

The Forum.

APRIL, 1892.

A REVIEW OF MY OPINIONS.

I SUPPOSE that each man has some special powers and gifts, and that the particular direction which those powers and gifts take in each man's case is a good deal fixed by his general surroundings, by his teachers, by his friends, by the books he reads, by a thousand mere accidents of life over which he may have no control. These things may affect him in different ways. I believe that what a man is, is always largely due to his home surroundings. But they do not always affect him in the same way. One man accepts the tradition of the elders without doubt, or, if he has any doubt, he stifles the doubt. A man of another turn of mind throws aside the tradition of the elders, simply because it is the tradition of the elders. Both act unreasonably; but each acts after his kind. The tradition affects both of them, though in opposite ways.

No such tradition ever came to me in any strong shape. The inherited opinions and feelings of a long line of forefathers must have an effect one way or another; so must the personal opinions and personal character of an immediate parent of any mark. I never had the advantage or disadvantage of either. My parents died in my early childhood; my bringers-up were two generations older than myself. I suspect that this has made my tastes, memories, feelings, and ways of looking at things a little older than those of most men of my time. I was used in childhood and youth to the talk of those with whom the French Revolution was an event of youth and the American War of Independence an event of childhood. The Declaration of Independ-

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ence was put forth forty-seven years before my birth. I have a grandson who stands at about the same distance from Catholic Emancipation. I suspect that Catholic Emancipation will seem to him through life a more distant event than the Declaration of Independence seems to me.

I suspect also that living mainly with people a great deal older than one's self, as it helps to bring the past somewhat nearer to one, helps also to make one take an early interest in the present; and this, though the persons who exert the influence may be persons of no mark or position, with only an average knowledge of what is going on. Certain it is that I was as a child deeply impressed by many public events and took a keen interest in them, while it strikes me that children in general are not commonly impressed in the same way by the same kind of events in their time. I was, so to speak, introduced both to the present and to the past very early. It was not perhaps done in a very intelligent way; but it was done in some way. I certainly have not kept the impressions of my earliest days, which were for the most part strongly Tory. But I am not sure that it is a bad thing to have been a Tory in childhood. I have the dimmest remembrance of Catholic Emancipation as something very dreadful. But I can remember when George the Fourth was king; I remember the coming in of Lord Grey's ministry in 1830; I vividly remember the great Reform Bill; most vividly of all do I remember the local parliamentary elections in the years 1830, 1831, and 1832. I was very eager then, at the age of from seven to nine years, on behalf of the candidates whom, for the past forty years and more, I should have looked on as the wrong ones. All this I took in from my elders; but I took it in with a warmth of my own. And I went off into regions of my own choosing.

I took a very early fancy to foreign politics. The French Revolution of 1830 was the first foreign event which deeply struck me. And from France I went on to dabble in the affairs of Spain and Portugal. Of course I was everywhere on the wrong side, though I am not sure that in Spain it was wholly the wrong side. The cause of Don Carlos came most clearly home to me as the assertion of the local rights of Navarre and the Basque Provinces. I must, without knowing it, have been something of a Home Ruler already. Of course I really knew nothing about foreign politics; but I learned one piece of knowledge that I have kept. I learned boundaries. I used an atlas, Wilkinson's, which showed the map of Europe as it

had been before the French revolutionary wars and as it was at the actual time. I was never tired of studying these maps, of comparing and copying them. And from that process I got first of all to feel a dislike for the power of Austria. The reason perhaps was not a very sound one.

The old map showed Germany and Hungary with a marked boundary between them. In the new map all Hungary and a great piece of Germany—as also a great piece of Italy—had gone to make up what seemed to me a new thing called “Austria.” This I did not like. I knew nothing of the history of the empire as yet, or I might have liked it still less. I ought perhaps to explain that the difference between the old and the new maps, though it implied a real change in the distribution of power, did not imply so great a change as I thought. The maps were affected by the difficulty which affected all who were called on to make maps of central Europe down to the changes of 1866. The new map and the old were made on different principles. The old map showed the boundary of the empire as a whole, without marking the dominions of its several princes. Austria, therefore, lying wholly within Germany, was not marked at all. The name “Prussia” marked the kingdom of Prussia only, not Brandenburg and the other lands within the empire. The new map did not mark the boundary of the confederation, but it showed the territories of its chief princes, both within and without the confederation, as wholes. “Austria” thus came into being, and “Prussia” received a vast enlargement. I did not clearly take in that, though “Austria” was marked in the new map and not in the old; yet, in the old state of things no less than in the new, an Austrian prince ruled alike over Hungary and over a large part of Germany. That that prince had once been emperor-elect of the Romans and had ceased to be so, I did not yet know. But though I certainly could not remember the first use of the words “Empire of Austria,” I knew perfectly well that for twelve years (1823–1835) I walked on the earth along with the first man who ever used them. In later days I have sometimes startled people by saying that I was for twelve years contemporary with a man who had been emperor.

