

jury with the acrimony of his irony and the charm of his eloquence.

Borne on public opinion into a national congress, he finds a broader field for the display of his oratory. Here he acquired knowledge without study and celebrity without labor. We see him, after spending the night in revelry and mirth with his many friends, rising in his place staggering under the weight of his responsibility, charged with personal magnetism and glowing with dazzling effulgence which increases as he proceeds, until he causes his opponents, allured by the brilliancy of his oratory, to be consumed by the ardor of his conviction. Personal friendship with him was a specialty. During his long residence in Washington, an introduction to Henry Clay was the one thing sought after by every visitor to the Capital and he seldom failed to make a personal friend of each of his new acquaintances.

In personal attraction Webster was second to none but Clay, and like him won the applause of his countrymen by reiterating their thoughts, and by recapitulating the result of their investigation. He never was a student, and with all his eloquence he never was the leader of his party—he never could have been a successful leader. He was emphatically a follower. The grand secret of his success lay in his personal magnetism.

There are fair examples of a large class of American statesmen. But alas! too frequently their influence fades away with the strain of their eloquence. The speeches of many of these great men have already fallen to the level of many less famous writers; and the school boy of today points out the obvious errors in their logic. Volumes of their speeches lie upon the shelves unread; what subsequent history has not refuted, time has rendered obsolete. But the charm of their eloquence covered their errors and glorified their foibles. While we shall ever cherish the memory of these great men; while we shall look upon them as benefactors of their generation, while we shall ever regard them as nature's noblest sons, we must forever regret that their great minds should have passed away leaving so little behind to influence and shape the destiny of nations.

Of those who gained renown by the second great principle we may mention Charles Sumner. Viewing him first as a student we find him ambitious, persevering, unyielding; reserved in his nature, he sought the society of his books. The literature of Greece and Rome furnished food for his contemplative mind; the master intellects of antiquity were his daily companions. Here he was laying a broad and solid foundation for his subsequent brilliant career.

Next we see him in the United States Senate, still a faithful, energetic, incessant student, with nations for his text book and history for his teacher. As chairman of the committee on foreign relations he displayed a wonderful degree of diplomatic ability. Here he reaped the reward of his early scholastic efforts. His knowledge of the foreign languages gave him a special qualification for this important position. But here he was not idle, his acquaintance with the government of foreign nations gave him a broader field for his favorite study. He entered the senate fully convinced that slavery was unjust, inhuman, unchristian and soon identified himself with the anti-slavery party, then but a

small faction in a radical pro-slavery congress.

Wanting that personal magnetism of his predecessor, he stood alone in the senate. Personal friends were unknown to him though his public friends were found in every civilized land. We see him after hours of incessant labor, rising in his place manuscript in hand, and reading an argument which has cost the very life-blood of his veins. Though not magnified by the charm of eloquence, its logic was unsurpassed, though it had not the flashings of the lightnings, it still possessed the power of the thunder-bolt.

By his plastic art he moulded the opinion of the people, and by the power of his logic burst the bonds of slavery. His statesmanship affected not America, not the present age only, but civilization and posterity.

Of this same class of contemplative minds we may mention Lincoln, Seward, and Chase. Every action premeditated—they never lamented a hasty choice; if their progress was slow it was seldom in the wrong direction. Though the people sometimes failed to see the wisdom of their course, their implicit confidence restrained their censure until time proved the rectitude of their position. There may, perhaps, have been times in our past history, when the precipitancy of a Clay, or the temerity of a Webster was the only hope of a distracted country; and there may have been times when the cautiousness of a Lincoln or the hesitation of a Seward would have proven fatal. But the time of rashness and war is fast passing away and the era of peace and contemplation is beginning to break upon us. When Education shall have spread its benign influence throughout the length and breadth of the land, the charm of mere declamation will no longer allure and fascinate an enlightened people. While eloquence may still have its influence, reason must reign supreme. While personal magnetism may still exert its power, men must stand upon their real merit.

Here is a valuable lesson for aspiring youth. The future is ours, and the time has now come when ambition is no longer criminal. The blank book lies before us in which we must write our own history with the golden pen of action and in the inflexible characters of result. When we look around us and see the halls of our professional colleges crowded, with those who are not yet out of their teens, we can not wonder at the many failures in professional life. If we would make our history a worthy one we must not shrink from the work of preparation. Long years of earnest labor must be spent in preparing for the battle of life. The mind must be strengthened by the study of classic lore; the intellectual vista must be widened by the study of history; and habits must be formed by studying the masters of that art.

If, then, the years should seem long and tedious, if the goal should still seem far in the distance, let us not give the battle over but "learn to labor and to wait."

"Trust no future, how'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living present!
Heart within, God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing leave behind us,
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

H. H. WILSON,

Adelphian Entertainment, June 23, 1875.

Subscribe for the STUDENT.

Man's Rights---A Satire.

I have humbly begged Imagination for the loan of her wings, a short time, as I intend to take a tour with my friend, Fancy; for she has promised to reveal to me some of the dim, shadowy secrets of the future.

