

to tears or laughter by the marvelous ability of this magnetic speaker.

I knew something of the metal of Mr. Scarlett from our Sunset chats and felt that wonderful thrill of satisfied joy as I introduced him on that memorable First Whitman Night.

I do not remember what Mr. Scarlett's subject was, but he talked about the struggle women had had through the ages, told of the influence of the few fearless ones who championed Freedom's Cause, led on and up till he pictured an Idealistic Democracy worthy to represent the best thought of a civilization such as the world should soon be ready for.

I watched the faces of the company, I knew critics, highly cultured, yet anti-suffrage and anti-free thought were present, but I could soon see that the spell of that magic voice, the embodiment of love and kindness had gripped one and all.

The soft southern accent rose and fell in quiet musical cadence, compelling, insisting, inviting, convicting, on and on the tones getting richer and deeper, louder without losing any of the seductive melodious quality. Slashing hypocrisy, snobbery and envy without bitterness, but with brilliancy of diction and sparkling metaphor, ending with the Great Hope, the Great Faith, the Great Knowledge that fills and thrills one with an urge to be and to do.

Everyone had forgotten what "manner of being he was" so in tune were all with the Whitman Spirit of the speaker.

Webster once made a record breaking speech. Congratulations were being offered, when a young man was heard to ask: "Mr. Webster, how long were you preparing that speech." Webster thought a moment and then said: "About forty years." Great speeches are the result of life lived, of the subject being a part of the speaker, of character behind the words.

Other Whitman nights will come and go at Bon Echo, but the spell of that first night will linger long in my memory, becoming a part of me even as the beauty of the sunsets and the majesty of "Old Walt" has become a part of me.

"I speak the pass word Primeval  
I give the sign of Democracy."—Whitman.