Thus I was brought up a Tory in home politics, but I began very early to make an eclectic creed for myself in politics beyond the sea. I think that Wilkinson’s atlas has affected me for life. And other things kept me from the beginning away from the received Tory creed in foreign matters. The Tory creed was not then exactly what it is

now. It did not imply the same fierce hatred of Russia or the same romantic love of the Turk. The Turk was assumed as an existing institution the Greeks, Servians, and Bulgarians were not yet heard of—and was a little looked down on as being taken up by Whigs and Radicals; still, here was the great fact that the last victory of the British arms had been won over the Turk and in concert with the Russian. Tory as was my bringing-up, I was not taught to look on the battle of Navarino as an untoward event. I do not exactly remember the battle—I was not quite so precocious as that; but I do remember when it was talked about as a not very distant event, and when it was talked of as a thing to be proud of. I have a very dim notion that there was already a feeling afloat the other way; but the fight of Navarino always came to my childish ears as something honorable. And I was most likely further impressed by seeing a panorama of the battle which was carried about the country. From that day to this I have never forgotten the last blow that my country struck for righteousness. England has since then intervened for righteousness; but Mr. Gladstone delivered Thessaly and made the Turk give up Dalcigno without striking a blow. Since then Greece, her rights and wrongs—to grow in after days into the rights and wrongs of all south-eastern Europe—have never been out of my thoughts. I remember, while still very young, lighting in some book or newspaper on a doctrine which has often been repeated since, the doctrine that the power of the Turk was something needful to be maintained in the interest of England or of all Europe. This saying came upon me as a strange paradox. How could it be for the interest of England and of Europe to prolong the oppression of European and Christian people at the hands of barbarian and infidel masters? And I have not yet found the diplomatist or the writer of leading articles who has been able to answer the question.

I must confess, I believe, that for a very short time, when I first began to learn something of the older days and the older tongue of Greece, such knowledge had the not uncommon effect of lessening my zeal for Greece as she stood in my own day. But if so, it was for a very short time. I soon learned that the whole tale of Greece was one tale; I presently learned that the tale of Greece was but one part of a still greater tale. I think I may say that I have been a philhellene for fifty years. For forty years I have worked, as a private man could work, for Greece and the other enslaved lands. That the liberated lands know that they have had at least the good-will of one pri-

vate Englishman, that they have valued that good-will at a higher rate doubtless than it was worth, have been among the things which have most cheered me in my whole life.

Another very early impression has, I think, got twined in with the philhellenic impression. I do not know whether any one in the United States knows the name of Thomas Attwood of Birmingham. In his own island it seems to be so wholly forgotten that it finds no place in the dictionary of national biography. Yet sixty years ago he was a power in the land. The Birmingham of his day was not what Birmingham is now, but it was already a great and important town, though a town without parliamentary representation or municipal constitution. In that town Thomas Attwood, a local banker, wielded a power more like that of a Greek demagogue—I use the word in the Greek and not in the vulgar sense—than has often been seen in later times. Under some circumstances he might, if he had had the will, have grown from demagogue into tyrant. As it was, there is no doubt that the Birmingham “Political Union,” which he founded, had no small share in carrying the great Reform Bill of 1832. He was one of the first representatives of Birmingham in the Parliament of that year, but in the House of Commons he made no mark; he afterwards withdrew from public life and sank out of notice. But for several years of my childhood he was a very important person. He was my uncle by marriage, and as a child I knew him very well. Of course I was taught to believe that his radical goings-on were not at all the right thing; but I believe that he influenced me in one way. It was the time of the first revolt and reconquest of the kingdom of Poland, sixty years back. Attwood was almost as zealous for Poland as he was for parliamentary reform; and that side of him was allowed to affect me. I took great interest in Poland, and, when I had to choose a prize book, I chose a History of Poland—Dunham’s in Lardner’s Cyclo-pedia. Large parts of it I know by heart now.

