it all!

VII

*Schoolroom**Pranks.*

My deskmate! thou and I the youngest were
Of all that band of village girls and boys
Who bended o'er their desks in studious toil,
Or with less studious but more toilsome care
To keep their by-play from the teacher, hid
Behind the bulwark of a half-raised lid
Munched comfits contraband, or snatches rare
Stole out of books by schoolroom rules forbid.

What messages were passed! in private code
Known to ourselves alone and to our set,
And guarded with a secrecy as great
As marks the high diplomacy of State."
Or, some with swiftly flying fingers spelled
Their weighty news in the mute's alphabet,
Familiar by the daily converse held
With a bright lad, our deaf and dumb playmate.

Thus were concocted plans for great affairs
Within the kingdom of a schoolboy's days;
Thus were arranged the meets for sundry plays
Divergent with the seasons' varying ways,

Shinny and marbles, flying kite and ball,
Hat-ball and hand-ball and, best loved of all!—
Town-ball, that fine field sport, that soon
By natural growth and skilful change, became
Baseball, by use and popular acclaim
Our nation's favorite game.³⁰

VIII

*Autumn**Games.*

When generous autumn plied her magic brush
And tinted fields and forest, vine and bush,
And set their colors rivaling the gems;
When all the air with joy of life was fraught,
And every tingling nerve was drawn ataut;
When the first frosts had nipped and crisped the
leaves,
And loosed the grip of nuts upon their stems,
'Twas time for nutting! Boys and squirrels then,
With shrewd acquisitiveness all agog,
Were eager rivals in the keen pursuit
And careful hoarding of the nutty fruit.

Lucky the group that held a boy could climb
The stout and lofty trees, and shake and flog

Reluctant nuts, till blithely to the ground
They rattled down, and skipped and rolled around,
Till following hands consigned them to the bag.
He was a hero rare, had skill and spunk
To dare to mount the shellbark's shaggy trunk:
So hickory-trees a clubbing siege must stand,
And yield their booty to the heavy hand.

Bombarding from beneath, the merry crew
Watched the revolving sticks as up they flew,
And cheered the tumbling clusters with the pride
Of foresters, who knew
Their shots had sped them fairly to their mark.
Though oft enough the laboring clubs went wide,
Brightening a fresh brown face with flush of
shame
For marksmanship that faltered in its work.
Your eye and arm, my friend, had surer aim
In manhood's years, when seeking larger game!

IX

*Nutting
Days.*

The stocky hazel from its brushy clump
Gave grudgingly its treasures, round and plump,

To girls and younger boys; not without fear
Of copperhead or rattler lurking near.
The prickly chestnut burr, that opened up
Its smooth brown kernels, nestled in their cup
Of velvet softness—ah, how rich and sweet,
Munched on the browning sward, their tasty meat!

The aromatic walnut, giving stains
That dyed our hands a swarthy Indian brown;
The butternut, that color gave and name
To that domestic fabric we called "j'anes,"¹¹
And later still the honored badge became
(Won from contempt to honorable fame
By valor to the valiant ever due),
Of men whose prowess many ensanguined fields
Marked deeply with alas, a ruddier hue!

These were the treasures that the autumn bore:
Spread out to dry upon the garret floor
They formed for us a goodly winter store.
Cracked by the cheery fireside
Of sputtering, glowing coals, or flickering blaze
Of hickory flaming in the chimney wide,¹²
And eaten there with apples, cider, cake,
Were dejeuner fit for President to take!
But then, in sooth, we still possessed the tooth
And the digestion of a wholesome youth.

X

*Winter School**Literature.*

Our list of winter sports was never full,
And life's chief interest centred in the school,
Wherein the weekly "Journals" played a rôle
Of lively pleasure to the favored few
Detailed upon the editorial "crew."⁸⁸
With essays, editorials, student news,
With contributions, poetry and prose,
To ponder, prune, accept or to refuse;
 With squib, and anecdote and paragraph
To gather, group, to edit and compose;
To prune the wordiness of the verbose,
To modify or polish the jocose,
And fairly copy all,—'twas no light task
 Imposed upon the editorial staff.

The columns of those journalistic files
 Gave common ground where met our brightest
 minds
In literary comradeship; and whiles
 In competition, boys opposing girls,
And, as was not infrequently our chance
 Though vaunting much superior mental powers,
Before their keen encounters dropped the lance.

A timely lesson learned:—Man's pride of sex
 By just experiences duly pruned;
 An honest faith, with knowledge aptly joined,
 In woman's latent gifts to serve her race;
 To fill in life a wider, usefuler place,
 And equal field as servitor of man
 With man himself; to serve where best she can
 In rank or file, in rearward or in van
 Without obstruction and without a ban.

The age of which those days were but the dawn
 Has seen our type of womanhood redrawn;
 And woman is a new-created race
 In life's large opportunities for good;
 Though holding still the virtues and the grace
 Of wifehood, motherhood and womanhood
 As her supreme endowments for the world,
 And chiefest elements in Nature's plan
 To bring to birth the highest type of Man.

XI

The Boys'
Debating Society.

One field, at least, the lads held separate,
 To their own age and sex inviolate,—

That embryo forum of the future State

The boys' Lyceum and Society
For oratory, essays and debate.³⁴

A microcosm—a world in miniature
Was this sodality of village youth,
Where all the germs of human passion met

Intense and vital, e'en though immature:
Ambition, envy, prejudice and truth,
Honor and courage, cunning, cowardice,

The base and low, the noble and the pure,
Unselfishness, the sum of virtuous worth,
And selfishness whose blight embitters earth,
The chiefest source of ills that mortals must en-
dure.

Not overgood were we; a stalwart band

Now good, now bad, as boys have been and
are;

Yet were the better traits the stronger far,
And gave good building-stuff of sterling men
To wise and patient Culture's modeling hand,³⁵

Though some in process sadly wrought amar.

What struggles there for office! Party lines

Were drawn as tightly as our fathers drew
In Church, or State, or in Society;

'Twas there, in sooth, that first we caught our
cue.

So, oft from other lives the impulse tends
To ways in which one naturally inclines;
And, if no other heritage descends,
The parent with himself his offspring will endue.

XII

Members and Officers.

But 'twas not all hereditary trust
That ruled our thinking; close beneath the crust
Of seeming thoughtlessness, there lay a vein
Of sturdy independence in the right;
Conviction firm of duty to maintain
Our liberties, our Union and our laws,
To stand for measures righteous and humane,
Oppose the things oppressive and unjust,
Ally ourselves with every noble cause
And cleave thereto and fight therefor with all our
might!

Nor were the themes of trivial import,
That claimed the judgment of that mimic court.
Here lies a record, treasured all these days

New Lisbon Nov 9th 1850
Regular meeting Nov 1st

The society met according to adjournment. The President called the meeting to order. The following question was discussed. Which does the most good to a Republican Government ~~Whites~~ or Intelligence. It was discussed on the Affirmative by H. Peter, & Baskle the Negative by O. Griffith & Thompson. It was decided in favor of the Negative by the jury M. Hanna & M. Sain. The Declamations were then spoken. The question selected by the committee is Which has the most right to this country the Indians or the Whites. The President appointed on the

COPY OF THE MINUTES OF THE BOYS' DEB
SENATOR HANNA WHEN THIR

<u>Affirmative</u>	<u>Negative</u>
J W Jellison	A H Wilson
M A Hanna	S Prichard
D Morrey	A J Snodgrass
H C McCook	W B Irish

Then by a motion of M Hanna
 proceeded to elect officers. The
 following ticket was elected

President	J W Jellison
V President	W B Irish
Secy	M A Hanna
Treasurer	A J Snodgrass

Pres John W Jellison
 Secy Marcus A Hanna

With kindly carefulness, and handed down,^{**}
 Of the transactions of that youthful band,
 Writ fairly out in a round, boyish hand.
 Reading therein, imagination wings

A swift excursus to th' Ohio town,
 And brings the dimly-lighted room to view,
 The fresh, young faces showing keen and bright
 Their eager tracery e'en in candle light.

Here at his desk the President is set

In solitary dignity, as due;
 And Mr. Secretary, seated near,
 (Our future Senator within that chair!)

Urges his wits, as many a scribe ere then,
 To flow of words to write his minutes fair,
 With frequent nibbles at his goose-quill pen.

Here sit the jurors three—important men!
 For on their judgment, rendered well and true,
 Hang the momentous issues of the night,
 When foemen meet in dread forensic fight.

XIII

*Large Themes
 for Little Men.*

Here sit debaters; the opposing sides
 Flanking the table that the rank divides,

Discreetly parting thus the threatening tides
Of surging eloquence and action dread.
The restless limbs, the roving anxious eye,
And faces, pallid or a flaming red
According as the period may lie
Before or after they have taken part,
An easy index of their office made.
E'en now I feel the throbbing of the head,
And smothering pressure of the bounding heart,
And parching lips, and choking throat and dry,
Those painful signs of an impending call
To rise and face my fate rhetorical.

What clear conceptions, what transparent views
The subject opened—till we came to speak!
What moving eloquence—we meant to use;
What splendid arguments—we planned to make!
What self-reproachings for the telling points
We almost made, and would make if once more
We might be privileged to take the floor.
Ah me! 'tis now an old, old story grown;
The ablest speeches that our lips have known
Were ever made too late, or else too soon.⁸⁷

Large were the themes these little men engaged,
Whereby their earnestness was fairly gauged:

The rights and wrongs of slave and Indian;
The woman's claim to equal place with man
In civil rights and matters secular;
Abolishment of punishment by death;
Should slavery be abolished? Was the war
With Mexico a just and righteous one?
Should Hungary, despoiled and beaten down,
Have from America that active aid
For which with golden speech great Kossuth pled?
Which serves a youth the better turn in life,
Good education or a useful trade?
Great themes! and o'er them many a wiser brain,
Though pondering much, confessed itself per-
plexed;
Some, whole communities have gravely vexed;
And one, alas, had final issue in
The dread arbitrament of civil strife.
Yet to our younglings' credit, be it said
Their judgments on these questions, in the main
Kept to conclusions wise, and righteous and hu-
mane.

XIV

*Summer**Sports.*

The summer's fervid months brought fishing-time.
 With rod and bait and luncheon—(and with
 book,
 Lest luck might lag, as it was wont with me),
 The shorter path we often gaily took
 Across the field back of the Brewer place,
 And Potter's, Snodgrass' and Vallandigham's
 To where the Little Beaver's sheltered face
 Broadened by Harbaugh's and the Furnace dams
 Is rimmed on either side by a high ridge
 Of the romantic gorge beyond the Canton bridge.⁸⁸

The road across the bridge led o'er the hill
 Westward to yon adjoining county town;
 And so, me thinks, the way must follow still
 Though the old jolly freighting days are gone,
 When Conestoga wagons held the track
 With eight-horse teams;⁸⁹ above the leader's back
 An arch of bells; the tawny wagoner
 In hunting frock and buckskin breeches clad,
 Armed with a black-snake whip whose ringing
 crack

Fairly divided with the jingling bells
The admiration of each village lad.

Canton! A name dear to the nation now,
And interwoven, too, with thy renown!
A sad, sweet glory rests upon her brow;
There sleeps in death the friend thou lovedst so
well,

And servedst with quenchless faithfulness and zeal,
Till death built up the barrier none can pass.
That road leads to his tomb. And now, alas,
'Twere easy thence to follow to thine own!

Ah me! Who, in that long ago,
Could have foreseen what coming stars of fate
Were slowly moving upward to the gate
That unseen hands should open; thence to rise
And mount e'en to the zenith of the skies,
Then sink untimely to the nadir low!
For then we were but schoolboys, bent on play
Disguised as fishing, bound to while away
Our precious Saturday half-holiday.

XV

“ *Swim
or Drown.*”

Then swimming bouts were wont to be arranged;
Our favorite spots the basin, or the pool
Which 'neath the Big Rocks' brow, rugged and
steep,

On Little Beaver's southern bank, lay deep
And still and clear and cool.⁴⁰

Novitiates in natatorial art
Were there initiated with due rite,
Rough and barbaric, but effective quite.
Swung 'twixt two comrades on the highest point,
Who timed each swaying movement with the
chant:

“One-ery, twoery, three-ery—off you go!”
Down fell the novice in the pool below,
Deep sinking down, down, down!
The other boys, attendant acolytes,
Dancing about the while with keen delight,
In piping chorus shouted: “Swim or drown!”

Now from the bubbling centre of the pool
Within which he had disappeared from view,
The tyro of this Buckeye Swimming School

Emerged to sight. One gasping breath he drew
Then sputtering, splashing, throwing arms about,
Working his legs, frog-like, with might and
main,

He made a wild attempt, nor quite in vain,
To keep afloat, and win his trial out
By reaching shore unaided by the crew;
Winning applause far sweeter to attain
Than aught of praise the future ever knew.

An elder brother or some larger boy,
Assigned the pleasing dignity to teach
In one brief lesson all the swimming art,
Paddled around, though keeping just in reach,
Praising his sturdy pluck and purpose grim,
Uttering friendly mandates sharp and short,
As thus: "Hold tight your breath! Strike out,
strike out!"
"Keep shut your mouth! Keep moving every
limb!"

Meanwhile, the naked acolytes above
Ran here and there, and leaped and danced
about,
Or waded to the deeper water's brim
Vociferating oft their ritual shout:
"Swim or drown! Swim, swim, swim!"

Rough lessons these, but somehow served their
end,

For we all learned to swim. And oft, since
then,

In friendly contests with my fellow men,
And in the grip and tug of sterner strife,
The world's rough ways have brought to mind the
days

When, struggling in deep water, you and I
Were greeted by our comrades with the cry
"Swim or drown! Strike out, and swim or
drown!"

Yet every lusty stripling shouting there
If haply through disaster need there were,
To lend a hearty helping hand, stood by!
E'en though the world with callous hearts seem
rife,

May we not read in this, as well, a type of life?

CANTO THIRD
TRANSFORMED VILLAGERS

THE ARGUMENT

Militia Musters—The Eager Youngsters—General Officers—A Martial Ruling Elder—"Lifting the Tokens"—The Camping Ground—A Sham Battle—The March through the Village—Circus Days and Circus Plays—Mimic Mustering and Combats—The Last Great Change—"Mustered Out"—The Man of Action—The Model Man and Citizen—Where Virtues have Reward—The Easter Tryst of Sons of Light.

CANTO THIRD

I

Militia

Musters.

When summer crops were safely gathered home
There came a time when work was slack afield,
And farmers dared relax their strenuous care
Ere autumn harvests brought their varied yield,
And plows must start to turn the fallow soil,
Whose fresh-laid furrows shed upon the air
That fragrant breath of mother-earth, which seems
Sweet incense from her grateful heart to heaven
For seeding-time and fruitful seasons given,
And promised increase of another year
With bountiful reward for human toil.

Then came the yearly Muster; near and far
From all the County toward the rendezvous
Marched the enrolled militia, yeomen true,
The freemen of the State, whose sturdy arms,
Should need arise, must bear the brunt of war.
Oh, what a day! Well might its charms bewitch

The excited fancy of our village boys!
With expectation keyed to highest pitch,
And tingling nerves athrob with crowding joys,
Each following close upon some keener one,
They scurried to and fro, and filled the air
With vivas long and shrill, as here and there
The soldiers of the neighborhood began
In full array of martial dress t' appear.

These were the first fruits of that mighty day;
A "Ranger" now, and then a "Blue" or "Gray"
With glints of color warming up the street,⁴¹
And gathering at the open Court House square
Where near-by companies were wont to meet.
With pipe-clayed belt across his braided coat,
And pompon dancing o'er his leathern hat,
Whose festooned cords kept beating pit-a-pat
As down the street he moved with martial port;
His musket, with its barrel polished bright,
Glittering like silver in the morning light,
And deftly poised upon his shoulder knot,—
O wondrous change! Can this great being be
The man we saw yestreen astride his cart?⁴²

II

*The Eager
Youngster's Day.*

“Come, lad, your breakfast waits; the rest are
done,

And you, not wont to lag, have scarce begun.”

“Breakfast? O mother, this is Muster Day!

And, listen, mother! don't you hear a drum?

Now let me go. O yes, I will take care!

And Mark and Mel, and Alf and Joe will come,

And Frank and Ed and Andy will be there,

And brother Shed and Jimmy Robertson.”

There; won't that do? Look at my empty plate!

O mother dear, there comes another one;—

A fife and drum! Indeed, I cannot wait!”

Strange mystery! And far beyond the view
Of childhood's eager outlook on the world
On whose fair face as yet th' untrodden dew
Of life's fresh morning sparkles bright and new,—
How all our elders could be so sedate;

And mother watch us with that quiet smile;
And father move about with measured gait,
Keeping his round of daily tasks the while,
As though this day were but a common date

And not athrob with scenes of vast import,
And thrilling sounds and sights, and splendid sport,
One long bright day of unabated fun,
A dozen circus days combined in one!

When at long last good mother yields consent
 Away, hot-foot, the eager youngster flies
For better view, or nearer (quite the same!)
For what boy ever saw with full content
 Till objects lay beneath his very eyes?
Nor lies the weakness with the lads alone,
For grown-up folk a-plenty have been known
With optic powers retarded, still to keep
 That larval stage of childhood which relies
For perfect vision on the finger tip.

III

*The Martial
Gathering.*

Bright was the world that blossomed round their
 feet
As jubilant gangs of children thronged the street.
 The girls at vantage on some lofty stoop,
The privileged boys, plunged in the midst of things,
 And weaving in and out of every group,

TRANSFORMED VILLAGERS 75

'Twixt jovial squads that round the plaza stand
Awaiting till their officers' command
Shall bid each soldier to his proper band.

It comes at last, the magic word "Fall in!"
Like echoes round the squares the summons rings
Till all the plaza answers to the din.
And now the clamor of the street subsides;
Each parti-colored group of men divides,
The gray, the blue, the green each one to join
His fellows in the swiftly forming line.
Brave sight it is; and masterfully done!
No sense of imperfection there alloys
Our frank enjoyment; to our partial eyes
No awkward squad, or rookies green were known,
Unbounded admiration—that alone!⁴⁴
Are not these men our own brave soldier boys?
Swift fate and sore would be the lot of one
Whose tongue disloyal dared to criticise.

Now comes a rider thundering up the way;
His horse-hoofs beat a merry roundelay,
And volley sparks from the black cobble stones,⁴⁵
That flash amidst the dust like mimic guns.
His holsters bulge beside his saddle bow,
His sword sheath clatters at his horse's flank,

His white plume flutters from his black chapeau,
 His massy epaulets, badge of lofty rank,
 Quiver and dance, and flame with golden glow
 As drooping from each gilded shoulder-shank
 They rise and fall and waver to and fro.
 Transporting sight! the nerves of boyhood thrill
 With all the zeal of hero-worshippers
 At this brave image; and through all the years
 Undimmed by time, the vision tarries still.

IV

*The White-haired
General.*

In this heroic figure lol appears
 To our astounded eyes a worthy man,
 A godly elder whom the Church reveres,
 Beloved and honored as a man of grace,
 Whose stalwart form, straight as an Indian,
 And snow-white hairs fringing his gentle face,
 Our wandering eyes each week were wont to view
 Conduct his household to the family pew,
 Moving devoutly with a sober pace,
 As well besemed the holy day and place.

Or often, on Communion Day had seen
 From o'er the gallery front, with reverent mien

TRANSFORMED VILLAGERS 77

Bearing the vessels of the Sacrament
As down the tabled aisle he slowly went;“
Or with his fellow elders gravely moved
 Along the sacred board, from place to place,
 To “lift the tokens,” mystic signs of grace
To sit at that High Feast a guest approved.
How strangely through the awesome stillness came
The dull *click* of the metal in the palm! 48
And there he rides, a General confest!
Strange. Yet, thenceforth in one young heart, at
 least,
The office of the Ruling Elder bore
A dignity unrecognized before!

And now the General waves aloft his sword
 In signal that the drums and fifes shall play;
Then reining up his steed, he shouts the word
 That bids the waiting column march away.
A burst of music breaks upon the square;
The colors gaily stream upon the air;
From line to line the echoing order runs
“Attention; Forward! —” See the burnished guns
Swing to a shoulder, with the rattling play
Of cartridge boxes; now with measured sway
The ordered companies stand marking time
Until at last they hear th' exploding —“ March!”

Long hanging on the General's lips, ring out,
When swinging forward with concerted lurch
The column moves, while through the sturdy shout
That greets the starting, cuts the keen-edged cheer
Of boyish voices, and o'er all we hear
The tramp and tramp, the rhythmic, muffled sound
Of marching soldiers on the beaten ground.

V

*A Boy's Vision
of Glory.*

Ah, that was glory! that the pomp of war,
Which stirs strange yearnings in the boyish soul,
And lust for combat, and a quickening zeal
For martial deeds but dimly felt before,
Yet burning now with fervors past control
While watching yonder column march and wheel!
Well for the world were men content to be
The actors in such empty pomps of strife,
Shred of all terror, and the tragedy
That blanch the cheek and cause the blood run
chill
With horror at the wreck and awful waste
And woeful pain and fairest gifts defaced,
Of God's most noble product—human life,

TRANSFORMED VILLAGERS 79

And all the promise and the potency
That with high worth the humblest life may fill!

God speed the day when such young hearts as
they

Shall cease to feel the mighty surge and thrill
Of fiercer passions than the rustic play
Of mimic warfare wakened in us then!
Would that our eyes no crueller sights had seen
Than those that fired our ardor on that day,
While cheering on the troops that marched away
With streaming colors, from our village green!

Vain, vain regrets! Let moody thoughts be gone!
No cloud of ill our future lives o'ercast;
Then war to us meant gaudy uniform,
And flying flag, and flashing sword and gun,
And shrilling fife, and rattling kettle-drum,
And war-steed prancing to the bugle blast.
Away, away! The troops are off at last!
And far and near on every side we hear
The horses' cheerful whinny, and the cheer
Of new-arriving companies; the whiles,
Close to the band the fringe of following boys,
Oft intermingled with the marching files,
Unite with equal zeal in all the noise.

VI

*The Camping
Ground.*

Away we go along the dusty road
That leads us to the shady grove and field
Wherein the Soldiers' camping ground is pitched.
And there to us is fairy-land revealed,
And stranger scenes than story-books ere told
Of folk and fields by brownie skill bewitched,
Or by Aladdin's magic lamp unrolled.
The white tents gleaming on the tender green;
The camp-fires glowing here and there between;
The gray smoke curling leisurely above,
And filling with its pungent scent the grove;
The wagons rolled beneath the spreading trees,
The horses picketed in groups around,
Some gravely munching fodder at their ease,
While others switch their tails and paw the
ground,
And make the woods ring with their quivering
neighs,
Their nerves alive to each unwonted sound.

