



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, THIRD DAUGHTER OF DR. LYMAN BEECHER, AND FAMOUS
AS THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

THE BEECHER FAMILY

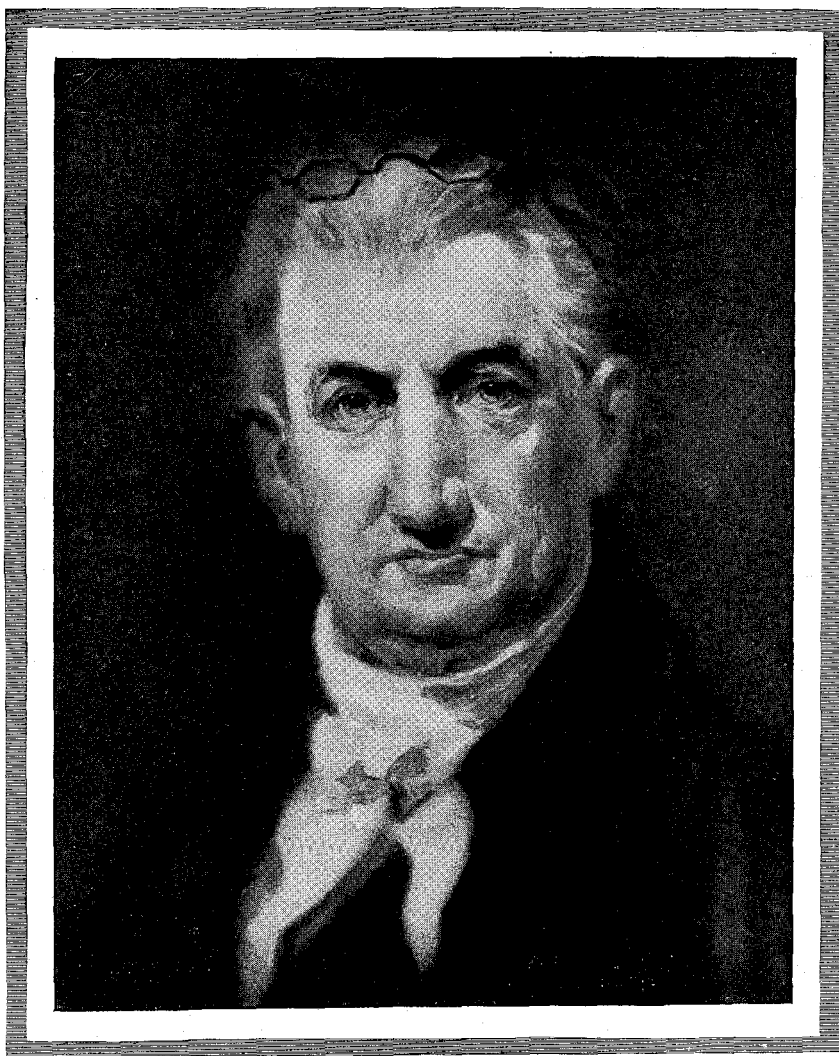
BY THE REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D.D.

PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN

THE two most influential families of the nineteenth century in England and America were perhaps the Arnold family in England, and the Beecher family in the United States.

During three generations the Arnolds were leaders of British thought. The father, Thomas Arnold of Rugby, was at once the great educator, preacher, and liberalizing force of his time. He had the rare good

fortune to be the subject of one of the half-dozen best biographies ever written, for Stanley's "Life of Arnold" ranks with Boswell's "Johnson," Lockhart's "Scott," and Trevelyan's "Macaulay." Matthew Arnold, the son, was a literary critic who came to be regarded as all but infallible. The granddaughter, Mrs. Humphry Ward, has made a name as novelist, and is not less favorably known for her interest in



DR. LYMAN BEECHER, THE DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN CLERGYMAN AND REFORMER,
"A MORAL HERO AND AN INTELLECTUAL GIANT"

sociological work. A drop of Arnold blood has gone as far as any blood ever known in England.

What the Arnold family were to England, the Beecher family were to the United States. Lyman Beecher, the father, was the leading preacher, reformer, and controversialist of his day, and it has been well said that he fathered more brains than any man of that period. All of his eight sons entered the ministry, and nearly all of them won distinction in it. Catherine Beecher was the pioneer of the higher education for women. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and struck a match that helped to start the great conflagration. Edward Beecher's "Conflict of Ages" was for five

years the most widely discussed book of the time. Thomas K. Beecher founded the first institutional church on record. Henry Ward Beecher is better known to Englishmen than any other American that we have ever produced, with the possible exception of Abraham Lincoln.

