

# The **P**ALIMPSEST

JANUARY 1934

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### THE PURPOSE OF THIS MAGAZINE

THE PALIMPSEST, issued monthly by the State Historical Society of Iowa, is devoted to the dissemination of Iowa History. Supplementing the other publications of this Society, it aims to present the materials of Iowa History in a form that is attractive and a style that is popular in the best sense—to the end that the story of our Commonwealth may be more widely read and cherished.

BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH

*Superintendent*

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### THE MEANING OF PALIMPSESTS

In early times palimpsests were parchments or other materials from which one or more writings had been erased to give room for later records. But the erasures were not always complete; and so it became the fascinating task of scholars not only to translate the later records but also to reconstruct the original writings by deciphering the dim fragments of letters partly erased and partly covered by subsequent texts.

The history of Iowa may be likened to a palimpsest which holds the records of successive generations. To decipher these records of the past, reconstruct them, and tell the stories which they contain is the task of those who write history.

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# THE PALIMPSEST

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Hope Glenn

The "Grand Closing Concert" of the Iowa State Normal Academy of Music was always an important occasion in Iowa City. During the five sessions that the Academy flourished from 1867 to 1871, it afforded unique social diversion for the young people who attended, as well as excellent musical training. But the public concert at the end of the six-weeks term was the climax upon which the efforts of the Academy and the interest of the community were concentrated. The Grand Concert on September 16, 1870, was no exception.

Long before the hour for the entertainment to begin, people were crowding into Market Hall on the southeast corner of Dubuque Street and Iowa Avenue. Their punctuality was generously rewarded. A varied program of choral selections, piano and violin solos, arias, cavatinas, and fanta-



sias was concluded with a rollicking "Laughing Trio" which sent the audience home in the best of spirits though the concert had lasted nearly three hours. But the principal feature of the long recital was Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*, "finely performed by a splendid chorus" of more than seventy voices. The most prominent parts of the oratorio were sung by instructors in the Academy, but two students — Miss Ida M. Kimball and Miss Hattie Glenn — were also honored with solo assignments.

In defiance of orders from Professor H. S. Perkins, head of the Academy, not to eat just before the concert, Hattie Glenn insisted on having her supper. Moreover, she wore a tight basque waist with bone stays and a corset similarly reinforced, contrary to the professor's injunctions. Nevertheless she seems to have acquitted herself with a very creditable performance. Indeed, she confirmed local opinion that with good training and experience she would some day be a prima donna.

To the boys and girls living in Iowa City sixty-five years ago, Harriet Hope Glenn was a jolly, carefree girl who participated in the normal exploits of youth. In her earlier years she had gone wading in Ralston Creek down by the railroad track near the old first ward schoolhouse. Later she joined her schoolmates in games of croquet on



the University campus and sometimes went boating on the Iowa River with the University boys. On one occasion, during music academy days, while riding her sorrel pony named Peanuts, she tore a big hole in her dress. And in that plight she appeared at the Academy quite unconcerned.

Hattie Glenn, as she was generally known, lived in Glenn Row, a group of two-story apartment houses owned by her father. Glenn Row, painted white and adorned with green shutters, was on the east side of Linn Street between Burlington and Court streets. But Mr. Glenn was not primarily a realtor. He had a hardware store on the northeast corner of Clinton and Washington streets.

Hattie was the second of four children: Adelaide, Harriet Hope, Carrie, and Robert. "They were a lovely, hospitable family — lively and full of fun. All of the children, with the exception of Carrie, were musically inclined. Both Addie and Hattie sang in the choir of the Presbyterian Church," when A. B. Cree was director. Hattie "was tall, rather plump, had light brown hair and rather small gray eyes", writes Mrs. Harriet A. Reno, a friend of schoolgirl days. "She was vivacious in manner and quite stunning in appearance." When she was "a very young girl she had a new brown suit and it was her desire to have a



pair of brown kid gloves to match that suit. At that time kid gloves were luxuries but I remember my joy in being able to give her a pair to match that wonderful suit and her joy in receiving them."