Here squads of jolly soldiers talk and laugh
Around the eating-booths, and gaily quaff

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Huge mugs of humming cider and small beer,
Whose virtues rival venders loud discuss
In high-pitched tones that all the camps may hear,
With odd quips interspersed and current chaff
That seem the height of humorous wit to us.
And lemonade, by far a rarer drink,⁴⁹
And slyly weakened to the last degree
Of tenuous taste its watered stock will bear,
Disguised with well-squeezed peels and neutral pink!
'Twixt cups each drougthy muster-man partakes
Of blocks of nut-brown gingerbread, and cakes
The shape and bigness of a breakfast-plate.
Poor boys, who gazed with appetites as great
As hungriest warrior, but with purses scant;
Mine limited to one red copper cent!
Alas, e'en Muster Day like Eden's bower,
Must feel the stress of grim temptation's power,
And find the limitations of delight
In luxuries forbidden save to sight!
Yet, e'en that shadow shows its kindly light;
For Mark, by some rare luck, is richer far
In worldly treasures than his comrades are,
And generous, as is his use and wont,
Holds, with some nice reserves, his bounteous store,
(A fipenny bit!) in trust for common good,
And shares it with the boyish brotherhood.

VII

*Field Drill
and Evolutions.*

Now sounds the call to drill, and far afield
One sees battalions moving o'er the plain.
Some exercise the bayonet to wield
Remembering how their fathers under Wayne
Had learnt the higher virtues of cold steel;⁵⁰
While frock fringed riflemen display their skill
At targets on the boss of yonder hill.⁵¹
Some practice at the manual at large,
And shoulder, order, shift, present and charge
Trail and recover, load and fire—thus on
Through all the round of movements with the gun.

Some in the marching evolutions drill;
They march, and countermarch, they face and
wheel;
They size the companies, they form the ranks;
They form in line by fours, they march by flanks;
From line to fours, in column and to halt;
From fours on right and left to form in line;
Deploy as skirmishers; form for assault,
Or for defense, as fortune may incline;
To march in fours, to march in companies,

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Break into route step and to march at ease.
And so on endlessly, till wearied out
 There comes the word that always well contents,
 And brings dismissal at the company tents,
And wakes the welkin with a grateful shout.

Then closed the day with evening dress parade
When all the pomp of muster was displayed,
And all the village sought the camping green
To share the splendors of that martial scene.

 What budgets of great news each boy took home
To pour out on his mother's friendly ear;
Good patient mother, ever glad to hear
The empty prattle of her children dear!
Or, father's still more sympathetic soul,
If haply he were on some muster roll;
Then sink in dreamless slumber to the sound
 Of tattoo or of taps, that fife and drum
Are sounding faintly from the camping-ground.

VIII

*The Sham Battle
and Review.*

The morrow promised yet intenser joys
To wake the raptures of our village boys.

The morning hour the Generals had assigned
To a sham battle. To our novice mind
 Blood-curdling thoughts were started by the
 word,
And expectations of the glorious noise
Of booming cannons, crashing musketry,
And battling regiments of infantry,
 And squadrons madly charging, sword with
 sword
Crashing and flashing as the horsemen meet.
Which side would be defeated? Which would
 beat?
Would many men be killed? Who would they be?
And would our fathers—doctors both—attend
To bind up wounds and broken bones amend?

'Twas disappointing! Not a man was slain,
For all their charging o'er the trampled plain!⁵²
Some musket firing? Y-e-s,—but rather small
 Compared with expectations in us raised.
Would you believe it? 'Twas so very tame
We never had to close our ears at all!
 Such unsensational results could not be praised.
And as for cannon, most by us admired
 Because the organs of the biggest noise,
Not more than half-a-dozen shots were fired!

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What cared we for the fine points of the game,
The flanking movements and the strategy
That caused the judges vote the victory
To our good elder-General's command?
They had their gauge of merit; so had we!
Which is the better, that of men or boys?
But then, perhaps, we did not understand!

Now comes the last, most notable display
Before the hour and order to disband,
When all the corps, decked in their best array,
March round the camping-ground in grand review
Before the Major-General in command,
Each regiment preceded by its band,
And buglers trumpeting before their train
As loud if not melodious a strain
As trumpeters of knightly troops ere blew.
Then to the town the mustered phalanx bends
Its martial steps, and through the village wends
With flags afloat and music in full play,
While cheer on cheer from crowds along the streets
The proudly marching column loudly greets,
For all the folk are out for holiday
In heyday spirits and in colors gay.
Each hero strives (and striving, plainly shows
The very fact he fain would not disclose),

To seem unconscious he's the moving cause
Of all this fond attention and applause.
With drums abeating, banners flying free;
With fifes and bugles blowing merrily;
With beauty smiling on their proud advance,
And searching them with many a loving glance;
With hats and kerchiefs waving in the air,
And hearty plaudits sounding everywhere,
Our armed militia gaily march away;
And, fades the glory of our Muster Day!

IX

*Circus Day
and Muster Play*

Oft as the yearly circus day befell
It left our lads beneath its Thespian spell.
To play at circus was the ruling fad;
And king of all good fellows was the lad
Whom fortune had so luckily bested
As place within his full and free control
An unused stable or an empty shed.
Therein, the floor with tan-bark thickly spread,
And box-seats ranged around the wooden wall,
With dusty spider-drapery hung o'erhead,
A sheet that curtained off a near-by stall

TRANSFORMED VILLAGERS 87

For dressing-room fit for a circus king,—
 Beneath our juniors' favoring patronage
 Were re-enacted on that mimic stage
The acts and antics of the saw-dust ring.⁵⁸
 To walk on hands, or stand upon one's head,
To turn a somersault, or handsprings fling,
 Such were the scenes that graced our stable tan
In life's fair spring (how far to-day it seems!)
When Barnum was the hero of our dreams,
And our ideal was the spangled clown
Who trod a barrel up a plane and down,
 A tumbler, or the Indian-rubber man!

So when our muster scenes had passed away,
And village life resumed its peaceful sway,
Mars was the occult power that ruled the day.
Our boys with martial ardor all ablaze
Were re-enacting in our current plays
The incidents of those heroic days.
Listen! What stirring sounds are these you hear
From yonder corner? Near and yet more near,
Louder and louder as they nearer come?
It is the thrilling cadence of a drum!
Call it a cast-off kettle, if you please;
Things are not what they seem! What man ere
 sees,

(Though children have the vatic sense to see
'Neath outer forms the true realities),
Things as they are, because so meant to be?
And yonder see the schoolboy drummer come
Thumping what seems a pan with furious heat;
Rub-dub-adub! It *is* a kettle drum!
A banner bearer follows, holding high,
With head erect, proud steps and kindling eye,
A home-made model of our country's flag
For whose dear sake one day the lad will die."

Now close behind the drum the warriors come,
Marking the measured cadence of its beat
With rhythmic patter of their little feet.
Note well, good villagers along the street,
This motley band of boys you chance to meet!
See you not there th' incipient Senator,
Professor, parson, general, governor?
But no! 'Tis vain! ten thousand such as they
Are pacing childhood's dream-bright world to-day,
Such visions as the bowing sheaves of grain
That Joseph saw on ancient Hebron's plain,
Breaking like sunbursts o'er the youthful brain,
Revealing heights whereon at last shall stand
The chosen spirits of that boyish band,
The moulding powers, the magnates of the land!



SENATOR HANNA AS A BOY, AGED ABOUT FOURTEEN

And they who know and note fail to foresee,
Save some fond mother, whose prophetic mind
Like Mary's, has embalmed in memory
The tokens love still reads as heaven-designed
To mark the footpath to the broader way
Whereon to yon far height her boy shall mount
some day.

X

The Company:
The Invasion.

There, now, they wheel a corner into sight,
Each lad a study for an artist's eye!
With dusty shoon and woolen hosen high;
Wearing a paper chapeau, gaily dight
By mother's loving hand with rosettes bright;
With cockerel plumes astreaming from the point,
And paper tassels dangling rear and front.
A paper baldric o'er the bosom crossed,
Its centre with a gay rosette embossed;
With flannel shoulder knots of flaring red,
Or bits of tin gleaned from that endless store
Of wealth, the scrap-heap at the tinner's door;⁶⁵
A wooden sword held threateningly o'erhead,
Or borne at "carry,"—each lad thus arrayed

With due allowance in th' outfitting made
For variant degrees of taste and skill,
And mothers' household treasures and good-will,
Behold our mimic soldiers marching there,
Adown the street, and round and round the
square!

A gallant band! And gallantly displayed
By their proud captain marching in the van,
So proudly carrying his bright tin blade!
But pride, alas, my little muster-man,
Leads ever on the path of threatened pain.
'Twas bold, but fraught with peril to invade
With all the pomp of war, and at the head
Of your gay Mid-town Rangers the domain
Of your keen rivals of the Frog-town Guard.
Look to it well, or surely 'twill go hard
With you and yours! Hear you that swelling
noise
Of gathering hordes? They come, the down-town
boys!

Hold well your ranks, and gird you for the fray,
Unless discretion bids you run away,
For the Philistines be upon thee, lad!
From public square, and street and alley-way

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Behold them swarming out upon you, mad
With male combativeness! As, when the day
Is stifling 'neath the summer's scorching ray,
And nature seems to lie in deep repose,
Swift in the west a black cloud looms in sight
And o'er the village throws the pall of night;

Then, rushing down the wooded valley, comes
The driving rain; the vivid lightnings play
Above the hilltops, and the wind upheaves
The bending trees and tossing domes of leaves,
And thunders bellow like ten thousand drums!

XI

The Combat:

The Retreat.

Thus, on the peaceful plaza breaks the din
Of warring factions.⁵⁶ Flash your sword of tin,
My gallant captain, bravely as you may;
Stand to your guns—(your woodenswords, I mean)
As bold and loyal soldiers ever stand,
Such odds you cannot overcome, I ween.
And you must learn, with many a warrior true,
The lesson he must know who would command,
That when his force past remedy is beat
'Tis wisdom to surrender, or retreat.

So, up the hill whence in such feather fine
 They marched, our boys reluctantly return.
 Their braw new muster clothes have lost their
 shine;
 Their paper hats and belts are lost or torn;
 Their swords are broke or captured by the foe;
 Their faces white, though cheeks and eyes still
 burn
 With battle fervor. Beaten! But what tales
 Of valiant deeds and hair-breadth 'scapes, that
 fray
 Will yield the vanquished lads for many a day,
 With ever-growing wealth of bold details!

Dear boys! the shadow falls upon one's heart
 To see them play so young, so fierce a part.
 God bless them! mayhap Nature made them so;
 But men have aided with a hand o'er-free;
 And women, too, whose lives shall surely grow
 The bitterest fruits such seeds of passion sow.
 Would that our warring world the truths might
 know
 That Holy Word and Church, and Heavenly grace
 Are dower divine to curb the human race
 In all those selfish, gross and savage traits
 That link our being to the ungulates;

That nature needs the discipline of school,
And higher things not basilar should rule!
 Courage may give the humblest life a crown;
But warlikeness unchecked breeds want and woe,
 And all the ills that drag poor mortals down.

XII

*Now All
Is Changed.*

Thus ran the days along, how rapidly!
 With varying scenes as changed the varying
 year,
Till came, at last, the breath of destiny
That blew one and another stripling thence,
 And scattered all our band afar and near.
Now all is changed! I wander down the street
 Far busier than in the olden time,
 Yet lonelier to me;⁵⁷
For scarcely one of all these forms I meet
 Brings back from memory
The face of schoolmate, playmate, friend or com-
 rade dear.

Our elders then,—the village fathers they—
 And matrons, dearer yet and better known,

Are gone, all gone th' inevitable way!
And we, the elders now, who wait the call
That soon must sound, "Lights out!" and bid us
lay
Us down to rest in death's untroubled sleep;
Are scattered far apart, a remnant small.

The old familiar Church, whose basement floors
Gave local habitation to our school,
Before the host of blatant trumpeters
That compass round the walls of ancient ways,
And sound the march of progress, and the knell
Of many a landmark of the ancient days,
Has long since fallen down."⁶⁶
The very name that graced our natal town,—
(How glibly oft it glided from our pens
With curling flourishes of "N" and "L"!)
Its fine associations running through
A century,—iconoclastic hands
Have clipped in twain; irreverent to'rd the old,
They struck from current history the "New."⁶⁷

XIII

The Last

Great Change.

Change everywhere; yet everywhere unchanged!
These streets the same, yet surely narrower grown!
And yonder hill that sentinels the town,
Has it not doffed somewhat its lofty crown?
Could it have ever ris'n or seemed to rise
As high as then it filled our boyish eyes?
And yonder creek—could it have ever sped
So scant a stream o'er such a narrow bed?

'Tis I have changed! The hill, the cool ravine,
The mossy rocks that rib the deep-cleft gorge;
The murmuring creek that winds its way between;
The brushy clumps that fringe its greening
marge
Were then as now: seen through the magic lens
That o'er youth's inexperienced vision bends,
They seemed more roseate and grew more large.

So passes man away!
Writ broadly o'er his history everywhere
Is change, and change to all, and always change.
Great Nature holds her way;

Sun, stars and clouds, the all-embracing air,
 Hills, rivers, valleys, oceans, mountains—stay
 Untouched, untroubled by the wear and tear
 Of those corroding forces of decay
 That sweep all living things within their range.
 Type of that changeless Power by whom all are,
 For whom all creatures stand, to whom they tend
 In ever-waning cycles, toward the Day
 When all of earth and earthly time shall end.

XIV

*The Last
 Great Change.*

And now, alas! that last great change has come
 (In whose sure coming change shall never be),
 To him, of all the village sons, whose name
 Has carried farthest on the breath of Fame,
 And holds the highest niche within her fane.
 The Senator has joined the ghostly train
 Of villagers whose undistinguished shades
 Have passed on through the gateway of the tomb.
 And here I stand, facing the Northwest wind
 That over hill, and mountain height and plain
 Has blown to me a kiss from off his grave,
 Hard by the pebbly shore

Over whose face Lake Erie's sapphire wave
Beats her unceasing threnody,
Now soft as mother's crooning lullaby,
Now loud and deep as angry ocean's roar.
I watch the driving snowflakes, in their flight
Like eager armies hurrying to the fight
Flecking the winter sky as they fly past
The house, the naked trees, the arbor where
The flag he loved so well floats out half-mast.

And standing thus, from memory's hidden store
Come trooping back to me as throng and swift
As gusts of snow careering through the air,
The scenes, well-nigh forgot, of early days;
The joys and griefs, the labors and the plays,
The schoolmates, playmates, chums, companions
dear,
Home, School and Church—and every active power
That wrought with Nature's force of inward gift,
To form the life and mould the character
That brings an honoring nation now to bend
Reverent and sad before the sepulchre
That opens to receive my boyhood's friend,
My country's loyal friend—the Senator.

XV

*Types of
Character.*

His not the saintly mood; nor soul devout
 Meet for life's cloistered walks and sheltered
 ways,
 Where men in holy contemplation rapt
 And pious meditation spend their days,^o
 Unarmored for the rugged bout
 With rude contestants in the world without.
 Not his the faith that feeds its flame on prayer;
 The priestly soul, God's minister and seer,
 The prophet's mantle born and called to wear;
 With mantic zeal for heavenly things afire,
 In human hearts the higher law t' enshrine,
 And lift ideals high, and ever higher
 And cause the wings of spiritual desire
 To mount o'er earth's low levels, and inspire
 Mankind with juster thoughts of things divine.

Such men there be, and have been and shall be,
 The House of God to sanctify and tend.
 But, in God's plans, a type of man must be
 To rear the temple, and its walls defend.
 Alert in action, strong of nerve and hand,

Clear-eyed, courageous, cool, and firm of will,
Prompt to obey and ready to command,
With patience, tact and energy and skill
To lead, to organize, to arm, to drill,
To stand with steady sturdiness, and to withstand.

XVI

Men of Action

God's Agents Afield.

Such men are chosen instruments of God
To clear the forest, break the virgin sod,
Open the primal path and mark the road
Before the onward movements of our race.
Such are of Providence the mighty rod
To scourge the foes of progress from their place,
To urge its champions on with keener pace,
And all their errant courses moderate.
Theirs is the martial spirit, theirs the grace
(For such a gift to serve must gracious be)
To grapple hand to hand, and face to face
With foes of order, law and industry,
Religion, culture, home, society.

Theirs is the rôle upon the tossing deck
To pilot, sail and keep the Ship of State

When hostile winds and waves upon her break,
And all discordant powers confederate
To overwhelm; or leave a hopeless wreck
The sacred treasures, richest, dearest, best,
To faith and hope and love most consecrate,
Irrevocably bounden with her fate.
Such was the Senator, and such the task
In life's full round of work to him assigned.

Draw, if thou wilt, the portrait of a man
Whom men would count a pattern of their kind —
As son, employer, husband, parent, friend;
Not faultless, for perfection who can find?
But, knowing where the path of duty leads,
Therein will follow, faithful to the end,
His promise justly answering to his deeds;
Abating nought, nor swerving from the way
Whatever tempt his steadfast feet to stray;
To the full measure of his strength and light
Doing his part, and always all his best
With conscience clear, and loyal to the right.
Keep then this model righteous man in view,
And judge thou, if the Senator has not
With honest, kind, and faithful purpose sought
To hold the mirror to this image true?



XVII

*The Model Man
and Citizen.*

Join we the search this Model Man to find:
The man of honor, manly, courteous, kind;
In friendship just, considerate, sincere;
A genial comrade, but no reveler;⁶¹
Preserving still his simple character
When riches multiplied; when honors rose
As swiftly and as suddenly as flows
The high onrushing tide of Fundy's Bay,
Holding unmoved his unpretentious way.

With shrewd economy, but open hand
Distributing the wealth at his command;
Master of many forms of industry
That work to throngs of wage-earners supplies,
Yet dealing in a fine philanthropy
With laboring men, their faithful friend and wise;
Deeming it honor greater far than all
Conferred on him by party and by State,
Their vexing, wasteful wars with capital
To do away or justly mediate.

Though pressed by business cares and interests
vast,

His country's claims he reckons first, not last,
The individual second to the whole.
Nought personal her honor can impede,
Nor selfish motives meanly supersede
The righteous claims a patriot should concede;
Nor in the secret temple of his soul
Are civic conscience and communal creed
Dismantled by the groundling trader's greed.
A public spirit rules his private schemes;
This maxim sways his working thoughts and aims:
Communal interests ask an equal zeal
For private welfare and the common weal.

XVIII

*The Model Man
at Home.*

With probity he walks in manhood's ways;
Still keeping green amidst prosperity,
Nor losing mid the shouts of worldly praise
The kindly memories of early days.
He keeps his home in unstained purity
The holiest and the dearest place on earth,
Where love bears sovereign sway; his wife the
queen,
His children cherished friends, his next of kin



MRS. MARCUS A. HANNA

TRANSFORMED VILLAGERS 103

Free to his roof in loyal unity;
His friends the welcome guests, and—fairest scene
Within the precincts of that fair demesne! —
The honored place is hers who gave him birth.

So it befalls that one who enters there
A favored visitor, will surely meet
In his Lararium incense more sweet
Than ere from altar rose or incense swung;
And daily there his garlands, far more fair
Than violets or rosemary, are hung,
The fadeless offerings of filial care. “
The simplest, chiefest duty of a son
Is filial love; amidst all lovely scenes
That brighten this life’s shadowed way, is none
More beautiful to see than man, full-grown,
Whose lusty strength supports and guides and
screens
With reverent grace a mother’s closing years;
Or, mindful of his sheltered childhood, cheers
With duteous love a father’s waning days,
And tempers friendship’s genial ministry
With homage such as filial piety
Enrobed in noble manhood, gladly pays.

Behold the model! Mark the upright man!

And judge ye fairly, as you fain would see
 Yourselves the subject of a just decree,
 Sought not my friend with rare fidelity
 Fairly to mould his life by this fair plan?

XIX

Where Virtues

Have Reward.

Virtues like these are destined not to die,
 Virtues that God and man conjoin to bless.
 All goodness and all holy lovingness
 Are like the odors of a plant that live
 In essence separate from the flowers that give
 The fragrance forth; they mount into the sky,
 Are garnered there, embodied righteousness,
 Where all that Angel gatherers have seen
 Likest to God in God's own universe,
 By irresistible affinity
 Are drawn into one spiritual demesne,
 The Commonwealth of the Eternal Good,
 Where Love and Justice are the sovereign laws,
 For all the sole and the sufficient code.

This is the realm that men call Paradise,
 And Heaven, the Father's House, Building of God

TRANSFORMED VILLAGERS 105

Not made with hands, the Home beyond the skies,
Saints Everlasting Rest,
Celestial City, Refuge of the Blest.
Oh, to be there, when at the Reveillé
That Gabriel shall sound o'er shore and sea,
The Morning Sun of Immortality
Shall break the silence of our mortal sleep,
And bid the Army of the Just to keep
Their Easter tryst with all the Sons of Light,
The good and true, the faithful and the sage,
Elect of God in every race and age!

From such, bright Hope declares to sober Trust,
Lives like the Senator's shall not be lost,—
That filled so full and well th' appointed place
In Heaven's high plan, to bless our needy race,
Appealing all in humble faith at last,
To God's redeeming love and sovereign grace.
He, too, shall hear amidst th' assembled host
Where sits the Judge of all upon His throne,
The sentence and the sealing benison:
"Weighed in the balances, and found just
weight!"
Grace bends the beam, virtues preponderate;
Helper of men, hence brother of their Lord;
Friend of humanity, hence friend of God;

Thy country's servant, hence co-worker true
With Him who calls Himself the Nation's God,
Well done the duty given thee to do;
Well done, thou faithful one,
Well done, well done!

Rest thou in peace till He shall come again
The true and Faithful Witness, the Amen,
To seal for aye the destinies of men!
Then grant it, O thou High and Holy One,
Whose armory of Justice wears the sheath
Which gentle Mercy knits about Thy Throne,
That he, and I and all who followed on,
With often erring steps and faulty path,
Yet with a heart whose master impulse held
True to the Right as needle to the north,
May rise above the hindering mists of Earth,
And, robed in the Redeemer's stainless worth,
Walk in the ever-widening quest
And clearer light and calmer rest
Of those who win the Victory over Death!*

CANTO FOURTH
A PLEA FOR IMMORTALITY

THE ARGUMENT

A Foreword—Fair Forms that Perish—The Inevitable Hour—A Natural Impulse to Immortality—The Consensus of Humanity—Response of Highest Human Types—And of the Masses—Daily Life and All Life Influenced by the Future—Hope in a Law of Continuity—Mundane Immortality as an Analogy—Snowflakes Reliving in Flowers—Is the Highest Best Ephemeral?—Nature's Economy—Spiritual Being Not Dependent on Physical—Evolution's Plea for Immortality—Latent Powers of the Soul—Women and Immortality—Insect Analogies—Women's Spiritual Superiority—Snow Whiteness an Emblem of Saintliness—Saintliness a Plea for Immortality.

