

KARL HEINZEN.

Centennial of a Great German-American. Tribute by
Louis C. Elson in the Boston Daily Advertiser
of February 22.

Probably among the hundreds of thousands who today celebrate the birthday of Washington, few but advanced Germans are aware that February 22 is also the birthday of a German hero who devoted his life to the cause of human freedom and who worked out the larger part of his task in America and in Boston.

Today is of especial significance to those who reverence the memory of this radical, the companion and friend of Phillips and Garrison, for it is the centennial of his birth.

Karl Heinzen was born in a little village not far from Cologne, Germany, February 22, 1809. His uncle was a bishop of the Catholic Church, and to him the lad was sent to be educated when five years of age. The worthy churchman little thought that he was training one of the boldest of iconoclasts and radicals. During the early stages of education nothing indicated the independence which afterwards became a leading characteristic of the reformer.

But after he had graduated from the seminary and attended the University of Bonn he entered the civil service department of the German government, and here at once the radical nature of the youth burst forth. Finding irregularities and dishonest practices in his department, he at once attacked them in a pamphlet which was sufficiently important to cause the government to ostracize him and to force him to leave the country.

America now became his field of operations. Here he became an advanced socialist and espoused the cause of human liberty with an ardor that seemed to come from the free soil that he trod. No form of tyranny was spared from his attacks, and both black and white slavery were denounced by him with a vigor that soon made him an important influence among the German radicals in this country. It was a very unpopular role to assume in those early days, and he was persecuted, as Phillips, Garrison and Thompson had been. He was obliged to undergo the greatest privations for the sake of his cause. He became editor of the "Schnellpost," preaching the doctrine of revolution against tyrants with no uncertain tones.

He predicted that the people would soon arise against their oppressors, and in 1848 his predictions were fulfilled in many parts of Europe. He at once returned to Germany to fight for the cause. But the uprisings of that epoch were doomed to general failure and the reformer was again obliged to fly his native land. Menial labor was now his lot, and he was obliged to support himself and wife and child on the pitiful

wages of three dollars a week. But nothing could subdue the stern spirit of the man, and he continued his writings, which were often enough printed, but seldom paid for. Soon afterwards, however, the "Schnellpost" was again given to his leadership.

The most influential Germans were then in the Democratic party, but Heinzen fearlessly advocated abolition, sometimes at his personal peril. The Free Soil party, to which he adhered, afterwards became the Republican party. Not content with advocating its obnoxious principles in the East, the bold fighter soon went to Louisville, where his outspoken advocacy of the black race caused his printing office to be sacked and himself to be stoned by a mob.

In Boston, where he next settled, he had at least the companionship of fellow-martyrs, and Garrison and Phillips welcomed him warmly.

His writings were always in German, but they were frequently translated (generally by Miss Julia Sprague) and they often appeared in Wm. Lloyd Garrison's paper, "The Liberator." He also founded his own journal here in this city, "The Pioneer," and in this his essays and editorials (in German) were as true to the cause of human advance and liberty as the needle to the pole. In addition to his co-workers he found appreciative friends in the well-known art publisher, Mr. Louis Prang, and the famous physician, Dr. Marie Zakrzewska.

His later years were spent in Roxbury, where he lived in modest retirement, revered by all who knew his noble and manly nature. His last years were clouded by paralysis, but the indomitable will remained with him to the last.

On this, his centennial day, it is fitting to remember a man who was greater than a lover of country, more than a patriot, for Karl Heinzen fought for the oppressed of the entire human race. It mattered not whether it was an Italian suffering through the bigotry of ecclesiastical laws, a German under the heel of military tyranny, a Negro under the lash of the task master, he fought for all, and he fought well and against overwhelming odds. It is fitting that on Washington's birthday the German liberator should be remembered also.

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LINCOLN AS AN ORATOR.

From the Address by William Jennings Bryan at the
Lincoln Centennial Celebration, Springfield,
Illinois, February 12, 1909.

