

to a nation, to his own generation and to posterity. Men may admire the mis-directed, intellectual abilities of the impure man; the thinkers who allot places in the Temple of Fame to great men, will, with a sigh of sorrow, steer clear of his name. Character is a moral power as necessary to a public speaker as the indispensable accoutrements of genius and the holy fire that descends from Mt. Parnassus. Burke's career as a private and public man teaches us a most salutary lesson; it is a study that tells a story of conflict and victory. He was no favored child cradled in Fortune's lap. As he himself says: "I was not swaddled and rocked and dandled into a legislator. At every step of progress in my life (for at every step I was traversed and opposed) and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to show my passport. Otherwise no rank, no toleration even, for me."

"Burke, Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "is such a man that if you met him for the first time in the street, when you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that when you parted you would say: this is an extraordinary man." In the moment of triumph, he did not forget that he was born and educated on Irish soil; the student of Burke's speeches can easily see that he was essentially an Irishman—Irish as intensely, as the little school-boy who replied to the query of his master: "that the conquest of Ireland was begun in 1170 and is still going on."

Burke stands head and shoulders over any other of Westminster's long line of logical, philosophical orators and statesmen. He poured forth sentence upon sentence, "In the clear Saxon of that silver style." His clear, incisive, orotund periods weighted with rich treasure of golden thought are a positive cure for *ennui* brought on by the shapeless, unwieldy, meaningless mass of withered verbiage of the multitude of so-called "silver-

tongued" orators so common in our day; his masterly word-painting is ever as subservient to his brilliant ideas as the chaste setting to a flawless diamond. Read one of his peerless speeches, lay it aside and his epigrammatic, thought-laden sentences will linger lovingly in the delighted memory. Compare his high-spirited patriotic defence of American rights with the vapid, periodic vagaries of fire-eating, tail-twisting, stump speakers, who make the very stars in the standard of the "Land of the Free" refuse their light or the unicorn thank the fates that it leads only an imaginary existence and we can easily catch the full import of Anthony's memorable lament.

"O judgment thou art fled to british beasts,
And men have lost their reason."

Anyone who would be guilty of placing Burke in the same category as this horde of word-vendors, would be doubtless surprised, that the sickly rush light does not overshadow the brilliancy of the noonday Sun. Burke's oratory is the sweet, rippling music of the grand cathedral organ, played by a master hand, lifting the soul above its surroundings and bringing it in closer union with its God; our self-styled orators have the same effect upon us as the rattling clatter of the asthmatic hurdy-gurdy moaning for coppers and nickels, reminding us that we are earthy of the earth—money-making machines.

He, who would read Burke, must prepare his mind for a good, wholesome, intellectual dish, all literary hash must be laid aside; his mind must be freed from all mean fetters to soar to the highest realms reached by human reason; his imagination must ever be on the alert to follow, even at a distance, the brilliant flashes of the great Irishman's brain. He must trim the midnight lamp to guide him in his arduous labor of love. The usual evening's collation of too many young men—hare-brained, empty novels treating of impossibilities, dashed off and inflicted upon a long-suffering