LYMAN BEECHER

Boston and New England have idolized three men. Lyman Beecher was their hero from 1815 to 1830; Daniel Webster, from 1830 to 1850; Phillips Brooks, from 1880 to his death. Lyman Beecher was a moral hero and an intellectual giant. His sermons on dueling, after Burr's murder of Alexander Hamilton, put his name in every

man's mouth. The temperance movement, started by his six sermons on "Intemperance," is a movement that has not yet spent its force.

The eccentricity and the originality that were in his children were quite as marked in the father, who kept his church, his city, and the whole country in hot water most of the time. He was a reformer in theology, and a prodigious force in national life. His statements were as clear as sunshine; he was logical and analytic in his method, and he carried such enthusiasm and moral earnestness that he took the multitudes by storm.

Benjamin Harrison once told me that Lyman Beecher was the greatest of all the Beechers.

"When I was a young lawyer in Cincinnati," said the ex-President, "I heard Lyman Beecher give a charge to a group of theological students at Lane Seminary. He was an old man, but he blazed like a star. 'Young gentlemen,' said the old scholar, 'when you come to select the place in which you are to preach, do not be solicitous about the town. Settle wherever you will, but remember, the other end of the universe will not tip up.'"

During the early thirties Lyman Beecher



ROXANNA FOOTE BEECHER, WIFE OF DR. LYMAN BEECHER, AND MOTHER OF
TWELVE CHILDREN, ALMOST ALL OF WHOM WON DISTINCTION

was visiting Judge Hedges's father, in Long Island. The contest between Webster and Hayne was on in the United States Senate. One morning, in great excitement, the host brought Lyman Beecher the full

ing to his feet. "It is a red-hot cannon-ball going through a basket full of eggshells!"

Lyman Beecher's symbol should be a pen in the right hand and a burning lamp in



CATHERINE ESTHER BEECHER, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF DR. LYMAN BEECHER,
AND A PIONEER OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN

report of Webster's reply to Hayne's argument for the doctrines of nullification. During two hours Lyman Beecher sat with his eyes chained to the page. At last, unable to restrain himself any longer, the host cried out:

"What do you think of it, Dr. Beecher?"

"What do I think of it? What do I think of it?" cried Lyman Beecher, leap-

ing to his feet, with a two-edged sword lying on his knee.

ROXANNA BEECHER

But the wife was fully equal to her husband, the great preacher. Throughout her life the people of Litchfield idolized her. She won people by her nature, for she was exquisitely organized, and touched to the

finest issues. In her, taste and imagination were carried up to genius. Lyman Beecher was all intellect and logic, but he never appreciated the fine arts. Roxanna Foote shot the Beecher type through with warm, rich, glowing tints. She was artistic to her finger-tips. Harriet Beecher Stowe writes:

I recollect that our house was full of little works of ingenuity and taste and skill, which had been wrought by her hand—furniture adorned with painting, pictures of birds and flowers, done with the minutest skill; fine embroidery, with every variety of lace and cobweb stitch; exquisite needlework, which has almost passed out of memory in our day.

Mrs. Beecher was a skilful painter of miniatures, and during her life in East Hampton did twenty-five of these portraits upon ivory. She was also an enthusiastic horticulturist, and was known for her success in this field, in spite of the limited means at her command.

Of the death of her mother, and its effect upon her as a child, Mrs. Stowe writes:

I was between three and four years of age when mother died, and my own personal recollections of her are therefore but few; but the deep interest and veneration that she inspired in all who knew her was such that during all my childhood I was constantly hearing her spoken of. From one friend or another, some incident or anecdote of her life was constantly being impressed on me.

Mother was one of those strong, restful, yet widely sympathetic natures in whom all around seem to find comfort and repose. She was of a temperament peculiarly restful and peace-giving. Her union of spirit with God, unruffled and unbroken even from early childhood, seemed to impart to her an equilibrium and healthful placidity which no earthly reverses ever disturbed.

The communion between her and my father was a peculiar one. It was an intimacy throughout the whole range of their being. There was no human mind in whose decisions he had greater confidence; both intellectually and morally he regarded her as the better and stronger portion of himself, and I remember hearing him say that after her death his first sensation was a sort of terror, like that of a child suddenly shut alone in the dark.

