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FREELAND, PA., JANUARY 30, 1893.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 27, 1893.

The fifty-second congress may die in a senatorial deadlock if Mr. Harrison follows the advice that is now being given him by prominent members of his party and nominates a Republican as successor to the late Justice Lamar. The United States supreme court is in theory, if not in fact, a non-partisan body, and the death of Justice Lamar leaves only two men—Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Field—on its bench.

Secretary Foster's report on the condition of the treasury and his estimates of the probable receipts and expenditures for the remainder of this and for the next fiscal year is at last in the hands of the house ways and means committee. It is far from satisfactory, as it is known that the surplus which he figures out is obtained by failing to deduct liabilities amounting to \$46,000,000, which will have to be met in the period covered by his estimates, and there may be more yet.

An amusing episode took place in the house one morning this week, just before the session began. Chief Wolf, of the Palouse tribe of Washington Indians, in all the glory of a red blanket and red paint, was taking in the sights. After strolling around the hall for a while he walked up to the speaker's chair and taking a seat therein calmly surveyed the members.

A Republican caucus of senators was held to determine when and how the four territories that are ready for statehood might be admitted.

All those who have used Baxter's Mandrake Bitters speak very strongly in their praise. Sold by Dr. Schlicher.

The name of N. H. Downs' still lives, although he has been dead many years. His Elixir for the cure of coughs and colds has already outlived him a quarter of a century, and is still growing in favor with the public.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

THE MAN FROM MAINE.

John Clark Ridpath Reviews the Life of James G. Blaine.

HIS INFLUENCE AND GENIUS.

His Entire Career Was Picturesque and Dramatic—His Achievements in Statesmanship and Literature—Honors and Triumphs of His Later Years.

Copyrighted by American Press Association. Slow sinks, more glorious ere his race be run. Along Meade's hills the setting sun—Not as in northern climes obscurely bright, But one unclouded blaze of living light.

It is the day of Enydrion—the hour of the setting sun! The splendid orb which has shone for more than a quarter of a century across the landscape of civilization glids with his last beams the dome of the Capitol! He is gone!

We may now estimate dispassionately the life and genius of JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE. The conspicuous place which he has held in the estimation of his coun-



JAMES G. BLAINE.

trymen calls for something more than a passing repetition of the facts of his career. The mere facts were easily recited. It was a brief and cursory task to recount the capital events and landmarks of his life. Born in West Brownsville, Pa., on the 31st of January, 1830; educated first at home and afterward at Washington college; teaching for a short time in a military school at Blue Lick Springs, Ky.; finding there and taking in marriage Harriet Stanwood, a teacher like himself, returning to his native state to teach in Philadelphia; going with his young wife to her home in Maine and making that state his future home; editor at twenty-four of the Kennebec Journal; associate editor of the Portland Advertiser; bounding into politics; reaching the legislature of Maine and then a seat in congress; seven terms a member of the house of representatives and for six years speaker of that body; briefly in the senate—an arena unsuited to his genius; aspiring to the presidency; four times voted for in national conventions of his party and once nominated; twice secretary of state in the cabinets of his competitors; leader of his party; publicist; diplomatist of the first rank; creator of policies national and international; statesman, author, man of genius, and therefore an enigma—such have been the critical stages and evolutions of this remarkable career.

But biographical annals do not suffice in the case before us. The so-called life of Blaine is already a twice-told tale. It is known in the quick memories of his countrymen and to the world. Blaine deserves rather—now that outward bloom has passed the remotest bar of human vision—to be fairly estimated, justly interpreted to the understandings of his countrymen, revealed without partiality faithfully portrayed upon the screen in the backward look of memory.

Blaine was favorably but paradoxically born—favorably, because of the placement of his birth. Pennsylvania is one of the empire states of the Union. Out of her borders many of the great have arisen. But he also came paradoxically. He was born in a Quaker commonwealth and of the cross blood of a Presbyterian and a Catholic! Was he not from birth the product of contradictory conditions and inconsistent elements of life?

It concerns us little to note the circumstances in the early career of James G. Blaine. His ambitions, intellectual powers and easy attainments were remarked from his boyhood. Tradition has made it evident that he was a youth of unusual powers. Glimpses of great purpose flash out here and there. His collegiate training at Washington college was not unfavorable to the promotion of his native forces. As a youth he gained much by forensic practice. Contentment made him, or at least gave him, his bent. Already at college he gathered many of the historical, literary and scientific resources which were to stand him so well in hand in his riper years.

