

## JOHN McLOUGHLIN

is there of great-man-ism about him? He is not a statesman, for his hands are clean, his tongue is single, and self comes not always before duty. He is not a money magnate, for looking into his breast and then beyond the stars he sees some things more brightly fair, more worthy the attention of immortal mind than golden calves. He is not a divinity man, nor a conventional morality man; he teaches and preaches only as does a shining mark upon a hill-top beckoning pilgrims onward and upward; furthermore, he walks within no circle of tradition, and opens not his mouth with musty sayings to ears attuned to unreason and conventional hypocrisy. He is not a subsidy-seeking railway incorporator, nor a mine manipulator, nor an agitator; before any of these the unservile knee refuses to bend.

"I think of him as if present; and so he is, though he were dead this quarter century and more. I never saw him, and yet I see him; I never heard him, and yet he speaks to me now; I never grasped him hand, but I feel his presence, and am the better for it. The good that a man does lives after him, saith the seer; and in writing this volume, I have encountered few characters which stand out in such grand and majestic proportions. Few persons have done him justice. His life should be written by the recording angel and pillared at the crossing of the two chief highways of the universe. His fiery gentleness, his mild energy, his innate goodness and nobleness of heart, his magnanimity, his benevolence, his unfathomable integrity, and his clearness and firmness of intellect have all been told. Search these shores from Darien to Alaska and you find none such; take your books and study them from the coming of Europeans to your last municipal or State election, and you will discover no such person portrayed. His life though quiet and untrumpeted was full of glory; yet, like many another good man, his end was not a happy one, for in his old age he was caught in a web of legal technicalities which proved his winding-sheet.

"It was the sad ending of a long career of usefulness and benevolence. His record is one of which any man, however high or holy, might be proud. It is absolutely stainless, wholly noble; of how many of his judges can as much be said? Englishmen as well as Americans may blush for their treatment of him, for their heaping of sorrow upon his venerable head, for their lacerating of his pure and sensitive heart.

"But what shall I say of the poor wretches McLoughlin