Her death occurred at a time when the New England ministry were in a peculiar crisis of political and moral trial, and the need of such a stay and support in father's household was more than ever felt. . . . I asked him whether he had any reason to believe that the spirits of the blest are ever permitted to minister to us in our earthly sorrows, and he said, after a moment of deep thought:

"I never but once had anything like it. It was a time of great trial and obloquy, and I had been visiting around in my parish, and heard many

things here and there that distressed me. I came home to my house almost overwhelmed. It seemed as if I must sink under it. I went to sleep in the north bedroom—the room where your mother died; I dreamed that I heard voices and footsteps in the next room, and that I knew immediately it was Roxanna and Mary Hubbard coming to see me. The door opened, and Mary stayed without, but your mother came in, and came toward me. She did not speak, but she smiled on me a smile of heaven, and with that smile all my sorrow passed away. I awoke joyful, and I was light-hearted for weeks after."

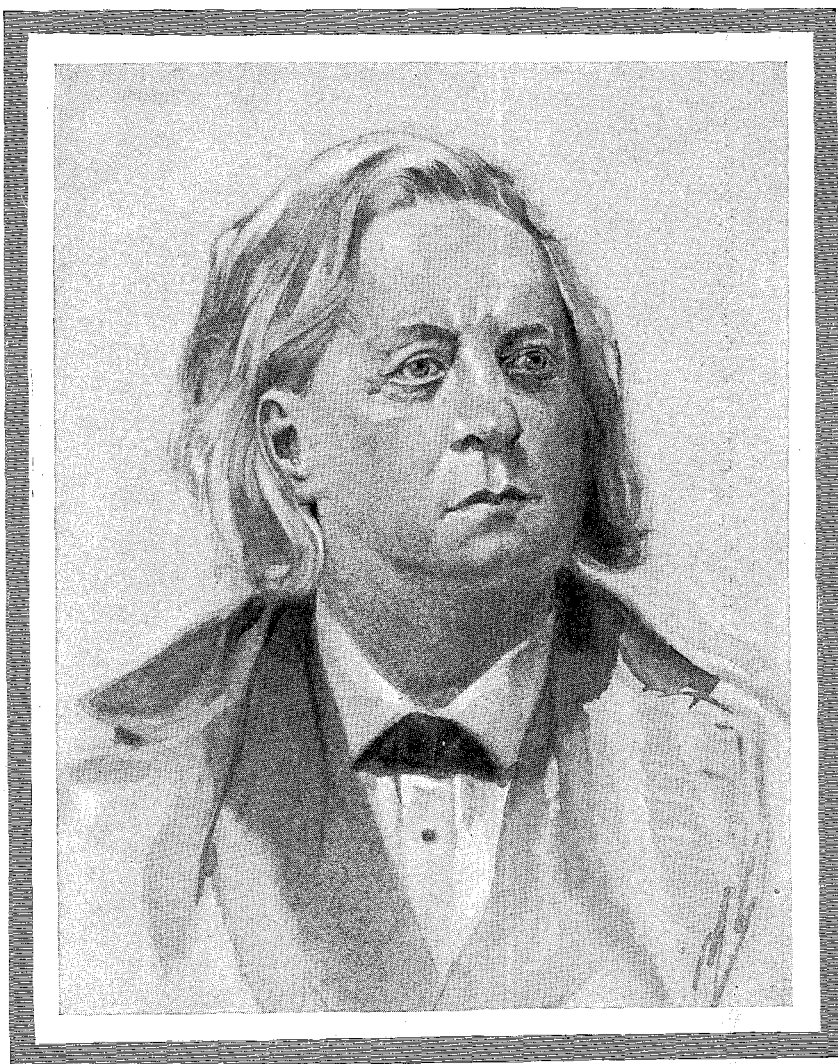
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Harriet Beecher was plunged, early in life, into the midst of the whirlpool of popular discussion and animosity which was later to engulf the entire nation. At twenty-five she married Professor Calvin Stowe, who took her to Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, where, on the border-line between North and South, the people were in a condition of constant excitement and upheaval.

Kentucky had exhibited slavery in its very best and also in its very worst forms. The harrowing tales and incidents afterward employed as literary material by the gifted authoress were all matters of observation, conversation, and experience. One of the earliest incidents of the Stowes' life in Cincinnati was an experience of Professor Stowe; together with one of the Beecher boys, when they were traveling in Kentucky, and witnessed the flight of a negro woman, who was running away with her little child, and whom they helped across the Ohio River, to be sent on by the underground railway to Oberlin, on the shore of Lake Erie.