Blaine's mind was one of those that are particularly susceptible to the influences of education and environment. The completed man, as he appeared in this remarkable personage, was very different from the completed man as he is discovered in such characters as Franklin and Henry Thaddeus Stevens and Lincoln. Blaine from his earlier years grew and assimilated to himself all the sap and potency of his surroundings; he flourished in his soil and sprang from the arena.

We may pass by the somewhat obscure influences of his domestic estate. The world knows that in this regard he was not a happy or an inspired man. This has been true of too many of our recent great Americans. Somehow or other in American life it rarely happens nowadays—though it seemed to happen in the colonial epoch often—that the domestic reaction upon the man of genius and purpose works out its most beneficent results. Blaine has been indeed singularly unfortunate in his family. Many are dead. The most promising has lately fallen; others are broken with hurt. Doubtless the proud man, as husband

and father, has suffered much and wept bitter tears over his losses and wounds. May all these be closed—as they will be—with the closing of the grave!

Blaine's rise to public notice was auspicious, but not singular. He entered easily and successfully into the stormy life of politics. He devoted himself to that pursuit with native zest under the sharp spur of an unusually active ambition. His early experiences in journalism stood him well in hand. The period in which he held the editorial pen was precisely that in which the old style of explosive and redundant oratory was giving place to the exacter and truer forms of speech.

The transformation demanded that the orator of the new period should be a man of exact language and cogent argument. Blaine's quick and capacious mind conformed readily and in excellent measure to the new demand, and when he advanced to the national platform he went with the equipment of perfect linguistic forms, a fair measure of imagination and ever improving argumentative resources.

The editorial career of Blaine had an intrinsic as well as secondary merit. By his pen he commanded his first public applause. The young Republican party had the Pathfinder for its candidate. Blaine was in at the birth. He was then twenty-six years of age. He was a delegate to the audacious convention which nominated Fremont for the presidency. Such a candidate was worthy of such support. The aspiring young Maine editor made his columns flame with passion and appeal. Glorious spring days were those when human liberty began to revive! Happy fortune of the young men of 1856 to appear on the stage when truth was put on trial; when party debate had not yet degenerated into wrangle, in trigue and falsehood; when the defense of principle still promised as fair reward as is now promised for hateful servility to the caucus! Blaine's virgin editorials were eagerly sought by the journalists of Boston and were reprinted in Ohio and Michigan. His name was already heard as far as Minnehaha and the Platte.

James G. Blaine entered the house of representatives in 1863 to continue in active service in that body for fourteen consecutive years. This was the period in which he achieved his national reputation. He was one of the many aspiring young civilians upon whom the after forces and passions of the great war played and reacted with striking effect. In proportion as his faculties were stronger and his ambitions more prevalent than those of his fellow members he rose above them until only a few competitors remained of like stature and mettle. On one side was seen in the same rank with himself the persistent Garfield, and on the other the magnificent and arrogant Conkling. These three perhaps already saw the presidency afar off. They also saw each other. Not all of them could reach the goal.

Blaine at this epoch had many advantages. In addition to native gifts and well earned attainments he had the power of growth. He was always a growing man. To the end of his career—or very nearly to the end—he continued to branch and flourish. His growth was strong and conspicuous. Each year added to his stature. His figure, his intellectual and personal life, became picturesque and striking.

Herein is a difference between the strong man and the weak. The strong man grows long and well. The weak man grows for a short space and then grows no more. He has a brief efflorescence and then a dwarfish delivery of sour fruit! But the strong man grows and continues to flourish in thought and spirit to the end of his days.

It were not amiss to ascribe to James G. Blaine this unusual power of development. Have his last years been years of weakness? Has there been in him intellectual decline? Has he had an epoch of senility and the second childhood of old age? Nay, the last estate has not been of this color in the case of the great secretary.

We need not here repeat to what extent James G. Blaine wrought himself and his purpose into the legislation and history of his times. Three times speaker of the house of representatives in the stormy and anarchic period which followed the civil war, he must needs have contributed much to those public measures in which the current history of our country was recorded. Upon all of the issues arising in the train of the revolution he laid a strong and ambitious hand. He was a determinative force in the financial measures upon which the business and wealth of the United States have found a profitable but unstable equilibrium. He pressed forward with ceaseless activity the measures of reconstruction. He ascended the sharp and jutting car of party leadership. With the statesman's motive, not unmixed with the motive of the politician, he flung himself into the heated and embittered debates of the epoch.