In analyzing Lincoln's characteristics as a speaker, one is impressed with the completeness of his equipment. He possessed the two things that are absolutely essential to effective speaking—namely, information and earnestness. If one can be called eloquent who knows what he is talk-

ing about and means what he says—and I know of no better definition—Lincoln's speeches were eloquent. He was thoroughly informed upon the subject; he was prepared to meet his opponent upon the general proposition discussed, and upon any deductions which could be drawn from it. There was no unexplored field into which his adversary could lead him; he had carefully examined every foot of the ground and was not afraid of pitfall or ambush, and, what was equally important, he spoke from his own heart to the hearts of those who listened. While the printed page cannot fully reproduce the impressions made by a voice trembling with emotion or tender with pathos, one cannot read the reports of the debates without feeling that Lincoln regarded the subject as far transcending the ambitions or the personal interests of the debaters. It was of little moment, he said, whether they voted him or Judge Douglas up or down, but it was tremendously important that the question should be decided right. His reputation may have suffered in the opinion of some, because he made them think so deeply upon what he said, that they, for the moment, forgot him altogether. And yet, is this not the very perfection of speech? It is the purpose of the orator to persuade, and to do this he presents not himself, but his subject. Someone in describing the difference between Demosthenes and Cicero said that "when Cicero spoke people said, How well Cicero speaks; but when Demosthenes spoke they said, Let us go against Philip." In proportion as one can forget himself and become wholly absorbed in the cause which he is presenting does he measure up to the requirements of oratory.

In addition to the two essentials, Lincoln possessed what may be called the secondary aids to oratory. He was a master of statement. Few have equaled him in the ability to strip a truth of surplus verbiage and present it in its naked strength. In the Declaration of Independence we read that there are certain self-evident truths, which are therein enumerated. If I were going to amend the proposition, I would say that all truth is self-evident. Not that any truth will be universally accepted, for not all are in a position or in an attitude to accept any given truth. In the interpretation of the parable of the sower, we are told that "the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches choke the truth," and it must be acknowledged that every truth has these or other difficulties to contend with. But a truth may be so clearly stated that it will commend itself to anyone who has not some special reason for rejecting it.

No one has more clearly stated the fundamental objections to slavery than Lincoln stated them, and he had a great advantage over his opponent in being able to state those objections frankly, for Judge Douglas neither denounced nor defend-

ed slavery as an institution—his plan embodied a compromise and he could not discuss slavery upon its merits without alienating either the slave owner or the abolitionist.

Brevity is the soul of wit, and a part of Lincoln's reputation for wit lies in his ability to condense a great deal into a few words. He was epigrammatic. A moulder of thought is not necessarily an originator of the thought moulded. Just as lead moulded into the form of bullets has its effectiveness increased, so thought may have its propagating power enormously increased by being moulded into a form that the eye catches and the memory holds. Lincoln was the spokesman of his party—he gave felicitous expression to the thoughts of his followers.

His Gettysburg speech is not surpassed, if equaled, in beauty, simplicity, force and appropriateness by any speech of the same length in any language. It is the world's model in eloquence, elegance and condensation. He might safely rest his reputation as an orator on that speech alone.

He was apt in illustration—no one more so. A simple story or simile drawn from everyday life flashed before his hearers the argument that he wanted to present. He did not speak over the heads of his hearers, and yet his language was never commonplace. There is strength in simplicity, and Lincoln's style was simplicity itself.

He understood the power of the interrogatory, for some of his most powerful arguments were condensed into questions. Of all those who discussed the evils of separation and the advantages to be derived from the preservation of the Union, no one ever put the matter more forcibly than Lincoln did when referring to the possibility of war and the certainty of peace some time, even if the Union was divided, he called attention to the fact that the same question would have to be dealt with, and then asked, "Can enemies make treaties easier than friends can make laws?"

He made frequent use of Bible language and of illustrations drawn from Holy Writ. It is said that when he was preparing his Springfield speech of 1858 he spent hours trying to find language that would express the idea that dominated his entire career, namely, that a republic could not permanently endure half free and half slave, and that finally a Bible passage flashed through his mind, and he exclaimed: "I have found it—and if a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand," and probably no other Bible passage ever exerted as much influence as this one in the settlement of a great controversy.