A FOREWORD

In these meditations upon the Life Beyond, which naturally arise upon the death of a friend, the author does not aim so much to argue the truth of personal immortality, as to voice the cry of the human heart, and of an exalted and sanctified imagination. He thinks that the doctrine of immortality lies largely within the domain of pious faith. But he also believes, that the pure and sane and cultivated Affections and Imagination of mankind are true natural yoke-fellows with the Reason and with Faith in deciding the problems of the present and the future life. Therefore the doctrine of immortality, which Jesus Christ brought to light in His Gospel and confirmed by His resurrection, receives strong support from the belief therein as formulated in man's primal faiths by the loftiest types—the seers, the poets, the orators, the bards and the sages; and as acknowledged by the concensus of our race, arrived at not only through revelation and reason, but through the inextinguishable longing of the heart, and the yearnings of affection to recover in the future the beloved dead. To these we add the so-called natural indications of immortality; all the more confidently, because we too are a part of nature; and when the external world answers to the inner man, there seems in the harmony an index to the truth. An analogy is not an argument; but it may embosom a latent argument, and it certainly often reveals or illumines it.

CANTO FOURTH

I

*Fair Forms
that Perish.*

They seem a threadless maze
These snowflakes drifting with the western squall,
Endless above, beyond, where'er they fall
From far aloft; and aimlessly alight
With movements unresolvable to sight
As human beings' ways.
Yet every flake a shapely form shall yield
As precious stones or flowers of the field;
And each alike the taste divine displays
Of Him who made them all.⁶⁴
And are they not the lilies of the sky?
Fair flowers blooming in the upper air,
Born of the vapory seas
That wrap the world around, hung far on high,
And scattered to the earth from out the hoard
Of Heaven's illimitable bounteousness?
As when the opening year's relaxing hand
Dusts the fresh orchard sward
With snowy petals of the blossoming trees.

O mortal men! As fair and frail as they,
Born of the sky, low laid upon the ground!
O beauteous beings! Souls beyond compare,
Wrought in the loom of life by angels' care,
Yet scattered, broken, crushed and cast away
 With seeming unconcern and lavishness,
 As Nature's forces fling
From heaven's far height the crystals of the snow,
 Or from the trees the blossoms of the spring.

And thus, alas, the Senator is dead!
 Not rank, nor wealth, nor purpose high and fair,
Th' inexorable hand that levels all would spare.⁶⁶
The force which moved a nation to his will
 Its vital medium has fled,
 That sturdy human form
Which powerless, lifeless, oh, how still!
 Men bear away amidst this winter storm
 To lay beneath the snow.
O God, that Thy high will inscrutable
 Should foreordain it so!

II

*The Silent
Passing.*

How noiselessly they fall! I do not hear
The faintest flutter as they twinkle by.
Legions of angels passing to and fro
On ministries that hold the world aright;
Souls of the dead in intervenient flight
'Twixt earth and Paradise,
Move not more silently than flakes of snow.
So left the Senator his earthly sphere;
His knightly soul swept not the upward way
With agitating wings,
But noiseless as the white-robed ministrants
Who glided from that Presence, awfuller
In its mute majesty, than Presidents,
Or Emperors or Kings,
Or all the dignities that mortals fear.

So softly falling! Each flake, as it falls,
As light as dandelions' downy seed.
Yet once the angels of the storm have thrown
Awide the icen treasuries
That hoard the winter's wealth, no powers known
Save those that wait before the Maker's throne

To wield the elemental potencies,
Their movement earthward could impede,
Or cause th' onrushing columns to recede.
Alas, with mortal man 'tis even so;
Life's forces, once from carnal boundaries freed,
Sweep downward, deathward surely as the snow.

III

*The Inevitable
Hour.*

There comes at last a time when human skill
Must all its aids and offices put by
As impotent to stay the sovereign will
That dooms all flesh to die.
Then love comes helpless down, and halts beside
The verge of that unfathomable sea,
Yet unexplored by human scrutiny,
Whereon must all embark, sans friend, sans guide,
Sans all the garniture of custom, pride,
Affection, culture, wealth, society.

Oh, for a grip upon the mighty rod
That Moses stretched above th' Egyptian Sea,
To backward roll this all-devouring tide!
O God, to sit, with folded hands, and see

A PLEA FOR IMMORTALITY 115

This life for which a nation would lay down
A ransom wealthier than a royal dower,
Away from earth far and forever glide,
Out, out beyond all fondling clasp of hands,
And rapturous kiss, and kind or tender speech,
All power of love that stronger is than death,
But cannot snatch from death one victim dear!
Cease, cease, fond heart! Thy pleadings may not
reach

Or shall not bend th' inexorable power.
Thy words fall meaningless upon that ear
To earthly voices now, or dear, or dread,
Forever dead, dead, dead!

My lips are sealed; my voice I dare not lift
In protest or in prayer,
As impotent as are the flakes that drift
Across the lawn before the winter air.
One utterance may I make, and one alone,
The legacy left by his martyred friend:
"It is God's way! The will of God be done!"
Enough! 'Tis He who gave; and for His own
May He not in His sovereign wisdom send?
Yet come, my soul, (for thou mayst dare to
bend
In reverent meditation by the tomb),

And look across yon narrow ridge of gloom
That marks this being's bound,
With all the mysteries that gird it round,
To deeper mysteries in the Life Beyond.

IV

*The Unwary
Multitude.*

The snowflakes fall and fall, they ever fall!
They hold the course that even from their birth
By nature's sovereign energy they took.
They do not stay, their course they cannot stay,
But moving downward, pressing onward still
Others and all, unnumbered hosts, until
Arrested by the wood, the field, the brook
Whereinto soon they too shall melt away,
They mingle with the elements of Earth.

And thus with mortal man; we follow on
Each in the way that all alike must tread,
The great onmarching army of the quick
To join the greater army of the dead
In the last earthly goal, the grave their common
bed.

A PLEA FOR IMMORTALITY 117

Our fellows day by day drop from the walks
Of living men; death boldly stalks
 'Midst those of years and vigor like our own;
Friends and familiars perish at our side,
Companions, partners, comrades dear have died,
Until at last our life's well-trodden ways
 Seem to our yearning vision bare and lone;
Yet do we speak and act as though we deemed
Ourselves impervious to death's shafts, and dreamed
Of youth immortal and unnumbered days!

V

*A Natural Impulse
to Immortality.*

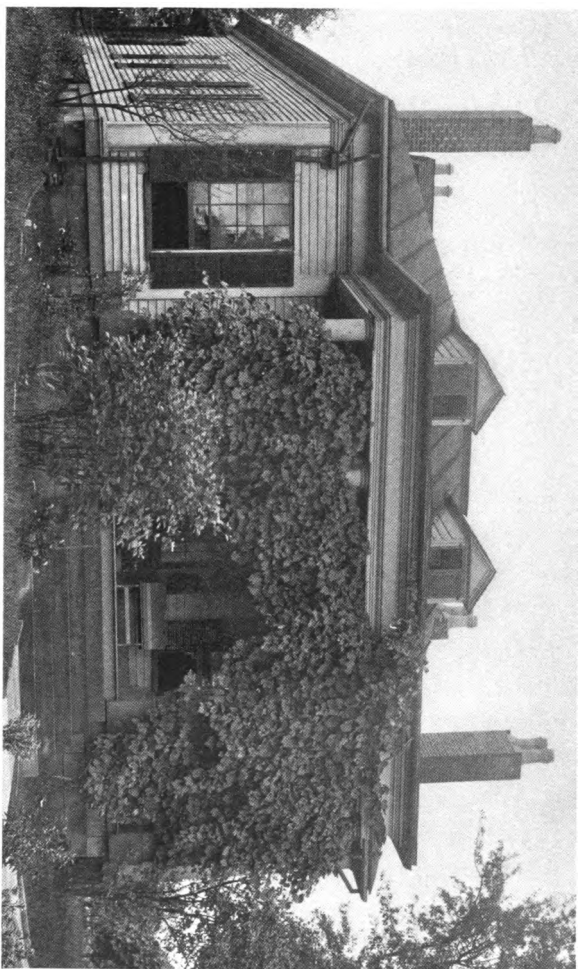
Is this crass folly? Or, mayhap the sign
Of wisdom deeper far and nearer truth
Than all that bare philosophies define,
Or superstitious votaries enshrine,
 Because uprising from perennial springs
Of man's instinctive fears and hope and faith,
The gifts that unpolluted nature brings
 Fresh from the Fount divine?

This is not life: vast as this being seems,
The world its vestibule, the universe

Its outer fields, for thought the sporting ground.
For man is larger than the utmost bound
Of things material that his thoughts traverse.
Deep in infinitudes there lies beyond,
A realm of which this world is only the precurse.

The race beheld it in its childhood dreams;
Its youth with ardent zeal lived in its light;
Its mellowed manhood holds it still in sight
As of all certitudes the best assured,
Since with the primal faiths of man engrained.
This is the soul's full sphere, which no fell clouds
Of timorous unbelief have long obscured.
There fond imagination bends its flight,
Undoubting that its goal shall be attained;
And faith with wing unfettered flies away
To greet its future Home, bright with the beams
Of an Eternal Sun in Everlasting Day.

Has all the world, in all its ages past,
Held true its course toward such Immortal Hope,
To anchor in oblivion, at last,
A shoreless, sunless deep?
While all good angels weep
That Nature, faithless Mother, should mislead
Her highest, noblest progeny to grope
Through endless error to eternal sleep?



SENATOR HANNA'S BOYHOOD HOME, NEW LISBON, OHIO

VI

*The Consensus
of Humanity.*

Thou sayest, behold, the record is not whole;
Great gaps appear before the studious ken
Of ethnologic science, pondering much
The faith and actions of all tribes of men,
And searching far and wide with keen inquest
To history's dawn, back through the misty past.
Peoples have been (and still such tribes exist),
Who knew no future for the human soul
Nor dreamed of life beyond this earthly rôle.

Hast heard the tale of apostolic times
When they, who to the ancient peoples bore
The Lord's Evangel, compassed sea and shore
To tell of Him who all our burdens bore,
And brought to light immortal life for men?
How multitudes the Holy Gospel heard,
Received the message of the Risen Lord,
And hailed with joy the life-inspiring word
That opened up a world unknown till then?

Within them lay the latent germs of hope
That into life and being started up

At touch of that all-quickenning truth. And still
 In Heathenese the missionary will
 That old, old story see repeated o'er.
 Clean off the scrub-oaks from the thicket's face;
 Lo, noble pines spring up and fill the space.
 Their latent germs long occupied the place,
 Awaiting but the dawn of Nature's hour
 To yield the treasures of their hidden power.

VII

*Response of
 Highest Human Types.*

The sages, poets, seers of every race,
 The men of purest life, the men of grace,
 The secret seekers of the Father's face,
 The souls of temper meet the truths to test
 That touch the spirit realm, received, confessed
 The truth of immortality, as one,
 From home long absent, hears his mother-tongue.

How pitiful on yonder perch
 Th' imprisoned eagle sits with drooping wing!
 Poor uncrowned sovereign of the upper air,
 From fledgling eaglehood thou hast been there,
 Unknowing of the free, wide life that might

A PLEA FOR IMMORTALITY 121

But for thy hapless doom have been thine own.
Come; I have bought thee free! Upon this height
The caller air blows round thee. Yonder light

That burns far up above thee is the sun.
There float the clouds that many an eagle's beak
Has pierced while soaring in its spiral flight.
I liberate thee! Go, and rise likewise!

And will it go? And can it mount the skies?
It will! It can! It spreads its pinions wide;
It springs from off my hands; it mounts, it flies!
Feebly at first, and with uncertain flight,
But firmer, steadier, swifter—till, at last,
It fronts the sun and sky with unblanched eyes,
And in th' o'erhanging cloud is lost to sight.
Its inborn temper stood at once revealed,
Though e'en from its own consciousness con-
cealed,
When Nature touched its inner life aright,
And to its latent eaglehood appealed.

VIII

*Men Products
of the Past.*

Men are the Products of the Past: .

The centuries are coursing through their veins;
 Their nerves are tingling with the touch of hands
 Long mouldered into dust. Sinners and saints,
 Of distant eras and of diverse lands,
 Peasants and lords, and emperors and swains,
 Earth's mighty ones, the men of brawn or brains,
 And women, stronger yet with gifts of heart,
 Endowed with the diviner, finer art
 To bind and lead all ranks in love's sweet
 chains,—
 These all, though centuries deceased, again
 Behold the world through souls of living men.

Therefore has history her mighty charm;
 And with her, archeologies that trace
 Through ages gone and peoples multiform
 The records of the ancients of our race,
 Worthies, unworthies, heroes, heroines,
 E'en to the mist-bound realm of origins;
 For in these men and women, lo, are seen
 Our very selves projected on the screen.

Debtors to Gentiles and to Jews are we,
To Norman, Saxon, Kelt and Aryan,
To East and West and Islands of the Sea,
To high and humble, holy and profane.
Thus on our lives the past has laid her spell,
Moulding us all with hands invisible,
Shaping our nature and our destiny,
And leading toward the perfect type of Man.

IX

The Future's

Formative Influence.

Far more the future forms our lives; the past
Lives in us, but, we in the future live.
The past, with touch of distant fingers faint,
Of virtuous tendency or vicious taint,
Diluted through the cycles of descent;
The future, vital, potent with the vast
Compulsion of the passions, hope, and fear,
Hatred, and love, and all that souls hold dear,
To being by the living present lent.

Come, scan with me the lives that day by day,
With fevered pace across our vision play.
What are the thoughts and purposes that sway

The world ? They pivot on and circle round
To-night—to-morrow—next week, and next
year,
The pleasure that shall be, the gain in store,
The far event impending, or the near,
But ever centred on some future hour
Wherewith some fuller joy of life is bound.

The schoolboy irks beneath the master's rule,
And keenly yearns for youth's far wider sphere
In academic halls or in High School;
The youth is longing for the large career
Of college life or university,
With all its generous, strenuous rivalry;
A place, perchance, should fate that honor yield!—
Among the high elect, the favored few
Who, in the mighty throes of nerve and thew,
Strive with the athletes of the boating crew,
Or with the heroes of the football field,
Those armored knights of modern chivalry,
Before admiring hosts such as of old
The joyous tournament met to behold,
Or in the days of Grecian glory came
To see an Isthmian or Olympic game.

X

*Love's Bright
Dreams.*

Yon little fitful maiden longs to drop
Her baby bonds in girlhood's liberty;
The girl is living in the roseate hope
Of sweet young womanhood, heart-whole and
free.

Change we the scene! The love-lorn maiden see
With joyful pride upon her finger lay
The golden ring that binds her to her fate,
Beholding, while the lagging hours wait,
In love's bright dreams, her happy wedding-day.

A mother now, her babe upon her knee,
Her heart athrob, and eyes aglow, and face
Transfigured with maternal ecstasy,
She folds this dearer self in fond embrace,
And dreams fair dreams of all that yet shall be
When her sweet babe shall come to man's estate;
And still, with quenchless faith dreams ever on
Till starlit hope is merged in Heaven's Sun.
O Motherhood, the love of Motherhood!
How near it comes, how near,
To all we hold most dear and most revere
In that high source of motherhood, our God!

These are but types of life: no rank or age
Or calling is exempt; none mounts so high,
Few sink so low to view with careless eye
What in the book of life for them may lie,
As Time unfolds the future page by page.
All hearts are bent to make that future bright
With hopes fulfilled; all catch the beacon light
That shapes their course, illumining the night,
Pointing alike the safe or parlous way.

In truth, the springs that yield the fullest power
That moves the wheels of human destiny,
Rise thitherward of this the present hour,
Flow backward upon life in gathered streams
Of influence, as gracious Heaven beteems,
And earth evokes; and Earth and Heaven agree
In happy harmony of end and source
To give to men through them their mightiest
moulding force.

XI

*The Light
Beyond the Tomb.*

Seem not these facts in natural unison
With that dear hope which casts a friendly gleam

A PLEA FOR IMMORTALITY 127

Upon earth's darkest ways, and throws its beam
Beyond the cheerful reach of earthly sun,
And spans the dismal wave of Acheron
With the bright bow of Isis, and thereon

A radiant pathway sets to cross the stream?
Immortal Hope! Thou universal light
Of mortal men, lifting thy beacon bright
Where fall the deepest shades of sorrow's night,
Death hath not power to quench thy Heaven-lit
flame,
And prove thy promise a delusive dream!

Thus lies the truth our calmer judgments own:
Through all man's life the light that leads him on
Is not the present, but the future weal;
Man lives for the to-morrow, not to-day;
So Nature leads him till this life is done,
Forever pointing forward to the dawn
Of some to-morrow destined to reveal
A promised good, or void a threatened ill.
Is this a jack-o'-lantern, set to play
By Mother Nature o'er her children's way,
Leaving their floundering feet to sink away
Deep in the mire of oblivion?

Forbid it, Lord, and every righteous law

In Nature fix'd! Here let the law abide
 Of continuity; nor cease to draw
 Man's disembodied soul beyond the tide
 That bounds the hither and the thither side
 Of life's great crisis, known to us as death!
 Still let the dying saint his soul confide,
 In calm repose of an unflinching faith
 And hope that Heaven's To-morrow shall arise,
 To that Good Shepherd who shall ever guide
 His destiny, and every want provide
 In yon Eternal Morrow in the skies!

XII

A Vestibule to Heaven.

From yonder deep mysterious vault they come,
 Still and continuous as passing time.
 Flake pressing close on flake, they bridge the dome
 Of far-off heaven to this their earthly home,
 And seem to bring its mysteries more near;
 As though the Angel architects would rear
 A stairway to God's throne,
 As once in Bethel's vision they had done
 For Hebron's exile lone

A PLEA FOR IMMORTALITY 129

A glimpse of heaven's stainlessness they bear,
These dainty stellate messengers from high,
Robed in the purest vestments of the sky.
Whence have they come? From yonder vaulted
dome.

What need that I should further know or tell?
Yet this I know full well,
That motionless upon the ground they lie
With myriads that before and with them fell.
And more than this I know:

These crystal flakes, fair children of the flowers
In beauteous forms, though framed like them
to be

The fleeting children of a passing day,
Lie in that cycle of the heavenly powers
That leads to mundane immortality.
Merged in the common mass, smit by the sun,
Stained with the soil, their comely seeming gone,
Into the Mother Earth they melt away.

XIII

*When Spring
Shall Come.*

But when with vernal warmth the frost-bound
ground,

Soothed and complacent grown,
 Shall slow relax its rigid grasp, and yield
 Its floral treasures to the wood and field,
 Then shall I see them on the brook's green bank
 Aglow in Dandelion's sunny face;
 Or drooping in the modest alban cup
 Of daintiest Hypatica; or in
 The eager eyes of sweet Anemone,
 Bright Flora's loveliest gem,
 Whose starry blooms and dainty leaves and stem
 Athrough the mossy turf are peeping up
 'Neath the wide-spreading arms of yon beech-tree.

Or haply we may see them issuing
 From out the Mallow's purpure-azure disk;
 Or fair Claytonia's nodding asterisk
 Dotting the grove with comely notes of Spring.
 And is she not "Spring Beauty"?—her white
 cheek
 Pink with its blushing veins; her clustering
 bloom
 Clasped by her twain of narrow lance-like leaves;
 Wide-eyed to greet the sun-bright day, but eke
 Shutting her corol to the evening gloom.

Or Blood-Root's golden heart, and petals white

As snowflakes newly fallen; and as fleet
To vanish in the leaf-brown mould from sight,
At once its birth-robe and its winding-sheet.
Fit type of Infancy's unsullied days;
Alas, and of its transient sweetnesses!
Type of the martyred saint, whose pious life
Erect and pure, thrusts upward to the sky'
From out the roots of an ensanguined strife,
Blood-red below, heav'n's stainlessness on high.

XIV

*Snowflakes Re-live
in Flowers and Clouds.*

Or creeping in the Wild Strawberry vine
To meet the woodside's mingled sun and shade,
So dainty graceful with her modest flower
Of milky white; though prone to masquerade
In color borrowed from the Dandelion.
Or dearest Violet, in Flora's bower
Best loved of all, with her sweet drooping head
Wet with the dewy tears by evening shed,
Leaned lovingly upon the meadow's face
And breathing sweetness from her scented vase.
And I shall see them in the cirrus clouds
Hanging in flossy rolls of radiant white

Far up the glowing azure of the sky;
And in the striate bands that closing day
 Draws o'er the setting sun, whose tempered
 light
Throws on the sombre ground of ashen gray
 Colors so rare, and rarely intermixed
That Iris well might look with longing eye
 To weave within her veil, or therein steep
Her brush to paint therewith her seven-hued zone
 That binds the earth with the empyrean deep.

Thus ever on and on: they are not lost,
 But changed from form to form, from state to
 state
Other or higher in the varying rôle
 Of nature's rounds concomitate.
Not one of yon innumerable host
 So lightly fluttering down th' aërial way
Hath rank so low within the mighty whole
 That He who made would mar; or relegate
 Back to the limbo of the uncreate,
Or cause its course to err from its just goal
 By His high will and law predestinate.

XV

*Is the Highest
Best Ephemeral?*

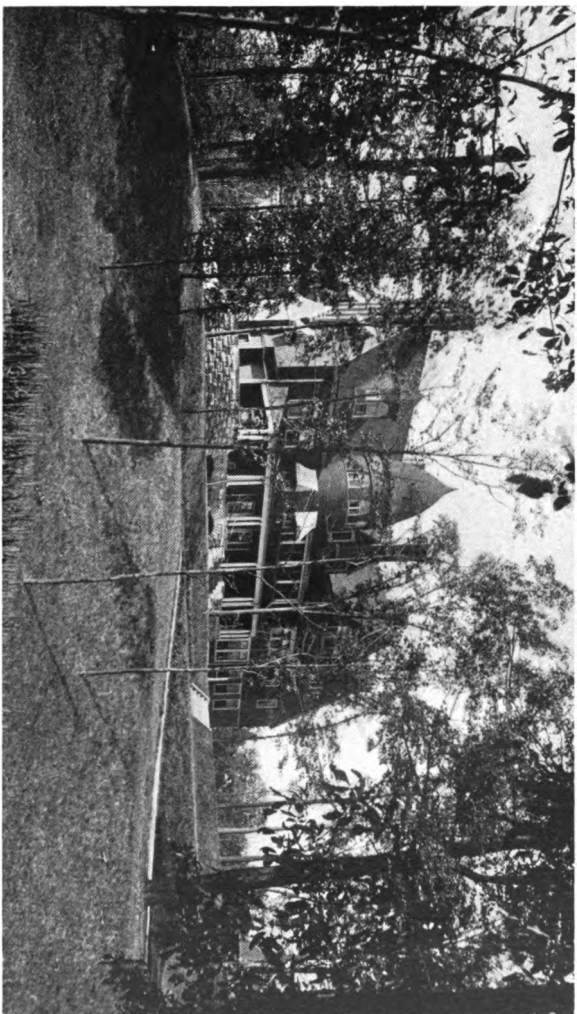
And careth God for flowers of field and sky
To give them in their measure and degree
Of sentient being or related worth
The life continuous that seals to earth
Succession of all life and beauteousness ?
And shall His love and wisdom pass men by,
And bar the gates of immortality
In measure due their lofty powers and worth,
Against His human children, who possess
The gift to know and seek the blessedness
Of sharers in His own Eternity ?