Later, during their Cincinnati residence, Mrs. Stowe conducted a small private school, and made a practise of allowing a few colored boys and girls to attend it. One evening the mother of one of these children came to the Stowes' house in a frenzy of grief and terror, saying that her little girl had been seized and carried across the river, to be sold as a slave in Kentucky. Harriet Beecher raised money to ransom the child.

During this period, the Kentucky anti-slavery editor, Gamaliel Bailey, moved across the river, and started his paper, the *Philanthropist*, in Cincinnati. One night the editor knocked at the door of the Stowe home, seeking refuge from a mob who had smashed in his doors and windows, looted his printing-office, and flung his type into the river.



HENRY WARD BEECHER, WHOM BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS TERMED "THE GREATEST PREACHER THAT PROTESTANTISM HAS EVER PRODUCED"

On another occasion, a Kentuckian named Van Zandt freed his slaves and carried them across into Ohio. His old friends counted him a traitor, and charges were trumped up that he had used his new home in Ohio as an underground station for the receiving of runaway slaves. Professor Stowe was asked to assist Van Zandt's defense. When other lawyers were afraid of the mob spirit, a young attorney named Salmon P. Chase volunteered his services without pay. As the courts were then entirely under the influence of the Fugitive Slave Act, young Chase lost his case; but that no dramatic note might be wanting, this young attorney later became Chief Justice of the

United States, and wrote a decision which reversed the former precedent.

All these events went into Mrs. Stowe's mind as raw silk, and came out as tapestry and brocade.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

Mrs. Stowe tells us how she came to write the last chapter of the book—the death of *Uncle Tom*. She had a colored woman in her family whose husband was a slave, living in Kentucky. This black man had invented a simple tool, was a good salesman, and was permitted to travel from town to town, and even across the river, into Ohio, under no bond save his sol-

emn pledge to his master not to run away. Mrs. Stowe wrote the letters for her servant to this black man in Covington, Kentucky.

One day, while visiting his wife in the Stowe home, he said that he would rather cut off his right hand than break the word he had given to his master. What white man could boast a more delicate sense of truth or a keener conscience? What weight of manhood in a slave! What reserves of morality! What latent heroism!

The slave's story captured the imagination of the authoress. Out of the incident Mrs. Stowe evolved the character of *Uncle Tom*; and one Sunday morning, as she sat at the communion table, suddenly the picture of *Tom's* death passed before her mind, in connection with the text:

He who loseth his life shall save it, for it is better that one man should die than that all the people should perish.

Long afterward some one asked Mrs. Stowe how she came to write the death of *Uncle Tom*, and she answered that she did not write it; that God gave it to her in a vision; that she saw the overseer flog the poor slave to death, and heard his dying words, and merely wrote down the vision as she saw it.

For nearly two years the story ran in the *National Era*, published in Washington. The book was completed on March 20, 1852, and in spite of Mrs. Stowe's despondency and apprehension of failure, it sold three thousand copies the first day, ten thousand in a week, three hundred thousand in a year. Save "The Pilgrim's Progress" and of course the Bible, perhaps no book ever had a wider circulation.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was translated into almost every known language. Soon letters began to pour in from the most distinguished men in foreign countries. Charles Dickens wrote that he had read the story with the deepest interest and sympathy. Thomas Carlyle sent a message of "deep and solemn thanks to Almighty God, who has enabled you to write this book." Charles Kingsley expressed the judgment that the novel would take away the reproach of slavery from the great and growing American nation.

Men like Lord Shaftesbury, women like George Sand and Frederika Bremer, added their tribute of praise. Eighteen different publishing houses in England were issuing the book at one time, and no fewer than

fifteen hundred thousand copies were sold in Great Britain.

Even Heinrich Heine, the poet and cynic, who carried more power of sarcasm and irony than any man of his generation, was so moved by the book that he seems to have returned to the reading of the Bible, and to Christ, in the hour when night and death were falling.

Astonishing! That after I have whirled about all my life over all the dance-floors of philosophy, and yielded myself to all the orgies of the intellect, and paid my addresses to all possible systems, without satisfaction, like Messalina after a licentious night, I now find myself on the same standpoint where poor *Uncle Tom* stands—on that of the Bible. I kneel down by my black brother in the same prayer. What a humiliation! With all my sense I have come no farther than a poor ignorant negro who had only just learned to spell. Poor *Tom*, indeed, seems to have seen deeper things in the Holy Book than I.

