

ward. True, every forward movement seems to be followed by a short reactionary step. The waves of the rising tide of civilization roll far up the bank, and they roll back again, but the next wave that comes will roll further up than the last, and I believe that the world is on the threshold of a new development, of a new industrial, economic and social existence based upon justice.

As religious freedom gave the world a new birth—as political freedom gave it a new development—so industrial freedom and social justice will lead mankind to the highest plane of human felicity. But if we would be harbingers of the new time we must not pull down our altars. We must protect the rights of citizens, we must maintain American standards, we must uphold the right of assembly, and we must preserve free speech and a free press. We are not ready to admit that the fathers were wrong—we are not ready to apologize for their immortal work—and we will not consent to hide their graves. All of our greatness was born of liberty, even our commercialism was rocked in the cradle of democracy, and we cannot strangle the mother without destroying her children.

ALTGELD REVEALED.

Editorial in Buffalo Enquirer of March 10, the second day after Mr. Altgeld's recent speech in that city.

As the Enquirer predicted, members of the Independent club, of Buffalo, who listened to ex-Gov. Altgeld Saturday night were agreeably surprised at the eloquence and intellectual ability of their guest. Men who had acquired their ideas of Mr. Altgeld from the editorials of the local Republican newspapers probably expected to see and hear a demagogue and unprincipled politician. Even alleged Democratic papers in the east have ignorantly or maliciously fallen into the habit of misrepresenting him as a "dangerous" character.

In view of this feeling against the former governor, the Independent club is deserving of much credit for inviting him to address it on so timely a subject as the "Public Ownership of Natural Monopolies." At the close of the lecture, the members paid the speaker the unusual tribute of standing up and cheering him, although an hour earlier those who were not indifferent were inclined to scoff.

How is it possible that intelligent and righteously disposed men, as typified by the membership of the

Independent club, can acquire and maintain opinions of a public man so wide of the truth? This is a question that at once suggests itself on such occasions. We are living in an age marvelous in its facilities for the dissemination of knowledge of men and measures. People bent upon knowing the truth and forming a just estimate of a public official are not forced to rely upon mere party organs for information, and yet, to judge from the experience of the Buffalo club, partisan misrepresentation continues to powerfully influence the minds and votes of American citizens.

It is gratifying, of course, that these distorted views can be partially, if not entirely, changed by listening to the person who has been so industriously misrepresented. But why should this be necessary in this era of ready accessibility to the facts?

John P. Altgeld was governor of Illinois for four years. His official acts during that time are an open book. These ought to be judged by what they are and not by what other people, plainly inclined to misinterpret, have said of them.

But there is cheering hope in the fact that a man so much and so long maligned can win the hearts of the conservative members of the Independent club in a single speech. It shows that misunderstanding and bitterness can best be removed by a direct appeal to the conscience or sense of right in men.

JOHN PETER ALTGELD.

Portion of address delivered at the funeral of J. P. Altgeld, Friday, March 14, 1902.

BY CLARENCE S. DARROW.

In the great flood of human life that is spawned upon the earth, it is not often that a man is born. The friend and comrade that we mourn to-day was formed of that infinitely rare mixture that now and then at long, long intervals combine to make a man. John P. Altgeld was one of the rarest souls who ever lived and died. His was a humble birth, a fearless life and a dramatic, fitting death. We who knew him, we who loved him, we who rallied to his many hopeless calls, we who dared to praise him while his heart still beat, cannot yet feel that we shall never hear his voice again.

John P. Altgeld was a soldier tried and true; not a soldier clad in uniform, decked with spangles and led by fife and drum in the mad intoxication of the battlefield; such soldiers have not been rare upon the earth in any land

or age. John P. Altgeld was a soldier of the everlasting, hopeless struggle of the human race for liberty and justice on the earth. From the first awakening of his young mind until the last relentless summons came, he was a soldier who had no rest or furlough, who was ever on the field in the forefront of the deadliest and most hopeless spot, whom none but death could muster out. Liberty, the relentless goddess, had turned her fateful smile on John P. Altgeld's face when he was but a child, and to this first, fond, hopeless love he was faithful unto death.

Liberty is the most jealous and exacting mistress that can beguile the brain and soul of man. From him who will not give her all, she will have nothing. She knows that his pretended love serves but to betray. But when once the fierce heat of her quenchless, lustrous eyes has burned into the victim's heart, he will know no other smile but hers. Liberty will have none but the great devoted souls, and by her glorious visions, by her lavish promises, her boundless hopes, her infinite witching charms, she lures these victims over hard and stony ways, by desolate and dangerous paths, through misery, obloquy and want to a martyr's cruel death. To-day we pay our last sad homage to the most devoted lover, the most abject slave, the fondest, wildest, dreamiest victim that ever gave his life to liberty's immortal, hopeless cause.

In the history of the country where he lived and died, the life and works of our devoted dead will one day shine in words of everlasting light. When the bitter feelings of the hour have passed away, when the mad and poisonous fever of commercialism shall have run its course, when conscience and honor and justice and liberty shall once more ascend the throne from which the shameless, brazen goddess of power and wealth have driven her away; then this man we knew and loved will find his rightful place in the minds and hearts of the cruel, unwilling world he served. No purer patriot ever lived than the friend we lay at rest to-day. His patriotism was not paraded in the public marts, or bartered in the stalls for gold; his patriotism was of that pure ideal mold that placed the love of man above the love of self.

