CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY

GIVE US A REST.

Lecture by the Hon. A. W. Tourgee, Delivered in the Amphitheatre, July 28, 1883.

Rest is the complement of labor. Labor and rest are the prime co-efficients of every life worth living. Labor is the resultant aim of man's life; rest its incident condition. That we shall labor is enforced upon us by divine command; that we shall rest is imposed upon us by a like command; written, not on tables of stone, nor yet simply on man's heart; but entered into the fibres of his being, where he cannot disregard it if he would. Not to rest is one of those sins that brings its punishment on the spot; not to rest is to cripple at the outset all that power that God has given to man; not to rest is to label man at the very outset, at the very instant, both as a weakling and a fool. By rest I do not mean the mere act of sleep; by rest I do not mean the mere absence of occupation, even; by rest I do not mean simple, unadulterated loafing; by rest I do not mean anything that a lazy man can know. The lazy man may loaf, he cannot rest; he may slosh round, he may do nothing as if he had a Divine calling to do so, but rest he cannot. Rest is that change of occupation; rest is that relaxation of attention; rest is that putting of the mind in a new channel, or in a new course that gives to the over-strained nerves—that gives to the worn body—that gives to the weary heart relaxation. A man may rest and work like a horse all the time; a man may do more resting than most people ever dream of, and yet do more work than most of us ever know of.

To take the language of our latest exponent of the nervous system: "Labor—that labor which wearies, is that which requires the exercise, constant and repeatedly, of certain nerve centers, of certain specific organizations—that day after day, week after week and month after month calls for the exercise of just the same powers, just the same characteristics, just the same excitement, just the same weariness." And while the remaining portion of the brain, while the rest of our nerves and intellectual life may be without action, that one point may be wearing and wearing and wearing, until by and by it gives way, and we say the mind has failed. It is not true—the mind has not failed; only one link in the chain of intellection has grown weary, and because that has parted the whole is a wreck. I desire thus at the outset to define what I mean by the term rest, because I sometimes find that people misapprehend the purpose and object of my remarks.

Rest then being that relaxation, that change of labor or occupation, that change of scenery or surroundings which shall work renewed energy to exhausted brain or nervous power—as I say—that is essential to every man—to every woman. It is especially essential to us at this time because of the character of our American life of to-day. There are certain states of human existence in which rest comes that is sufficient. There are other states in which certain exciting causes serve to drive out rest and to leave one the terrible realities of weariness, labor and exhaustion. Our time of life and age in which we live, the country in which we live, the climate in which we live are all of them peculiarly calculated to make it necessary for us to consider the importance of rest to every man who desires to do what the good Lord has given him power to do. What we owe to ourselves for rest is but the least of our duty. Yesterday took us upon its shoulders and lifted us up to the height of its growth. To-morrow is already clambering about our knees and demanding that we give to it the power, the life, the force to come up to a growth better and higher. If we are to give that growth, if we are to pay to the future that debt that we owe, it is incumbent on us to make of ourselves the very best. It is a false idea—it is a coward's plea—that says that to-morrow is but yesterday in disguise. It was the cowardice, not the art, of the great German poet that induced him to say that yesterday, to-day and to morrow were simply one great repetend. No yesterday is the pattern of any to-day, and no to-morrow will ever be builded on any yesterday. Every age, every generation takes upon itself new and important responsibility in regard to those very circumstances that surround them. The gray-haired man of to day who says to his son of twenty: "I know where you stand; I know what you have to face; I know what you have to do"—that man lies. He never was in that place in the world—he never could have been there. When he was twenty years old the world wore another aspect. During the past forty years there has been a revolution in our own lives infinitely greater than that which is marked by the advance of physical science. You and I have not felt it, consciously felt it; it has come on us so easily; it has come so gradually that we forget that the life—the life that surrounded our body—is not the life of to-day in any of its essential characteristics. The youth of our nation was one peculiarly of exertion; it was one of unmitigated, of continuous exertion, just so far as the circumstances of that time would allow. Our forefathers, coming from the English climate, mainly coming from the continent of Europe, bringing with them the force of habit, bringing with them the surroundings under which they had grown, bringing with them the influences of hundreds of years of steady, set progress—slow, quiet, unfelt—came to a new climate; they came to one where the sun shines four times as many hours every year as it does in England; they came to a climate, every possible influence of which, was toward life. Even the Hollander that came over here and dropped down into New Amsterdam, after a few years tears himself away from his pipe, wakes up to new energy and a new life, and sets out into the wilderness to conquer nature and build up the new land. They came here with every inspiration and every aspiration to exertion, chiefest among which—I do not wish to say one word in derogation of the high and holy aims of our pilgrim fathers, but in my humble judgment, they did not come here so much to build a country devoted to civil and religious liberty—especially to religious—they came here intending to worship God in their own way, and to make everybody else worship him in the same way.

But the great impulse to all settlers of the American soil has been a different one from that. It has been the desire to own a piece of land, as the law hath it—laid out with known meters and bounds—and with no one between them and God to be greater than the owner. It was a desire to have land attached to every man's life that has made our American Continent what it is.