Praise can go no farther than this—that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has shown how the love of God can support a slave under the lash in the hour when he is flogged to death, and fill his heart with pity until he cries:

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

It was this that conquered the intellect of the scholar, and broke his heart, and flooded his eyes with tears.

Perhaps the most striking testimony, however, to the wide-spread influence of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" grew out of a suggestion of Lord Shaftesbury's, that the women of England and Europe should send their signatures as a testimonial; for when this testimonial reached Mrs. Stowe, it filled twenty-six thick folio volumes, solidly bound in morocco, and it held the names of more than five hundred and sixty thousand women, representing every rank and every country in Europe, from the throne of England to the peasant in Italy.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

Henry Ward Beecher, however, is the most widely known of this distinguished family. England has long put five Americans in a class quite by themselves—Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, Emerson, and Henry Ward Beecher. Spurgeon called Beecher the "Shakespeare of the Christian church." One of the orator's sternest critics, who saw him master a mob in Liverpool, once said:

"The world has heard no such eloquence since Demosthenes."

His own countrymen have praised him no less highly. Speaking in Trinity Church, Boston, Phillips Brooks said:

"I regard Henry Ward Beecher as the greatest preacher Protestantism has ever produced."

After Mr. Beecher's return from England, in 1863, Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

This minister has finished a more remarkable mission than any envoy who has represented us in Europe since Benjamin Franklin pleaded the cause of the young republic before the court of Versailles. Unaided by any official title, he has reached nobles, courtiers, cabinets, and the throne itself. His influence in breaking the force of the Rebellion can never be estimated.

Abraham Lincoln himself kept his Cabinet waiting for half an hour one morning, as he read the *New York Tribune's* account of one of Mr. Beecher's sermons. He finally exclaimed that he "knew of no man of whose counsel, sympathy, and daily friendship" he would more gladly avail himself.

Beecher's "Lectures to Young Men" have been translated into twenty foreign languages. An American traveler once said of the famous Frederick William Robertson, of Brighton:

"Go into any chapel or church in England, and no matter who is in the pulpit, Robertson always preaches the sermon."

In our own country there are innumerable voices and many creeds, but every preacher in our land would no doubt gladly affirm that some portion of his message was received at the hands of Mr. Beecher.

He was an author, and left twenty volumes of sermons behind him. He was a lecturer, and only Wendell Phillips and John B. Gough, perhaps, ever faced more millions. He was an editor, who gave influence to the *Independent*, and founded the *Christian Union*. He was a reformer, and helped to achieve liberty for the negro. He was the first preacher to take the sting out of the theory of evolution, and to show that the new philosophy was the best friend of the Christian religion. He destroyed the doctrine of a material hell, and discovered to the world the love of God.

He sowed and reaped in many fields, but his pulpit was his real throne. During the thirty years' conflict with slavery God lent him this distinction, that the worst men be-

came his bitter enemies. Theologically, he changed the climate of the world. It is for this reason that probably more visitors go to Brooklyn to see his old church and his grave than to any other single spot in the republic. Be the reasons what they may, Henry Ward Beecher captured the imagination of the best men in his own country and in foreign lands.

BEECHER'S BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

Henry Ward Beecher was born in 1813, on the day dedicated to John the Baptist, who made Herod to tremble. That was a golden age, for it marked the birth of Wendell Phillips, the orator; Charles Sumner, the scholar; Horace Greeley, the editor, and Edwin Stanton, the War Secretary.

Beecher spent his first ten years in Litchfield, among the hills of Connecticut, where he grew a healthy, wholesome, happy child, amid the most picturesque part of New England. Then came eight years in Boston, at the period of mental ferment, when Channing was the great intellectual influence. After four years in Amherst, he entered Lane Seminary, where his father was professor of theology.

The favorite text of the theologians of that day was "Contend earnestly for the faith," and no man ever fought more vigorously than young Beecher. Old Dr. Wilson tried Lyman Beecher for heresy, a scheme that has been used a thousand times by men ambitious for place, and coveting some theological office. And then, as now, the heresy-hunter took off the wheels of the Lord's chariot, and delivered the hosts of the Lord into the hands of their enemies.

Theology was the air the boy breathed, the food he ate, the water he drank; but at last he found that men were saved by bread and milk, and not by the chemical formulæ that described the wheaten loaf or the crystal cup. In utter revulsion and disgust, he turned away from the scramble and the noise of disputation. Going into the woods, alone, he fell on his knees, and the Vision Splendid dawned.

