

## MEMORIES OF

## Henry Ward Beecher.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

I first met Henry Ward Beecher on my own side of the Atlantic. I had met his sister, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, long before that—in the zenith of her fame after the publication of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' when she came over to England to be welcomed as a favored guest everywhere in English society. I was present, among the many people who stood to receive her—I being, of course, an unknown young man in the crowd—as she stepped on to the landing stage at Liverpool out of one of the ocean steamers of those far-distant days.

I well remember that among those who came to welcome her were Nathaniel Hawthorne, then American consul in Liverpool, and Mr. Justice Haliburton, the author of 'Sam Slick.' Nathaniel Hawthorne I had the happiness to meet now and then in Liverpool. I was then beginning my English career, and was connected with the first daily paper started in the north of England. Hawthorne was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. In his deep, dark, dreamy eyes there was a burning light which carried a positive fascination with it.

## Gladstone's Retort.

Haliburton, the author of 'Sam Slick,' is, I suppose, long forgotten by most people, and yet he had a curious streak of originality and even of genius in him. I do not quite know why Sam Slick should not be remembered as well as Sam Weller, and yet you see how it is! Haliburton got a seat in the House of Commons, and I can remember hearing him speak there more than once. I well remember that on one occasion he charged Mr. Gladstone with having caricatured some statement by somebody, and I very well indeed remember Mr. Gladstone's good-humoredly scornful reply to 'a charge of caricature coming from the author of 'Sam Slick.''

I first met Mr. Henry Ward Beecher in the office of the Morning Star newspaper in London. The Morning star, long since dead, was the organ of John Bright, and was devoted to the cause of the Federal government during the great American Civil War. Henry Ward Beecher came over to England to advocate the cause of the Northern States, and he naturally presented himself on his arrival in London at the offices of the Morning Star. It was arranged that he should address a great meeting in the famous Exeter Hall, in the Strand, London.

At that time public opinion was curiously divided in London on the subject of the American Civil War. What is called 'society' went, on the whole, for the South; the English democracy in London and out of it, unlettered and well-lettered, went for the North.

Exeter Hall, when Mr. Beecher entered it, was crowded to overflowing; in fact, a great overflow meeting had to be held in some other hall, while the general throng in the Strand had to be appeased by the addresses of various speakers from the steps of Exeter Hall.

But inside Exeter Hall the great difference of opinion which existed in England was curiously represented in the audience. A large number of those who had obtained seats were devoted advocates of the Southern cause.

I do not think Mr. Beecher had been quite prepared for this. I fancy he was at first under the impression that he was about to address an entirely sympathetic audience. A very few seconds satisfied him that he had a much more difficult task to deal with, and I never saw any man brace himself up more readily and more vigorously for an unexpected struggle.

## Great Speech in Exeter Hall.

I noticed a curious twinkle in his eye that seemed to mean business as he pulled himself together for the work. He threw off, to begin with, some magnificent sentences, as if to let the whole of his audience, unfriendly as well as friendly, know that he was a speaker worth listening to, whom it would be as well not to lose the chance of hearing, whether you agreed with him or whether you did not. His voice rang thrillingly through the great hall, and he accomplished his first purpose—he made his audience anxious to hear what he might have to say.

Then he began to show his gift of reply and of repartee. There are some great speakers who are utterly put out by interruption; there are other great speakers who are lifted and inspired to their very greatest by interruption. Mr. Beecher soon proved himself to be one of the latter class.

Every interrupting sentence brought back a reply, keen, sarcastic, rhetorical, crushing. In the course of his speech he said something about the religious feeling of the North. 'Religious feeling,' some one cried out, 'and war!' The meaning was obvious—you Northerners call yourselves religious and yet you carry on war. The reply came as the explosion of the gun powder follows the touch of fire.

'Religion and war!' Mr. Beecher called out; 'and what is the device on the national flag of England? Is it not the cross upon the field of blood?'

Before long Beecher had his audience with him. He did not, indeed, convert his opponents, but he reduced them to silence. They really wanted to catch all he said, and they knew that they could gain nothing by interruption. Therefore they let him alone and listened.

'I hope you were satisfied,' I said to him after the meeting.

'I should be very hard to please if I was not,' was his smiling reply.

Time went on and the war was over, and I next met Mr. Beecher in the United States. I took out some letters of introduction to him, and I went, very naturally to hear him preach in his church at Brooklyn.

I thought him then, and still think him one of the greatest popular preachers that I ever heard, although I did not become reconciled to the way in which he occasionally dealt with sacred subjects in the pulpit.