If it were not a little outside of my line, I would tell you a story that shows that. When, years before the King of England had the least right or title to a foot of land west of the Allegheny mountains—when that soil on which we stand to-day was rightfully and lawfully held by the King of France, His most Catholic Majesty; at that time when the Government of England never dreamed of laying claim to anything west of the Allegheny mountains, the hardy pioneers of Virginia—despising the barrier of the mountains, despising the power of His Catholic Majesty, had gone over through the passes of the Cumberland—each one of them carrying a rifle—and what else do you think? A surveyor's chain and compass and an ax; and they went over there and laid out, each one, the corners of his own domain, sowed in it a handful of corn, and went back to Virginia, leaving it ripening to the titles of to-day to one-fourth of the land of the State of Kentucky. It was the desire to own land in fee that was the

great inspirer of Amer[illegible] that purpose, linked with [illegible] ment which it gave, brought a[illegible] derful individualism. Such a man as that cannot be found on the continent of Europe. [Applause.] They don't grow such things there. A man of that type desiring to do anything on the continent of Europe or in England would be obliged to have the recognition of His Highness, the Prince of Wales, or of some other titled idiot to give him success. [Laughter.]

A few months ago I was talking with an intelligent looking young Frenchman from one of the highest colleges in France, and I was endeavoring to get some idea, with some young friends who sat about me, of the school life of the French boy of the best type. And we asked him, "Do you row?" "Oh, no." "Well, do you play baseball?" "Oh, non, non." "Do you play cricket?" "Non, non, we have no such organization." "But why don't you make them?" suddenly asked one of the boys. "Well, I don't think the teachers would approve." "Well, why don't you do it anyhow?" Now, that young man was twenty-three years of age, and he looked at his interrogator sadly and said: "I don't think my mother would be willing." I merely give that as the tone of their life as contrasting with our individuality. Every American believes himself to be as good a human being and seventy-five pounds of muscular Christianity as there is upon the globe. Every American believes in himself, and for his own sake he cares little for the opinions of others unless it touches his wealth or his dress or his position in society, and a whisper of that kind is like the raw edge of a file to the back of a raw lobster. Simply because of its individualism.

The result of all this tendency is inspired, increased, multiplied by the activities of our climate which can put up a bigger assortment of weather in the same time than any other on earth—[Laughter and applause]—I say this characteristic individualism, greatly increased by the exciting tendencies of our climate, made our early American life; while the fight was going on with nature; while the course of conquest was from the Eastward towards the Westward; while men struggled with every means in their power to overcome the wilderness and to tame the continent, while that was the case there was a peculiar situation of affairs that prevented overwork. One of our grandfathers would have had a very hard time in trying to do too much work, because he was compelled at that time to exercise the body as well as the mind. If a man had a bright idea in New York, it took him six months to get it beyond the Mississippi. As long as he had to take it there in a saddle or a rumbling stage-coach he was tolerably safe against dyspepsia.

That would have been a wonderful man that should have been able to weary his brain traveling by canal boat. That would have been an amazing age that could have out-worn its nervous strength while its physical power was exhausted by every-day work. Fifty years ago, a man that would be a leader in any branch of thought among us, must be a giant physically as well as mentally. He must have a body of iron as well as a brain of steel. I remember when I was a boy an engraving that hung up in my room of an old Methodist minister, and under it was written the number of thousand miles that he had traveled; the number of thousand sermons that he had preached, and what he had done physically during his life. It is no wonder that that man wore out slowly—he had no opportunity to wear out quickly. But a day of the present brings more care, brings more anxiety, brings more knowledge, brings more excitement than a year of a century back. Perhaps we can hardly estimate this better than by imagining some of these men brought into the present. Suppose the good and great George Washington, who took thirty-two days to go from New York to Portsmouth, and he was in a hurry too. [Laughter.] That man who had leisure to direct his servant to black his horse's hoof when he went on parade in the city of New York, and then had time to remember thirteen months afterwards that he had done so and that he had paid the colored man a dollar for doing it, and who had time to make a charge of it to the Government—suppose that man to endeavor to carry on war to-day with thirty-four hundred newspapers to tell the truth about him—let alone the lies. [Laughter.] With a brigade of reporters in his camp to disclose his plans before he had made them, and with a telephone in his tent talking night and day, where do you suppose a man would be in a month's time? Suppose that John Wesley, with the habits, with the constitution, with the culture which he had received, with the life that he had been endowed with; suppose him to have been dropped right down to-day into the middle of our lives with the telephone in his room and twenty thousand believing disciples up and down the earth yelling at him every fifteen minutes what he thought about the new version, where do you suppose the Methodist Church would have been to-day? It would never have been heard of under these circumstances. Suppose any man of the eighteenth century could have been lifted right forward into our life of to-day, what would have been the result on any live man, any great man of that time? He would have been in an insane asylum before next Sunday morning. We do not know what our life gives us and demands. Not long ago I dropped into the office of a New York firm—not any Vanderbilts, not any millionaires, but just a couple of boys who hoped to be millionaires; young men, thirty years old or so, who hoped to be millionaires, if their constitutions held out while they crammed about four centuries into a lifetime. One of these partners showed me the day's cablegrams from abroad. I cannot remember them all. I have been a little dizzy when I thought about them ever since, but I remember two or three of them. One man, I know, telegraphed from Holland to those two boys, asking them at what price, within ninety days, they could ship to them 200,000 dozen fork handles? Enough I thought to fork all creation into the middle of next week. Another firm, on that same day, telegraphed to these two young men: "Let us know immediately"—and this was from Berlin—"Let us know immediately how much dried blood we can get from America next year?" I did not know but that Bismarck was going on the war-path again. Thirty years ago there was not a man on the earth who knew that blood, fresh or dried, was worth buying or selling at all, unless it happened to be in a black hide. [Applause.]