It was revealed to him that God loves sinful men, just as a mother loves her sick child, or as a noble master loves the neediest pupil. And from that hour, while he used a thousand texts, Beecher never had but one theme—God's love, and man's sin and need.

At twenty-four he took the first church that was offered to him—a little church at

Lawrenceburg, Indiana, made up, he tells us, "of nineteen women and one nothing." There for a year he lighted the lamps, kindled the fire, swept the church, and did everything but listen to his own sermons; that the people had to do.

Then came eight years in Indianapolis, where once he preached daily for a period of eight months. He came to Brooklyn in 1847, at the request of some twelve or fifteen men and women, and transformed a mere handful into a church of twenty-five hundred members. He lived four and seventy years, through the most heated and tumultuous period in the history of the republic, dying in March of 1887. People in foreign countries revere him for his intellectual greatness, but those who knew him best loved him for his supreme goodness.

BEECHER'S ANTI-SLAVERY WORK

When Harriet Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher joined the Abolitionists, the condition of the public mind was that of "an imprisoned moral sense." Slavery was wrong, but the fathers had compromised with slavery, and the sons must needs stand by the compromises of the Constitution. This was Webster's position; this was the position of the great Whig leaders.

The North manufactured, the South raised cotton and slaves, and bought from the North its manufactured products. The Southern merchants came North with their gold; every merchant with his purse was like a bribe-maker, and the Northern manufacturers were like bribe-takers. The Southern merchants bribed the man who sold linen, wool, and silk, who manufactured clocks and axes and organs.

It was, as Mr. Beecher tells us, "the Egyptian era of American life"; for a man to be known as an Abolitionist was for him to be avoided as if he had the plague. Churches in New York expelled men from their communion for speaking in the prayer-meeting on slavery. The American Tract Society would not send its Bibles or agents into the South, because the South did not want the slave to read. Northern clergymen said:

"It is our business to preach the Gospel, and not to meddle with politics."

The discussion was not without its humorous side. Every distiller, from time to time, when his pastor preaches on intemperance, sends the preacher word that he wants the "pure milk of the Gospel," and

not politics, in the pulpit. And that method prevailed in the ante-bellum days. An Episcopal prayer-book was published in New Jersey, with a frontispiece of Ary Scheffer's "Christ the Consoler." About the Savior were gathered the poor, the old, the sick, the mother with her dead babe, and, among others, a fettered slave, with his hands lifted to heaven, crying for liberty. This was regarded as offensive, so they cut out the slave, but left the rest of the picture, and bound it into the book.

For many years, just prior to the renting of the pews of Plymouth Church, Mr. Beecher made a practise of speaking on the subject of slavery, and warning the pew-holders with reference to his Abolitionism. He never equivocated, never was silent on the great question of the hour. He believed in the policy of taking the public into his confidence. As the feeling over slavery became more and more bitter, and finally the war itself ensued, this characteristic of Mr. Beecher subjected him, inevitably, to a fierce and unrelenting fire of criticism and opposition.

The winter of 1862-1863, with its intense excitement, brought Beecher the peril of a nervous breakdown. His exhaustion illustrates the general fact that some men who stayed at home endured as much as others who went to the front. It is possible to stretch the strings of the mental harp too tightly. Excitement burns the nerve as the electric current consumes the wire. During those days, Beecher wore a garment whose warp and woof were fiery enthusiasm and fierce-flaming patriotism.

The human body is like a cask of precious liquor. One way to drain off the treasure is to knock the stopper from the bung-hole, and in a few minutes drain the rich fountain dry; another way is to bore innumerable apertures, so that drop by drop the liquor may waste. So it was with Mr. Beecher, during those excited days—with this difference, that sometimes it seemed as if one great event would drain out all his spirit in a tumultuous flood; while at the same time innumerable demands taxed his strength each day, drawing away his life drop by drop.

THE EVENTFUL JOURNEY TO ENGLAND

At last, in alarm, his friends in Plymouth Church insisted upon rest and vacation. They determined to put the sea between the preacher and his task, planning to lose him

for a little while, that they might have him for a long time.

The popular opinion is that Beecher went to England, not openly, but as a secret messenger of the government. Like other myths, the fable grew slowly, but is now well entrenched in the minds of multitudes. There is no foundation for the story. Indeed, Mr. Beecher is on record as plainly stating that no request, no suggestion, no hint, even, came from Washington.