I am of the opinion that Imagination is the best friend I have, for she does not pause to consider, but fits on her pinions at once and smilingly bids us God speed. We had just fairly started, when we came to a halt. Our attention was attracted by an excited crowd that surged to and fro, like the billows of a storm-lashed sea; but to me this was a singular crowd—all women, women!

"This" said Fancy, "is election day and great interests are at stake. Do you see yon woman, with yellow dress, bloomer style, short hair, immensely freckled face and Roman nose? Note how seedy her whole appearance. She has just returned from a tour of stump orations—been successful in most places, and is the popular candidate." I turned to see this specimen of humanity, but just at this moment two young men came walking by. Instantly there was a hush, as the women proceeded to stare at them, with open mouths.

"Oh," groaned one, "I wish those women wouldn't quite stare a fellow out of countenance! I'd like to know if they think it a compliment to us, to stare so. I know I would rather be without, than accept such."

"Now for a face of brass," whispered the other, "for see ahead, on those dry goods boxes, all those women! However can we pass? If I had thought of its being election day, I would have staid at home."

"Now see here," replied the other, "I have come to the wise conclusion that women possess little sensitiveness, or they would have more regard for our feelings, than to hang around the corners just to look at us."

"I've heard," said the other, "that they are beginning to discuss the question of our rights. May they find out speedily how very refreshing it is for us to watch them from street corners!"

"O don't talk so of that very ungentlemanly question. No gentleman thinks of such a thing; besides, women do not like men, who talk so boldly about rights. They think it is quite unmanly and you know we must try to please them."

I saw the nose of the other instinctively elevate itself, and felt that I quite sympathized with that nose, even in such an ungentlemanly action. But they disappeared in a fashionable clothing store, and we were obliged to turn our attention elsewhere. Around the next corner, in the office of Mrs. Meddlesome, was a group talking earnestly. There seemed to be a difference of opinion, either "uttered or unexpressed," but for various good reasons we came speedily to the conclusion that it was "expressed."

"I, for one," says a self-important personage, "am opposed to the whole movement. I think we will regret any steps that we may take in that direction. Man's mind is not strong enough to bear the strain which would thus be forced upon it; besides he has no business talent. I think it is quite out of his sphere. Just think, if you can, how it would look to see men around the ballot box!" and quite overcome by the idea she laughed heartily.

"Well," said another, "I don't see any-

thing so very ridiculous. The most experienced women have decided that the intelligence of man is equal, in most cases to that of woman. 'Tis true that there are a great many who could fly as easily, as hold any office and with as much success—"

"Now look here," interrupted another, blustering up and looking scowlingly around, "that is nonsense. A man's place is home. I always tell my husband, when he tries to talk about men's rights, that I do not wish to hear any such nonsense, for his place is home. He must make that a place fit for me to enjoy. Yes, he must make a happy home."

Well, of course we had the greatest curiosity to see the wonderful home, where the husband was so well instructed in his duties, (apparently, his wife never kept him in ignorance), so, after some debate, we decided to follow where she might lead. To our unaccustomed eyes, every thing seemed strange as we passed on, hurrying so as not to lose sight of our guide. Women on the corners, women in the doors of the offices! But at length she paused before her door, and we slipped quietly in, while she hung hat and cloak in the hall—

"I hope dinner is ready to-day in season, for I am in haste," was her first remark to the husband, who was looking flurried and anxious, and was trying to determine whether her aspect boded good or evil.

"Yes dear, it will be ready in a few minutes. It is washing day, and Bridget has a tooth ache, so things are somewhat hurried."

"Always some excuse! Now, in a well regulated household things are never hurried. My mother, and I wish you were more like her, never kept us waiting. Her servants were always on time."

"Well, I could not help it—it is not my fault, if Bridget's tooth will ache. She could not exert herself as much, and, besides, baby is cross with his teething now. I did not know babies were so much bother, and required so much care."

"For shame, to speak so. I never expected to hear you complain of that! Your love should be so great, that these things would be a delight to you. I am shocked."

The poor little husband felt that it was no use to argue the point; but thought, "if she only had to carry around a cross child, until her arms and back ached, and be up nearly all night besides, she would sometimes think it a little bother, even if she did love the child." She had not the patience to hold it fifteen minutes, if it cried, but always called him to take it out of sight. Surely she did not know anything about it. So they sat down to the table. Here, too, was something wrong; the potatoes were not just right—the meat was tough—he did not see how it was that she could not get a dinner at home fit to eat.

"I am sorry to trouble you to-day, but the wood is about gone, and I must iron to-morrow," he ventured at last. This was most too much, even for so patient a woman as she. She knew there was extravagance—yes, that half-cord could not be gone yet. But it certainly was. Well it must not go so fast another time. She was not going to expend a fortune in wood when he might do with less.

There was no reply to this very thoughtful and kind suggestion, for her husband was thinking about his afternoon shopping excursion, provided she would give him some "stamps;" so, to all these charges of