The legislative career of Blaine was touched in many parts with the first penciling of those policies with which his name has become associated. Already we may discover in the tone of his debates and the spirit of his outside speeches the outgivings of those views which as secretary of state he was to develop into permanency and system.



MRS. BLAINE.

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Ever and anon while still in the house of representatives he struck out with original force the first sparks of that policy between which and the high jingoism of British politics so many points of similarity may be discovered. It may be defined as the policy of acute Americanism! It develops itself into the theory of the complete segregation of the American republics and of the affiliation of all under the aegis of the United States. It is a form of patriotic indignation of which one of the fundamental principles is attachment to the Irish cause and aversion to British influences on this side of the sea. It is probable that the doctrine of protection, to which Blaine gave such powerful and rational advocacy, was by him held as secondary to the deeper motive of American self sufficiency and of the confirmation of the United States in the primacy of the three Americas.

Blaine's whole career in congress was spectacular and dramatic. The genius of the man favored display and great acting. Without doubt Blaine had the power to grasp a situation, to extract from its dramatic elements and to work those elements into a scene. In this particular American history has not furnished his equal. His audacity always stood him well in hand. Time and again he was brought into collision with dangerous men and still more dangerous facts. It may be doubted whether in such contingencies he ever suffered disparagement, to say nothing of defeat. Time and again he issued from the most serious complications, portending ruin to his fortunes, with victory on his crest. In such contests there is little doubt that he was capable of supplying in his own cause, by well placed fiction and unsupported declamation, those elements of fact which truth withheld. In the crises of his career he was wont to shoot the rapid like a skillful and daring boatman. There were days when his proud ship and valuable cargo were crowded hard between Scylla and Charybdis, but he always went through with a shout and was answered by the roar of the surrounding seas.

We may here refer at once to Blaine's personal antagonisms and ever recurring encounters. No other American statesman of great rank has had so many and such serious battles. Some were battles with men and others with circumstances. These cost the gladiator dearly. It was his antagonism, he said, that finally stranded him on the shores of the White House. He attacked, and attacked bitterly, all of his rivals. He seemed to be inspired with the belief that he must vanquish them and put them down. As he rose toward the speakership, and from the speakership toward the presidency, he discerned with clear eye the facts and the men with whom he had to contend. There was Roscoe Conkling for one. Blaine attacked Conkling, and in that hour Nemesis looked down from the gallery! He eyed Morton askance. He saw Garfield with a jealousy which became acute as Garfield pressed up to his flank. His impetuosity knew no bounds. At times it seemed that he could not curb himself. He flung sarcasms and ironies and invectives by the handful. They struck where they might. His was to be a leadership by conquest and by the humiliation of the foe.

In Blaine there was, however, a strong mingling of the calm, the judicial, the conservative method. Strange how just he could be! The house of representatives never had a better or truer speaker. His personality in the desk was immense. As presiding officer he not only won but merited universal respect. His rulings were impartial. His eye had the glance of the eagle, and his pose and self possession were magnificent. He was capable of justice and truth. He would not brook such infamy as the caucus occasionally propounded. At one time he was well nigh losing the allegiance of his party by a defiant counter ruling in favor of the Democracy. The strange thing about Blaine was that though he in that crisis set himself against the first force bill with the determination of duty and truth we are still left doubtful whether he was inspired with the belief that his ruling was good politics for himself or whether he felt the power of the speaker's oath upon his conscience.

If Blaine attacked his great rivals with all the resources of his genius, what shall we say of the onset upon the political foe in both houses? The reprimands of the two were hot within. There was one spectacular episode after another. Did Blaine purposely devise and plan the situation and the day of his famous denunciations? At any rate he provoked Benjamin H. Hill and made him his foil. Jefferson Davis should not be pensioned as a Mexican veteran—not indeed because he had been president of the Confederacy, but because he had been responsible for Andersonville and Libby! That indeed was a bombshell. It exploded, and the roar of it was heard to California. Vainly did the man of Georgia rally and countercharge and assail. He was vanquished, and the plume of Blaine was the one conspicuous sign seen above the field.