What do you suppose would have happened to John Jacob Astor—what would have happened to Stephen Girard—if instead of replying to the whole category of telegrams, they had been called upon merely to answer those three? You never would have heard of them again. It would have taken them six months to find out the first thing about either one of them. Our life of to-day is so followed up that we do not know how much strain it gives us. I heard a great orator at one time describe what might be the nervous strain upon the Divine Being from the fact that he heard, not only one widow's wail, nor one child's feeble cry, nor one strong man's groan of agony, but every cry and every wail and every groan in a great city, but every cry and every groan and every wail in all the earth and in all the myriads of earths that are about us; and the thought that he brought from it was the terrible strain that it must be upon that great Divine Presence that He should bear the world's thoughts and the world's life. It is something of that To-day is doing for us. We do not think that because it came to us gradually. Suppose, fifty years ago, a man had tried to know, had tried to learn as much of the men of his own State as he knows to-day of the men and life of all the world, he would have been older than Methuselah before he had finished the State of New York. No man, by any power except that of mere personal presence could have learned as much of the world's life, or even of the noted men in it, as your boy of ten years old gets without having been to school at all. It comes to us—well—by exposure, as the small-pox does, or as the cholera probably will before we know. It comes to us in the air; it is a part of that stirring life which To-day makes. To-day infinitely greater and infinitely more wearisome than Yesterday. We know nothing—we feel nothing of this until the strain

preachers who neither preached nor practiced morality, and who withstood every movement toward education, thrift, and a better life; the lack of savings banks, and of facilities to enable the negro or the poor white to lay by anything from his earnings; and the credit system, carried on much on the principle of the company stores in the mining districts of Pennsylvania, keeping the working classes, both white and black, always in debt.

The importance of education was in one form or other the theme of almost every paper and address. It was brought out with special clearness by the Hon. W. T. Harris, our United States Commissioner of Education, who gave statistics collected by the Bureau of Education, showing that 1,158,000 colored children attended school last year, being fourteen per cent. of the population. Of these, only 18,000 were in private and endowed schools, nearly 6,000 being in normal schools. It should be strongly urged on those who direct the outlay of charity funds to expend them on the professional training of colored teachers. Mr. Harris wished to emphasize the importance of an education in reading, writing, and arithmetic as being of even more importance than the industrial education so much praised at present. He proceeded to answer the statistics alleged to show that increase of education brings increase of crime. The statistics collected from all the penitentiaries the past year show that the illiterate stratum of society furnishes nearly four times its quota of prisoners. The statistics from the houses of correction are stronger in favor of education, for they show that eight times as many are committed from the illiterate as from an equal number of those who can both read and write.

Mr. Harris pointed out the vital importance of schools to the colored population on the ground that the colored people are now isolated and do not any longer hold the close relations that they held to white people as domestic slaves. Left to themselves they will drop down toward base superstitions unless protected by education.

The general conclusions thus formulated by Dr. Harris were illustrated by some striking and touching stories, which I shall not, however, endeavor to transfer to this already too extended report. General Armstrong, Dr. Allen, and Dr. Beard all laid special stress on the importance of industrial education—by which, however, it was clear they meant not merely hand training, but the marrying of the brain to the hand—while Dr. Joseph E. Roy laid the stress on the importance and practicability of the higher education for the negro, and gave evidences of his capacity in instances of his success in the medicine and the law. I was surprised to learn, too, how much had been done for theological education in the South. Howard University alone has sent out 160 men into the pulpits of the South, representing every evangelical denomination, about half of whom completed a three years' course.

The main value of the Conference seems to me to have consisted in the variety of information brought together from different points of view and from different parts of the field, yet all pointing to the same general conclusion. If there should be another Lake Mohonk Negro Conference, we hope to see it take up and discuss with the thoroughness and freedom which have characterized the discussions of the Indian Conference, some of the fundamental principles respecting the relations between the African and the Anglo-Saxon. But enough has certainly been done at this Conference to more than justify its existence, and to call for a vote of thanks from the general public as well as from the invited guests to Mr. Smiley for making such a gathering possible.

Western Christian Advocate
June 15/97

Miscellaneous.

GENERAL BRINKERHOFF'S TRIBUTE TO THE SOUTH.

Sometime since the Atlanta *Constitution* made this statement: "There is no more barbarism among the *whites of the South today than there is among the whites of the North, and there is less crime of every form and shape.*" Knowing that General Brinkerhoff had made an especial study of our criminal statistics, [illegible] with this request: "If any man can verify or [illegible] case may be the fact of, you are. Will you?" His reply is as follows:

"THE MANSFIELD SAVINGS BANK,
Mansfield, Ohio, June 12, 1897.

"MY DEAR [illegible]: After a month's absence, I find on my return your letter of May 17th, in regard to extract from the Atlanta *Constitution* in regard to barbarism in the South.

"I agree with the *Constitution*, but I have no time at present to write an article upon the subject; and if I had, I could not procure the facts necessary to prove the truth of my opinion.

"The Southern people are the most American of Americans, and hence are more free from the savagery of the foreign immigration we have at the North. They are a religious people, and in proportion to population, whether white or black, they have a much larger membership in Christian Churches. Atheism, anarchism, socialism, and a thousand and one other isms that prevail in the North, are practically unknown in the South.

"The volume of crimes, and least of high crimes, is less than with us, and, if we exclude the colored people, I think there is no question but life and property and personal liberty are much safer in the South than in the North.