Could one imagine that a Raphael
Would plan to paint Transfiguration scenes
Upon a bubble, that a playful boy
Blows from his pipe,—a passing fancy's toy—
To float a fleeting moment in the air,
And burst and disappear ?
Would Raphael's Creator plan
To bring to birth, but to obliterate
After this brief life's span,
A being such as Man,

The crown and consummation of His thought,
His very child, in His own image wrought ?

Whose spirit rises to the loftiest height
Of Mind and Art divine ?
Can follow swifter than the wings of light
The thought creative, to the outmost bound
Of universal nature, wearying not ?
Or, turning from the vastest orbs that shine,
With facile mental grasp cosmopolite
Can pierce the microcosmos with his lens,
And read the history of its denizens,
The tiniest in the realm of being found ?

Certes, in Nature's vastnesses,
Her mountains, forests, polar regions, streams,
Her all-enclosing, all-receiving sea,
All-yielding and all-nurturing, too, that teems
With countless forms of living things,—there seems
A reckless waste of raw material,
And vital products, plant and animal.
So seems: but lavishness in energy
Counts not for waste; nor is fecundity
True yokefellow of prodigality.
And who that knows how Nature's gleaner host
Follows, where'er her bounteous board is spread,



GLENMERE, THE CLEVELAND HOME OF SENATOR AND MRS. HANNA

To gather fragments up that nought be lost,
Will doubt that a divine economy
Rules her designs, and all her ways are laid
With outlet toward a wise utility ?
Less can we think that all the priceless wealth
Of spirits such as man's, built on the past
By discipline and culture long and vast,
With all inherited, and all attained,
Are doomed to loss well-nigh as soon as gained.
That were a waste, indeed, a reckless waste
Of opulence immortal, treasury
Of wealth as boundless as infinity,
By Heaven and Earth throughout all time amass'd.

XVI

*Spiritual Being Not
Dependent on Physical.*

'Twere venturing far, too far, in sooth, to say
That mind-activity depends
On physical existence of the brain;
That spiritual being surely ends
Whene'er from a material basis free;
That spiritual life can only be
If physical enclotment it retain.

The uncreate and everlasting God,
The Self-Existent and Invisible,
Eternal, infinite, unchangeable
In goodness, justice, truth and holiness,
In power, wisdom and in lovingness,
Is simple Being, Mind uncorporate,
Existent without body, without part,
Essential Spirit, wholly separate
From physical condition and support,
And in no form material yclad.
Man is the "Son of Adam, son of God";
As son of Adam, heritor of earth,
To earthly forms and fate predestined tied;
As son of God, child of a higher birth,
To all high spiritual dynasties
And to the Spirit Sole-Supreme allied.
Seems it an incongruity, that he
Who, in his earthly being, bore
The image of his earthly ancestor,
Should in some spirit realm, the tie dissolved
That bound him to his earthly being's stage,
Emerge full-orbed from mundane pupilage
And, from all yokes and bonds of sin absolved,
Enter upon his higher heritage
Bearing the image of his Heavenly Parentage ?

XVII

*Evolution's Plea
for Immortality.*

Say'st thou the universe has been evolved
From star-dust primitive through æons vast ?
And all things living, born within the womb
Of laboring Nature, in the ages past
Have been transformed from high to low,
From high to higher, ever moving on
In cycles of advancement swift or slow,
From simple to complex, the Maker's plan
Of evolution perfected, at last,
And Nature's types of instinct, forethought, taste,
Coming to reasoning consciousness in Man ?
Seems it more strange that, in some higher sphere,
Th' Eternal Love and Over-mind should still
Prolong the method of His sovereign will,
The scheme of graded being wrought out here ?

Read back millenniad æons past, and trace
The pyramid of life, whose mighty base
Rises on living stones of countless grades
Of changing form and varying degree
To Man, the aim and apex of the whole !
Lift thought a cycle higher, and there see

Spirits of loftier grade, and man endowed
 With attributes of immortality
 Meet for his last and everlasting rôle!
 Æons of æons in the ages past,
 Infinite thought and force and taste and care,
 And drafts on sun and sea, and earth and air
 And every source and spring of vital power,
 To make a Man, Creation's demigod,
 Only for this: after life's little hour
 By death's remorseless hand, at last,
 Like flotsam on the seashore cast,
 Or rubbish of the workshop, hurled
 To rot upon the waste-heaps of the world!

Great God, this cannot be!
 From Microcosmos to the Macrocosm
 Vast is the stride; immeasurably great
 The grade that leads from monad up to Man.
 Why should we deem that Nature needs must
 pause,
 Bereft of power to push her changeless laws
 Of progress past the bars of Azrael's gate?
 Why should thought hesitate
 Eternal life and growth to predicate
 Of psychic men, of disembodied souls,
 As fixed in Nature's plan?

XVIII

Latent Potencies

Disclosed.

What mind can measure all the force that lies
Latent within the treasures of the snow,
As lay the mighty Jinn the fisher found
(Told in the tale of ancient Orient lore)
By spell of magic art compressed and bound
Within the casket that he drew ashore?
The imprisoned potency alone
Within a handful of those crystals white
Wrought from the vapory elements
In yonder laboratory of the skies,
If once again embodied, would suffice
To hurl an avalanche of fallen stone
From Chamouni's sweet vale
Over the loftiest Alpine mountain height.
And not a unit of that force shall fail
Of active potency, or cease to be;
Transferred to other forms, though changed in
state,
In essence it abides eternally.

And is that psychic energy
Which but a year—how brief a year!—ago

Guided a mighty nation's policy,
 And chief and victor stood amidst
 The marshaled parties of his native State,
 A power more evanescent than the snow ?
 And can the change that mortal men call Death,
 Unique to units, common to the whole,
 Such power annihilate ?

Name not the universe of God to me
 As some grim Chronion power
 Great infinitely, caused eternally
 Remorselessly its children to devour!
 Some place there is within the realm of law
 For such a force as Disembodied Soul,
 Where Being, clothed in immortality,
 Perfect in units, perfect in the whole,
 Strength from the One Infinite Force,
 Life from the One Eternal Source
 Through endless æons perfectly shall draw.

XIX

*Women and
 Immortality.*

But yesterday a sneer contemptuous fell
 From one, a flippant soul and undevout,

A PLEA FOR IMMORTALITY 141

Who never knew the serious sceptic's hell
Of agony in battleings with doubt
In all the furies of its fierce assail
To cast the cherished faith of childhood out;
Nor ever felt that grief so wae and fell,
The tremors of despair, heart sinking fea.
To wound the love of those most dear and near;
Hope softly sending down a ray of light
Quick swallowed up in the abyss of night,
Again emerging, flickering o'er the wave
Where buffeted, but still with spirit brave,
Mid fears and hopes
That swell and sink, and rise and sweep him o'er,
The honest doubter gropes
For solid footing on the stable shore.

From such an one the sneer contemptuous fell
"The bulk of those who hold a faith sincere
In immortality are women!" Well,
So be it! Who a fairer claim maintains
To queen the colder realms where reason rules
As lord of intellect, than she who reigns,
By right of nature's dower within the sphere
Which the affections hold, with peerless sway,
And by the spell of love all lives enchains?

Her womb the cradle of the race of men;
Her breast, of human life the nurturing fount;
Her voice, the call inspiring to surmount
All barriers that block man's onward way,
And ring the course with echoes of good cheer;
Her heart, the hearth where fledgling lives are
warmed

To every generous impulse toward the good,
Before whose fires the noblest plans are formed;
Her hand, the kindly potence to constrain,
In childhood, by the spell of motherhood;
In manhood, by a sweetheart's rapturous charms
That weave in love's bright loom
The willing thrall of wife's embracing arms,
And gentle but compelling bonds of home,
While vital forces wax until they wane.
Does thought rule man? Grant thought that noble
part;
Yet heart rules thought; and woman stands for
heart!

XX

Insect Analogies :

Ants as Females.

As when one mounts a stair, ascent is made
By setting foot upon the lowest step,
So we betimes to higher truths may rise
From facts of beings of a lower grade.
Turn to the insect world inquiring eyes!
Your thought is in a realm of life that lies
Vast ranks of being 'neath the accepted plane
Of ethics held and practiced by mankind.
Yet analogues of moral qualities,
At least of common virtues, here you find:
The love and tender care of progeny;
And loyalty to one's own native land;
Unselfish courage, tireless industry,
The instincts that create and well maintain
Those works of architecture that command
The admiration of the thoughtful mind.

Note yonder emmet commonwealth, whose dome
Will to the heedful passer mark
Where, in this native mountain park,
Embodied insect wisdom has her home.
It covers countless citizens whose skill,

Fidelity in service, courage, zeal,
Supreme devotion to the common weal,
Seem higher than the standard reached by men
 (Judged by the common round),
In civic loyalty; and all whose work
 In fitness for its ends compares not ill
With reasoning man's. Through its entire bound
A male administrator is not found!
 In all its busy train
Of varied service,—building city walls,
Shaping the chambers, galleries and halls
For nurslings, queenlings, and dependent males,
The female workers' toil alone avails !

They guard the city gates with courage rare,
 Defending them when raiding foe assails;
 They shield the queen with bodyguard details;
They tend the young with unremitting care,
Washing and combing, portioning each its share
Of wholesome food; and shifting here and there
The tender things, with foresight wise to shun
The bale extremes of rain, or frost or sun.
They forage for the communal supplies,
 Ransacking bush and bower, and tree and field
 That promise stores of honey-dew to yield,
And every hole where hidden treasure lies.

They watch the commune's herds—a cowboy rôle!
And, danger threatening their Aphidean stock,
Each ant an aphid seizes from the flock
And bears—(a race of pigmy Milos they!)
To the safe refuge of some sheltered hole.
These natural virtues, with their facile power
To serve her emmet race, are nature's dower
To female worker ants, administrators sole!

XXI

*Woman's Superiority
in Spiritual Life.*

Turn from the insect: scan the highest grade
Of being organized our senses know.
Find you exception to the ruling made:
The noblest natural virtues are displayed
By females, in the ranks of life below?
Nay! Here at least analogy holds good:
The qualities that difference womanhood,
Place woman first in nature's moral scheme.
As questionless she sits the enthroned queen
Of the affections, reigning there supreme,
Within the moral world 'tis even so;
Truth must on womankind the crown bestow.
Give man the sceptre over realms terrene;
But woman rules the spiritual demesne.

It does not stultify the manliest man
To keep that Faith, with heart and mind serene,
Among whose chief disciples may be seen
Our mothers, sisters, daughters and our wives,
Types of those sweet and consecrated lives
The Women Friends, whose hallowed love and zeal
Set to the Faith of Christ a whole life's seal.

How great a multitude of men might say:
"For God, and Faith and Immortality
One argument I never could gainsay,
A living proof: my mother's saintly life,
The faith unclouded of my pious wife!
I see not perfectly, as yet, the way,
But, follow such a guide I surely may!
 An expert, where but dimly I discern;
A teacher, from whose life and well-loved lips
 In fond surrender I delight to learn."
This simple truth experience may impart,
Chief secret of the propagandist's art:
Know this, that "man believeth with the heart!"

XXII

Snow Whiteness

Emblem of Saintliness.

See! Yonder nimbus clouds have rolled away!

Beyond the hills and cityward they fly,
Where crowding multitudes pass to and fro
Trampling to muddy slush the fallen snow.
From gaps in yon far upper sheets of gray
The sun pours on the earth his brightest ray.

Lo! on the lawn, the hills and meadows lie
The snowflakes that but lately dimmed the sky.
White, white the embanked crystals, glistening
white

From myriad facets flashing solar light;

White, white with bubbles of the heaven-pure air
Seized in the rapture of their dancing flight

Down, down to earth, and held in union there.
White, white and far away the landscape lies
Till girdling hills estop the dazzled eyes.

White are the grove and woods;

The trees bare arms outreach,

White oak, and white-skinned beech,

From tip to trunk white capped;

The bushes wear white hoods;

The orchard trees are wrapped

In mufflers white; the hedge
 Out on the lawn's white edge
 Is one thick snow-white band
 With greenish ribbon lapped.
 White wavelets roll on yonder sloping knoll
 Like ripples of the waves on Ocean's sand.
 White as the lives of infants newly born;
 White as the souls for whose transgressions
 done,
 Though red like scarlet, Jesus did atone;
 White as the robes of saints before the Throne;
 Spotless as garments by the angels worn;
 White as the raiment of the Father's Son
 On Hermon's mount transfigured, till it shone
 With heavenly splendor, glistening like the Sun.
 Emblem of holiness in heaven above,
 Emblem of saintliness on earth below,
 Around me are the fields, the lawn, the grove
 Transfigured by the whiteness of the snow!

XXIII

*Saintliness a Plea
 for Immortality.*

A faith entempled in a holy soul,
 Whose daily walk leads plainly to the goal

A PLEA FOR IMMORTALITY 149

Of God and heaven; whose private ways denote
A blameless life, to holy deeds devote,
 The Church's vow of sainthood answering well,
A lifelong saintliness, has power to cast
 O'er doubting and indifferent minds a spell
That first arrests, then fixes, then a note
Of sympathy awakes, and so at last
 Arrests, and thus conviction will compel
That such a saintly life has other springs
Than feed the muddy streams of current things.
This, science with her crucible and lens
Cannot uncover; higher than all laws
Of nature-physical lies the First Cause!
 A product this beyond the weakling skill
Of prophet self-deceived; high priest of fraud;
Unbalanced dreamer fancying his the road
On which the Prophets and Apostles trod;
Or rash enthusiast in the work of God
Pushing his way to holy ground unshod.
 A holy life o'erpasses human skill;
 It bears the stamp of God's creative will!

Man has the gift to brighten winter days
With flowers and plants reared in a hot-house bed,
And set among them singing birds cage-bred.
But only Nature knows the mystery,

And holds within her potent hand the key
That can unlock the treasures of life
Which sleep beneath the snows on field and hill,
And bid them forth with spring-time beauty rife.
Man's art can make a hot-house, not a spring!
The greening grass, the flowers and woodside
bloom,
And birds that perch within the groves and sing
And o'er the breezy meadows gaily spoom,
And brush the blossoming trees with beating
wing,
Are tokens of God's power and grace and taste
To re-create the spring from winter's waste.

XXIV

*The Rich
in Faith.*

Rich is the man, though poor in worldly gear,
Who knows himself of endless life the heir;
Who fronts the future destitute of fear
That life will hold his being there as here.
Rich is that man, and wise and well content
Beyond the common lot by men possessed,
Who keeps the faith with an unfaltering trust
That this is Life Immortal, God to know

A PLEA FOR IMMORTALITY 151

And Jesus Christ whom He in love hath sent
To lead God's saints to Everlasting Rest.

Poor is the man, though wrapped in luxury,
Who has not learned, O God, to live in Thee
The Source of Life and Immortality.
Sated with daintiest food, see him unfed;
For full-orbed man lives not alone by bread.
With all the earth's ripe harvests at his hand,
With all that gold can buy, and power command,
With every gift that science can devise,
He slowly starves his highest self, and dies!

With every vital power in active play,
The true life of the man has passed away,
Without one pleading wish to bid it stay
Or backward look along th' abandoned way.
Long since the Angels knew that life had fled,
And reckoned him among the spirit-dead.
O LIFE of men, breathe on us with Thy breath,
And save us, save us from this living death!
Let not our life be severed from Thine own;
Hold us in mystic union with Thy Son;
Keep back that Doubting Legion, chief of foes,
Who wreck the sweet and fragrant flowers of
faith,

And leave man comfortless amid earth's woes,
And hopeless in the shadowed vale of Death!

Lord hear this universal cry of Men;
And may all Angels answer: Yea; Amen!

;

CANTO FIFTH
THE LIFE BEYOND

THE ARGUMENT

Employments of the Future Life—Survival of Character—A Theory: the Location of Heaven—The Sweet Influences of the Pleiades—The Middle State of the Dead—Christ's Descent into Hades—The Gospel to Patriarchs and Sages—The Emptying of Hades—Preaching to the Spirits in Prison—Christ in Baneful Hades—Benedicite! The Second Coming of Christ—The Resurrection of the Just.

CANTO FIFTH

I

Employments in the Life Beyond.

Oh, mystery of life! When death befalls
Whither, within the bounds of time and space,
Shall spirits, breaking through the crumbling walls
Of vanquished flesh, speed to their fitting place?
Do regions of the spirit dead enwrap
The world of living men? And is it near?
Does Heaven our earth o'erlap?
And do the dead, like aidant angels, bear
To us, unconscious of their ministry,
Like offices of keeping, warning, grace?

Where are the mighty dead? What their estate?
In what engaged? For, certes, if they live,
Their minds must somehow have a fitting way
To give their trained and active forces play.
E'en heaven would be a world of discontent
Had souls no opportunity to vent
The seething energies within them pent.
What terms have they established with events,
Objects and agents round them? What intents
Conceived, discussed, to bring new elements

Of higher service, wider pleasure in ?
 To organize, to utilize, to change
 From crude to serviceable all the strange
 And potent forms and forces found therein ?

What possibility of service lies
 In schemes of universe—wide enterprise,
 For mundane and angelic minds, akin
 In high initiative, concept wide,
 Clear insight and bold grasp of means to end ?
 What honors wait for them ? Will they a seat
 Within the Congress of Immortals win,
 Whereto the loftiest minds of Paradise
 With genius for administration, tend ?
 For surely, there as here, the Sovereign Power
 With infinite benevolence will guide
 The reins of universal sovereignty
 Through secondary agents, potencies
 Co-operative in their ministry.
 Thus from the loftiest down, through all de-
 grees,
 Of reasoning intelligence, will He
 Provide that prime of happiness and ease,
 Or there or here,
 A fitting aptitude and genial sphere
 For free activities.

can't see them together.

I am pleased to hear about you -
things are looking good - will
bring you summer see right. You
think you will have more business
for next. Let me see more of you
too. With best wishes and remembrance
from all of us

Sincerely yours
W. H. Hanna

AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF SENATOR HANNA

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

3/10

My dear Henry

I am in real agony of the 8th & 9th night and am sure I shall have my face when it will remind you of what I have seen here when we were boys

It is pleasant to hear that what I recalled and yet it is sad that the remains are so near coming into the world that there are so few of us left. I think

~~more than ever together.~~

II

*Survival of
Earth-wrought Character.*

How much of current history is known
In that existence? Have souls yet outgrown,
As children pass beyond their childhood plays,
The interests that filled their earth-life days?
'Twere surely hard for reason to conceive
That minds and hearts, by discipline of years
And long life-usage formed and fixed to cleave
To all that men are here most loth to leave,
The sweetest draughts of all that mortals sip
Of friendship, love and dear companionship;
And all that men hold with the firmest grip,
While forming character in earthly spheres
By kindly service, self-denying ruth,
High thought, deep search of life, and truth,
And being past and present; and converse
With kindred minds that stimulates and cheers
Alike the men of learning and affairs,—
That they should drop all this, and change the bent
And tenor of their mind, and temperament,
And whole life habitude, by crossing o'er
That line invisible which marks the bound
Between this room (the earth), and that room (heaven)
Within the Father's house of Universe!

Our hearts at least, forbid us to believe
That change so vast should mark the friends we
love,

When Heaven sends forth their spirits to receive;
That Mem'ry shall no fond remembrance give
Of all that earth has laid within her store,
Which answers soul to soul, and heart to heart,
And face to face, with that dear, eager start
Of recognition (oh, how often felt!)
And which we fondly hope to know once more
When this life merges in the Life Above.
So sailors might their vessel leave aground
And, issuing on the rolling waves beyond,
Shake the sea water from their flesh, and leave
The drippings to the ocean, when they pass
Across the surf-line to the stable shore.

This but obeys the universal rule
That holds all creatures to the fitting goal
That character and quality beseem.
A pebble and a cork I grasp,
And thrust beneath the surface of a stream.
What happens if I quick release my clasp?
The cork shall seek the top, the pebble drop;
One to the upper air and joyous day,
One to the mud-life, darkness and the deep.

Each takes the course to which it is compelled
By its inherent nature, following law
As changeless as the occult powers that draw
The stars within their orbits, and that keep
The sun and earth unfaltering on their way.

III

*The Sweet Influences
of Pleiades.*

One who was skilled to track the orbs of night,
The first-born of Creation's shining brood,
In their vast movements through the realms that
lie

Deep in th' illimitable reach of sky,
As hunters trail the wild deer through a wood,
A patriot, soldier, learn'd astronomer,**
Was wont to give his pious fancy flight
And speak of heav'n, the Palace of Concourse
For angels and th' immortal brotherhood
Of all the ages' just and true and good,
As at the central point of Universe,
Around which circle all the worlds of light.

As swings the moon around her mother Earth,
As Earth and all the planetary worlds

In mighty orbits move around the sun,
 So move the sun and all the starry host
 In paths and periods immensely vast
 Around one point, the pivot on which turns
 The Universe of God. Stupendous thought!
 Our Lord Omnipotent's most sovereign will
 Revolves these hosts on hosts innumerable,
 As turns a rustic maid her spinning-wheel!

That pivot of the Universe, the wise
 In stellar lore have taught us, somewhere lies
 Within the Constellation Pleiades.

And there—so our devout star gazer dreamed—
 His Throne-seat has th' Almighty Father set;
 And there is Heaven placed (as well beseemed),
 The heart of all celestial harmonies,
 Creation's motor-centre whence, force-charged,
 Her radials sweep through all immensities.

"And canst thou bind the sweet influences"—
 Th' Almighty said to Job, *"of Pleiades?"*

Lay there some occult meaning in the words,—
 A glance at those divine affinities
 That draw the Universe to Heaven therein
 By sweet and irrefrangible accords?