I have enumerated some, not all—but the more important—of his characteristics as an orator, and on this day I venture for the moment to turn the thoughts of this audience away from the great work that he accomplished as a patriot, away from his achievements in the line of statecraft, to the

means employed by him to bring before the public the ideas which attracted attention to him. His power as a public speaker was the foundation of his success, and while it is obscured by the superstructure that was reared upon it, it cannot be entirely overlooked as the returning anniversary of his birth calls increasing attention to the widening influence of his work. With no military career to dazzle the eye or excite the imagination; with no public service to make his name familiar to the reading public, his elevation to the Presidency would have been impossible without his oratory. The eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero were no more necessary to their work, and Lincoln deserves to have his name written on the scroll with theirs.

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MIND-CURING A RATE-MAKER.

W. G. Eggleston in the *American Magazine* for December. Copyrighted by the Phillips Publishing Co.

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On a straight, level piece of track the rails had spread under a long freight train, and the West-Bound Pacific Limited was tied up on a siding until the wrecking crew could make a run of forty-five miles, gather up the fragments and lay a few rods of track.

There was nothing to do but kill time; but there was some satisfaction in knowing that in the elegant private car attached to our train was the "Old Man," the president of the road, held up by a wreck on his own line. I was walking back and forth on the main track, thinking of what I'd do if I were president of the road, when a large man rushed out of the "Old Man's" car and called my name.

"Jove, Doc, I'm glad to see you," he said. "Come into the car. The Old Man's in an awful way."

"What's the trouble, Archie?" I asked. "Is he sick, or just mad, or both?"

"Don't know what's the matter—not mad—not even grumpy—just all gone to pieces. Seems to be out of his head half the time, moaning and praying and carrying on—never saw him that way before—seems to be nutty about the two-cent-a-mile laws; getting worse all the time—hasn't slept three hours in about two days."

"Now, Archie, I'll gladly do anything I can, but I haven't even a dinner pill with me."

"Oh, that's all right; you can do something for him. Run a stiff bluff on him if you can't do anything else. Come on."

The Old Man was stretched out on a comfortable lounge. He gave me a sharp look, pointed to a chair, and, as if I had caused his trouble, broke out:

"Well, what do you want? Country is go-

ing to ruin. Hughes is the only sane man in public life. Vetoed that fool two-cent bill. Told the Legislature it didn't know enough to make railroad rates. Two-centers! Roads need equipment. Business needs more cars and more trackage. Roads must borrow money for repairs and equipment. Fools trying to cut down revenues! Two cents a mile for carrying a passenger! Roads can't borrow money. Credit gone! Government will have to lend its credit and take charge of roads! Downfall of the Republic! Why don't you say something—do something?"

I grasped his wrist, took out my watch and began to count his pulse.

"How's the old thing pegging away?" he asked in a softer tone.

"Fifteen two, fifteen four, fifteen six, and a run of thirteen," I replied, as I turned and pressed the electric button.

"Bring a cup of weak tea," I said to the porter, "and ask Mr. Graham to come here."

"I can't drink tea," said the Old Man impatiently.

"Can't! You're too big a man to say 'can't.' Leave that to the little men who are successful at making failures. Ah, Archie! won't you dig up some folders for me, of as many roads as you can, and bring all the special-rate advertisements you can find?"

The Old Man sat up suddenly, glared at me and said gruffly:

"What do you want with folders? Are you crazy, or do you think I am?"

"I'm the crazy man," I replied. "I've lost my mind over the way the railroads are going to lose money if they have to carry passengers at less than three cents a mile, and while we're tied up by that wreck I want you to make me sane. You'll do it, won't you? I want the folders and the advertisements to prove that I'm right."

"I can prove it without them," he said.

"But not to me, for I don't understand book-keeping. Please let me prove it my way," I pleaded.

Archie and the porter came in, the first with a handful of folders and magazines, and the porter with the tea.

"Now, you drink your tea while it's hot, and light a cigar if you choose" I said to the Great Transportationer. "You'll have a cup of tea every twenty minutes until you go to sleep, and meanwhile we'll take some trips over the country at rates that are ruining the roads; trips at 'special low rates,' as the advertisements say. They're nice trips, but I don't take them, for I'd be helping to throw some roads into the hands of receivers. My brain is afire with the idea that a two-cent-a-mile passenger rate spells B-A-N-K-R-U-P-T-C-Y in letters that can be read across the continent."