At the time, his relations with the Cabinet were strained. Seward was openly unfriendly; Stanton was hurt by his insistence, through the *Independent*, upon immediate emancipation. For a time even Lincoln classed Beecher with Horace Greeley. His editorials during the spring of 1862 had one purport regarding slavery—" *Carthago delenda est.*"

It was only after Lincoln came on a gunboat to New York, secretly met General Winfield Scott at a friend's house, and had another private interview with Henry Ward Beecher—letters from Secretary Hay and others establish these visits to Scott and Beecher—that Beecher changed the tone of his editorials, and went over to Lincoln's position—that the Union was first, and the destruction of slavery the secondary thing. The Great Emancipator loved and trusted Beecher, but the Cabinet was critical, and Lincoln "did not have much influence with its members."

The only power, and the whole power, behind Beecher's journey to England was that of Plymouth Church. Its officers gave him money for all his expenses, and took from him a pledge that if he spoke at all, he was to speak at their expense, but under no circumstances was he either to preach or to lecture until he had recovered his strength.

He was ill during the entire voyage, and was not able to appear on deck until the vessel entered the Mersey, where he was met by Captain Duncan, then a member of his church, and living part of the time in Brooklyn and part of the time in Liverpool. The news of Beecher's arrival had preceded him, and on opening the newspapers he found even church leaders antagonistic. They deplored his coming, lest he should increase the excitement.

The English nobility was in favor of the South, as were the ship-builders, the mill-owners, the bankers, and all who had investments or loans in the cotton industry of

the South. Looking backward, it is easy to discover the explanation of this attitude toward slavery and the Southern leaders. In 1860 England had become so prosperous that she was importing two million bales of cotton from the Southern States every year. The shipyards of Glasgow built ships to carry cotton, the bankers in London made loans to Southern planters, and the mill-owners in Manchester bought shares in the Southern cotton-fields. Little by little, England had been drawn in through financial channels, and had cast her lot with the production of cotton, and with its accompanying evil, slavery. The rich men of the South were constant guests of the English cotton-brokers and mill-owners.

Then came the Civil War. The planters went to the front with Lee's army; the slaves, freed from overseers, would not work. The production of cotton was suddenly halved. The Northern navy blockaded the exit of cotton-ships from the Southern ports. One by one the Lancashire mills were forced to shut down for want of raw material; and when two winters had passed, and the autumn of 1863 had come, the English people fronted the spectacle of want and famine. The courage and fidelity of the cotton-workers—the poor men in England—held out for two years; but the strongest men in the British Cabinet were for recognizing the South and ending the war. A great leader said to Mr. Beecher:

"Why don't you let the South go, and take her slaves with her?"

"If you were a father," said Beecher, "and were holding a mad dog that was struggling to get at a group of little children, would you let the mad dog go? We will not let the South go until we have killed slavery, in any event!"

THE TRIUMPH OF A GREAT ORATOR

The history of eloquence contains no greater achievement than the change in public opinion which Mr. Beecher effected by his series of addresses throughout England. These speeches really form one long argument, with the exordium delivered in Manchester, the first point presented in Glasgow, the second in Edinburgh, the third in Liverpool, and the peroration at Exeter Hall, in London. For the first time in the history of the English press, a full page was telegraphed, and Mr. Beecher became the theme of the hour in England.

The newspaper reports, with the interruptions, baffle all description. Think of a man beginning to speak at seven o'clock, and for an hour and a half unable to make himself heard through the storm of catcalls, hisses, and groans. Silk hats were thrown back and forth from one side of the gallery to the other; no important sentence but was interrupted, and the interruption continued for five minutes before the second half of the sentence could be given.

But if the mob showed its teeth, Mr. Beecher declares that in silence he said to himself:

"I will control you; I came here for victory, and by the help of God I will have it!"

The quiet of God's peace and an inner assurance of final victory stole in upon his spirit, until, he records, it seemed as if he were surrounded by a burst of sunshine. At the end of the third half-hour he said:

"Gentlemen, you may break me down, but I have registered a vow that I will never return home until my country is vindicated!"

At ten o'clock he was complete master of the situation. At eleven o'clock, when a popular vote was called for, "it was a tropical thunderstorm that swept through the hall, as the ayes were thundered, while the nays were an insignificant minority."

His opening achievement in Manchester was followed by an even greater success in Glasgow and the other cities. In London, on the eleventh day, his voice had become a whisper.

"I expect to be hoarse," he began, "if I can in any way help to bring the mother and daughter heart to heart, and hand to hand together."