It seems strange to me now that I knew my Polish kings before I knew my emperors. When I knew my Polish history pretty fairly, the necessary references in Dunham’s book to the affairs of the empire used to puzzle me. I believe my Polish zeal grew cold like my Greek zeal. It did not fit in with my Tory theories. It was then the Tories whom Whigs and Radicals used to charge with cringing to Russia, and my Polish history itself taught me that both Poles and Russians were very much like other people. Each nation, I learned, had done the other a shrewd turn whenever it had the chance. And I

always had the advantage of knowing my boundaries, that is, of knowing that it was Prussia and Austria, not Russia, which swallowed up the true Poland in 1772-1795. Still, I felt a good deal of interest for the Poles at the time of the last revolt, in 1863. As I came to know the Slavonic as well as the Greek side of south-eastern matters, my old Polish interest easily merged in a general Slavonic interest. And that after all is only part of something much wider, of a zeal for right against wrong, for nations against their foreign masters.

Am I to set it down as a gain or a loss in my life that I never was at a public school? I feel that it has been in some things a loss, perhaps not now, but certainly when I was younger. But I suspect that it has been on the whole a gain. I think I am the more independent for it. There is a certain superstitious feeling about public schools, a certain wonderful bowing down to head-masters, which I feel that I am better without. And would Harrow or Eton in 1836 or 1837 have set me to read the book which I was set to read in my private school? That book was W. C. Taylor's "History of the Overthrow of the Roman Empire and the Foundation of the Principal European States." The book is utterly superseded and forgotten; I have not looked at it for years, and I have no doubt it is far below the standard of 1892. But from that book, coming to it with all the freshness of a boy's first real power of understanding, I learned things better worth knowing than anything that I could have picked up at Eton or Harrow. I had already some dim notion of a western empire; from Taylor's book I first learned that there was an eastern empire. I learned also what Saracens were; I learned that there were Sassanian kings of Persia, Bulgarians also, and many things that have been good for me throughout life. I did not read Gibbon till a good many years later; and I believe that I took in many of these things in a better way through coming on them first in the inferior writer.

My not being at a public school has, I have no doubt, strengthened my love of my university and my college. In my time the head-masters had not had everything their own way. It was possible to enter Oxford before the age of nineteen; it was nothing wonderful to get a scholarship before eighteen or even earlier still. And to be scholar and fellow of Trinity from 1841 to 1847 was something to be. It was indeed a circle to look back to of which fifty years ago I was chosen a member, a circle of which a man is much to be blamed if he is not wiser and nobler for having been one. But love of the founda-

tion, the feeling of membership, of brotherhood, in an ancient and honorable body, the feeling of full possession in one's college as a home, the feeling of personal nearness to a benefactor of past times, all that gathers round the scholarship that was something worthier than a mere prize, the fellowship that was something worthier than a crammer's wages—all this, I hope, has not even yet utterly vanished; but, under the hands of one reforming commission after another, such feelings have undoubtedly greatly weakened in the Oxford to which I have come back. In the unreformed university, the unreformed college in which I had the happiness to spend my youth, we had time to learn something, because we were not always being taught. We were not kept through our whole time, vexed by examination after examination, examined in this subject one term, in that subject the next term, all ingeniously combined for the better forgetting of one thing before the next was taken in. We had one examination, and a searching one, the successful passing of which could not seem to any but a fool to be the goal of study, but which, by the reading it required, gave a man the best possible start for study in several branches of knowledge. In that examination I failed; that is, I was in the second class and not in the first. It has very seldom since come into my head to think whether I was first, second, third, or fourth; I have never at any moment of my life forgotten that I was once a scholar and fellow of Trinity.

Happy in most things as was my scholar's life, there was still the drawback of having to read for an examination. I suppose examinations cannot be got rid of, I suppose they are necessary evils; but they certainly are evils. Reading for an examination, even if it be real reading and not taking in tips from a crammer, is not what reading should be. A lower motive comes in; it is not simply reading for the sake of knowledge. To me the examination was always a mere bugbear, something that hindered real work. I shall never forget my joy when the examination was over; one of my first thoughts was, "Now I can really begin to read." And in October, 1845, I did begin to read. I began by reading my Herodotus over again. That was the beginning of a course which in February, 1892, is not ended. Truly, the more one learns the more one finds one has to learn.