"The number of homicides in the South is probably greater than in the North, but these homicides grow out of the old vendetta system, which still prevails in large sections of the South, and if the duello is ranked as a barbarism (and possibly it ought to be), the South of course in this particular would be ahead of us.

"I have known the Southern people quite intimately, both before and since the war, and of course during the war, and they have impressed me as a noble-hearted race that could fight for an idea, as they did, although it was a wrong idea, and they are, in many of which nations are made[illegible]

"We at the North might take a lesson away from the people of the present struggle to be able to appreciate the splendid virtues of the Southern people, and to be fairly charitable to their failings. They, to say the least, are not more numerous than our own. Nowhere else in history has a master class dealt so generously with its liberated slaves. Take for comparison Brazil, or even Russia, where the serfs were white instead of black, and it must be a cold heart that does not glow with admiration at the superiority of our Southern brethren.

"In short, I am glad to believe that the Southern white people are as brave, as patriotic, as generous, and as Christian, as any people upon the earth. They are worthy of our confidence, and in the solution of the Negro problem, which hangs like a pall over the Nation, we ought to meet them as brethren. If that question is to be settled satisfactorily, they must settle it in the main; for all we can do, after we have done our best, is simply to assist. We can co-operate, and we ought to do so to the extent of our ability; but beyond that we ought not to go, and can not go to any advantage.

"Very sincerely yours,

R. BRINKERHOFF."

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Ingalls Reporter
Speech at Gettysburg

"The purification of politics is an iridescent dream. Government is force. Politics is a battle for supremacy. Parties are the armies. The decalogue and the golden rule have no place in a political campaign. The object is success. To defeat the antagonist and expel the party in power is the purpose. In war it is lawful to deceive the adversary; to hire Hessians, to purchase mercenaries, to multilate, to kill, to destroy. The commander who lost a battle through the activity of his moral nature would be the derision and jest of history. This modern cant about the corruption of politics is fatiguing in the extreme. It proceeds from the tea-custard and syllabub dilettanteism, the frivolous and desultory sentimentalism of epicenes."

COLORED PEOPLE AS PROPERTY OWNERS.

Estimated Value of Property Owned by the Colored People of the United States.

$582,000,000.

CHICAGO, June 24.—To the Editor: Among the 11,000,000 of colored people in the United States of America we can point with pride to the men and women of education and refinement; and, notwithstanding the concentrated energies of the American prejudice that they have been confronted with for 270 years, and the great wrong that has been placed in their path from time to time, and the many obstacles that have been placed in their way to retard their progress, we can point to thousands of colored mechanics, farmers, merchants, teachers, ministers, lawyers, doctors, editors, and authors, who need not compare favorably with the white people; and on numerous occasions they have proved themselves far superior to them.

I have for the past six years interested myself in securing reliable and authentic information from a number of trustworthy correspondents in every section of the country, as to the amount of real estate personal property that the colored people own in each State and Territory in the United States, which is as follows:

Alabama, $8,200,126; Arkansas, $8,010,315; Oregon, $885,000; California, $4,006,209; Connecticut, $500,155; Colorado, $3,100,472; Delaware, $1,200,179; District of Columbia, $5,300,033; North Dakota, $[illegible]59; South Dakota, $176,225; Florida, $[illegible]0,040; Georgia, $10,015,330; Utah Territory, $75,000; Idaho Territory, $800; [illegible]223; Iowa, $2,500,377; Illinois, $6,300,513 (in the city of Chicago alone they own over $2,500,000 worth of property); Indiana, $4,004,113; Kansas, $3,600,292; Kentucky,

comes. We feel nothing of this until we are compelled to forego something that we seek to do. And yet when we look about us, how wonderful it is. Before breakfast every morning we take in the life of the whole world through the daily papers. We know more of Cetewayo to-day than we did of Daniel Webster fifty years ago. Fifty years ago we knew nothing of the lives and hearts of even our greatest men. We knew there was a tree upon the mountain side there by its wonderful shadow, but whether it was an oak or a hemlock no man could tell unless he dwelt under its branches. But the whole world's life comes to us now. Your friend dies in San Francisco to-day, and you put on mourning to-morrow—that is, if the operators had not struck. Forty years ago our best friend died fifty miles away in the country, and you never heard of it till his widow put in an application for letters of administration. The world has been struck by lightning within fifty years and shriveled up until a boy takes it in his hands and turns it over with a great deal less risk than he would a baseball. We know every part of the world, and know it intimately. Not long since I attended an excursion, a teachers' institute in a little town in a neigaboring state, and I was amused to find a little girl of sixteen or seventeen years reading an essay, as a part of the institute, upon the use of a certain mathematical instrument, that, half engineer as I am, I found that I knew only half as much about it as she pretended to.

When we think of the facts that come to us now; when we think of these close relations of the world to ourselves, we may well be filled with amazement. My little girl of ten years old has kept up for two or three years a correspondence every month or so with a little playmate in Soudan—going back and forth every month or so on a two cent postal card by steamer every twenty-eight days. And there is not a man here forty years old and upwards who knows where Soudan is, unless he is a teacher by profession. It was not discovered when he was a school-boy. Where the earth began to shrink, we found it and named it, and now we take it into our life.