H. S. Perkins of the Music Academy lived in a Glenn Row apartment. That is how he happened to hear Hattie practicing her music lessons. Convinced that she had a voice worth developing, he invited her to enroll in his school. Her local success was so encouraging that her father was readily persuaded to send her first to Chicago for special instruction, then to Boston, and eventually abroad.

"The winter of 1875 found her in Paris, a hard working student who had come to succeed." Thence she went to Italy "where a new tongue and its vocalization must be acquired." She was introduced to Wartel by Marie Roze in 1875, with whom she studied about a year, as she did also with Mme. Viardot-Garcia. Then she went to Milan and finished with Lamperti.

In Europe, it is said, she thought she would rather be a pianist because she did not want to spend the time learning to sing. So she took piano lessons, until the instructor rapped her on the knuckles and she began to cry so hard she could not see to play. Her first impulse was to return



home, but she finally decided to remain in Europe and continue her vocal lessons.

Hope Glenn, as she was known in professional circles, made her operatic debut, her first appearance "beyond the guidance of teacher's hand", in Malta in 1879 when she sang as Pierotto in *Linda*. After singing in Milan, Florence, Paris, London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, she was chosen by Christine Nilsson, the Swedish opera singer, to tour with her as her principal support in England and America.

"She sang in 1882 with Mme. Nilsson in the principal cities between the two oceans, meeting her family for the first time in Pittsburgh, there crowning the laurel of fame with a father's blessing and the outpouring of a mother's boundless love."

It was in Pittsburgh that her family surprised her by their presence. As soon as she stepped on the stage she saw them lining the front seats and the "effect so unnerved her that for the first time in her life she nearly collapsed with stage fright."

In the fall of 1883 she returned to the United States and on this tour sang in Iowa City. Most popular in her repertoire were "The Last Dream", "You'd Better Ask Me", and the Scottish ballad "Caller Herrin". After several encores, to favor the enthusiastic approbation of her audience, she



placed "herself in comparison with the great Nilsson" in "Swanee River". "So sweet, so touching is the delicate pathos of the song", wrote one who heard her, "that we imperiously demand that again her labor shall be our pleasure." The Iowa City *Republican* observed that the character of the audience which greeted her return was best expressed by a thoughtful auditor who said, "if by some chance the Opera House and those who were in it last night had suddenly been blotted out, what would have remained of Iowa City?"

After the concert an informal reception was held at the Glenn home. The house was crowded, yet "without prompting or mistake" she recognized her old friends. For each there was a "cordial word of welcome and a clasp of the hand" from their "Queen of Song". Tom Jones was there — he who in their younger days in Iowa City had been one of a serenading quartet with George Smith, Hattie, and her sister Addie. Tom, who had also studied in Europe, was an ever-ready help in time of trouble. He deftly located mislaid articles as Hope fluttered about asking, "Tom, where's this?" and "Tom, where's that?" with the excitable French mannerisms she had acquired while abroad.

From Iowa City Miss Glenn went to New York City where she sang with Madame Nilsson.



Of the appearance there the New York *Tribune* commented, "The performances of Italian opera last night consisted of a repetition of 'Mignon' at the Metropolitan Opera House, and of 'La Sonnambula' at the Academy of Music. The largest and most brilliant audience was at the first-mentioned place where Madame Nilsson gave her admired impersonation of the stunted character which passes as Goethe's *Mignon*." Of Hope Glenn a New York correspondent said, "Her voice is one of the richest and sweetest of contraltos; so full of pathos one of our critics has rightfully spoken of it as a 'tearful voice.'"

In England she appeared chiefly in concerts and oratorios. When she sang in *The Messiah* at the Festival in Birmingham, the London *Times* declared that the week "has been, in every way, a brilliant success, and the town has been literally packed with people. The solos of Hope Glenn were rendered in grand style. She is our favorite festival singer."

Again the New York correspondent wrote, "Another lady is stirring the very souls of the music-lovers of London . . . During the fashionable season of London, Hope Glenn was the darling of London's most aristocratic and refined circles. A prevailing luxurious elegance demands that the hostess provide the very best of musical



attractions at her evening entertainment, and Miss Glenn became the charm of many a noble and notable gathering."