Even admirers have seldom understood the real character of this great human man. These were sometimes wont to feel that the fierce bitterness of the world that assailed him fell on deaf ears and an unresponsive soul. They did not know the man, and they

do not feel the subtleties of human life. It was not a callous heart that so often led him to brave the most violent and malicious hate; it was not a callous heart, it was a devoted soul. He so loved justice and truth and liberty and righteousness that all the terrors that the earth could hold were less than the condemnation of his own conscience for an act that was cowardly or mean.

John P. Altgeld, like many of the earth's great souls, was a solitary man. Life to him was serious and earnest—an endless tragedy. The earth was a great hospital of sick, wounded and suffering, and he a devoted surgeon, who had no right to waste one moment's time, and whose duty was to cure them all. While he loved his friends, he yet could work without them, he could live without them, he could bid them one by one good-by, when their courage failed to follow where he led; and he could go alone, out into the silent night, and, looking upward at the changeless stars, could find communion there.

Words spoken at the grave on Sunday, March 16,

BY W. J. BRYAN.

It is written that the things that are seen are temporal and the things that are unseen are eternal. This is our consolation to-day. This occasion—sad as it is—would be infinitely more sad if we were committing to the earth all that there was of our departed friend. But the better part of him whom we knew as Altgeld survives the grave. As the bird, escaping from its cage, enters a larger world, so the influence of the deceased is broadened rather than narrowed by his death.

The seemingly endless procession that passed by the bier and looked upon his features shows how many were touched by contact with his life, and each one whom he influenced bears that influence onward, so that the circles of his helpfulness will ever widen.

He has proved how great are the possibilities under our institutions. Born in another land, he has demonstrated what one can do unaided if he has ideals and a purpose.

His was not the prowess of the body—no one considered his physical strength. His was the prowess of mind and heart. He was clear in his reasoning and sane in his logic. Believing that truth was self-evident and irresistible, he tried to present the naked truth, and it was through this that he influenced the minds of

others. But his heart was his master. It was touched by the sufferings of his fellows, and he sympathized with the sorrowing wherever he found them. He tried to make the world better, and his efforts will bear fruit.

The waters that run murmuring down the mountain side and then help to form the river's majestic current at last make their contribution to the sea that washes every land, and they form a part of the ocean's mighty roar. So his words and thoughts have contributed and still contribute to that public opinion which molds human action and shapes the destiny of men. We pay our tribute of respect at his grave, but we are sustained and encouraged by the thought that that which attracted us to Mr Altgeld still lives and still inspires to worthy deeds.

BY CHARLES A. TOWNE.

Patient under measureless and undeserved calumny; self-contained amid the madness of faction, unselfish in an age of gain; charitable to ignorance and malice alike; firm in his reliance on the ultimate victory of justice in the affairs of men, in spite of every defeat, he was "e'en as just a man as e'er my conversation coped withal."

In every hamlet of the nation to-day, and in many a place beyond the seas, there are hearts that share the burden of sadness. Why is this? It is because John P. Altgeld is known to have been the earnest, sincere, able and incorruptible advocate of political liberty and social justice.

We have interred the mortal part of him, but the immortal element that moved him shall speak again and again to generations yet unborn and in every land where freedom shall have her altars.

BY JOSEPH W. ERRANT.

He stood by the river of life where the wreckage flows thickest and fastest. He climbed to the mountain top and measured the heights and depths of daily existence. He saw the light. His great heart overflowed. He determined to gain wealth, and thus be able to help the stricken millions. Power and position should be his, and with these he would raise the multitude. And a voice said: "Wealth and power and position shall pass away. These will not avail. Thou must give thyself." He understood the message and gave himself.

He spoke, and everywhere throughout the earth the bent, the toilworn and the oppressed awoke and listened. The downcast looked up with new hope and courage. The enslaved

straightened himself to the stature of a man.

The weak and the feeble of the earth leaned upon him. They called to him, and his great heart endeavored to respond to all.

He spoke, and everywhere throughout the earth tyranny trembled and the oppressor feared for his stolen power.

The prophet's voice is stilled. The prophets do not flatter nor do they make obeisance to power and position. They speak the truth as they see it, and they tell it to the people from the housetops and in the market place.

John P. Altgeld believed in establishing the reign of love and justice on this earth. He was not content to wait for its realization in some other and remoter place. He felt that only as we strive to realize goodness and justice here, are we justified in any hopes for the future. With him the Kingdom of God was to be here; and with his intense passion for the right he felt that man had it in his power to establish this Kingdom, if he only would.

And so he summoned men to come up to the full measure of their responsibilities, and to create through their own efforts social conditions which would be worthy of loving and intelligent human beings. With the prophets of old he stood and emphasized the responsibilities of the man and the nation.

We mourn. We mourn because it is hard to part from our dear friend, from the devoted champion of the people's cause. But we consider how the world has been enriched and ennobled by his life. If he could speak to us to-day he would say: "Mourn not for me. You must turn to the tasks which await you. Upon you now rests the responsibility. If you are my friends, if you are loyal to the ideals for which we battled, if you wish to remember me, then continue bravely and earnestly in the cause for which we stood. The struggle must go on. By you the banner must now be carried forward."

To-day we bury our dead. To the great elemental forces from which the body came we return that which remains. Here, in the midst of nature's children, shall he rest.

Open thy arms, O earth, receive the dead With gentle pressure and with loving welcome.

Embrace him tenderly, e'en as a mother Folds her soft vestments round the child she loves.

Fare thee well, dear friend, fare thee well. May thy memory hallow and inspire us. May it be to all of us an ever living presence, helping us to understand and live the higher life.