## A Distinguished Company.

I met him from time to time in New York, but he was not then very much given to making visits to New York, except to preach from some pulpit or speak from some platform. I have one very clear, one quite ineffaceable memory of his eloquence as an after-dinner speaker. There was a banquet given by the late Cyrus W. Field of New York to the commissioners sent out from England to make arrangements for the Alabama arbitration. The commissioners who came from England were Lord Ripon, a member of Mr. Gladstone's government; the late Lord Idelshire, then Sir Stafford Northcote; and the late Prof. Montague Bernard, a great authority on international law. The dinner took place at Delmonico's, the up-town establishment, and was very long. Cyrus Field endeavored to get it condensed, but the chief cook, in the true spirit of an artist, declared that he could not have the harmony of his banquet spoiled. So there was nothing for it but to sit out the courses—to 'fight the course,' as Macbeth would say.

Then came the speeches. My recollection of them is that they were solid and serious rather than lively or electric. I remember William Cullen Bryant, the poet making a very charming literary speech, but most of the orators discussed international business rather than international pleasure. Far down on the list of speakers came Henry Ward Beecher, who was to reply to some kindly sentiment about England and America.

The audience was pretty well wearied out. The English commissioners had never heard Mr. Beecher, and were, I believe, under the impression that he was sure to make a very long speech, and just then they would hardly have enjoyed a very long speech from Demosthenes.

Up rose the great preacher and enchanted the audience during ten resplendent minutes. Never did I hear more eloquence, more humor, more pathos, more common sense, more impassioned philanthropy put into an address, and all in ten minutes. Somehow it did not seem to be short, there was so much in it. The audience held their breath, fearing to lose a word of it. When the speaker broke the spell and sat down there was a positive reverberation of applause. Sir Stafford Northcote told me afterward that he had never known such a feat accomplished by an orator in so short a time before.

After a while I returned to London and remained there for many years. Later on I went to the United States once more, this time with a particular mission, and if I may say so, carrying a flag.

My purpose was the advocacy of Home Rule. At a meeting held in Brooklyn I saw Henry Ward Beecher for the last time. He had consented to speak at this meeting and to advocate the cause of Home Rule for Ireland.

We dined at the house of a friend in Brooklyn and Mr. Beecher was in high spirits and in capital talk. He told us many amusing anecdotes, and compelled some of

us to forget for the moment that we should have to make public speeches later.

The meeting took place, and Mr. Beecher delivered a most powerful and convincing speech, a very short speech, too. Then we parted, and I never saw him again.

## Beecher's Theories of Public Speaking.

Mr. Beecher had many theories about the art of public speaking and the way of managing an audience. He used to advise less experienced orators to begin in rather a low tone, so as to catch hold of the watchful attention of the meeting, and then, when that attention was secured, to let the voice go as far as it would.

I have heard other orators advise a man about to address a great meeting to begin with the full strength and clearness of his voice, so as to give the audience the comfort of knowing from the very first sentence that they would have no difficulty in following all he was likely to say. I do not know whether there are any theories really valuable in the art of oratory—really valuable, I mean, as applicable to all sorts of men.

I remember Mr. Beecher giving me some suggestions once as to this management of a great American public meeting, and I remember, too, that I felt constrained to reply: 'I am sure all that is quite right and quite practicable, if you could only endow me with your voice and your electric power and your superb control over masses of men.'

I take it that Beecher's method was the outgrowth and not the inspiration of Beecher's eloquence. I have heard speakers who on the whole fascinated me more than Mr. Beecher did.

I have heard speakers with whom I was more in what I may call artistic sympathy. John Bright was one of these, and Mr. Gladstone, and so also was Wendell Phillips. But I hold it among my most treasured experiences to have listened to some of Henry Ward Beecher's popular speeches.

## THEIR BELIEF IN CHRISTIANITY.

The Great Men of the Day Have a Firm Belief in It.

Two young men sat disputing one evening last June on the steps of their college dormitory. They were seniors, on the eve of graduation, and both were filled with the importance of their own views.

'I, for one,' said the younger, 'have no use for Christianity. It might do for savages, or even for the better class of Filipinos. If you believe in the trolley-car, you have outlived the tenets of Christ. Modern science has gone beyond them.'

His companion, the son of a clergyman, had almost lost his father's faith during his college career; yet he was not absolutely convinced of its worthlessness. 'A few great men still believe in Christ,' he ventured, mildly. 'His teachings have been the foundation of modern civilization.'

'Pooh!' sneered the younger man. 'Buddha paved the way for Christ, and Christ has built the foundation for a higher creed. I tell you, the men of the best intelligence in this country don't believe in Christianity.'