Sixty-five years ago a famine broke out in India, and eight millions of people perished because food could not be got to them. Four years ago a famine, much more widespread, broke out there, and in ninety days the wheat of Chicago was in the mouths of these suffering, dying men. [Applause.] We take everybody's woes on ourselves. While the fire that devastated Chicago was yet burning, friends in London had met, and were pouring out their treasures, and long before the sunset of the next day trains were speeding from New York, from Boston and from Philadelphia westward, stored with every possible comfort and supply. The world's heart to-day is touched in an hour, while fifty years ago it hardly found out the woes before Time had healed them.

So we know all the meanness of the world. A man cannot, even by mistake, preach another man's sermon in Chicago, without, before Monday night, being picked up by some man in London as a thief. The whole world's life is spread out before all the rest of the world, and there cannot be a bad thing, a noted crime cannot be performed but it flashes all over the world within a day, and the world wonders at its own wickedness. Fifty years ago a story of that kind grew old and lame and mossy-backed and bald-headed before it got over the confines of one State into another. Nobody cared anything about even a lie when it reached him by that slow process of word of mouth—coming up the mountain and through the valley and down the river and along the lakes. But the world's life comes to it at first now. We know its scoundrels and we guess at its saints. [Laughter.] I say we do not know the wear of this life upon us. A little better than a year ago I dropped into a cottage by the sea-shore for a little rest, which, I confess, I sorely needed, and I found there twenty-seven men from all parts of the country—all but one of them younger men than myself; all of them eminent in their profession and businesses, and every one of them there seeking a cure for a broken brain. Ah, well they may!

We realize it when we think of our neighbors. I never yet have found a man whose attention was directed to the subject—to the strain of this age, who did not say: That is so; there is my neighbor so and so, and so and so, and so and so, dropped all at once because of this. An eminent physician of your own State, speaking with me one night with regard to this matter, said: "Do you know, my dear friend, that the most frequent and the most dangerous form of insanity in the world was never distinctly diagnosed until 1829? Did you know that it is to-day almost entirely an American disease?" Then a few days afterward the physicians of the United States, meeting at New York, asked each other first of all this one question: What is the cause of the wonderful increase of insanity and nervous disease among our people? And sad to be said, with that came the publication of one of your own insane asylum superintendents of this State, stating that to-day one of your asylums alone has more insane in it than the whole State of New York had in it in 1837! We find the evidence of this wear all about us; we all know it and we lie about it, too. It is not great men; it is not men who carry on immense businesses alone who fall under the weariness of to-day's life. I remember one night in a little village of Vermont, about a year ago, after I had spoken on this subject, I came back to the hotel, and the man who kept it came to my room—a little, one-horse hotel—in a one-horse town, plastered on to the side of a mountain up in Vermont. He came to my room and he said: "Judge, I want to talk with you; I feel as though I ought to say something to you about this matter. Now, I am no great man; I never carried on any big business; when I was sixteen years old I went into a hotel; I tried to do my duty and by and by I had done so well that the owner lent me money to buy a hotel for myself. I went into it and did the best I could. Many a time after I had attended to my business until late in the night, I would spring up in my sleep, thinking that I heard a bell and fearful that some forgetful servant would not answer it—to my prejudice. And by and by there came a night when, as I went to count up my petty cash, I counted up as far as fifteen, but I could not remember what came next. I said I must be asleep, and I went and washed my face and bathed my head and counted again—one—two—up to fifteen, but I could get no farther. Then the sweat poured out of me and I went and woke my wife and told her what had happened, and she said: 'Why, Tom, you are dreaming,' and so she took the money and I counted with her—one, two three, up to fifteen. She said sixteen and I said thirty-nine. And it was five years before I dared stand by and see business transacted. I had to drop out of life for five years to make up for what I had consumed before."

There is a man, a friend of mine, now a high official of the United States, who, a few years ago, at a period of peril that you may well remember, when the State of New York was in the hands of a mob, who had the most responsible position of all that time; and for seven days he never left his office or his desk, taking what little sleep he could by dropping his head down upon the desk whilst waiting for the constant messengers to come. But it was four years before he could come and sit by the river of life again.

The first time that I ever had occasion to speak on this subject, I saw among the audience a man whom every one of you know, a man who has sat in these seats himself, a man of the highest eminence only a few years ago in political life, and of whom no doubt, you wondered, as I wondered, and as thousands of others wondered, why, all at once, he stepped out and was forgotten. And as I spoke upon this subject, I saw the tears coming down his cheeks; and presently he stepped out and his dear wife went with him, and that afternoon he came to me and said: "Judge, you are telling the story of my life; keep telling it for the sake of my countrymen. I died, said he, at forty-eight, because I would not rest at forty."

The Lieutenant-Governor of a great State of the West, or lately so, was traveling with me last winter, and he says: "I see the subject of a lecture of yours in one of the Eastern cities. What is it about?" And when I told him, he said:

"I am glad of it; I stand before you to-day a wreck. With modesty I say that I might have been one of the leading men of the land to-day if I hadn't tried to do more in forty years than a man can do in eighty." Said he: "If this goes on, our American people in a short time will hardly be worth enough, in case of killing, to support an indictment for homicide."