Hope Glenn married Richard Augustine Heard, son of one of Boston's oldest families, at a ceremony held at St. James Place in London. She was given in marriage by Arthur Seymour Sullivan, who, with his friend Gilbert, the librettist, produced the famous Gilbert and Sullivan light operas,

Her marriage, however, did not prove to be happy. Deserted after some years, she was thrown upon her own resources for support. Her concert days were over. In middle age she began maintaining herself by teaching music.

"Addie told me", said a friend, "that Hope's separation from her husband seemed to have killed her aspiration for the career she had planned. This was, of course, a great disappointment to all her family who had done so much to aid her preparation for that career."

From her home in London, Hope occasionally came to the United States to visit her sisters and brother who for the sake of their father's health had moved to Atlanta, Georgia. There Adelaide and Carrie had purchased a row of apartment houses which they rented to single men only. They called them the "Pickwick Apartments" af-



ter the Pickwick Club in Dickens's novel. But when the World War began, many of the Pickwickians enlisted and left the apartments vacant. Then married soldiers, seeking a place for their wives, applied at the Glenn apartments. And so the male seclusion was invaded. Presently a floor was devoted to married couples, and with them came the inevitable babies. The Pickwick Apartments became an anomaly.

At Atlanta, Hope Glenn liked to sit under the orange trees and pick the blossoms, which she would wind in wreathes about her head, and eat the fruit till she was satisfied. But eventually she always returned to London where her sisters sent her money for support, since she was no longer singing.

After the death of their mother, Addie and Carrie took one of the Pickwick Apartments. There Carrie died in 1921, and Addie two years later. The estate was divided between Hope and her brother in Oakland, California.

Hope Glenn witnessed a musical revolution during her lifetime. Her career went back to the days when queens sought musicians' favor and when Gilbert and Sullivan were crowding the theater with their operas; and forward to the time of jazz tunes over the radio.

LAURA JEPSEN



## Across the Mississippi

Crossing the Mississippi River was a serious problem for the pioneers who came to Iowa before bridges spanned the stream. Railroads and highways alike ended abruptly on the east bank. Some of those first settlers, like one of our early Governors, probably recalled the then-familiar hymn:

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood  
While Jordan rolled between.

But the Mississippi was so much wider than the Jordan!

Thousands of immigrants who came before the seventies entered the promised land of Iowa by means of ferries. The steamboat companies and ferrymen were bitterly opposed to the construction of bridges across the Father of Waters. The company that built the Rock Island Railroad bridge at Davenport was involved in litigation for several years. And those test cases were all the more notable on account of the participation of Abraham Lincoln as counsel and dramatic because of the wreck of the *Effie Afton*. But scarcely less de-



terminated was the opposition to bridging the river between Dunleith (East Dubuque) and Dubuque. The railroad bridge was opened for traffic in December, 1868.

W. K. Ackerman, an early president of the Illinois Central Railroad, referring to the land grant in aid of the construction of the road, remarked that the provision extending the line to Dubuque was singular in as much as "it assumed that a bridge was to be constructed across the Mississippi from Dunleith to Dubuque . . . but made no requirement as to its construction."

In point of fact, the bridge was not built until thirteen years after the railroad reached the Mississippi. In 1868, after persistent opposition, it was built upon the authority of a separate charter by the Dubuque and Dunleith Bridge Company. In the meantime the Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad had been constructed westward. In 1867 it extended as far as Iowa Falls and this track was leased by the Illinois Central for twenty years. In the absence of a bridge to connect the two lines, a ferry served for transportation in open weather, the ice for the rest of the year.

Nearly two years before the bridge was open, my mother on her way to Iowa encountered the inconvenience and danger of crossing the river just as the ice was going out. Many of the immigrants



who came to Dubuque by rail between 1855 and the late sixties must have had similar experiences.

Father, Reverend L. N. Call, was one of the ministers whom the home missionary societies of various denominations were sending out to care for the spiritual welfare of the settlers pouring into this region after the Civil War. He had been directed to Franklin County where there were no church buildings, no railroads, and only sketchy wagon roads. There he arrived in February, 1867, and mother followed with her four children, the oldest not quite eleven, early in March.