IV

*The Middle State
of the Dead.*

Some holy fathers of our faith have held,
And taught the Church,—though still with zeal
abate,

Riding their speculations with the curb,—
That souls at death enter a Middle State
'Twixt earth and heaven, called "State of the
Dead."

Hades or Sheol this, or Paradise,
The adolescence of men's earthly stage,
Where they in patient hope await,
In cords of loving discipline imbound,
The perfect being of the life beyond.

As souls are here confined as in a cage,
Shut in and limited by time and space,
And weakness, and disease, and slow decay
Of all the powers that keep the mind in play;
And intricate conditions that enmesh
Their being in the boundaries of the flesh,
So, when beyond their worldly pilgrimage
Men journey on, they are not free as yet
From all the checks and barriers that beset
And hedge about their mortal heritage.

Still must they wait, as prisoners of hope,
 A freer, wider, and a perfect scope
 Of being, which, beyond the Middle State
 The Lord Creator purposes to give,
 When all the plans of grace are consummate,
 And, Nature travailing, earth is reborn,
 And o'er creation breaks the Resurrection Morn.

V

*The Descent
 into Hades.*

On that high day when, on Golgotha's Hill,
 The Saviour yielded to the Father's will
 His mortal life, and breathed His soul away
 In bitter passion on the Cruel Tree,
 He turned, in pitying love, His dying eyes
 On the repentant robber at His side,
 And spoke this gracious word: "*To-day
 Thou shalt be with Me in the Paradise!*"

So it befell: the Mediator died;
 Forth from the Cross the Spirit of the Christ
 Descended into Hades. This the Church
 Of every era and of every name,
 The Greek, the Latin and the Protestant

Has taught; elsewhere however dissonant
Herein the Christian Faith and Creed the same.

First into Blissful Hades Jesus went.

Oh, what a day! Since pallid Death had drawn
Its mighty bolts for Abel's holy shade,

Through all time thence, the faithful therein
pent,

The friends of God, had waited for its dawn.
See, where yon arc of roseate light illumes
The shadowy walks! There stands the Christ
alone,

Forth issuing glory brighter than the sun.

VI

The Gospel to Patriarchs and Sages.

Hark! how the tones of His enrapturing word

Roll o'er the wide expanse, and on and on,
Sweeter and clearer than the trumpet calls
Of Levite Choir in Zion's templed halls.

Resistlessly the heavenly message falls

On every willing ear, remote or near.
From every quarter sets a mighty stream
Of eager auditors; the patriarchs here

With Abraham chief, whose conquering faith had
won

A blessing for all nations 'neath the sun:

Here kings and judges, mighty men of war
The Samsons, Jephthahs, Baraks, Gideons,
Shred of their armory of shield and sword;
Prophets and priests, and singers to the Lord,
The Samuels, Davids, Jobs and Solomons,
And all the faithful ones of Israel's race
Called and obedient, and sealed by sovereign grace.

Here come the sages of all Heathenesse,
Whom God in Abraham was pleased to bless,
Who kept in life the attitude of faith,
A temperament responsive to the truth,
A holy hospitality of thought
For whatsoever things are good and true,
And walked uprightly, as their conscience taught;
And with them all who like them kept in view
And followed all the light divine they knew.

VII

*The Emptying
of Hades.*

'Tis done! The Underworld has heard the call,
The glad Evangel of Redeeming Love!
The standard of the Cross has been upraised,
E'en as uplifted in the world above,
To float unfettered till the end of time.
Fly swiftly now, O Azrael, and all
The angel host that guard the gates of Death!
Unbar the doors of Hades; fling them wide,
Wide open, all on Blissful Hades' side!
The King of Glory mounts th' aërial steps
To heaven's Throne; the Conqueror bears along
As trophies of His triumph, wrapped in chains
Of golden grace, the ancient world of faith,
And empties Hades of its ransomed throng.

Come, all ye mighty angels, lead the way;
Fly up the vault of heav'n; Immanuel comes!
And following come the Patriarchal train,
Myriads following myriads in their flight,
Till Hades empty stands (though not deposed
Its mighty powers, till Christ shall come again);
The Dispensation of the Fathers closed

And sealed, till Gabriel's trump o'er sea and shore
 Shall sound the final judgment of the worlds,
 The sovereign fiat: "*Time shall be no more!*"

Then once again shall Hades' gates unbar,
 And jubilant with songs of highest praise,
 Its hosts shall issue forth to join
 The glorified before the Father's throne,
 And rest in heav'n throughout the Endless Days.

VIII

Christ in

Baneful Hades.

From Blissful Hades passed the Lord of Grace,
 Along the Border Land that parts its bound
 From Baneful Hades' dim and dreary space.
 Still, as He moved, before His radiant face
 The darkness vanished; from the wildered ground
 Sprang flowers of Hope, red with th' atoning blood;
 White with the perfect righteousness of life
 That Christ with every thought and act inwove;
 Blue with cerulean faith in Sovereign love.
 Sweet flow'rs! the passing years do not efface
 Nor wither them; perennially bright,
 They mark with beauteousness the shining road
 O'er which that Day approached the Prince of
 Light.

Lift up thy barriers high, O Gates of Gloom,
That to thy shadowed realm the Christ may come!
He comes to preach, as in the world above,
The soul's redemption through the Father's love,
By saving faith; th' unfettering from sin,
And growth in good, by spiritual rebirth,
To those by passion wrecked, by folly wrung,
The misbelieving and misguided throng,
The ignorant inopportunes of Earth.

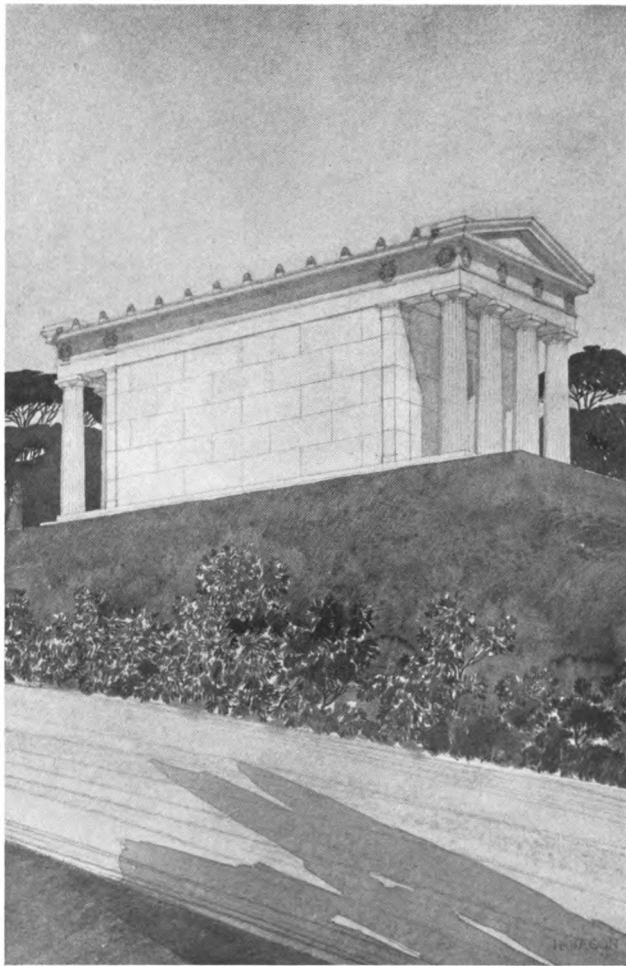
He spake in tenderest tones of melting love,
That sweet evangel, Christ's good news to men:
“ *For God so loved the world, He gave His Son,
The One begotten and beloved One,
That whosoe'er in Him hath holy faith
Shall perish not in pangs of endless death,
But Everlasting Life in Heaven hath !* ”
And there the echoes of that Gospel roll,
And ever shall roll on, till every soul
That never heard or heard not well the word,
Shall hear and know the way that leads to God
In His domain of endless happiness,
And flawless peace, and stainless holiness,
Where all the ransomed saints have their abode!

IX

*Benedicite !**The Second Coming.*

Blessèd are they who hearing, shall believe;
Believing, shall their holy faith retain!
For when the æons of this Age are filled,
High on the clouds the Christ shall come again,
In glory seated, flaming in the sky,
With myriad angels following in train.
The mighty Cherubim, Archangels high,
And Seraphim; and Patriarchs and Priests,
Prophets, Apostles and Evangelists,
Martyrs, Confessors, Deacons, Presbyters,
The Women Friends whose holy ministries
Gave sweetness to the Master's days, and ease
Of His vicarious sufferings in the flesh,
And wrapped the body of His death around
With spotless swathements and rich spiceries
Whose fragrance perfumes still the Living Church,
The World of Men, and Heaven's remotest bound.

And all the Goodly Company of the Just;
And all the Holy Fellowship of Saints
Who shall the Crown of Life at last obtain,
Who humbly walked in righteousness and faith,



THE HANNA MAUSOLEUM, LAKE VIEW CEMETERY, CLEVELAND

And, kept by grace, were faithful unto death,
Washing their hands in innocence,
And in the laver of Good Will to Men.

All these shall come, a glorious array,
More and more brilliant than the orbs of light
That glitter in the coronal of night,
The Heavenly Escort of the King of kings
And Lord of lords, the Prince Immanuel,
The Judge of quick and dead on that Great Day.

So taught the fathers: Shall the Sons abate
Their creed as visional and antequate?
We query; may we hope? God only knows;
And God is good; and just and wise and great!
We praise His name, adore Him reverently,
And lovingly and humbly trust and—wait!

X

*An
Afterword.*

Some things there be we hold with certainty:
God's will be done through all Eternity!
And there—(where'er He wills shall well suffice!)
Where He, whose thought divine we seem to see

Incarnate in the noblest energies,
Shall will to him and all as kind and wise
To be, and in Heaven's just estate remain,
There must he be,
Th' embodied will, the human potency
Known as the Senator by living men.

And there, by faith, our friend we seem to see
Deep in activities of stellar worlds,
In high philanthropies,—not to abate
The miseries here chained to man by fate,—
But to exalt and evermore exalt,
Lifting the lower to a higher state.
Purged as by fire from all of nature's dross;
The highest best for him and all, disclosed;
Life seen no longer through the mist of Earth,
That ever images of carnal things
Distorted on the clouds of vision flings,
Until, colossal caricatures, they rise,
Like spectres of the Brocken, to the eyes;
No discord, no decadence, and no loss!—
This is the life that waits beyond the skies.

This is the life-environment that lies
Around the Senator; whose force shall draw,
Whose beckoning hands and voices sweet shall call

His willing spirit by their gracious thrall
To wider life and nobler happiness
In wider service of the Lord of All,
That fulness of man's nature and God's Law.

Amen! So let it be!
Grant us, O Father God, the grace to rise
By faith and love and service of our race
To the beatitude of heaven, Thy Face!

THE END

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Note 1, p. 13.

**Served ever friend a friend more loyally
Than he the man he loved?**

That President McKinley was indebted to Senator Hanna for his nomination by the Republican Convention in St. Louis, is not to be doubted. That Mr. Hanna largely if not chiefly influenced his election, through his exertions as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, is generally believed. I visited the Senator at his quarters in the Arlington Hotel, Washington, shortly after the inauguration of Mr. McKinley. One evening we sat together until long after midnight, while at my request he told me the story of his plan of campaign as the party leader. Its essence lay in his firm belief in the intelligence and patriotism of the American electorate, as a body; and his efforts to put before them by public addresses, but chiefly by printed information, the real questions before the Country. To that point he bent all his energies; and success, in his judgment, so far as he had influenced it, lay in thorough, judicious and persistent adherence to this plan. As he put it, it was purely an educational campaign.

The work preceding and directed to the nomination was

very great, and this was personal and unofficial. When the Senator was made Chairman of the National Committee his labors were immensely increased. An inexperienced person will hardly credit the amount of campaign literature provided for the various States. Writers, compilers, reviewers, printers, binders, and shippers and the agents for general distribution had to be employed. The Presidential campaign of 1896 was notable from the fact that by the action of the opposing party, the Republican leaders were compelled to change the issue from the tariff, which was the natural sequence of Mr. McKinley's nomination, to finance, which followed the "sixteen-to-one" agitation that arose upon the nomination of Mr. Bryan. Thus an almost double labor and double expense for campaign literature were forced upon the Committee. An effort was made to reach every available voter in the nation with the arguments adapted to sway his judgment and conscience,—a Herculean task!

This "campaign of education" called for several hundred speakers. About one-third of these were professionals whose services were paid for. The rest were volunteers who received their necessary expenses only; though some served at their own charges. The work of selecting, schooling, and directing the labors of this regiment of speakers was very great. These two departments included the largest element of the Committee's work, but they were only two out of some twenty, all of which had to be organized and operated, and the money to conduct them successfully raised and disbursed. One who obtains an inside view of this feature of our national party life is



appalled at the work laid upon a National Committee and its responsible Chairman. And he readily sees how vast sums of money may be legitimately spent, without calling in the theory of a "corruption fund."

To this service the Senator was, of course, moved by what he held to be a duty to his country; but unquestionably the personal element therein was one of strong friendship for William McKinley. The Congressional district which Mr. McKinley so long represented, and in whose service his political reputation was made, included the Senator's native town. Cleveland, the sphere of Mr. Hanna's business career, was the metropolis of North-eastern Ohio, and of that Western or Connecticut Reserve wherein Mr. McKinley was born, and is in easy touch with Canton, his chosen home. Thus the two men early came in contact, and all their lives moved within the same local sphere of activity. They were united by many common interests, principles and environing influences. The strong friendship that arose between the two was thus continually nourished by congenial propinquity, and was a powerful motive in the Senator's purpose and endeavor to advance his friend to the Presidency. And this immensely influenced his later life in the development of his character and in the shaping of his career.

Note 2, p. 13.

Fled through a whole world's dole
To rest with God.

From that fatal Friday in September (Sept. 6, 1901)

when the President was shot, until the end, the deep sympathy of the civilized world in our national grief and loss, showed that, with all outward differences, strong cords and natural unity bind together the nations of our race. The purest morality, the wisest statesmanship, the broadest philanthropy and the highest human economy, all prompt to the duty of strengthening these common sentiments and interests.

Note 3, p. 14.

Until there came a morning that disclosed
The true soul of the Senator ; as fair
In duty wrought to fellows and to friends,
To peers, employees, and the larger ends
Of State, of Country and Humanity
As snow untrodden on the meadow's face.

Perhaps no figure in our political history has made a more sudden and picturesque apparition above the political horizon, or commanded a wider interest, than Mr. Hanna. His career seems to set at defiance the accepted rules of party power and management. Without previous national history as a politician, he swept into the field as rapidly and unexpectedly as a comet enters the stellar dome. And he awakened feelings not unlike the mediæval hostility and objurgation which attended these celestial visitors. Few men have been more widely misunderstood and more grossly maligned. His unique and masterly conduct of the political campaign that issued in Mr. McKinley's first

election was a revelation to his countrymen. When he entered the Senate he was met by coldness, suspicion and prejudice, not only from his political adversaries but among the leaders of his own party. Persistent misrepresentation had created an imaginary Hanna, a gross caricature of the real man.

Gradually the true character issued from the clouds that calumny had raised. His friends, in those days, were continually hearing expressions of surprise from those who, strong in their dislike of the fictitious person, having met the real man, freely acknowledged their mistake. So gradually came disillusionment, until most candid minds saw and acknowledged the truth. It is a high satisfaction now to remember this, and to know that the Senator before his death came to know and be happy in the change which had passed over the public mind. Two facts may be cited to illustrate this change: one the postmortuary drawing of Mr. Davenport, the cartoonist whose sketches did so much to create the fictitious Hanna, and his strong expressions of regret (especially to Mrs. Hanna) for the part he had taken in defaming a man whose character and life he had wholly misunderstood; the other, the unparalleled outburst of emotion—a political apotheosis—with which the name and memory of the Senator were received at the unveiling of his portrait in the Republican Convention of 1904, which nominated Theodore Roosevelt for the Presidency.

To these facts we may add the cordial and well-nigh unanimous expression of the independent press of the country following his death. A fair type of this senti-

ment I quote from the leading editorial of *Harper's Weekly* of February 27, 1904:—

“The exceptional weight which he had acquired so quickly in Republican councils, was a source of less profound and fervent satisfaction to Senator Hanna than the knowledge that, in the minds of the great mass of fair-minded citizens, he had, by personal contact, wholly dispelled the misconceptions of his character engendered by the libels and aspersions sent broadcast by the ‘yellow’ press during the campaign of 1900. It mattered not whether a man was a walking delegate, a Populist, or a Socialist, the first-hand knowledge which he gained of the real Mark Hanna during the last few years caused him to brand with contempt and loathing the lies and caricatures which, throughout the campaign of 1900, were concocted by malignant hirelings, and exercised a baleful hypnotism on an ignorant and thoughtless section of the American people.”

The Senator's warmest friends could not write or wish to have written, stronger words than these, issuing not from the standpoint of party bias, but rather the reverse.

Note 4, p. 22.

To speed the advent of the happy day,
And for its coming well prepare the way,
When they who earn a wage and they who pay
Shall strive together toward the common goal:
Justice to each, and justice to the whole.

In an address near the opening of the present century, the Senator referred to disturbances in the Tuscarawas Valley, Ohio, during the miners' strike of 1874, as the beginning of his deeper interests in the relations between labor and capital.

"I had seen men actuated by passion and prejudice so that reason was dethroned; and I had seen the men on the other side fully aroused to what they considered the injustice of the demands of employees, and determined to resist it to the last. After that experience; after final consideration of its origin and of its features, I made up my mind there was a better way to settle disputes of labor and capital; and from that day to this the question has never been absent from my thoughts. I have studied every feature of it. The way to prepare to meet all contingencies, is to lay the foundation of mutual benefit and mutual confidence, each with the other, one just as necessary and just as important as the other."

Note 5, p. 22.

His chief ambition, worthier far his aim
 Than highest office or than widest fame,
 Was fixed, with all his keen intensity,
 To win for this high social creed and claim
 Co-operation and consent of all.

Mr. Ralph M. Easley states in *The Independent of* March 3, 1904, that during the efforts of the Civic

Federation to compose the great anthracite coal strike of 1902, it was reported to Mr. Hanna that certain operators had said that he was simply working in the interests of a supposed Presidential boom. "Go tell the operators," was Mr. Hanna's reply, "that if they will arbitrate their differences with the miners, I will make an affidavit that I will not only refuse to accept the nomination for the Presidency, if tendered to me, but if elected, will refuse to qualify." A reference in the same article to a remark made by Senator C. W. Fairbanks on the day of Mr. Hanna's funeral, led me to address a note to the Vice-president elect, who sent the following reply:—

"Senator Hanna and I have several times discussed the work of the Civic Federation. He told me of his very great interest in it. Said he: 'If I found it necessary to give up the work of the Civic Federation or my seat in the Senate, I should give up the latter, and devote my best energies to the former.'"

In this connection Mrs. Hanna writes me that she had heard her husband say many, many times that he would rather succeed in establishing just and harmonious relations between labor and capital than be President. That this sentiment was wholly sincere cannot be doubted. Men do not pose and pretend in such matters in the intimacies of the family and the confidences of close friendship.

Mr. L. C. Hanna, the Senator's brother, said, as quoted by Mr. Easley: "The Civic Federation was the dearest

thing to Mark's heart; and when he stated in an interview recently that he intended to consecrate his life to this work, we all knew that he meant just what he said."

During the time when he was being urged for the Presidency the Senator said to one of his family: "I've worked hard for my 'job' [a laborer's term which he sometimes jocularly applied to the Senatorship]—and I like it! I wish they would let me alone in it. The Presidency agitation only annoys me. I would like to have ten more years of life in which to finish my plans. I believe that I could accomplish my chief object, to settle our industrial questions on a just basis."

He looked forward with warm satisfaction to his second term in the Senate, when, the stress and turmoil of partisan struggle over, the responsibilities and vast labors of the Chairmanship of the Republican National Committee laid aside, he could enjoy the quiet possession of the high position which fulfilled his ambition, and through which he could use his power and influence for the good of his countrymen. These were the real wishes and aims of Senator Hanna as uncovered to the members of his household and to his intimates.

The "keen intensity" of the Senator's nature in work, and the vast amount of labor which he could get through with successfully, are known and perhaps can be appreciated only by his close associates. Mr. Elmer Dover, who for seven years was Mr. Hanna's secretary, gave me some interesting statements at a recent interview in Washington. The Senator's correspondence would average three hun-

dred letters a day ! During the vacation they would drop to fifty or sixty ; but in the busy season would rise to six hundred or seven hundred daily.

Besides Mr. Dover, to whom he committed a large part of his business with only a general oversight, he employed eight clerks ; and it was by the thorough business organization of his work and systematic distribution of it among these helpers, that he was able to overtake such a vast mass of affairs. Of this immense correspondence, it was his habit to open and give direct personal attention to some twenty or thirty letters. Of these he would write several with his own hand. He had not the faculty of verbal dictation ; at least, he never cultivated it. He would state in a few words what reply he wished, and leave Mr. Dover to formulate it.

Having thus organized his work, and put in charge men whom he could trust to do it, he gave little attention to details. He knew their importance ; and he knew when they were being wrought out properly. But he also knew the superior value of generalship, and the impossibility of filling the part of a good captain-general and of his subordinates at the same time.

In all this—which was but a part of the Senator's varied service—he was always courteous. During all the years that Mr. Dover was associated with him, the Secretary declares that Mr. Hanna never spoke a gruff or discourteous word to him. He was sweet-tempered to all. The only persons with whom he was disposed to be a little brusque were those who had no business with him ; mere loiterers and quid-nuncs.

Note 6, p. 22.

So taught the Senator ; and so he wrought
 Example squared to precept, deed to word
 As ever in man's living it should be.

That Mr. Hanna's interest in working men and his views as to the attitude of capitalists toward them, were not mere theories, empty words, a canny playing to the gallery of labor for the sake of votes, clearly appeared in his dealings with the several thousand men in the employ of his firm. His method was briefly this : he undertook to educate the whole body of his employees as to their exact relations and responsibilities, by conferences with their spokesmen. He showed them the cost of the products of his various works, and their market value. He explained frankly his views of a fair profit on the capital invested. He thus gave the workmen the data for computing the amount that could safely be appropriated to wages, and for estimating whether their own receipts in the general distribution were justly apportioned. How thoroughly satisfactory this method proved, appears from the facts that there has never been a strike among the Hanna workmen, and that the firm manifestly prospered. A pretty full view of the Senator's ideas as to the attitude of the givers and the earners of wages, and his aims as a member of the Civic Federation appeared in the *National Magazine*, for February, 1904 (the month of his death), in an article on "Socialism and the Labor Unions." He vigorously antagonized Socialism, but the labor unions as a body never lost confidence in Mr. Hanna ; largely, doubtless, because

his conduct so consistently and habitually squared to his theories.