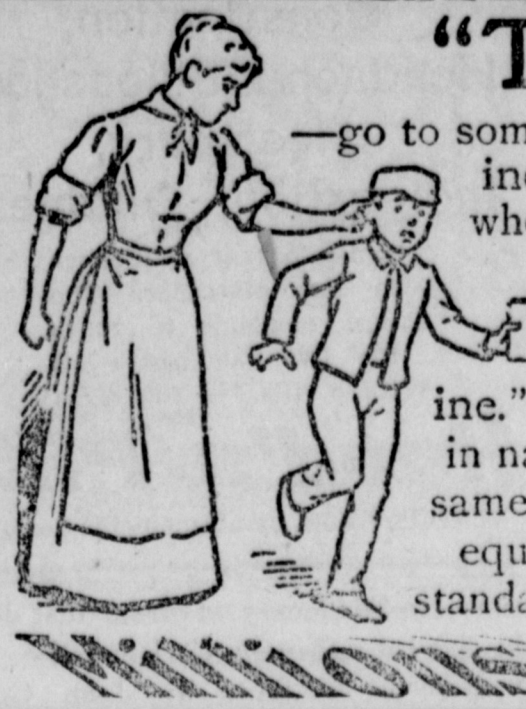
Is this a true statement? At any rate, it is not a new one, and it demands to be answered with facts, which are the most effective arguments. The Christian Herald recently addressed letters to the leading men of the nation, asking them if they were believers in Christ. Senators, ambassadors, sailors, soldiers and business men, eminent in their respective stations have responded. The following were some of the first to reply.

President McKinley wrote, 'My belief embraces the divinity of Christ and a recognition of Christianity as the mightiest factor in the world's civilization.'

Six cabinet ministers affirmed that they were firm believers in the transcendent value of Christianity. Three justices of the United States Supreme Court announced their belief in the Christian faith, Chief Justice Fuller being among the number. Every naval officer who was interrogated responded affirmatively. Admiral Sampson said, 'I claim to be a friend of Christianity. I was thus brought up and taught to believe. I have never had occasion to change my belief.' In fact, all the heroes of Santiago and Manila acknowledge allegiance to Christianity.

The army makes a remarkable showing. Miles, Shafter, Brooke, Flagler, Corbin, Sternberg, Breckinridge, Howard, and a host of other high officers explicitly declare their faith. The chief of engineers writes, 'I fully believe in the divinity of the Saviour and the surpassing potency of Christianity.'

The majority of the United States Senate uphold Christianity. The same may be said of the House. Senator Fillman of South Carolina thinks 'he would be a fool who should deny the beneficent influence of the Christian religion.' Senator Jones of Arkansas says, 'I am a firm believer in the Christian religion, in the immortality of the soul and in the beneficence and wisdom of an all-wise God, and but for



## "Take it back

—go to some grocer who will give you Pearl-line." That's the only way to do when they send you an imitation. The popularity of Pearl-line begets the habit of calling anything that's washing powder, "Pearl-line." Those who notice the difference in name, think perhaps "it's about the same thing." It isn't. Nothing else equals Pearl-line the original and standard washing compound.

this belief this life, in my opinion, would not be worth living.'

Marshall Field of Chicago and Mr. Wanamaker of Philadelphia are typical of the leading business men who believe in God. Nearly every university and college president is a representative for Christianity. The Chinese minister and the Russian ambassador recognize the 'potency of the Christian religion as a civilizing influence.'

When all the answers are in, it is thought that ninety-nine hundredths of those who represent the highest intelligence and success in this country will have declared their professed belief in Christ and in the principles taught by Him.

Such testimony ought not to be overlooked by the young men who think it a sign of cleverness to boast of unbelief. It is rather the sign of a mental condition less acceptable to conceit. Science to-day, in common with the eminent men whose names have been given, accepts as the strongest force in the moral development of the race, the influence of the marvellous life by which the fatherhood of God has been declared to men. Here science is not agnostic. In its own deliberate way it accepts the facts of Christianity and acknowledges its renovating power and its domination in modern civilization.

## A Pioneer's Story.

WILLIAM HEMSTREET'S HEALTH RENEWED AT SEVENTY.

He was Afflicted With Illness for a Long Period, and Thought His Days of Usefulness were Past—He is Again as Healthy and Robust as He was Twenty Years ago.

From the Free Press, Acton Ont.

No man is better known to the people of the counties of Halton and Wellington than William Hemstreet, a pioneer and much esteemed resident of Acton. Mr. Hemstreet is a native of this county, having been born in Trafalgar township in 1817. In his younger days Mr. Hemstreet conducted a tanning business. He subsequently engaged in the droving and butchering business and some twenty-five years ago, owing to his superior knowledge of the value of live stock, he took out a license as an auctioneer. In this calling he became at once popular and he was constantly on the road, driving in all kinds of weather, holding auction sales several days a week. Although possessing a strong, healthy constitution, the continued exposure and hard work of selling some days for six or eight hours at a stretch, he gradually lost his strength and vigor, and about three years ago found himself a collapsed and worn out man. In conversation with a reporter of the Free Press he said:—'I felt that my days of usefulness were over. My strength had departed, my voice was gone. I was too weak to do work of any kind and I was undeniably useless to myself or anyone else. My symptoms were peculiar and baffled several of the best local physicians, who differed very much in their diagnosis. I took their medicines faithfully but no improvement resulted. I did not suffer much pain but was a very sick man. Had no appetite, no strength, could not sleep, and both myself and my friends concluded that my days on earth were numbered and that my worn out system would in a very short time lie down in eternal rest. I had to give up all my business interests.'