The age following the civil war was corrupt. That word, in its radical sense, means broken up and confounded. The times conformed exactly to this definition. The sluices of a redundant currency flowed bankful through every channel. Victory had come and brought power to the victors; patriotism had great profit! Hitherto the scrutiny of the American people had not been acute. Many unseeable things had remained unseen, and many other things were blinked at. They who now had full sway felt the reins loosely thrown on the neck. They had freedom, license and vast opportunity.

It were impossible to say how many of the prominent men of that epoch enriched themselves by ways which, if not positively dark, were at least obscure. Men dabbled and dabbled again. Now it was, however, that the sharp eyes of rivalry began to penetrate the processes of semiteft that were flourishing on every side. Leaders began to discover that other leaders were dishonest. Credit Mobilier exploded with a great snarl. Many were blown away. How easy in this wise to dispose of our rivals! Would

that Blaine himself might be thus destroyed? We will try it. He has purchased railway bonds. He has received moneys from the Union Pacific. He is waist deep in the securities of the Little Rock and Fort Smith railway. He shall be investigated. Mulligan shall produce his letters. We will have a scene. It is the 5th of June, 1876. Blaine rises from the speaker's desk and holds aloft a bundle of papers. It is the incriminating package. He himself will read them through one by one. Certainly he has humiliation and mortification if necessary for such a task! Courage is necessary for such a task! "I invite the confidence of 44,000,000 of my countrymen while I read these letters from this desk." The reading was completed. None could have done it better. The speaker then turned upon the chairman of the committee and scornfully charged him with purposely withholding and suppressing a communication which would have absolutely exonerated him from the charges which had been circulated against his honor. The crisis broke in another triumph, perhaps the most dramatic and sensational ever witnessed in the house of representatives.

Blaine has been held to stern account by the American people in the matter of the Mulligan correspondence. So be it. He is neither wholly cleared nor wholly condemned. The transaction was ambiguous and tortuous. In the retrospect it hath ugliness. It should be said, however, that Blaine in this matter was more to be blamed for acting and tergiversation than he was for the original business. This trait has been one of the prime weaknesses of the great character before us. While he possessed many kinds of life to have a weakness at certain points where he should have been strong. Satan never uttered a more sterling truth than when he said, "Spirit, to be weak is to be miserable." Blaine in some particulars has been both weak and miserable. If, for example, he had simply said, "I made honorable purchase of railway bonds; it is nobody's business, and what are you going to do about it?" the matter would have ended.

James G. Blaine would be president of the United States. This was the dominant passion of his soul and life. What ever interposed between him and his purpose was in the nature of an eclipse. It is a strange thing that American statesmen have not yet learned that the presidency of the United States goes by accident and indirection, and not by ambition, contrivance and endeavor. Who has long sought the presidency and gained it? The great office not only goes without the ambition of the winner, but with little regard to his merit. Blaine



THE HOUSE WHERE MR. BLAINE DIED.

strove for twenty-five years to reach the presidency. He paid down the honest coin of great talents and great endeavor. He had merit and accomplishment. His capacity for the highest place has not been questioned by any. America has not produced a man who in native gifts and brilliant attainments was more fitted for the presidential office than James G. Blaine.

But he missed it! It was with him a quest and struggle of Tantalus. Once and again the glittering prize was within his grasp. At Cincinnati in 1876 only twenty-eight votes were lacking to his nomination. Certainly had he been nominated he would have received as many votes as Hayes. In that convention the faces of his rivals looked loomingly from the caucus rooms, and Blaine was beaten. In 1880 he was again in the arena and well nigh successful. In that year the nomination would certainly have brought election, as it brought the prize to Garfield.

Four years more, and the man from Maine captures the preliminary choice and is launched on the sea of the canvass. He manages his own campaign. The antecedents of success are compassed. The two pivotal states are won, and then, on the eve of the election, the greatest of the two is suddenly transferred to the enemy by a farcical personal incident which brought defeat to the great leader and gave to an unknown preacher such fame as Empedocles got for jumping into Aetna!

The quest went on. Another four year period passed, and Blaine stood dubiously on the horizon. Of a certainty he might have had the nomination. Probably he would have taken it but for the belief which he doubtlessly entertained that at least one of the pivotal states would vote against him. The man whom he had employed four years before as his lawyer walked off with the prize and stride into the White House! A second time Blaine is secretary of state. It might well appear that the phantom of the presidency had now vanished, but not so. Probably it never vanished from the mind of any one who has once seen the vision. Could we penetrate the mind of Blaine during the last quadrennium of his life we should see the cross currents of early ambitions and of mature reason flowing together and breaking in long lines of foam.