And yet I must give a very high place to some parts of my reading for the Oxford schools. Aristotle's "Ethics" was then—I believe it still is—an *essential* subject, what to a schoolmaster, birch in hand, it seems to come more naturally to call a *compulsory* subject. Left to

myself, I should perhaps never have read the "Ethics"; I should certainly not have read them as I did read them. I should most likely have looked to see what historical facts I could get out of the book, and not much more. But having to read the book thoroughly, I felt that I drew from it a new power, a power of discerning likenesses and unlikenesses, of distinguishing real and false analogies, which I had not before, and which has helped me ever since. I have written the "History of the Norman Conquest," I am writing the "History of Sicily," all the better for having been made to read about *μεγαλοφυχία* and *ἐπιγαρκεαζία*. And to Aristotle I must add Butler; him I believe the march of reform has swept away, hardly to the clearing of men's minds. I do not so much mean the "Analogy" as the wonderful "Sermons." From the "Sermons on Human Nature" one learns, and one does not straightway forget, what manner of man one is. And I may add the three books of Euclid that I took in for my little-go—though to be sure I had learned, though I have since forgotten, a little more of mathematics than I knew before I came to Oxford. Whenever I hear a man sneer at mathematics, I suspect him of having been plucked in them. I do not expect such a man to see very clearly what is proof and what is not. And some American reader may be pleased when I tell him that by the help of the three books that I took up at little-go I found my way about the streets and avenues of Washington and New York.

To these influences at the time of my being at Oxford and shortly after I must add the influence of two great writers, both living at the time, but neither of whom I ever spoke to, one of whom I never saw. These were Arnold and Lord Macaulay. To me Arnold is not the famous schoolmaster, in which character he has had worshippers enough. Arnold of Rugby was nothing to me. All that I learned from him I should have learned just as well, perhaps better, if he had stayed at Laleham or at Oriel. But in his character of editor of Thucydides and author of the "History of Rome," there is no man from whom I learned more. It was not so much particular facts or particular views that I learned from him as something much greater. I learned from him how to use any facts or any views. I learned from him what history was. I learned from him the truth of the unity of history. I learned from him the folly of the wretched distinctions "ancient" and "modern" and what-not, which make true historic learning almost hopeless. As to Lord Macaulay—the "History of England" did not come out till I had left Oxford, and

I doubt if I read the "Essays" till about the same time; but of the "Lays of Ancient Rome"—I believe the critics of the grand style call them "pinchbeck," which I fancy is meant to be scornful—I can only say that they are still ringing in my ears with a note as fresh as they had fifty years back. I have said them over on their own ground; I have proved the truth of every epithet; and now, with the Sicilian deeds of Pyrrhus as my day's work, it is the notes of the "Prophecy of Capys" which come first home to me at the thought of the "Red King" and his bold Epirotes. Still, the "Lays" are play-work beside the "History."

I am told that the matchless writing of Macaulay is nowadays jeered at. I am not sure whether it is allowed to be "style"; I am not sure whether it is allowed to be "literature." I have now and then made some efforts to find out what "style" and "literature" are. I find that they are something very different from Macaulay, something very different from Arnold, something, I might go on to say, very different from Gibbon. I have tried the writings of a notable "stylist," the great living model, I am told, of style. Now, did anybody ever have to read over a sentence of Macaulay or of Arnold, or even of the artificial Gibbon, a second time simply in order to find out its meaning? But I found that in my "stylist" a plain man could not make out the meaning of a single sentence without greater pains than are needed to follow an imperfectly known foreign language. A story seemed to be told; but there was no making out whether the story was meant to be fact or fiction. I will not say that I have imitated Macaulay's style, because I gather from what I saw of my "stylist" that Macaulay has no "style." I have not consciously imitated his manner of writing; that is, I have not tried to write like him. Yet Macaulay's manner of writing has been in the highest measure an influence with me. I have learned from him to say what I mean and to mean what I say—to cut my sentences short—not to be afraid of repeating the same word, not to talk about "the former" and "the latter," but to call men and things whatever they are. I have learned from him to say what I have to say in the purest, the clearest, the strongest, aye, and the most rhythmical English that I can muster. If my "stylist" is "style" and Lord Macaulay is not "style," a man who wishes to be understood will say something more than "*sæpe stylum vertas*"; he will say good-by to "style" and stick to plain English.