When Mr. Hemstreet's condition was most serious his attention was attracted by the published testimonial of Rev. Mr. Freeman, a minister with whom he was personally acquainted, relating to his restoration to health after using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He was particularly impressed with the testimonial and concluded that these pills must possess singular merit and healing power or Rev. Mr. Freeman would not lend his name to their approbation. Mr. Hemstreet then decided to give them a trial; he first got one box, then three, then half a dozen, and took them regularly. No very marked effects, he says, were noticeable but with characteristic persistence he purchased a further supply. By the time twelve or thirteen boxes had been taken, he felt that new blood was coursing through his veins; that he possessed renewed vigor and was able to perform all the duties his business calls demanded. 'For a year I continued to take the pills' he said. 'I knew I was regaining my old strength and good health and I was determined the cure should be complete and permanent, and I give them the credit for making me the new man I feel myself to be today. As evidence that my recovery is complete I have only to state that this spring I have conducted a number of auction sales in the open air with perfect ease and with entire satisfaction to my clients.'

'I am as much averse to making person-

al matters public as any one could possibly be, but my long continued illness was so widely known and my recovery has been marked and satisfactory that I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to the simple but effective remedy which cured me, and this why I thus acknowledge it, as well as to show to those who are up in years and ill health what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving the nerves from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchased is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

It was Fierce for a Time But the Diver Finally Won.

Captain Conrad, a Canadian diver, was at work on the wreck of the fruit-ship Oteri, which had gone ashore on a coral reef near Rusan, Honduras. A new leak had developed, and it was necessary to stop it at once, although the hour was four in the afternoon. Captain Conrad called his assistants, and they anchored the diver's boat with the apparatus. On his way down, Conrad noticed the rare beauty of the translucent tropical waters, and the lovely color of the coral and the thousands of fish swimming about.

As he was getting near the point where the work was to be done, a long, dark arm shot across the face-glass of his helmet. He had been in tropical waters before, and knew the sign. It was the octopus—the real devil-fish, feared by all divers. He gave the danger signal, and was pulled up.

At the surface he considered the situation. The ship was leaking badly, and could not be left safely thus all night. He called for a heavy harpoon, and cut the handle, making a weapon about three feet long. Armed with this, he went down again to fight the octopus and stop the leak.

This time he did not notice the beauty of the translucent tropical water. Slowly he approached the spot where the octopus was hidden under the bilge of the vessel. As he approached, the creature moved from under the side of the vessel, gathering itself for the attack.

There were but four or five feet between the coral reef on which the vessel had grounded and her side at this point, and Conrad settled himself here for the battle. It was not slow in coming. The snake like creature extended one of its long arms. Conrad gave a quick thrust with his harpoon, but the devil-fish was quicker than he, and snatched away the arm.

Again the creature struck, this time touching Conrad on the hip: but on the instant it lost its arm, severed by a blow from the harpoon.

Then the fight began in earnest. The devil-fish tried to envelop the man in his several tentacles, and the diver kept slashing with the harpoon. He inflicted wounds enough to disconcert the creature and prevent it from enveloping him, but for some time none of the wounds were serious.

At last, just as the creature had come to alarming close quarters, he managed to drive the harpoon into a vital spot. When badly injured in the body, the cuttle-fish discharges a great quantity of dye, which colors the water a jet black. Instantly Conrad found himself in a mass of ink. He gave the signal, and was pulled up.

It took some time for the dye to clear away so that anything could be seen in the water. Then Conrad went down again. He did not have to renew the battle. The octopus was dead.

A CONVERTED PHYSICIAN.

With the Aid of South American Kidney Cure, Nurses His "Hopeless" Cases back to Health.

A prominent physician writes this of diabetes: "Personally until very recently I have never known an absolute cure." But this same physician says further that he has noted the wonderful work accomplished in patients of his by South American Kidney Cure; patients whom he has ceased to treat because in his estimation there was no cure and no hope. What a tribute this is to the medical genius in the compounding of this great remedy—this Kidney specific. It soothes, heals and cures the diseased parts. Does it quickly and permanently. Sold by E. C. Brown.

'Their married life seems to be perfectly happy.'

'Yes. He told her his mother never made anything fit to eat.'—Philadelphia Bulletin.