I say it is not the great men—perhaps I might more than say that it is the lesser. Every insane asylum in the United States is crowded with farmers' wives. The greatest proportion of the insane of any class are farmers' wives. Perhaps I ought to say in explanation of that, that the more acute forms of nerve work usually destroy suddenly or render perfectly helpless and harmless. But in the insane asylums it is the farmers' wives that rule the roost; the farmer's wife is the great source of supply for them. Why is it? You say she does not work unusually hard. Well, in a sense that is true perhaps. I am inclined to think that it is true, but this other fact is true—that every single day her feet tread exactly the same path; the same nerves, the same powers, and the same characteristics are worn over and over and over again, until by and by the eclipse comes. And then besides that you must remember that the life of the American farmer is one of constant greed and ambition; he is of very little account in the country, unless he buys a good deal of the land that lies next to him; he is hardly an ornament to his county unless he has the dyspepsia before he is forty and his wife is in the insane asylum before he is forty-five. He has no time for rest, that should take him away or her away from that burden of care, which if it is not so great as another, is just as heavy to them. We confess all this; we see it and hear it, and judgment is entered up against us by our own act; and yet we do very little to relieve it. Every year comes more and more the tendency to take a vacation. Every man in the city says he must have a little vacation and every woman says she must have a good deal. They come to the seashore and swim it out; they go to Saratoga and sweat it out in little seven by nine rooms; they go here and there and take it out in more excitement than they have at home; aye, even here the testimony comes up strong. Chautauqua is nothing unless a place of rest. Chautauqua is builded and held up and supported by the conviction in the minds of the great mass of the middle, farming and general classes of these three great States which it touches best—the conviction that they must have rest. The city man perhaps hardly gets it here. The man coming from the excitements of the crowded city; the man carrying a great business on his mind, the man worn with nervous excitement of the burden which he bears perhaps hardly needs as much as others this character of rest. He perhaps needs that modern method of shutting him up away from the world, and not allowing friend or foe, newspaper or telegram to hit him. The deep dark woods of the Adirondacks or the heats and solitudes of the Rocky Mountains are perhaps the places for that man to grow strong in rest. But they that gather from the villages, from the farms, from the smaller towns, the teachers, the farmers' wives and the farmers themselves come here, and that peculiar form of recreation which they get here is the very thing which makes them stronger and worthier and better able to cope with life afterwards. [Applause.] It is a demonstration at once of our conviction, and a demonstration also of the fact that we are unconsciously seeking methods for its cure.

Don't let us make a mistake and say to-day will take care of itself. Many a people has passed off—many peoples have passed off from the face of the earth because they neglected moral and natural laws much less significant than these. I know our American tendency to wait till the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hundredth hour before doing anything; to wait till the grim death's head comes before us, and then wonder that we did not act before. I know the tendency of our American mind to believe that nothing evil can happen in America. Remember that in December, 1861, a great Senator of the United States passed through our land demonstrating eloquently the fact, the indisputable fact as he told us, that there never could be a civil war in America; because, he said, we are Americans—and a man with a moderately long nose could have smelled the powder then.

We believe that because we are Americans the laws of nature, the laws of God, the laws implanted in our being—all that has been proved true and all that is demonstrably true to day—will be turned aside and flexed for us. It is false. We have got to look for the true in the truth—in the fibres written in our lives—or die by its neglect. To-morrow? What will to-morrow be in comparison with to-day? Ah! if to-day is an age, in comparison with yesterday, what will to-morrow be? I remember, during the Centennial, seven years ago, I remember one of the German and one of the Russian commissioners having a great controversy concerning the next fifty years' progress of our country, and the Russian said: "Ah! sir, it is impossible that the next fifty years should be anything like that we see over here to-day." And the old German, combing his beard with his hand, said: "Ah! you be mistaken now, they just have learned the alphabet of progress." And only think that there have only seven years passed, and more has been done in that time to make the world's life intense—something universal—than in any fifty years that went before. The telephone—that great enemy of practical Christianity—had not been invented then—that which brings the whole world together in its combinations was

or two exceptions I do not know a public man in our land who did not stand as high, or nearly so, at forty-five as he stands to-day; and I know but very few of our active public men that are not to-day fit for hospital duty.

What shall we do? I do not know. We ought to do something and do it quickly. It is not my duty to tell you what to do, but there are a few things that I would like to suggest to this Chautauqua audience that may be done or left undone. How you or I should rest, nobody can tell, any more than they can tell you how to work. I remember the longest strain of continuous work I ever endured myself, I kept myself in fine condition with fifteen hours' work a day by working at writing a novel three hours a day, the rest of the writing a law book, with one hour a day on a blooded horse. If I had tried to work at law all the time I would have broken down before three months were over. If I had left the horse out, I would have been in the grave before the task was done. I do not know how your life may demand rest any more than you can tell how mine may, but I do know that our whole people must bring home to themselves the necessity of rest. It is good to come into our families. And I thank God for one thing, although I cannot always prove the means by which it comes. I thank God for this æsthetic craze that has entered the American mind for making crotchety, financial, meaningless houses, with little ins and and outs; honeycombed full of meaningless surprises that are of no use in the world except to ask a man how it came so. I am glad of that unkempt decoration that went inside the houses; I am glad even of the dado that sweeps by majestic miles through our American houses to-day; I am glad of our new æsthetic pictures, with that same one-legged crane, looking at that same lonesome frog that hops away until one wishes that cranes and frogs had never been created. I am glad of that tendency—fashionable tendency—that hung a curtain where there was a door before; I am glad of that craze for bric-a-brac that sticks in the corner of every parlor a little Chinese cabinet, filled with little Chinese impossibilities made for the occasion, and Japanese glass, and fourteenth century little vases, and those great drinking jars of ancient Rome, that meant a good big solid drunk to the ancient Roman and mean nothing at all to us. I am glad that we have those in our houses to-day, because it has induced us to spread the home out all over the house. Forty years ago one-fourth, one-third, and the best third at that, of the American homes—I mean at the north—was consecrated to consumption and death. Nobody ever dwelt or slept in the parlor or in the parlor bed-room, or ought never to have done so unless he was ready for another and a better world. [Laughter.] It was the greatest nursery of consumption, and it has kept us full of it, and it is giving us a great inheritance of it to-day. But just as soon as these things came, absurd as they are in themselves, they opened the whole house, and now, thank God! the American lives in his own house from cellar to garret. I have occasionally seen an old gentleman sitting in the parlor with his feet on the sofa. It is rough on the sofa, but it is the salvation of the old man. I have seen a boy now and then turning somersaults on the parlor carpet. In our younger days he would have danced to a different tune, if he had dared. The rest of the home is growing, but it may grow more.