One more experience from my Oxford days. While I was a bachelor of arts, the subject given one year for the English essay was "The

Effects of the Norman Conquest." The Norman conquest was a subject that I had been thinking about ever since I could think at all. I wrote for the prize; I had the good luck not to get it. Had I got it, I might have been tempted to think that I knew all about the matter; as it was, I went on and learned something about it.

I am not writing an autobiography; I do not fancy that that is wished. But there are some features of my life which I think come under the head required. I certainly count as important whatever has tended in me to independence of thought. Perhaps the kind of life that I have mainly led may have helped to that end. I belong to no profession; I can hardly be said to belong to any class. But I have points of contact with several classes. At once a professor in Oxford and a justice of the peace in Somerset, I do not feel that I am exactly a country gentleman; still less do I feel that I am exactly an Oxford don; I suppose I am not a "literary man," because I have never lived by writing; I suppose I am not a political character, because I have never sat in Parliament. But I feel that I have enough in common with all these classes and with other classes as well to understand all of them, without exactly belonging to any of them.

I fancy that these things have helped to make me think for myself. As Gibbon wrote his history the better for having served in the Hampshire militia, I believe that I can write mine the better for having sat at quarter-session at Wells and Taunton, for having been a member of the hebdomadal council at Oxford, for having gone through an unsuccessful parliamentary contest for Mid-Somerset. I may have lost something by not living in London, by distinctly avoiding London. In London I might have known some men whom I have not known. But I am sure that the purely London man is the narrowest of all men, the most likely blindly to respect the formula of his party or his set. And I am sure that I should not have gained by staying here in Oxford from the time I took my degree till now. Six-and-thirty years of country life, from leaving Oxford in 1848 to coming back to it in 1884, have, I think, not been bad for me. And now that I have to spend half the year among walls and houses, there is no bit of Greek that comes oftener into my thoughts than this, which I can apply to myself,

στυγῶν μὲν ἄστυ, τὸν δ' ἐμὸν δῆμον ποθῶν.

Some of my American friends have been good enough to write up as a motto a saying which fell from me in some speech or lecture: "History is past politics; politics are present history." Like other

men, I have had my critics, fair and unfair. Of the unfair I will not now speak; but there is a class that mean to be fair who greatly amuse me. How much better am I employed when I am dealing with this and that remote point of history than when I am speaking against the dear Turk or the dear Jew. Or the critic will graciously allow that I know something of past events, although, he sorrowfully adds, I go so very far wrong about the events of my own time. When Louis-Philippe was king of the French, it was said that his supporters formed two classes, the *parceques* and the *quoiques*. One party said, "*Louis-Philippe est roi, parcequ'il est Bourbon.*" The other party said, "*Louis-Philippe est roi, quoiqu'il est Bourbon.*" I think my friends at Johns Hopkins, if nowhere else, will understand me when I say that the relation between my studies of past life and my views of present times is not a matter of *quoique*, but of *parceque*. They will understand that my political and my historical growth have gone hand in hand. I gradually changed the Tory creed of my childhood and youth as I came to know more both of past and of present things. I changed that creed by the instructive process of carrying it out to its logical results, and then seeing that those logical results would not hold either in theory or practice. For a few years I believed very wonderful things indeed; I was a great deal more Tory than the teaching of my childhood. I believe that this is a wholesome stage to have gone through. Every Liberal doctrine that I have accepted, I have accepted by a process of thought. Mr. Gladstone is my leader in the sense of a captain; he is not my leader in the sense of a teacher.

In most of the political matters to which I have given any thought at all—not being in Parliament, I do not feel bound to give thought to every political matter—I have come to my own conclusions first; and I have had the pleasure of seeing the practical men come to the same conclusions later. This has been above all the case with the political matter which comes most home to me, that with regard to which I feel that history and politics are most truly one. I have for years tried to do what I could for truth and right everywhere, in all times and in all places. I see that the whole history of Europe forms the record of one long struggle, a struggle of which the earliest known phases will be found in the opening chapters of Herodotus, while the latest as yet will be found in the morning's telegrams. It was the present Lord Derby who, in a sneering fit, first spoke, as far as I know, of "the eternal

Eastern question." Lord Derby simply meant that to him it was a weariness and a nuisance to hear of the wrongs of oppressed nations which he had made up his mind to leave in the jaws of their oppressors. But in so saying, Lord Derby stumbled on the happiest epithet that man ever lighted on. The "Eastern question" is indeed "eternal"; it was, in the cant of diplomatists, "awaiting its solution" at the first beginnings of recorded history; it is "awaiting its solution" still. That "solution" cannot come as long as a single rood of European and Christian soil is left in the grasp of barbarian intruders. The strife is indeed eternal. It is the strife between light and darkness, between freedom and bondage; it is the strife between the West and the East, between Europe and Asia, the strife which in its earliest days took the shape of the strife between Greek and barbarian, the strife which, for the last twelve centuries, has been sharpened to its keenest as the strife between Christendom and Islam.