The following incident may illustrate the kindly relations existing between the Senator and his employees. In the summer of 1899 Mr. and Mrs. Hanna planned a visit to Europe. On the eve of their departure in June one of the two principal street car lines of Cleveland, popularly known as the "Big Consolidated," was thrown out of service by a general strike. Mr. Hanna was president of the other line known as the "Little Consolidated." Fearing that in his absence, and in the state of restlessness among the men, his own employees might be infected, and the city left without means of transportation, he concluded that it was his duty to remain at home. In this exigency the superintendent of the Little Consolidated sent for some of the leaders of the Union, and talked the matter over. He returned with this message: "Go tell 'the Old Man' [their friendly name for their president] to go to Europe and take his much-needed rest. He needn't worry about the Little Consolidated. There'll be no strike on his line!" And there was none.

Notes 7, 8, p. 23.

"Render to them that serve"—the wages due?
That, surely! Yet not that alone: "Give ye
That which is just and equal!"

For the texts referred to here and in the following verse, see Colossians 4: 1, and 3: 23. "Masters, render unto

your servants that which is just and equal ; knowing that ye also have a Master in Heaven." . . . " Not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing the Lord. Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily (Greek, from the soul), as unto the Lord, and not unto men." (Revised Version of New Testament.)

Note 9, p. 25.

Made on the bosom of the pine-crowned hill
Whose rugged summit overhangs the town.

The town of New Lisbon (now Lisbon), where Senator Hanna was born September 24, 1837, is the county seat of Columbiana County, Ohio, which joins Beaver County, Pennsylvania, on the east. It was laid out by Major Lewis Kinney, February 16, 1803, on a bit of level or "bottom" land on the middle fork of Little Beaver Creek. The village gradually pushed westward and eastward along the plain, and northward upon the slopes of the enviring hills. Southward a steep hill rises sharply from the stream, which in Senator Hanna's boyhood was still covered with natural forest growths. From the prevalence of hemlock and pine this summit was known as "Pine Hill." There is a fine view of the town from the crest, and this romantic spot, with the creek at its base, was a favorite resort for the village boys. On one of its jutting bluffs is a sheltered recess known as the "Rock House"; and there were few New Lisbon lads of half a century ago who had not carved the initials of their names somewhere within it. The Sen-

ator's birth-house was a two-story brick building on the northeast corner of Market Street and the Public Square. It still stands but with an additional story, and is used as a store.

Note 10, p. 26.

Our fathers first : men notable among
The men of note ; in character as strong
As stalwart in their frames.

Dr. Leonard Hanna, the Senator's father, and the son of Benjamin and Rachel Hanna, was born in Columbiana, Columbiana County, Ohio, March 4, 1806. After his education as a physician he practiced medicine in New Lisbon ; but his health being somewhat broken by the rigors of hard duty in the surrounding hill country, he entered business with his father, a prosperous merchant. He was a man of fine, even imposing presence. I remember him chiefly as an attractive public speaker at temperance and anti-slavery meetings, both of which reforms he heartily espoused. He removed to Cleveland in the spring of 1852, his family following October 6, 1852. After ten years of prosperous business in the wholesale grocery and forwarding house of Hanna, Garretson & Co., he died December 15, 1862. My own father (referred to in the verse) Dr. John McCook, was a New Lisbon contemporary of Dr. Hanna, and his senior by one week only. He possessed remarkable physical beauty, was six feet two inches high, large-hearted, affectionate and genial, with a well-

trained mind, and was a physician of high local standing. He was an ardent Democrat until the outbreak of the Rebellion and the organization of the Union-Republican party in Ohio, which he joined. He also left New Lisbon, but took the opposite direction from Dr. Hanna, moving southward to Steubenville, on the Ohio River.

Note 11, p. 27.

Hannays of Sorby, no ignoble clan.

The Senator did not claim and is not the authority for this lineage. His uncle, Mr. Kersey Hanna, to whom I am indebted for much of the family records given in these notes, gives this as the probable origin of the American family. Patrick Hannay in the thirteenth century built and occupied a castle on the southwest coast of Scotland, known as "Castle Sorby." The family continued to occupy this seat until the close of the seventeenth century, when it passed by marriage to a member of the Galloway family, by whose heirs it is still held. Persons bearing the Hanna name are widely spread throughout Scotland, Ulster (Ireland) and America. Mr. Charles Hanna, a relative of the Senator, has studied the family genealogy in old Scotch civil and ecclesiastical records.

Note 12, p. 28

Sad is the record of his brief career.

While Benjamin Franklin was in England as an envoy of

the American Colonies to procure the repeal of the Stamp Act, he distributed information concerning the New World. Among those attracted by the favorable descriptions was a Scotch-Irishman, Thomas Hanna, the Senator's great-great-grandfather. He came to America in 1763, with his wife Elizabeth and six children, the eldest of whom, John, died at sea. From Philadelphia he pushed westward to southern Pennsylvania where many of his countrymen were settled. About a year after his arrival he died, leaving children, James and Robert, (twins), Hugh, Martha and Thomas. Robert, the Senator's great-grandfather (born March 2, 1753), was taken into the family of a member of the Society of Friends, whose tenets he adopted and adhered to throughout life. He espoused the Colonial cause, and met with the patriotic "Provincial Committee" which assembled in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, July, 1774, and passed the "Instructions" to the Pennsylvania Assembly to appoint delegates to the first Continental Congress, with which the Assembly promptly complied. He married Catherine Jones (born August 27, 1754), in southern Pennsylvania, January 31, 1776, and subsequently removed to Campbell County, Virginia, where in association with John Lynch he laid out Lynchburg on the James River. During the Revolutionary War he remained a non-combatant, not feeling "free" to take up arms; but his sympathies were shown by kindly acts, such as caring for needy and wounded soldiers, four of whom at one time, according to family tradition, were sheltered and nursed in his home. In 1801 Friend Robert moved into Ohio, with his wife and nine children, of whom the second, Benjamin,

was the Senator's grandfather. He settled in Columbiana County, and in February 19, 1816, founded the village of Clarkson. He died July 17, 1837, his wife having preceded him, September 28, 1835. The twin brother of Robert, James Hanna, removed to Kentucky, and afterward to Dayton, Ohio. His children all removed to Indiana. I have never seen a record of the subsequent history of the other original American settlers, Hugh, Martha and Thomas ; but have had occasional traces of some of them (as I suppose) through various correspondence.

Note 14, p. 29.

A sterling patriot, though never free
To smite with carnal arm for liberty.

During the war of the American Revolution, members of the Society of Friends whose consciences allowed them, contrary to the non-combatant principles of the Society, to take up arms for the Colonial cause were known as "Free Friends." There were a number of these in and around Philadelphia, of whom the hero of Dr. Mitchell's romance "Hugh Wynne" is a type.

Note 15, p. 30.

With them their children sleep! Among them one
Whose image had been deeply stamped upon
My boyish mind,—the Senator's grandsire.

Benjamin Hanna, the second son of Robert, was born in

Lynchburg, Va., June 14, 1779. He was a young man of twenty-two when his father migrated to Ohio, and a year before had taken that arduous and romantic journey across the mountains of Virginia and Pennsylvania. Two years thereafter, December 15, 1803, he was married to Rachel Dixson, after the Friends' manner, in Fairfield Township, Columbiana County. His farm was located near the town of Columbiana, where his son Leonard, the Senator's father, was born. In 1812 he took charge of a Friends' Company Store in Salem, Ohio, and two years thereafter removed to the County-seat, New Lisbon, where he opened a store for general merchandise, of the type which has developed into the great "department stores" of this era. He was one of the most prominent and public-spirited citizens, and was long the President of the Sandy and Beaver Canal, whose usefulness was completely nullified by the advent of railroads into Ohio. There is probably an error in the lines here annotated; as I believe that Robert Hanna the elder was buried in the Friends' general burying-ground, and his son Benjamin in a private cemetery of the Hanna family in New Lisbon.

Note 16, p. 31.

Yes, blood will tell! Hereditary trend
Derived from one's ancestral stock appears
And reappears in father and in son,
Drawn from that strong and kindly merchant Friend.

An interesting example of Benjamin Hanna's kindly na-

ture came to my knowledge as follows: I was once riding in a railway car with Stephen Paxson who acquired a wide notoriety as a successful Sunday-school Missionary in Illinois and the West. He chanced to learn that I was born in New Lisbon, and thereupon told me this story. He had been apprenticed, as a boy, to a New Lisbon saddler, who treated him harshly. This, added to sufferings caused by a lame limb, brought him to such a state of mind that he resolved to run away. At this juncture it was his lot to fall in with Benjamin Hanna, who met the boy one day upon the street. Attracted, apparently, by his sad face and his lameness, the Quaker merchant spoke kindly to him, and thus drew out his confidence. Having learned his story, the venerable man laid his hand upon the lad's shoulder, bade him be patient, industrious and faithful, and that Heaven would bless him, and all would yet be well. These words, coming from the first citizen of the town, gave the youth a new heart. They turned the whole bent of his life. Young Paxson went back to his saddler's bench, finished his trade, removed West, and became one of the most useful characters of his time. His old horse "Robert Raikes," and his buggy filled with Sunday-school books and papers, became a familiar object on the western prairies, and more than a thousand Sunday-schools were established by him, carrying blessedness and light to scores of thousands of children.

Note 17, p. 32.

Taking the coffin at the narrow lane
 That leads to that God's acre, seven strong men
 Raised it aloft, and on their shoulders bore.

Benjamin Hanna had seven sons : Joshua (born 1804), Leonard (1806), Levi (1808), Robert (1812), Thomas (1818), Benjamin (1823), and Kersey (1824). My recollection as to the number present at his burial is dim, and all may not have taken part in this touching act. But it is thus that my memory gives it back to me at this date ; and the incident itself I recall vividly, as I was a lad of sixteen. Besides the sons named, there were daughters as follows : Zalinda (born 1810), Tryphena and Tryphosa (twins, 1814), Rebecca (1816), Anna (1821), Elizabeth (1827). Benjamin Hanna died July 16, 1853, and his wife February 28, 1851. They are buried together in a private graveyard belonging to the Hanna family, in New Lisbon.

Note 18, p. 32.

Sprung of New England's earliest pioneers,
 True Puritan autochthones were they.

The Senator's mother, Samantha M. Converse, was born in East Randolph, Vermont, April 3, 1813, the daughter of Porter and Rhoda Converse, who about 1826 came into Northeastern Ohio, driving their own carriage all the way, with the stream of New England immigration that chiefly occupied that section. They settled in Parkman, Lake

County. Samantha went to New Lisbon to teach school, and there meeting Leonard Hanna was married September 10, 1835. A cousin, Miss Charlotte Converse (Mrs. Lot Dixon) subsequently taught in the Friend's Schoolhouse, and I was for a time one of her pupils. Mrs. Hanna was an amiable and intelligent woman, of vigorous and benevolent character, and impressed that character upon her children, of whom there were seven: Helen Gertrude, Marcus Alonzo, Howard Melville, Salome Maria, Seville Samantha, Leonard Coulton, and Lilian Converse. She lived to enjoy with her distinguished son the fruits and honors of his success, and to the end of her long life of eighty-four years was esteemed by all who knew her, and was the revered object upon whom centred the love and honor of her children. She died in Ashville, North Carolina, April 16, 1897. Mrs. Hanna was a devoted member of the Euclid Avenue or Third Presbyterian Church of Cleveland, and died in its communion. She took a prominent part with the ladies of the congregation in Church work, and was active in the various charities of Cleveland. Thus on both the paternal and maternal sides the Senator was richly endowed with the gifts of parental descent. My own mother, born Catharine Julia Sheldon, referred to in connection with Mrs. Hanna was also of an old New England family, and was born in Hartford, Connecticut.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel P. Strecher of the Euclid Avenue Presbyterian Church, Cleveland, Mrs. Hanna's pastor, has sent me the following appreciation of her character:

“Mrs. Hanna was a woman of the most pronounced

individuality—a born leader, strong intellect, powerful will and great tenacity of purpose. She was allowed to govern and governed well. Her manner was quiet but decisive. She knew what ought to be done, and the event generally proved that she was right. She was extremely conscientious, and everybody believed in her sincerity of purpose. She was universally respected and revered, and those who knew her well loved her much. She was devoted to every good work in which she was engaged, and very lady-like and refined in address toward all with whom she was associated. In the church she was an active worker, greatly honored and deferred to by all. She was of a deeply religious nature and faithfulness itself to all her religious duties. Her influence was very strongly felt in the life of the church and of the community. In the home she was greatly beloved—almost worshiped. The children were all devoted to her, and none more so than her son Marcus to whom she was singularly attached. Her influence over them all was almost absolute.”

Note 19, p. 37.

So was it with the Senator: his heart
Found ever in his home life's better part;
Dear to his boyhood, dearer still as man,
No place on earth such pleasure could impart;
Therein a typical American!

In 1864 in St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Cleveland, the Senator married Miss C. Augusta Rhodes, daughter of Daniel P. Rhodes, one of the pioneer citizens

and business men of Cleveland. She gave to his beautiful home on a promontory overlooking Lake Erie that charm and comfort that made it a true resting-place, and the happy goal toward which his fondest desires turned, and around which his affections clung. Nothing pleased the Senator better than to have his friends around him; and his house has been the scene of many delightful reunions. Numbers of eminent men have been welcome guests under its hospitable roof, where the courtesy, tactfulness and considerate attention, and the attractive personality of the hostess, admirably seconded the cordiality of the broad-minded and kind-hearted host.

There were three children: Daniel Rhodes, the oldest, in active business with his father; Mabel (Mrs. Harry Y. Parsons) and Ruth (Mrs. Joseph Medill McCormick).

Note 20, p. 37.

The dearest songs known to our English tongue,
The songs most fondly loved and oftenest sung,
Are fragrant with the memories that bloom
Like roses round the door of "Home, Sweet Home."

It is significant of the saying, "Home-lovers are our countrymen," that some of the most popular home songs ever written have American authors. We may cite especially, "Home, Sweet Home," by John Howard Payne, and "The Old Folks at Home" and "My Old Kentucky Home" by Stephen W. Foster.

Note 21, p. 43.

I seem to see that schoolroom 'neath the Church,
The "Basement School" although the High School then.

During our earlier childhood, many New Lisbon youth attended private schools of various degrees of merit and demerit. When, after a heated contest, the "Union School System" of graded public schools was adopted, private schools disappeared. Before suitable public edifices could be erected, various rooms and buildings were occupied as temporary makeshifts. Among these was the basement of the Presbyterian Church, originally designed for lecture and prayer-meeting purposes. Two larger rooms were fitted up therein for the High School. In the general grading and distribution of children, Mark Hanna and I were assigned to the High School, its two youngest scholars, in fact, and we were seated together as we were of the same age. These basement quarters were above ground, as the Church was built upon a lot that sloped backward; but the entrance in the forepart of the room was several inches below the surface. Here, until he left the village, when about fifteen years old, the Senator went to school. As I recall him, in the "roundabout" or tailless coat then worn by boys, he was a ruddy-cheeked youth, rather slightly built, certainly not stout or stocky; a pleasant, wholesome fellow, clean of tongue and with more polish of manners than many of our playmates. Nevertheless, we were in several school "scrapes" together, in one of which the writer saved his deskmate from a thrashing by resisting the teacher in what was by our

schoolroom standards an unlawful mode of punishment. This diverted attention from my fellow culprit, who in the *mêlée* went scot-free. I do not remember the nature of our offense, or who was the leader in it, but it must have been (or have been regarded) a serious one.

A rather characteristic incident of an early period of the Senator's school life is recalled in a recent letter from his Uncle Kersey Hanna. One of the primary or "Dames' Schools" which we attended was taught by an amiable and energetic widow lady, Mrs. Mary Taber, who claimed that she had control of her scholars not only during school hours but while they were on the street. She insisted that her scholars should always go straight home, and not loiter or play by the way. The youthful Marcus chose to take issue with his teacher on this point, and having disobeyed was sharply rebuked. Thereupon he appealed the question to sundry parties, and at last to the higher court of home. Mark claimed that Mrs. Taber was not his guardian, and therefore not entitled to control his actions beyond school precincts, that there his duty and obedience belonged to his parents alone. "The sense of the meeting"—to quote a Quaker phrase—was with the little appellant, and he carried his point! This precocious assertion of the rights of the individual, and the just limits and distinctions of various authorities, was strongly marked in his business relations, and underlay his devotion to the principles and work of the Civic Federation.

Note 22, p. 44.

In friendly contest down the sloping street.

The lower or southern part of New Lisbon is built upon a plain bordering the northern bank of Little Beaver Creek. As the town grew it was pushed northward up a hill whose long slopes gave fine courses for sledding. Market Street was a favorite sledding ground, as one could start at the summit and be carried by the sled's momentum almost to the bridge across the stream. On winter evenings when there was a fair snowfall, this street was the scene of a sledding carnival, whose delights still live in memory. It was, perhaps, not quite so joyous an occasion to our elders, a fact which did not occur to us then. High Street on which the Hanna home stood, was on the brow of the same hill further to the east and sloped sharply southward; and here also Marcus and his boy friends had good coasting ground. Indeed there was fine sledding all around the village.

Note 23, p. 45.

Till curfew bell rang out the hour of nine.

I do not know how or when the custom arose in our village, or whether it prevailed elsewhere in that part of Ohio, but the "nine o'clock bell" was a marked feature of our life during the Senator's boyhood. All children were expected to leave the streets and public squares, their ordinary playgrounds, at the ringing of this bell. The younger ones

scudded away at the first peal from the court-house steeple, as they had been impressed with a wholesome dread of the town marshal. As we grew older we would venture to tarry overtime; in which case we were likely to be rounded up by that functionary. The official whom I remember as reigning when Hanna and I were boys was named Chambers. He had a way of saluting knots of recalcitrant lads with the historic words which the British officer hurled at the village heroes of Lexington. It seemed not a bit ludicrous, but rather formidable to a group of small boys to hear his sonorous voice, accompanied by sharp blows of his stick upon the pavement, calling through the shadows, "Disperse, ye rebels!" Usually, we incontinently dispersed. If as sometimes, boylike, we hung back, and at a safe distance shrilled our defiance, there was apt to come a more vigorous summons: "Disperse, ye rebels! Lay down your arms and disperse!" followed by the more serious vociferation, "Respect the law! Three is more than a riot!" As I now look back upon this, I dare say it was fun and meant for a bluff; but really, I am not sure!

The ringer of the curfew bell in our time was a little tailor, of German birth, "Captain" Frederick F. Beck. He was an interesting character, one of our village oddities and celebrities. He also rang the bell at 7 A. M., at noon, and at 6 P. M., regularly. He rang for school, for the Court Sessions, and for funerals. The Senator, like most other New Lisbon boys, had many merry hours at the expense of the eccentric but faithful town and county bell-ringer.

Note 24, p. 47.

And sit unchallenged in the wonted place
With' all the lads, assembled as of yore,
Upon the high stone steps before my father's door.

Our home, a capacious brick house, stood on the corner of Market and Chestnut Streets, directly opposite the Presbyterian Church. As the natural slope of the hill (see Note 22) was preserved, the foundation walls were elevated at the lower corner, and thus were comparatively high. The house, much altered, still stands; but the steps into my father's office, the scene of the boyish conclaves here described, have been removed, and the door converted into a window. I wonder if the swallows still fly as then around the successor of the old sanctuary? The Church had a harp-shaped weather-vane, and just below it on the supporting iron rod was a gilded ball. These were the favorite alighting places of the swallows.

Note 25, p. 48.

Each lad his choice obtained by counting out
With those odd jargon rhymes, that down the line
Of centuries of children hold their place.

I do not hear the children using these rhymes nowadays, in their various games, as we used them, although the phrase which announced the result, "You're it!" survives, and has been given a wider sphere of service. The counter-out repeated the rhyme, pointing with every

word to one of the party usually standing in a row or semicircle before him. The lad on whom the last word fell was "out," and the process went on with the remainder until the last one, who in certain games was "It." I quote from memory some of these rhymes, but suspect they may have been somewhat changed in the transmission. Two of the longest are apparently variations of an original rhyme.

One-ery, twoery, ickery, avery,
 Holibout, crackabout, tenery, lavery,
 Wizgo, mango, merrigo, me,
 Humbly, bumbly, ninety-three.
 You're out!

Onery, twoery, ickery, Ann,
 Filison, folison, Nicholas, John,
 Queevy, quahvy, Irish Mary,
 Singlem, sanglem, bucklem-dairy.
 You're It!

Inty, minty, cuty, corn,
 Apple-seeds and briar-thorn,
 Wire, briar, limber-lock,
 Three geese in a flock,
 One flew east, and one flew west
 And one flew over the cuckoo's nest.
 O-U-T—out!

Some of these rhymes were shorter and savored more of the rugged quaintness, not to say rudeness, of village boys. Thus:—

Ink, pink, pen and ink,
 Sty, sto, steady—stink!

THE SENATOR

Bee, bee, bumbly-bee,
 Stung a man on the knee,
 Stung a pig on the snout,
 I'll be dogged if you're not—out!

No doubt some of these jargon rhymes are widely distributed, and students of children's folk-lore have probably traced their origin; but I give them as opening up an odd and interesting phase of child-life in the Senator's native village.

Note 26, p. 50

The scenes and comrades of those early years
 Were not belittled, and were not forgot.

I quote from two autograph letters, among those of the Senator preserved by me: "We enjoyed our visit from Ans. [my brother Anson] very much, and I wish we might have one from you and your good wife before we grow too old to enjoy it. You are right, my dear friend, in what you say about old friends and memories; and I would like to spend a whole day with you and the past."

In another letter written from Washington (February 26, 1897) he says: "Now that I will be in Washington for several months, I hope you will come over and see me some time soon. My wife will be with me. If we cannot have a reunion in Lisbon, you and I can have one together, as Anse and I have often done of late."

Note 27, p. 52

The gently creaking murmur of the quill,
 (Whose ancient sway was there unbroken still),
 Gliding across the glossy copy-books
 Bound up in well-ruled quires,
 With copy-mottoes, proverbs wise and rare
 Upon the upper line writ large and fair.