They who find interest in such facts as national conventions, and who suppose that bodies of that kind are really forces in human history, may well discover food in the Minneapolis convention of 1892. Let it be said that if ever Blaine was outwitted by a competitor it was by Benjamin Harrison! With the approach of the presidential year Blaine found himself impeded with obstacles, weighted with circumstances, hobbled

with unbreakable official relations, and, worst of all, weakened with the approach of age. The fire still burned within him, but the volcano was less active than of old. The result was that the upflaming of his ambition at Minneapolis was only a fitful glare. He blazed feebly and went out. Partisanship had kindled its fires on all the surrounding heights, and the light of the great luminary was quenched in the crackle of the officialholders' bonfire!



MARGARET BLAINE, WALKER BLAINE, JAMES G. BLAINE, JR. and JIMMONS BLAINE.

We thus have the remarkable spectacle of a man who has been five times consecutively before the national conventions of his party, and always preferred by his party to any other competitor whomsoever, and always greater than his competitor, whoever that might be—greater in the sense that he was better qualified for the presidency of the United States than any who stood against him—and yet but one time nominated and never elected! It is a repetition of the irony of fate.

We may here note the reactionary effect of this long continued, arduous and unsuccessful struggle upon the great actor himself. This effect has been that which generally comes to great character under such trials and abrasion of destiny. It is the effect of discipline—the improvement of human nature by the hardships of experience, by sorrow and by defeat. It were not far from true to say that James G. Blaine has been more improved in his moral and intellectual nature and in his purposes and methods and theories of statesmanship by the various hurts and disappointments of his career than have any of his rivals by their successes, however great.

Blaine's character has been lifted up and perfected in a remarkable degree, and it is an astonishing fact that what ever is true and lasting in his statesmanship and the most of that which is beautiful in his personal life have come from the hard discipline of the last fifteen years. The fact is that Blaine in the hour of the setting sun has not been far from true greatness as it is measured by historical standards. He has come to this by tribulation rather than by glory. His spirit has been moderated, chastened and purified from gross by the buffeting to which he has been exposed and by the very ruin of his political fortunes.

Something of the same fact has been seen in many great Americans. It was seen pre-eminently in Lincoln, though Lincoln was always great. It was seen and exemplified most strikingly in that other conspicuously successful American before whose stubborn front Blaine himself quailed and went back in 1864. In his last years the life of James G. Blaine stood forth in striking outline against the horizon. He was always sustained by a following which never drew back or doubted. His magnetic power and great personality prevailed to the last. The excellence of method as well as the sterling genius of the man shone forth with unusual luster and flashed like light into every department of his activity.

In the literary work to which he gave himself at all times, according to opportunity, but more particularly in the last decade of his career, we discover an unmistakable superiority. Many of our public men have essayed something in the way of permanent production. With most it has ended with the trial. Politics and literature are not bedfellows. The one puts the other out. There is not much concord between Belial and the angel. In a few great minds, however, there has been union of the literary and the political faculty, and this was pre-eminently true of Blaine. The country ought to have been more astonished than it was at the excellence, the greatness of his one "Twenty Years of Congress" is one of many such works; but taking them all in all, from Benton's "Thirty Years' View" to Sumner's "Three Decades," Blaine's work is distinctly and emphatically the best.

As an author he is innocent of the egotism of Benton. As a statesman he shows himself to have been, with his pen at least, incapable of the partisanship and passion of Cox. As a matter of fact, there is hardly a more dispassionate or rational work on the public history of our country than is the "Twenty Years of Congress." In no other part of his product are Blaine's capacity and his better temper shown to so great advantage. The time comes when all current sentiment dying away, the great secretary shall be known to his countrymen by the calm statement of fact and the cogent and impartial deductions which he has left on record in his book.

What has James G. Blaine contributed to his age and country? Has he really accomplished anything? Has he left a permanent impress? Has he transmitted from himself to his times and to after times something that shall survive and flourish, giving its leaf and fruitage in the Twentieth century? These questions must bring with their answers the true estimate of Blaine's life and work. If he has done nothing, let him pass. If he has left no impress, let the grave close and the grass grow; for the morrow, in that event, will be even as today.