Then there is another thing: I hate to say it; I suppose that a great many of you are teachers; I would rather have a hornet's nest after me than a teacher any time. [Laughter.] And there never was a word said about a school yet, that a teacher did not plaster it all over himself; he assumed that it meant him, that it was his fault that was being referred to, that it was his short-coming that attracted attention, but I do say that there has come a time when the American Public School must look to it that the life of the young American is differently ordered. [Applause.]

The time when an American boy must be forced to study has gone by. Knowledge comes to him in the air. If any of you has a boy ten years of age that never went to school, sit down and ask him what he knows of the world, and compare it with your status at twenty. He knows more facts than you could possibly have got at twenty. It has come to him through the newspaper in myriad forms; through the books that pour in on him by the hundred—by the thousand almost. It has come to him through the conversation of his father and of his mother. It has come to him by attrition, by breathing the life of to-day. Now, I do not say that the boy knows too much, but I do say that we are giving him, instead of the power of thought, only raw food. I do not believe that you ever can make a strong man by simply stand[illegible]g up a boy on his leg and stuffing facts into him like a sausage. [Laughter.] I do not believe that [illegible] ever make a strong man by simply teaching him all those wonderful things about the world he lives in and the attributes of matter and space. Oh, de[illegible] it makes me tired just to think of it! The very weariness of that accuracy of knowledge that comes into the school life of to-day wearies me—tires me.

I said to a classmate, who is the superintendent of the public school of a large city, and who was boasting of the accuracy of the pupils, not long since, when he was showing me the curriculum, "Jack, when you graduated you did not know half that nor know it half as well." "Oh well," he says, "times have changed." Yes, times have changed, but have boys greatly changed? Has life changed; has the power changed?

I do not say that it is the school alone that is wearing out American nerve and power; but I do say that the American school and the American life of to-day is putting a tax upon young life that makes a strain that will tell to-morrow. Tell to-morrow? It is telling to-day. Did you ever know that out of the ten thousand lawyers in the city of New York there were less than one hundred that were born in that city?—not because the lawyers of that city were not great men in their day; not because the sons do not in that profession fall into the footsteps of their fathers, but because even twenty years ago, thirty, forty years ago we had become accustomed to discount our American life—burning out its energies—that their fathers burned out the lives of their sons before they were born.

Speaking of waiting till Americans burn out—in the State of Massachusetts, the native average—the average of the marriages of native-born parents yields less than two lives. On the same soil the marriage of half foreign or of whole foreign parents yields an average of three and three-fourths lives. Where is it going? Going out, wearing out, burning out, simply because men heed not the injunction of rest.

The editor of a great medical journal in New York stood up the other night before the Twilight Club and said that with twenty-five years study and observation—"I say here on my honor as a man and as a physician that I believe that the greatest cause of nervous prostration and early insanity in the United States is the unseemly strain of our school life."

And then comes the president of the Medical Society for the Province of Canada and he stands up before the society and says: "A few months ago, after serious consideration for more than thirty years, I believe that the one greatest cause of intoxication in our land is the over-wear of young life." Ah! we do not see it. The mother that is urging her son to go forward to excel, that is urging him to turn night into day, when daylight is cheaper than gaslight anyhow—that mother hardly thinks that she is wearing out that brain at all. By and by it will demand the aid of stimulants. The young mother that sends forth her hopeful son into that great avenue, that great enginery by which trade brings its products to all our doors to-day—the commercial travelers, the drummers of this age; that says to him, "Go, my son and prosper!" she does not wish that young man, rushing into life, to undertake what the matured man might shrink from; that by and by, when he has traveled all night; when he has fought all day the most fearful battle of traffic with the keenest foes—there will come a time when having to write his letter at night he shall say: "Oh God! I must have something to help me in this" and will

appeal to the glass of whisky—reach it—gather it—die by it.

I say that there is something for to-day that must be done quickly. We that are past middle life or passing it have perhaps fixed our fate; we that are only passing the meridian can only look back and implore those that are to follow us to heed what we may have learned. But those who have the care of the young, the mother, the wife, the sister—on her is laid a burden of duty that will never be discharged until, with many prayers, she shall have tried much more intelligently than I can, the prayer that should come to every American heart to-day: "Give us a rest."

The Derrick.

CHAUTAUQUA.

Judge Tourgee's Lecture on "Give Us a Rest."

Hon. A. W. Tourgee is a much younger looking man than we expected to see. Neither has he a judicial cast of countenance, with his smooth chin, black moustache, and earnest look, with the faintest suspicion of a frown, he looks more like a successful business man of forty. He would not be taken for a student, either of literature or law, by the casual observer.

