

and soul, it is the spirit which giveth life—not the form, the husk, the external, the letter which killeth.

What, then, is the history of our race? Those splendid savages, or half savages, who lived near Jutland, the only tribes in Central Europe which refused to bow the knee to Imperial Rome, the ancestors in blood of many, in democracy of, I hope, all of us, the Angle, the Saxon and Jute, ruled each man his own family. Their chiefs were not chosen by God, they were chosen by the people; the final authority rested with the people not with an irresponsible overlord, and the chief who did not satisfy the people was unfrocked as quickly as—nay much more quickly than—an American mayor. They were not troubled by constitutional limitations or hampered by charters which confined the election to certain particular days and certain particular months in certain particular years—the polls were always open in those days. They had a true, although an undeveloped and embryonic democracy.

Through all the welter of Saxon and Norman times, the spirit of democracy never died; even the iron Conqueror himself never conquered the independent Englishman. Through the times of the Plantagenet, the Lancastrian, the Yorkist and the Tudor, down to the time of the Stuarts, every now and then democracy manifested itself in some form or other. From John, the astute, wily and able king—(those make a great mistake who think King John was a fool: he was not a fool, but an exceedingly able king)—his subjects extorted a charter, the Great Charter which contains, as in solution, the principles of democracy, awaiting but the shock to become crystallized. The first Charles lost his head because he did not understand that the people were