He returned home to find himself the hero of the hour. In Plymouth Church, on his first Sunday morning, the audience stood for five minutes, and with their tears and silence told him of their heart-felt gratitude and love.

From that hour Stanton asked for his friendship, and was weekly and even daily in correspondence with him. The great Secretary of War promised Beecher that immediately upon the receipt of any news from the battle-field he would send him a telegram. Indeed, the first news which the country had from Stanton of one of the North's most important victories came first to Beecher's pulpit, and was read over his desk.

Other great men, the statesmen and editors, the lecturers and preachers, the soldiers and the martyred President, all wrought incredible achievements, but among these heroes we must give Henry Ward Beecher a place with the noblest. Providence called him to a great task, armed him for the battle, and made him a tower of strength to the slave, the poor, and the broken-hearted.

BEECHER'S LASTING INFLUENCE

Although twenty-five years have passed since his death, every passing year widens and deepens his influence among the people of the earth. Death usually sells one more edition of an author, after which come silence and oblivion; but now that a quarter of a century has passed, Beecher's books are selling afresh, and a complete and cheaper edition of his works is now announced. The celebration of the centennial of his birth will doubtless be the great event of the year 1913.

He published almost as many sermons as Charles Spurgeon, lectured as many nights as Wendell Phillips, wrote our most influential volume of lectures to young men, gave three series of lectures on preaching, so comprehensive as to leave scarcely anything else to be said, while his sermons on "Evolution" marked an epoch in our religious thinking.

The moral character of John Wesley and that of Henry Ward Beecher were attacked by enemies on precisely the same ground, but the integrity of both men is so fully established that the world has forgotten the assaults upon Wesley, and it will soon forget the bitter foes who assailed Beecher. The time was when he was perhaps the best-hated man in the world, by reason of his attack on slavery and secession, but he lived to receive tumultuous welcome and applause in Richmond and Atlanta. He received at the hands of his fellow countrymen the unique distinction of being selected to lift the flag at Fort Sumter; and the thing that will be longest remembered about Beecher, probably, will be the praise given him by the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln.

When the War Secretary recommended that they should ask Beecher to lift the old flag back to its place on Fort Sumter, Lincoln said:

"But for Beecher's speeches in England, there might have been no flag to raise!"

EDITORIAL

MYSTERY AND THE ANTITRUST LAW

NOTHING is more unfortunate for business than an air of mystery involving the purposes of the government in relation to it. There has been too much of this sort of thing. President Taft, or his Attorney-General, ought to take the country into their confidence, and let it know just as nearly as may be what it has to expect from them.

When the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust decisions were being awaited by the country, business was depressed because of uncertainty. When these decisions came, although they were antagonistic to the corporations involved, every index of business tendency showed a buoyant disposition. Anything was better than uncertainty. Prices rose, trade expanded, everything looked encouraging. Then, as weeks and months passed, a new mystery developed. It was made very plain by those two decisions that something further must happen. The Sherman Law must be repealed, essentially modified, or enforced against all concerns to which it was applicable. Which course would be taken?

The authorities at Washington enveloped themselves in mystery. If the administration had a policy, if it knew definitely what it was going to do through the Department of Justice, and what it was going to recommend to Congress, it took nobody into its confidence. Congressional committees were investigating, and more of them were preparing for further investigations. But what was it all about? Whither was it leading? That was what business wanted to know, still wants to know, and cannot learn.

To sleuth around with an impressive aspect of mystery, administering ten parts of scare to one part of punishment, is about the worst thing that could happen. Looking over the whole world's conditions, it is plain that industry and commerce will not stand the strain of a long campaign of menace, threats, and uncertainties. Business is no criminal, even if there are some criminals in business. Business ought not to be destroyed in the hope of catching the malefactors in the wreckage.

Will not the national authorities, through some qualified spokesman, speak a definite, assuring word? President Taft is interesting when he presents his academic generalizations about what ought to be done. But while he is President, with the tremendous authority of his office, a far more important question is what he actually intends to do.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY AND FEDERAL JUDICIARY

THERE has been too much disposition to assume that criticism of the Federal judiciary is personal to the learned gentlemen who wear the ermine. Almost invariably, that criticism has dealt with the relation of the judicial establishment to our system of institutions.

Our governmental experiment is still young. Constructive criticism is healthy and desirable. It is not impossible that the Federal judiciary tends to absorb undue authority to itself. Nobody holds up his hands in horror when it is suggested that Senators ought to be elected by direct vote, that the executive veto should be abolished, or that there

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