His lecture was a plea for rest from the continual rest characteristic of American business and life. Our space this morning is so crowded that we have room for only a touch at one or two of the salient points.

Rest is the complement of labor. Labor is enforced upon us by Divine command, and rest is no less enjoined upon us, if not by words, by physical law. Rest is not loafing, but a relaxation, a change of occupation.

When a man says to his boy, "I know what you have to go through; I know exactly what you will need," he is mistaken. The world has vastly changed since he was a boy, and he knows nothing of its present requirements. You may take a boy of twelve years, who has never been to school, and question him about the world, and you will find he knows more about it than you did when you were a grown man. He has learned it from his parents' conversation, from papers, from outside talk. I know a little miss just in her teens, who sends every two weeks a postal card to a friend in Siam. Why, I'll venture the assertion that there is not a man in this assembly forty years of age, unless he is a teacher, who knows where Siam is. When he was a boy it had not been discovered.

At the centennial a few years ago, a Russian commissioner remarked to one from Germany, "O we shall not progress the next fifty years as we have the last." "My friend," replied the German, "we have not yet learned the alphabet of progress." That enemy to practical Christianity, the telephone, has been invented since then, and lots of other things. Another German, seeing the earnestness with which Americans plunge into all their undertakings, said, "All we shall have to do is to set down and drink beer and wait till the Americans burn themselves out." And he was right.

A week or two ago I was in a New York office—not Vanderbilt's, but just an ordinary [illegible] conducted by a couple of boys of about thirty who expect to be millionaires some day, after they have compressed the business and work of a lifetime in a few years. One of the partners showed me the cablegrams for the day. It made my head swim. I will mention only two. A man in Holland wanted to know the price at which in ninety days they could ship two hundred thousand dozen hams. Another in Berlin wanted to know immediately how much dried blood America could furnish this year. If you had asked those questions of John Jacob Astor he would have gone wild. When he was a boy, blood (unless it was in a black hide) had no commercial value.

Take the immortal George Washington and place him in the shoes of a modern general, with 14,000 newspapers to tell what to do, and an army of reporters giving his plans to the public before he had thought them himself; and the telegraph reporting everything that he did; and where would he be? He took thirty-two day to go from New York to Portsmouth, and he was in a hurry then, too. But he had leisure to direct his servant to black his horse's hoofs, before going on parade, and recollected twelve months afterward that he paid one dollar in continental currency for the service, which amount he then charged against the government. Put George Washington to-day at the head of a force and he would be bewildered.

We have grown gradually, imperceptibly into this rushing way of doing things, and if it continues there won't be enough left of an American, in case he is killed, to make a case of homicide of.

I met in Vermont a man who was running a one-horse hotel. When a boy he had been with a hotel keeper and had displayed such faithfulness and aptitude in his business that when he became of age his employer lent him money to buy a hotel for himself. He worked early and late, getting up in the night to answer imaginary bells which he was afraid his servants would not hear. One day, when footing up his accounts, he added 12, 13 14 15, and then stopped. He could not think what number came next. He called his wife, and together they went over the figures, 12, 13, 14, 15, and when she said 16 he said 37. Next day he was taken to an asylum, and it required five years to recover from the effects of trying to crowd into a few months the work of a lifetime.

Our public men attain celebrity too soon, and then pass out of view. They should take patterns from the Europeans of prominence—Gladstone, Disaeli, Bismarck, Moltke—and not endeavor to crowd into a year or two the fame of a long life.

I have a daily quarrel with my friend here [turning to Dr. Vincent]. Instead of a university I want a school here—a school where the boys and shall be compelled to play five hours a day. This continued application to study and and work is productive of more insanity than all other causes combined. There are more insane people in one asylum in this state to day than in 1837 there were in the whole state of New York. And the class that furnishes most patients to these asylums is farmer's wives. It is not that their work is so extremely hard, but that it is the same day by day, with no relaxation—always doing the same thing and using the same set of muscles until the mind becomes unbalanced.

The morning was exceedingly wet, yet this Saturday forenoon lecture attracted an immense audience to the amphitheatre, who listened with interest during its delivery, which occupied eighty five minutes. W. H. S.

unknown. The forms of business that consume more life than anything else had hardly a beginning. To-day we have in this land 40,000 drummers—commercial travelers. [Slight laughter.] I am sorry to see somebody laugh at the term; it is your cousin, and my brother that you laugh at. Nights I have met them up and down the land in the last few years; I have taken up a good deal of a notion that they are the best end of the family, too. They come out of our families, active, enterprising young men; they have gone through our schools, then taken the scath and fever of our young life; at fifteen—sixteen they think the world is open and before them. You know, perhaps, the poor father and mother as bound by a bond, and they must help on to the utmost of life and do a man's work without a man's brain or a man's muscle. I do not often laugh at anything I see in an English newspaper; I think that as a rule by far the most solemn reading in the world is London Punch; but not long since I saw a cartoon in it that did make me laugh. It was entitled "How the American takes the ferry," and it represented a young man rushing down the ferry slip, his companion just behind him, taking a leap onto the departing boat, and as he did so crying out to his companion, "Come on, John, come on, John! Good Heavens! There is not another for nineteen seconds!"

I stood one day on the corner of Park Place and Broadway and watched the crowd rushing down to that great shuttle co k, the Elevated Railroad, that