One of the important qualifications of a teacher in our earlier school-days was to make and mend pens. One of our teachers, David Anderson (known among us as "Old Davy") was a good example of the Scotch-Irish pioneer schoolmaster. He came to Ohio from York County, Pennsylvania, walking the entire way. He maintained until quite late in his career the sovereign virtue of the birch, which he commonly administered in the traditional manner to the boys while stretched across his knees. He was a good penman, and succeeded in getting his pupils to write a fair round hand. He began with straight lines, passing to pin-hooks and pot-hooks and o's, and their various combinations, and thence to copy-writing. During the daily writing lessons, he would move around among our desks, inspecting our work, giving instructions and mending pens. Our copy-books at first came without ruled lines, and these the master put in, using a round ruler. Mr. Anderson was remarkably expert at this, and we often watched him ruling off the books with open-eyed admiration. He also wrote or "set" all our copies, of which he had a goodly store in memory, whose initial letters ran through the alphabet. Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac," Pope's "Essay on Man," and the Bible, espe-

cially the book of Proverbs, were largely drawn upon. These old-time copy-mottoes were a treasury of wholesome wisdom to our village lads and lasses. I remember some of them, and have often wished that I possessed the entire series as used by our old master. Mark Hanna was a plain writer, but not a first-rate one according to our school standard. He was also a little erratic in his spelling, in those days.

Note 28, p. 52

The teacher slowly striding to and fro,
Along the aisle hard by the blackboard wall.

Several teachers had charge of the High School during the pupilage of the Senator and his deskmate; but the one who wielded the greatest and most wholesome influence upon our characters was Reuben McMillan. To him the writer owes more than to any other instructor in school or college; and this affection and this gratitude were shared during his school-life, at least, by Mr. Hanna. He died a few years ago in Youngstown, Ohio, loved, revered and mourned by the entire community. All our teachers had the habit referred to in the above lines, and when years afterward the author found himself the principal of the school in which he had been a pupil, he dropped into the way of his predecessors, and paced the aisle before the blackboard wall!

Note 29, p. 53

What messages were passed! in private code
Known to ourselves alone and to our set,
And guarded with a secrecy as great
As marks the high diplomacy of State.

The tendency of children to invent a language both spoken and written has often been observed. This gives impulse to one's interest in such a language structure as "Esperanto" or "Volapük," quite independent of its international value. I cannot remember what prompted us to this form of amusement; but suppose the ruling motive was to keep our secret affairs within our own particular set. For with us, as with all young folk, our village boys and girls were divided into various groups, or *coteries*, the most common name of which was "our crowd." Mark was one of the most popular of the set to which we belonged, and few of the friendships then formed were broken during life.

Note 30, p. 54.

Hat-ball and hand-ball, and best loved of all!
Town-ball, that fine field sport, that soon
By natural growth and skilful change became
Baseball, by use and popular acclaim
Our nation's favorite game.

A note on our village games is doubly in place, since many of them have become or are becoming extinct; and the sports as well as the studies of the Senator's childhood

helped in the make-up of his character. In playing hat-ball, our hats (which were all caps) were laid in a row, and one lad, after many feints dropped the ball into one of the caps, whereupon all scattered and scampered off. The ball was snatched from the cap by its owner, and thrown at one of the fugitives, who if hit might also get and throw the ball; and that might go on until there was a miss, when the missing party either lost his place in the line, or became "it," having the duty of dropping the ball. Hand-ball or alley-ball was usually played against a windowless brick gable wall, of which there were many in the village; the ball taken usually "on the bounce," being kept up by the hand. Four or even six could play at once, three on a side, and the ball was struck-up by the sides alternately, each player looking after his own section of the court. This was a vigorous and exciting game, and a prime favorite. But in the Senator's day town-ball was the best-loved game, as it took us into the open. There was a meadow just back of the Hanna home on East High Street, where Mark and his friends used to play. Town-ball was base-ball in the rough. I recall some distinctive features: If a batter missed a ball and the catcher behind took it, he was "caught out." Three "nips" also put him out. He might be caught out on "first bounce." If the ball were thrown across his path while running base, he was out. One peculiar feature was that the last batter on a side might bring his whole side in by successfully running to first base and back six times in succession, touching first base with his bat after batting. This was not often, but sometimes done; and we were apt to hold back our

best batter to the last, which we called "saving up for six-maker." This phrase became a general proverb of one who was reserving his forces for some large undertaking; and to say of one "he's a six-maker," meant that he was a tip-top fellow in whatever he undertook, and no higher compliment could be passed. I have no definite recollection of the Senator's special success at ball, his favorite game; but in the broad fields of subsequent life he certainly became "a six-maker."

His Uncle Kersey has told me an interesting use which he made of his nephew's love of ball. At that time Kersey was in charge of his father's farm near New Lisbon. Occasionally Marcus would be sent out to the farm for a visit of two or three weeks, and would be turned over to Uncle Kersey. He would take the lad into the fields, to take part in whatever farm duty was in hand. To ensure good and willing work and a pleasant time the uncle would promise to stop work an hour before quitting-time in the evening, and join in a game of ball. Occasionally Mark's brother Melville would share these visits to Grandfather Hanna's farm, and as both the lads were very fond of ball, the boy with the hoe was much encouraged and sustained by the prospect of the boy with the bat. Uncle Kersey adds that he never had any trouble in getting good work out of either of the boys; and when they came to the table, they gave proof of the good effects of the exercise both with the hoe and the bat. This is a fair illustration of the wise, kindly and sympathetic influences that surrounded and helped to mould the character of the Senator during childhood and early youth,

Note 31, p. 56.

The butternut, that color gave and name
To that domestic fabric we called "j'anes."

The sort of cotton goods known as jeanes (commonly pronounced "janes")—blue jeanes, striped jeanes, butternut jeanes, was a good deal worn in our neighborhood. But the butternut colors were not popular with our boys. However, they were largely shipped to the South and Southwest, where they were so generally worn at one time that the people of those parts were often called "butternuts." This name during the early days of the Southern rebellion, was pretty freely applied to secessionists. But they donned the West Point gray, and their valor on many hard-fought fields led the soldiers of the Union to drop all contemptuous names;—as "Johnnies" which persisted to the end, was not an unfriendly title, not even as much so as the title "Yanks" which the Confederates gave their adversaries.

Note 32, p. 56.

Of sputtering, glowing coals, or flickering blaze
Of hickory flaming in the chimney wide.

Our native village lies in the bituminous coal belt, and the roaring fires in big Franklin stoves or in open grates were pleasant features of our home-life. How often we have dreamed before them, and seen therein visions of strange shapes and scenes! The town was also in a then thickly-wooded region, and wood-fires in open fireplaces were common,

Note 33, p. 57.

Our list of winter sports was never full,
 And life's chief interest centred in the school,
 Wherein the weekly "Journals" played a rôle
 Of lively pleasure to the favored few
 Detailed upon the editorial "crew."

The managers of our public school at that date allowed only a Saturday half-holiday. The Saturday morning was devoted to "literary exercises," consisting of declamations, essays and an occasional original oration. The assemblage of the written pieces in a "Journal," to be read by the editors, was a happy thought, as it quickened our wits, and gave composition a new interest. For a time, at least, there were rival journals in the High School, and the sparring between the two was often lively and piquant, especially when some burning question, such as "Woman's rights" was under discussion.

Note 34, p. 59.

That embryo forum of the future State
 The boys' Lyceum and Society
 For oratory, essays and debate.

This organization bore the classical name of "Polyadelphian Society"—spelled in large letters on the title page of the minute book "Pollydelphian"!—and the first session, according to the records, was held January 12, 1850, when the question, "Was the Mexican War a justifiable one?" was debated. The Senator was then thirteen years

old ; and his name first appears as taking part in the exercises, February 9, 1850, when he gave a declamation. The following week (February 16) he read an essay ; and thereafter took an active part in the Society's work. He was for some time secretary, and was re-elected to the office February 6, 1852. His boyhood's handwriting shows the forming characteristics of his mature chirography. In the example given in the plates from his minutes of the Boy's Debating Society, the signature suggests that of his later life, even the initial "M," being the open lower case "m" familiar to his correspondents. His manner of writing his patronymic was already (at thirteen) substantially fixed. His name appears in the records for the last time April 27, 1852, the year in which his parents removed to Cleveland.

Note 35, p. 59.

And gave good building-stuff of sterling men
To wise and patient Culture's modeling hand.

The record is rather remarkable for a small inland town. Besides a Senator in the United States Congress, the list includes two territorial Governors (Colorado and Wyoming), a Secretary of the United States Senate, who had been also a Representative in Congress, several clergymen of note, college professors, authors, editors, a number of officers of the United States Army and Navy, some of high rank and distinguished service ; physicians, lawyers, teachers, and men prominent in public affairs and in busi-

ness life. There were also "honorable women not a few"; for in the latter days of the Society, the girl-students were admitted to membership and took equal part in the exercises, a remarkable instance of progressiveness among boys. The first young lady's name to appear among the signers of the Constitution is that of the Senator's sister Gertrude; and she was one of the first two girls recorded as taking part with their male associates in debate.

Note 36, p. 61.

Here lies a record, treasured all these days
With kindly carefulness, and handed down.

The minutes of this literary society are in the possession of my brother, Gen. Anson G. McCook of New York, to whom they were presented by Mr. B. F. Miller of New Lisbon, who had preserved them after the disbanding of the organization. The last page intact is dated November 22, 1853, the rest of the book having been torn out.

Note 37, p. 62.

Ah me! 'tis now an old, old story grown;
The ablest speeches that our lips have known
Were ever made too late, or else too soon.

In spite of the stumbling efforts of those early days, and in part because of them, some of the members of the

"Polyadelphian" became successful public speakers. The Senator was late in developing oratorical power. Under date January 21, 1897, in response to an invitation to speak at the annual dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society, he thus wrote me: "My movements are so uncertain, I really cannot make any engagements. Therefore don't depend on me; only leave a corner for me, if I find at the eleventh hour I can come, with the promise on my part that I will make the effort. I am not an after-dinner speaker, but true to my Quaker blood I can sometimes talk when the 'spirit moves.'" In truth, in the seven years following the above writing he developed into one of the most effective popular speakers in the country. It was a marvelous flowering out of faculties that long had been maturing.

Mr. Hanna's maiden speech in the United States Senate was in advocacy of the Ship Subsidy Bill. There was great interest to hear him and the senate chamber was full. He began to speak about 11:15 A. M., and for ten minutes seemed slightly embarrassed; but thereafter was wholly at ease. He was quite lame at the time from one of his severe rheumatic attacks, but he spoke for three hours. He had no notes, except some statistics, to which figures he occasionally referred. His manner was simple, natural, very earnest in its conversational quality, not unlike the current English parliamentary style, but differing therefrom in the easy and unbroken flow of his language. His words flowed freely, he had perfect command of his vocabulary, no stammering, no hesitating. He spoke with great distinctness, and with almost no gestures, one hand only be-

ing occasionally in action. His manner was that of a man thoroughly convinced, fully informed, in dead earnestness trying to convince others and carry their judgment to action. Of his second speech on the Ship Subsidy Bill, the late Senator Hoar said: "It was the best business argument ever heard in the Senate." The above fairly describes Senator Hanna's ordinary style of public speaking; except that in his political campaign addresses, his voice—which was a baritone—was raised to a high tenor by the necessity of louder speech. He never (or rarely) grew voice-weary. His speeches were largely argumentative; he used anecdotes sparingly.

Note 38, p. 64.

Across the field back of the Brewer place,
 And Potter's, Snodgrass', and Vallandigham's
 To where the Little Beaver's sheltered face
 Broadened by Harbaugh's and the Furnace dams,
 Is rimmed on either side by a high ridge
 Of the romantic gorge beyond the Canton bridge.

Chestnut Street on which stood the old church with its basement High School, was then opened up but a little way beyond Beaver Street. Along this street we went past the old jail, and climbing the fence, "cut across" the meadows behind the places above named, whose extensive and elevated front yards faced Walnut Street. The Vallandigham place was furthest west, and was the home of the Rev. Clement Vallandigham, the first pastor of the

New Libson Presbyterian Church, which is now a century old. In this house one of the most brilliant and unfortunate men of our era was born—Clement L. Vallandigham, Esq. Herein also the grandparents of President McKinley were married by Dr. Vallandigham. Wm. McKinley, Sr., the President's father, was at one time a student in a New Libson school. The Allison house, the home of the President's mother, Nancy Allison, still stands on East Walnut Street, the original logs of its walls covered with weather-boarding. Near the Brewer place on West Walnut Street was born the Hon. John H. Clark, now of Cleveland, who was the Democratic Candidate for United States Senator in the election of 1903, which resulted in Senator Hanna's return. The rocky gorge through which the Little Beaver winds, is (or was then) a romantic spot, almost wholly left to the solitude and wildness of natural conditions. Fine fishing grounds were formed by the broad backwater of Harbaugh's and the old Furnace dams.

The Furnace dam marked the site of the Rebecca Furnace, which is believed to be the first iron furnace erected in the State of Ohio. It was built by Gideon Hughes in 1808; and James McKinley, the President's grandfather, was interested in the business, and was foreman of the works. The house in which he lived, and in which the President's parents are said to have lived for a while, still stands. The ruins of the iron furnace, overgrown with weeds and shrubbery, stood near the bank of the stream, inviting exploration and awaking awesome wonderings in our boy minds. Relics of the old works

lay everywhere around, although the historic interest of these and of the place generally never or but dimly occurred to us then. It is a somewhat striking coincidence that the industry of which the Senator became a great master and by which his business fortunes were achieved, and the name and family with which his political fortunes and fame are united, should thus have been associated with this scene of his boyhood's wanderings, musings and sports. The bridge across the gorge was an old fashioned covered bridge, since replaced, known as the "Canton bridge." The road westward climbed a steep hill, and was the old trail across our county to the adjoining county of Stark, whose capital, Canton, gave the bridge and road their name.

Note 39, p. 64.

Though the old jolly freighting days are gone,
 When Conestoga wagons held the track
 With eight-horse teams.

All the freighting business from Pittsburg and the East, overland and from points on the Ohio River, was done in these large covered wagons. They were familiar objects in the tavern stable-yards; and were a never-ceasing delight to us as they passed through the streets, with their big dogs between the wheels, their feeding troughs swinging behind, their bowed canvas covers and their jingling horse-bells. Those were ante-railway days; and one is impressed by the rapid march of progress when he reflects

that the boyhood of such a master of modern transportation as the Senator, should have known only such lumbering and old-fashioned methods; for the canal then building was never in active operation, except for a short time between New Lisbon and the Ohio River.

Note 40, p. 66.

Then swimming bouts were wont to be arranged;
Our favorite spots the basin, or the pool
Which 'neath the Big Rocks' brow, rugged and steep,
On Little Beaver's southern bank, lay deep
And still and clear and cool.

The Sandy and Beaver Canal, built from the Ohio River westward and inland, was abandoned and in decay, although its finely built locks and bed were then intact, the latter used as a mill race. The "basin," the favorite swimming ground of village boys, was in the western end, just outside the town limits, near the creek and close to the Canton bridge. The "Big Rocks" lay on the opposite or eastern end of the town, where the backwater from the old Factory Dam gave good depth, and was well enough secluded for our purpose. This was much nearer the Senator's home. The above description of the swimming lesson is not exaggerated; the writer thus learned to swim, and it is probable (although he does not remember the occurrence) the Senator also; as we were constant companions in all such sports, there being less than three months' difference in our ages.

Note 41, p. 72.

A "Ranger" now, and then a "Blue" or "Gray"
With glints of color warming up the street.

These were the most familiar names of the company organizations of that period. The "Rangers" and "Riflemen" were usually uniformed in a flannel coat or frock with fringes around the edges, and large flap-collars also fringed. They had leggings of square pieces of cloth wrapped about the legs and fastened with thongs. They wore slouch hats, or coonskin caps, and I recall companies who wore bandanna kerchiefs around their heads, a custom handed down from the pioneer days when headgear must needs allow free movement through the forests. The Blues and Grays had their names from the colors of their tailed uniforms, which were quite natty, as these companies were chiefly town organizations. At the time of my birth my father was Captain of the "New Lisbon Grays," and the company being paraded for the Fourth of July, the day after I was born, was marched to my father's house by First Lieutenant Andrew Roach (who long afterward told me the incident, as my parents also had done), and was drawn up before the door. The one-day old infant was then brought out by an aunt, and saluted with presented arms, dipped colors, and ruffled drums. Had the incident occurred to one of the military members of the family, instead of to one of its parsons, doubtless it would have been accounted a "prognostication."

Note 42, p. 72.

O wondrous change! Can this great being be
The man we saw yestreen astride his cart?

The Ohio village life of that period (as it still is) was a nearly perfect democracy. There were distinctions, of course, as there will always be, and those who held themselves and were held, as the "first families." But, in the main, particularly among the men, the carter ranked with the physician, lawyer and merchant; and militia commissions, even some of the highest, were borne by our village mechanics. The ease with which our carters and wagoners could dash down our streets, standing with legs astride on their empty vehicles, always caught my boyish fancy.

Note 43, p. 73.

And Mark and Mel, and Alf and Joe will come,
And Frank and Ed and Andy will be there,
And brother Shed and Jimmy Robertson.

Besides the writer, only two of that little *coterie* survive; Melville Hanna (Mark's brother), and Joseph Kelly, now of East Liverpool, Ohio. The others—Mark Hanna, Alf Thompson, Frank Roach and Frank Richards, Ed Pentecost, Andy McLain, Shed (Sheldon) McCook, and Jimmy Robertson have been "mustered out," some in young manhood, two within the last year.

Note 44, p. 75.

No sense of imperfection there alloys
 Our frank enjoyment; to our partial eyes
 No awkward squad or rookies green were known,
 Unbounded admiration—that alone!

The author here records the impressions of boyhood. Later years brought in the sense of the many deficient and comical features of our militia musters. For the most part, no doubt, they were taken seriously, and men who were subject to military duty, turned out for general training, a sentiment greatly strengthened by any ruffle of threatened war. A number of the local organizations took much pride in uniforming and drilling; but many of due age for service reported in their citizens' clothes, simply to fulfil the righteousness of the law. Sticks and even corn-stalks stripped of their leaves, did duty for muskets; hence the old characterization of "the corn-stalk militia."

To a few the matter was a huge joke, and afforded a deal of fun. In New Lisbon a fake company was formed of which our little German bell-ringer was elected Captain. He took the affair seriously, and although he probably knew more of military drill than any of his company, his commands were intentionally perverted and reversed. The line would advance when it should fall back, or the reverse; would face left instead of right, or part of the men one way and part the other. Arms would be ordered instead of shouldered, and so on according to the soldiers' humor. Every one had a lot of fun out of the training except the Captain who fretted and fumed and stormed over his "American ignoramuses." Of course, the game

was shortly played out, but while it lasted, the drillings on the public square were greatly enjoyed by the citizens, and the bell-ringer was "Captain Beck" to the end of his days. The old militia *régime* is a thing of the past, having everywhere given place to our excellently organized and equipped State National Guard; but to some of us it brings back a savor of jolly days.

Note 45, p. 75.

And volley sparks from the black cobble stones.

The old citizens of New Lisbon will remember the huge black cobble-stones (known in vulgar speech as "nigger-heads") that paved the foot of Market Street in front of the Court House. They greatly aggravated the boys in sledding-time, and the only good purpose they seemed to serve was the solid pleasure we got at seeing and hearing the "bumpety-bump" of wagons over their conspicuous and irrefragible rotundities; for they were as hard as iron and as smooth as glass.

Note 46, p. 76.

In this heroic figure lo! appears
 To our astounded eyes a worthy man,
 A godly elder whom the Church reveres.

Gen. John Armstrong. He was a carpenter and builder,

a man universally respected, whose tall form and snow-white hair excited our boyish admiration. Another Church elder was a Major-General of Militia, if my memory is not at fault, the Hon. John Thompson, M. D., at one time a Representative in Congress.

Note 47, p. 77.

Bearing the vessels of the Sacrament
As down the tabled aisle he slowly went.

In the New Lisbon Presbyterian Church the old Scotch mode of celebrating the Lord's Supper was observed in our early days. Narrow tables were laid along the main aisle and the one in front of the pulpit. These were spread with snowy white linen; benches were placed on each side thereof, and at the due invitation communicants occupied these seats, facing one another. The elders passed around the tables and collected the "tokens," small squares of lead stamped with the letter "N," which had been previously distributed by Pastor and elders to all approved applicants. Then the elders received from the minister's hands and served the elements to the people, the bread being in long unleavened white rolls flecked with brown, laid in alternate crossed layers upon platters over which were folded napkins. The old Church had galleries which were crowded by non-communicants on Communion Days; and it was an impressive and awesome sight to us boys to watch the changing of the several "tables," and the elders carrying around the bread and wine in deep silence.

Note 48, p. 77.

Or with his fellow elders gravely moved
Along the sacred board, from place to place,
To "lift the tokens," mystic signs of grace
To sit at that High Feast a guest approved.
How strangely through the awesome stillness came
The dull *click* of the metal in the palm!

The use of the metal coin-like "tokens," as a proof of the communicant's formal right to come to the Lord's Table, opens up an interesting chapter in Christian customs. Our fathers brought it from Scotland and Ulster where it prevailed; and in earlier times it was universal in American Presbyterian Churches. Every congregation had its token-stamp or mould, and many ministers had their own individual stamp. The initial of the church title, or of the minister, or the letter "M," for member, were common marks. In the pioneer churches flat squares or rectangles of lead were used. Later some of the tokens were quite elaborate. The custom is now almost extinct. The reader who may wish to pursue the subject further will find a most interesting account in a little book called "The Story of the Token" by Mr. Robert Shiells, published by the Westminster Press, 1319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. A valuable collection of tokens may be seen in the museum and gallery of the Presbyterian Historical Society, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.

Note 49, p. 81.

And lemonade, by far a rarer drink.

In those days, before railroads had penetrated Ohio, tropical fruits were rare and costly, and oranges and lemons were luxuries. Modern facilities of transportation and methods of trade have revolutionized the habits of the people as to food supplies. Then our fathers were wont as winter came on, to store their capacious cellars with all manner of vegetables, barreled apples, pickled pork, smoked hams and shoulders, sausages, etc., enough to provision the family for the winter. The boys' interest in these various acts was keen and constant. Now, most people live from hand to mouth, and depend upon the green grocer instead of mother's storeroom and father's cellar.

Note 50, p. 82.

Remembering how their fathers under Wayne
Had learnt the higher virtues of cold steel.

Major-General Anthony Wayne was appointed by President Washington, head of the American Army, to organize and command the expedition against the Indians of the Northwest, following the disasters under Harmar and St. Clair. He gathered his army under great difficulties at the forks of the Ohio, and afterward at Legionville, about twenty miles below Pittsburg. There he thoroughly exercised his "Legion of the United States" in the use of the bayonet, though not neglecting rifle practice. He had

been a strenuous advocate of the use of "cold steel" during the Revolutionary War, and his immortal storming of Stony Point was at the bayonet point. In fact, the battle of Fallen Timbers (August 20, 1794) which shattered the Indian's power and opened up Ohio and the West to civilization, was won with a bayonet charge. Men who had taken part in that battle were living during our boyhood, and the traditions of pioneer Indian fighting were still transmitted at first hand.¹

Note 51, p. 82.