Blaine has contributed something to his age and country. He has been a living, inspiring force among the motives

of American patriotism. Let us concede to him seniority, and in so doing discover the essential patriotism of his nature. It would be difficult to find in his whole life aught that was inconsistent with this interpretation of his character. His public career of more than thirty years, ever widening and deepening in the channels of national life, has been an example of patriotic devotion to American institutions. The very virtues of his statesmanship—if such there be—have had a like root and vitality. If he fought off the Chinese it was because he was blinded with his passionate Americanism. The great idea with Blaine seems to have been the establishment of a complete republican autonomy in this nation. He desired the individuality and glory of America. He was seriously inspired with the sight of his country's flag. Nor may we well, now that this remarkable career is ended, speak lightly of that fervid, unwavering passion which Blaine ever displayed at the very mention of his country's name.

It is well that such an example should have been set in a high place of our national life. The young men of our country have seen it from afar, and in proportion as they have imbibed from this fountain they are better and truer than if they had drunk from the cold and dribbling waterpots of the caucus. Let us hope and believe that the living part of Blaine has entered into union with the soul of his country, and that the American nation will feel through several ages the warmth of his surviving blood and genius.

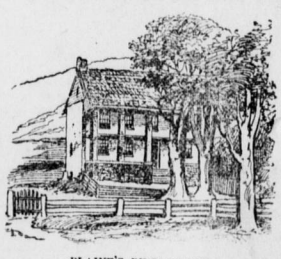
In the next place Blaine has demonstrated that a man can be great without success. This proposition has a strange sound in American ears. It is against the teaching of the schools. Our doctrine is that only the man who is elected is anything; the other is nothing. Blaine has shown that the man who is not elected is greater than the other. As a matter of fact, few examples in the history of the world have been more inspiring than that of Blaine in the last period of his life. Note the esteem in which he is held by his countrymen. Mark well his reputation in foreign lands. In England, in France, in Germany, Italy, Russia, to the ends of civilization, it was Blaine who was known and honored. After Grant he is the only recent American who has been thus distinguished with cosmopolitan fame. Let him be known as the great secretary and honored as the man who survived and flourished and won the esteem of the world without the occupancy of the White House.

Blaine was a civilian. Though he had the instincts of battle, it was the battle of mind, the contention of thought, in which he delighted. Though he was an intense patriot, it is doubtful whether he had pleasure in the struggle of the battlefield and the clamor of arms. Though his activities belonged to the age which was shaken by the greatest war of modern times, he participated in it only to the extent of considering its sequences and deducing from it its best results for his country.

Blaine was not only American, he was pan-American. Nothing less than all Americanism could satisfy him or even appease his purpose and ambition. He was also pan-republican. His congress of American republicans, if not a brilliant success, was at least reputable. The project issued from his fecundity and was his. It was the potential beginning of an American state system which might stand in likeness and counterpoise of that European state system which has been the woof of political history since the treaty of Westphalia. Blaine would unify the policies and methods of the American republics, and they should all flourish because the great republic flourishes and is in the lead. More practical still was the movement for intercontinental railways. Hudson's bay and Argentina should shake hands. Chicago and Buenos Ayres should greet. Boston should receive by rail from the Grand Chaco. The bull hides of the pampas should be hung up green in the tanneries of Buffalo, and the Fugians should wear new prints from the mills of Providence. The scheme was like the man. It pleased his genius, and by and by it shall be transmuted from imagination and vision into reality.

Blaine is gone. No more shall this striking figure attract the gaze of two hemispheres. But his memory shall survive long, and his influence will stream out far into the coming century. In the shadows of the last hours we have sincere grief for his going. Would that he might have lived longer! There are tears of true affection at the open door of his tomb.

Blaine outlived nearly all of his great contemporaries. He saw every Union general of the first rank and every Confederate general of the first rank, with the single exception of Longstreet, go down to the grave. He survived nearly all of his competitors in civil life. Shera-



BLAINE'S BIRTHPLACE.

man outlived him, but did not reach his stature or his fame. He attained the grand climacteric and went at the age of sixty-three. He had an unclouded sunset. His last days were spent within sight of the Capitol. Thither his gaze will be turned no more. Against him all avenues of earthly hope and ambition are closed forever, but he went away with the radiance of a great life lingering around his couch. An imperishable chaplet was held above his white and honored head and the weeping genius of his country hid for awhile her face when his spirit issued forth into the shadows.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.