The tale is the same in all ages, from the Plateæan who gave his life for right at Marathon to the Russian who gave his life for right at Plevna. There were medizing Greeks in one age; there are friends of the Turk in another. There was a Trachinian who sold himself to lead the Persian over the hill to Thermopylæ; there was an Englishman who sold himself to lead the barbarian fleet against the struggling patriots of Crete. There was a Peace of Antalkidas which handed over the Greeks of Asia to the Great King; there was a treaty of Berlin which, when Macedonia had been set free by the Russian sword, thrust it back once more under the heel of the faithless Ottoman. Yes, history is past politics, politics is present history; no line can be drawn between them; no imaginary barrier of "ancient" and "modern" can part them asunder. The same laws which apply to the one apply also to the other. Thankful am I indeed that the influence which was already at work when I asked my childish question how it could be a good thing for my country that wrong should be done in another country has never died out of me for a moment.

On this head I have one more word to say. I know that there are many in this hemisphere, there may be some in another, to whom an Englishman who can in any case speak well of Russia seems a strange being, perhaps a traitor. I cannot, specially remembering how feeling on this matter has turned round within my own memory, see why Russia should be treated either as something evil in itself or as the natural enemy of England. To me it seems that Russia and its rulers are simply like any other nation and its rulers, capable

of righteous action at one moment and of unrighteous action at another. I am for the oppressed everywhere, whoever may be the oppressor. I am for reasonable national aspirations everywhere, even when there is no actual oppression. As I am for justice to Ireland, for justice to Bohemia, I am no less for justice to Finland. If Alexander the Third is really minded to destroy the noble work of his father and his great-uncle in his constitutional Grand Duchy, he is simply all the worse for being the unworthy representative of such predecessors. It is those who have dared to applaud the good deeds of one Russian autocrat who have the best right to speak against any possible evil deeds of another.

I dare say I might say more; but I feel that I have said enough for the purpose for which I have been asked to say anything. It is that chance proverb of mine which the historical students of Johns Hopkins have honored me by setting up over their library, it is by the application which I have made of it both to the events of the remotest times and to the events which I have seen happen in the course of sixty-nine years, that I would fain have my life and my writings judged.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

A CAMPAIGN FOR A PRINCIPLE.

THE weakness of the Democratic party at the close of the Civil War compelled it to rely for a return to popular favor more upon the misdeeds and demerits of its opponents than upon positive merits of its own. Anxious to draw recruits to its wasted ranks, it naturally had recourse, both in its platforms and in its campaigns, to vigorous arraignments of the party in power rather than to clear and explicit statements of its own purposes and principles. Yet it would be unfair to charge it with any concealment of its temper and attitude as to the chief controversies of the day. It was, as it ever had been, a national party, and exerted itself at all times to assuage the spirit of sectionalism. It was, as ever, a States' rights party, and did all that it could to revive the drooping cause of local self-government and to resist the centripetal forces let loose by the war. It was, as ever, regardful of the burdens of the people, and fought against extravagance in public expenditure. These were great and timely services, and they were wisely and well rendered by the party under the lead of Hendricks, Thurman, and Bayard. But any party condemned to remain long in opposition, if it does not actually dissolve, loses something of the boldness and initiative that belong to and are developed by responsibility and action. It is too apt to content itself with censure and criticism, to become lax, if not ambiguous, in its own expressions of faith, welcoming to its ranks all who are willing to co-operate in war upon the party in power, without requiring from them the acceptance of any definite principles.

The Whig party, in its day, developed immense enthusiasm among its followers, and had a great and superb array of leaders; but the battles it won were fought upon ambiguous platforms, with ambiguous leaders on whose military prestige it depended for popular strength. Once only in its history did it venture into a presidential campaign with a genuine Whig candidate upon a genuine Whig platform, and then it lost. But what was both prudence and necessity in the first contests after the war ceased to be such when voters began to manifest a weariness of the Republican party and a willingness to