While frock fringed riflemen display their skill
At targets on the boss of yonder hill.

Our riflemen still preserved substantially the uniform and weapons used by the riflemen of the Revolution. The former was a hunting-shirt of gray or green, and leggings. The latter was the long rifled tool made famous by our early frontiersmen. It is said that Napoleon greatly admired it, and it doubtless did much to revolutionize the infantry arm of soldiers. I remember well the form of these weapons as still carried by some of the old Indian fighters in the '40's. The stock was usually of black walnut, and extended within an inch or two of the muzzle of the rifled barrel, which sometimes was forty-eight inches or more in length. There was little or no ornament upon

¹The writer ventures to refer to "The Latimers," his Scotch-Irish romance of the Western (or "whiskey") Insurrection, for some interesting facts touching the contents of this Note.

the stock, the theory of the early hunters being that shining metal decorations would catch and reflect the rays of the sun, and would be likely to give signal of the hunter's presence to the Indian adversary, and even to the wild game. For this reason also the rifle barrel was unburnished. A narrow box was cut in the butt with a dull brass lid fastened by a spring snap. Within this cavity square bullet patches of soft linen or muslin were kept, and also a bit of grease with which the patch was anointed before charging the piece. The bullets moulded about sixty to the pound, and the bullet-moulds always went with the rifle. The earlier rifles had flint-locks and priming pans, and some of these our boys used, as the "antiquities" were naturally handed over to us, and we commonly could shoot at an early age; but most of the pieces had been altered for percussion caps. The chief seats for the manufacture of the old pioneer rifles were Lancaster and Philadelphia, but a few individual gunmakers were at work in Eastern Ohio as late as 1845-50. Two of these were in New Lisbon, a Pennsylvania German named Reese and a Mr. Samuel Small. The latter lived on our block a few doors above the Church, and after school hours we used to drop into his shop, and with intense interest watch him and Johnny Burns, who was learning the trade, rifling the barrels, polishing and setting the stocks, and shaping the long hickory ramrods.

Note 52, p. 84.

'Twas disappointing ! Not a man was slain
For all their charging o'er the trampled plain !

This, of course, is the boy's view of the case. We were kindly enough lads, in the main ; but had we not been taught to count the value of military achievements by their cost in human lives ? We would have been as sorry as any one had accidents befallen ; but with such lack of anticipated gun-firing and noise, and not a man hurt, is it strange that crude boys should have felt that the occasion had been belittled ? After all, is the average man much better than our village boys, in his reckoning of the importance of modern battles ?

Note 53, p. 87.

Beneath our juniors' favoring patronage
Were re-enacted on that mimic stage
The acts and antics of the saw-dust ring.

"Playing circus" was a favorite and fascinating sport. My father had a large stable, which had been altered for his private use from an old-fashioned tavern stable. One section was wholly unused, and this was often taken for the "performances" alluded to in the above lines. The tannery of Mr. Simon Spiker was near by, and tan-bark aplenty could easily be wheeled, or carried, or hauled in our little home-made wagons to the "ring." Some of our lads were experts at hand-springs, tumbling, walking on

the hands, etc. One of the writer's show tricks was to stand upon the top of the backs of two kitchen chairs turned back to back, while a younger brother (afterward Commander R. S. McCook, of the Navy) climbed up and stood astraddle upon his shoulders. Another trick was balancing a cane upon the finger-tips, dancing it from finger to finger, and from hand to hand, thence to the chin, and so back again. Another common trick was throwing balls, so that three would be kept moving up and down continuously; and a prime favorite was rolling a barrel by the feet while standing upon it, up an inclined board and back. Such were some of the amusements of our private shows. The admission price was usually so many pins, although for some of the more ambitious performances one of the old-fashioned, big copper cents was charged. Naturally, the smaller boys were our patrons; but sometimes we were greatly disconcerted by the presence of older lads who, not content with chaff and horse-play, would insist upon taking unbidden part in the stage actions. It is not easy to "pretend" circus, or aught else under such untoward conditions. Negro minstrel performances enlivened these shows, and some of us were really excellent operators on "the bones" and tambourine, and here and there a lad strummed the banjo tolerably well.

On these, and other occasions, we had our mimic reproduction of the eating stands that always accompanied musters and circuses. Bits of loaf-sugar or maple sugar, taffy, small sections of ginger-cake, hard-boiled eggs eaten with salt and a decoction of vinegar and red-pepper, were

the staple food stores on sale. The prevailing tippie was liquorice-water, manufactured by dissolving lumps of black liquorice in bottles of water. How it foamed when we shook the bottle to hasten the dissolving! And how good it looked, and was! Another favorite product of our "stores" was leaden objects of various sorts known to us as "moulds," in whose manufacture some of us were quite expert. These were thus made: Two opposing sides of a split slab of soap-stone were rubbed down and polished until they fitted together perfectly. Mr. Robert Hanna's (Mark's uncle) spacious place on the "dug road" was our chief quarry for these slabs. On one face the object to be moulded was carved; a funnel-shaped groove was cut from the carving to the edge, and opposite this was cut in the other slab a corresponding groove. The two pieces were then clamped or held tightly together, while melted lead was poured into the groove. This ran into the "mould," and hardened. The leaden figure was removed, trimmed, sometimes mounted on wooden rests, and often painted. Birds, and beasts of various sorts, men, especially soldiers, infantry, cavalry and artillery, were thus made and vended or exchanged. In winter-time, "battles" would be fought with these leaden soldiers, the boy commanders-in-chief of the opposing sides being seated on the floor facing one another with their respective armies arrayed between their outstretched legs. Marbles were the bullets in vogue, and no little skill was shown not only in marksmanship, but in the effective grouping of the "men." The same sort of warfare was conducted with bright-colored beans, of which several varieties were grown

in our gardens and fields. The opposing armies were commonly "Americans" and "British," "Americans" and "Indians," and about the time of the war with Mexico, "Americans" and "Mexicans." There was wont to be a bit of controversy as to who should have the American side, which often the lot had to decide.

Note 54, p. 88.

A banner bearer follows, holding high
 With head erect, proud steps and kindling eye,
 A home-made model of our country's flag
 For whose dear sake one day the lad will die.

Sergeant Alfred Thompson. He came to New Lisbon from the beautiful Kisnicoquillis Valley of Pennsylvania, and on the banks of the canal his father erected and conducted a woolen mill. Alf was in our crowd and class, and my closest friend. He was a splendid fellow, a good student, of fine temper, bashful as a girl, and his florid cheek would flush and his deep blue eye droop, at every trifling embarrassment or excitement. But he was a thoroughly manly fellow, and grew to be a consistent Christian gentleman, beloved and respected by all who knew him; and he died a hero's death. He was a sergeant in the forty-ninth Pennsylvania regiment United States Volunteers, and was seriously wounded in one of the battles of the Wilderness. After two months' nursing at home, he went to the White Hall Hospital in Philadelphia, which he left for the field to be mustered out with his

company, having served the full term of three years' enlistment. He was not fully recovered, and in his desire to do his full duty he exposed himself unduly, and died of typhoid pneumonia in November, 1864, in the hospital at Martinsburg, Va., and was buried in the National Cemetery at Winchester, Va.

Note 55, p. 89.

Or bits of tin gleaned from that endless store
Of wealth, the scrap-heap at the tinner's door.

Diagonally opposite our house, and just across from the church basement schoolrooms, was the tinsmith establishment of Mahlon Briggs, whose younger sons were our playmates, and the older ones our recognized leaders and superiors, for they were sturdy fellows, and apt at various handicrafts honored among boys, such as making sleds, wagons, skates, etc. Mahlon, who with his wife, belonged to the Society of Friends, was a quiet, kindly person and was good-natured with our boys. He made quantities of tin and copper vessels, which he loaded upon a huge van at various seasons, and sold throughout the surrounding country. The *tink, tink* of the man who pounded the copper kettles into shape, continually sounded across the street into our schoolroom, where Mark and I sat side by side. In summer-time, when the windows were opened, it had an alluring summons to outdoor sports. I often hear it still, on summer days, and in my dreams! Strange, how certain sounds get incorporated with our life, and

never cease from memory. The scraps of tin gathered from the heap before the side-door, or from the clippings under the workmen's benches, were variously utilized for our plays. The triangular bits were bent into shape to stand on the broad end; these were our "horses," though from their shape they might better have stood for birds. The narrow, cord-like tin trimmings served for harness and coupling, and from the larger rectangular bits we formed our wagons. With these we undertook large contracts of road and canal building (Mark's grandfather was president of the Sandy and Beaver Canal), and it was remarkable how much fun we could get out of this sort of transportation and a vivid imagination. As we grew older, of course, we grew out of such plays (although they tarried long with us), but the tinshop was a favorite and fruitful resort until boyhood vanished.

Note 56, p. 91.

Thus, on the peaceful plaza breaks the din
Of warring factions.

The inherent tendency of men to divide into parties, factions, sects, and to contend with and for the same, often without the least apparent reasonableness, was well shown among our village boys. The town was divided into two great sections, known in the graphic rather than elegant diction of boyhood, as Sheep Hill and Frog Pond. Between the two was a narrow belt called Mid-town or Middle-town, whose boundaries and subjects were de-

terminated partly by location and partly by natural and social selection. The Hanna boys, Mark and Melville, belonged to this section, and there the writer had his citizenship. There were two other recognized sub-sections; McClymondsburg in the East End, so named after one of its earliest and principal residents; and Matamoros in the West End, hard away toward the big basin, our favorite swimming ground, Hepner's ("Hipner's") Hollow and the Canton bridge. For the most part the down-town boys went with the Frog-ponders, and the up-town boys with the Sheep-hillers. But there were no hard-and-fast lines, and the Middle-towners had recruits from both sections, determined by personal preference, special friendships and boyish fancy.

The rivalries between these parties grew into feuds, and these were at one time so intense that individual fights and boy-riots occurred, in which, as a rule, Mid-town and Frog Pond were allies. I remember one battle in which the parties met by challenge in a field and grove north of the Hanna place. The three clans marched to the rendezvous in companies, and after some preliminary skirmishing it was proposed to settle the controversy not by arbitration, but by the method of ancient chivalry, a fight between the captains of two of the factions. The Middle-town captain promptly accepted for himself and the Frog-ponders, and joined in fisticuff combat with the Sheep Hill captain, a stout and plucky lad called Loot Smith, two years older than he. Luther got the better of his opponent, and had him down pummeling him badly, when the impatient partisans of the worsted Mid-towner broke bound, and

with a shout rushed into the fistic ring, rescued their fallen chief, and a general battle began over and around the two leaders. In this *mêlée* one of our side—he was a Frog-ponder—who carried a real sword, an ancestral relic of some war, badly hacked the arm of a young Sheep-hiller.

Another battle that I recall, occurred in the heart of the town. Over the front part of my father's spacious woodshed was a granary and storehouse with several compartments. It was not often used, and was turned over to the boys, who had it for a playhouse. Here our merchandising ventures were held, as the boxes made excellent "departments" for our "stores." I have no recollection of how the fight arose (the reasons for such frays were usually as good, or as bad, as those of our elders in their wars), but it finally focused on our granary. Therein our party, which was being worsted, took refuge, and was vigorously besieged. Volleys of stones poured through the open windows. It was the preliminary artillery fire to prepare the way for an infantry assault made upon the wide, winding stair. Fortunately a heavy plank aforetime used as a "store" counter, was at our hand, and with this we battered in two of the steps, and held our ground. Meanwhile, a crowd of citizens, and our mothers anxious and weeping, had gathered on the street, vainly imploring peace. We were then too excited for reason.

In the nick of time my father, who had been visiting a patient in the country, rode upon the scene. At last the "powers" had intervened! Hastily dismounting, he strode into the midst of the angry belligerents on the street, and attacked them with his rawhide riding-whip. He was

a stalwart man, six-feet-two, peaceful but fearless, and his blood was up. His red rawhide, mighty as the sword of Gideon, made great gaps in the besiegers' ranks, and soon they were flying down the street. As for the besieged, they hastened to surrender; and although delivered from their adversaries, their feelings could hardly be compared with those of the relieved citizens of Leyden, when their famous siege was broken by the Dutch fleet. Perhaps one had better drop a veil upon the subsequent proceedings with the McCook boys. A half-holiday spent in sawing wood—and alack! it was the height of the fishing season!—by no means satisfied the penal requirements of that situation. However, then and there these puerile combats ceased, at least in public. Even the easy-going New Lisbonites were stirred up to put them down.

But partisan hostilities did not wholly cease. In winter-time, especially, the clannish spirit would have vent between rival private schools. In the old log public schoolhouse on the Green Hill (a relic of pioneer days), at the crossing of Market Street and High Street whereon the Hannas lived, a Mr. Edward Carroll started a school. I was then attending Mr. Anderson's school held in the basement of the church, where the High School afterward was kept. One winter day, after a fine snowfall, "Old Davy's boys" planned an assault on a great snow-fort that "Ed Carroll's boys" had built upon the Green before the log schoolhouse, just opposite the county jail. One company attacked in front, another in flank, and a third (in which the writer served), was led around the square to attack from the alley in the rear. There was a gallant defense, but we

won "a glorious victory!" No one intervened (for snowball battles were not tabooed), except Mr. Carroll, the teacher. He left the schoolhouse, and ventured forth to command the peace. Thereupon the snowball batteries were turned upon him, and it is just possible that some of his own pupils joined in the bombardment. The good teacher wore a wig, a red one, at that!—and this a chance shot dislodged. Away it flew over the snow, and away scurried the master after it, his shining bald head glistening in the bright winter sun. He clapped his recovered wig upon his head and ran into the schoolhouse amidst shouts of laughter and jeering cries: "Go up, thou baldhead!" We had no fears of lurking bears in that vicinity to punish our irreverence; and anyhow, "Ed Carroll" was not a prophet—not our prophet, at least!

We were late at school that afternoon, and cast dubious looks ("jubous" was our word) upon the master's frowning face. But one of the big boys told the story of the fight, not forgetting the mishap to the rival teacher's wig. There was scant relaxing of the wrinkled brow, but we knew by the twinkle in the blue gray eyes, that "old Davy" was not displeased. At least, though there was due formal admonition, there were no floggings! And the master's jokes flowed freely that day, and never had they had such free applause.

Note 57, p. 93.

Now all is changed! I wander down the street
 Far busier than in the olden time,
 Yet lonelier to me.

The failure of the Sandy and Beaver Canal, in which much of New Lisbon's money was invested, was a great blow to the town. The Senator's grandfather, who was president of the canal company, suffered with the rest. Business forsook the town. Its "boom had burst!" Houses and stores were unrented, and many fell into decay. So it was during our boyhood; and this condition caused the removal of many of the young men and more enterprising citizens. The removal of the Senator's father to Cleveland was thus largely influenced, as was that of my own father to Steubenville. As the advent of railroads into Ohio, whose tracks went quite around New Lisbon, had caused its decay, so the subsequent coming of two lines of railway into the old place has caused its revival. It was once the best trading centre in Eastern Ohio; it is again a busy and prosperous community.

Note 58, p. 94.

The old familiar Church, whose basement floors
 Gave local habitation to our school,
 Before the host of blatant trumpeters
 That compass round the walls of ancient ways,
 And sound the march of progress, and the knell
 Of many a landmark of the ancient days,
 Has long since fallen down.

A fire which damaged the old building led to its destruction, and to the erection of a new and more modern edifice. But the rich associations of the earlier sanctuary are gone. A memorial window in the new building, presented by President McKinley, commemorates the fact that his grandfather, James McKinley, and his great-grandfather, David McKinley, were members of this Church; and there also his father worshiped when a student in the town. The grandfather was a ruling elder in the Church. His voice appears to have had much of that gentle and persuasive quality which characterized his eminent grandson, the President. David McKinley, the President's great-grandfather, was a teacher, a man of pleasant manners, and popular with patrons and pupils. I am indebted for these facts to the late Rev. Dr. James L. Vallandigham, the venerable nonagenarian of Newark, Delaware, who only recently died. He was a son of the Rev. Clement Vallandigham, the first pastor, was a schoolmate of the President's father, and with three brothers and two sisters attended the school taught by the great-grandfather, David McKinley.

Note 59, p. 94.

Its fine associations running through
 A century,—iconoclastic hands
 Have clipped in twain; irreverent to'rd the old,
 They struck from current history the "New."

In 1895 a movement was started among some of the more recent citizens of New Lisbon to drop the "New"

from the town name, and this was done upon application to the Court. That it was a misjudged and ill-considered movement most of the older natives held and hold ; an unreasoning sacrifice of an historic name which should have been cherished, if for no other reason, for the sake of old associations, and of old records which it will be impossible to change. Historians and biographers, in required references to the place, are often compelled to bracket the old name with the abridgment, so that "New Lisbon" becomes "(now Lisbon)!" Certainly, not an improvement. A letter from the Senator lies before me, in which he expresses himself in strong terms of disapprobation of the movement and its promoters. In an excellent historic souvenir of the town published at its centennial commemoration, this "reason" is given for the change: "A few years ago many of the citizens deemed it a misnomer to call the *old* town, *New* Lisbon!" Fancy the citizens of New York or New Orleans, for example, seeking to drop the "New" in these names for such a "reason!" It would be a fitting mark of respect for the Senator and for others whose birthright to the true name of their native town was thus impaired, as well as to the spirit of veracious history, to return to the original and historic title.

Note 60, p. 98.

His not the saintly mood; nor soul devout
Meet for life's cloistered walks and sheltered ways,
Where men in holy contemplation rapt
And pious meditation spend their days.

These and the following lines aim to be wholly just to the Senator's attitude toward religion. His father was by birthright a Friend, his mother a Presbyterian; but having no decided Church preferences he united with his wife, who is an Episcopalian, in occasional worship, and in general support of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was not a communicant, but was a vestryman in the local congregation attended by his family, St. John's, Cleveland.

Note 61, p. 101.

A genial comrade, but no reveler.

The food that nourishes the brain of an eminent man is a matter of interest, quite apart from one's curiosity as to personal habits. Mr. Hanna was a total abstainer from all intoxicants until past forty; and thereafter he used them only rarely and very sparingly upon his physician's order. He would take a cup of coffee or tea, but was not very fond of either. He did not care for fresh meats; but liked corn-beef hash, which was his favorite meat dish. He also relished creamed chip-beef; a dish which bears the local name of "doonkey," whence derived, I do not know. He occasionally ate bacon; enjoyed fried pickled pork with cream gravy, and was particularly fond of little deer-foot sausages.

He was a great bread eater, and greatly liked corn bread in all forms. He did not care for cakes except plain cookies and hot gingerbread. His regular breakfast dish, which he rarely omitted, was two soft-boiled eggs. He

was remarkably fond of smear-case—cottage cheese. Once when invited to dinner by Mrs. Hobart at the Vice-president's house, he replied, "I won't come unless you have smear-case!" "Agreed!" said the lady; and when the dinner party entered the dining-room a generous dish of cottage cheese was displayed before the Senator's plate, greatly to the amusement of the company.

Among vegetables his favorite was roasting-ears, green corn on the cob. He was also fond of succotash, and he liked lima beans. The dessert which he most relished was a plain rice pudding, as prepared by "Maggie" the skilled family cook who has served Mrs. Hanna for many years.

Note 62, p. 103.

In his Lararium incense more sweet
Than ere from altar rose or incense swung,
And daily there his garlands, far more fair
Than violets or roseniary, were hung,
The fadeless offerings of filial care.

Among the ancient Romans the images of the household gods, the Lares and Penates, were kept in a particular part of the house called the Lararium. There they received constant offerings of incense and libations, and were decked with garlands of violets and rosemary. The Senator's mother occupied her own house in Cleveland, but was continually the subject of reverent and loving interest and attention from her distinguished son and her other children,

Note 63, p. 106.

Walk in the ever-widening quest,
And clearer light and calmer rest
Of those who win the Victory over Death !

The Senator was a type of many noble men in business and political and professional life, who (as the author thinks) are here justly described. One may regret that they fail to reach the higher standard of spiritual excellence. But shall they therefore be disfellowshipped from the just and saintly in the Life Beyond ?

The Apostle in the bead-roll of the chiefs of Israel's faith, written in the eleventh of Hebrews, puts in their true place such spiritual worthies as Enoch, Noah and Abraham. But he also enrolls, without the least qualification or sense of incongruity, such mere men of action as Barak, Samson and Jephthah. Why should we shrink from placing, in like manner, among God's agents and allies here and hereafter, men who surely were not less spiritual as types of character than these ancient heroes ?

The writer, at least, does not hesitate to tread (and he trusts with reverent spirit) a path that divine inspiration has already trod. Nor does he feel bound to yield his sincere convictions as to the facts, and his satisfaction in expressing them, because of misunderstanding and unenlightened prejudice. He does not accept the motto that good only is to be spoken of the dead ; but he believes that truth should not run to cover before the slings and arrows of error.

CANTO SECOND

Note 64, p. 111.

Yet every flake a shapely form shall yield
As precious stones or flowers of the field;
And each alike the taste divine displays
Of Him who made them all.

Snow is the vapor of water in a crystallized form. Indeed, the word "crystal," found in most European languages, is derived from the Greek *Krustallos*, meaning ice or frozen water. The atmosphere is charged with watery vapor to an immense extent, and when the temperature is sufficiently low to freeze this moisture, snow is formed. When produced in calm air the icy particles build themselves into beautiful stellar shapes, each star possessing six rays. Examined with an ordinary magnifying lens these water crystals of snow are very beautiful; and their forms have been much used for decoration, being wrought into patterns for wall paper, prints, laces and other objects of personal and domestic use.

Note 65, p. 112.

And thus, alas, the Senator is dead!
Not rank, nor wealth, nor purpose high and fair,
Th' inexorable hand that levels all would spare.

Senator Hanna died at the Arlington House, Washington, Monday, February 15, A. D. 1904. On Wednesday, February 17th, the national funeral services were held in

the Senate Chamber of the Capitol. On the same evening with a distinguished escort of public men and with the family, the Senator's remains were conveyed to Cleveland. There on Thursday afternoon and Friday morning the body lay in state in the Chamber of Commerce. At twelve noon on Friday, February 19th, the final obsequies were held in St. Paul's Church, which was chosen as more commodious than St. John's, the family place of worship. The interment was in Lake View Cemetery, where the Senator's body still remains in the Wade Memorial Chapel, awaiting the completion of the mausoleum, which Mrs. Hanna and the children are building as its final resting-place.

Note 66, p. 159.

A patriot, soldier, learn'd astronomer.

Gen. Ormsby M. Mitchell, who died in command of the Tenth Army corps, during the war against the Rebellion, of yellow fever, on Sunday October 30, 1862, at Beaufort, South Carolina.