Having bought her tickets from Chicago to Ackley, the nearest point to Hampton which was her destination, she had no thought of any difficulty until, as the train rolled on toward Iowa, she heard the conductor express misgivings as to whether the ice would hold if the mist turned to rain. His fears were justified. When the passengers alighted at Dunleith, they were told by local officials that the ice was cracking, growing unsafe, and no more teams could cross. In fact the ice had already broken away from the Iowa side and flatboats were carrying the latest travellers across the thirty or forty feet of water.

Poor mother! With four tired children and not too much money! She saw some men carrying their bags, walking toward the river. At once she



asked where they were going and was told that they intended to walk across, but that it was a very risky thing to do. Mother hesitated just a moment. She knew that father would be waiting for her at Ackley; but should she take the risk? Then she inquired, "How long do you suppose it will be before the ferry could run?"

"No one knows. If it freezes up there will be ice; if it rains to-night there will be water."

Mother decided to cross with the others. "If some one can be found to carry the big bag," she declared, "the children will help me and I will carry the little one."

At first the agent would not hear of it, wouldn't have anything to do with it. But mother was so brave and determined that finally a man went along to help and the little procession started across the ice, though against the protests of the officials. Mother carried Myra, my brother David was loaded with bags, my sister Leona with the big lunch basket, and I was told to "try to keep up".

I can see yet, as in a dream, that great expanse of gray ice. Even then it was cracking, and as we went on there was a low grinding sound, which was even more alarming, mother said afterward, though I noticed none of this. I do remember being worried because the guide kept calling,



"String out! String out!" and I didn't know how to string out!

Others were crossing at the same time and we were constantly warned not to crowd together or we would break through. Mother who, with all her burdens, was clipping along with the rest would call out cheering and encouraging me to come along. I don't think she had realized how wide the river was, how far the distant shore.

The sounds of the cracking ice grew more ominous; all quickened their pace, walking as lightly as possible. Then one of the men whose kindness we never forgot, noticing that I was obviously unequal to the occasion, said that if one of the others would take his small bag, he would carry the little girl. Oh what a relief to mother! And what an ordeal for me, for my benefactor was wearing one of the great travelling shawls not uncommon in those days (I remember reading that Lincoln sometimes wore one), and the large pin that held it jabbed me cruelly as we hurried along.

After what seemed like a very long time we reached the end of the ice and, walking tremblingly along the boards laid down to protect the crumbling edges, one after another we stepped into the boat. There's the dim memory of the confusion, the loud commands, the swift black water crumbling the ice away; then a sudden shouting



and they said a man, a few rods back, had broken through and was clinging desperately while others were hurrying with long boards to shove along the ice toward him.

Much of this I heard afterward till I seem to remember some of these things myself. But at the time I was cold and greatly disturbed because the dirty water in the bottom of the boat was spoiling my new shoes.

As one by one we reached the muddy bank, just for one moment mother gathered us to her with feelings that can be imagined, then hurried us away to the train that was waiting to carry us to our new home.

That night the ice went out.

Once in after years, when we recalled that day, as we did many times, my brother (then the professor of Greek at the University of Iowa) told what dismay filled his boyish heart as he saw mother's determinedly-cheerful face growing pale as we hurried across that treacherous ice, and he asked her what she was thinking during that anxious hour. Mother waited a minute, then said, "I was thinking of your father and all he had been writing about you children growing up in Iowa."

Dear mother! She couldn't know how the lives of her family were to be bound up for years to come with the development of this new State and



its institutions; what pride they would feel in its beauty and fertility and literacy; how deeply interested they would be in helping to maintain civic, educational, and moral standards that would make Iowa, indeed, that "better country" of which pioneers like father and mother dreamed.

MRS. FRANCIS E. WHITLEY



## Harlan's Defense of Grant

Few statesmen have served longer terms or rendered more renowned service in the United States Senate than Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, and few Senators have been more eloquent or more influential than Carl Schurz of Missouri. On one notable occasion, however, both Sumner and Schurz bowed in defeat before the invincible arguments of Senator James Harlan of Iowa. It was on the occasion of Harlan's defense of President Ulysses S. Grant.

When Grant became President he was confronted with the question of annexing the Dominican Republic to the United States. His predecessor had recommended it, but a congressional resolution of annexation had been defeated. President Grant was favorably disposed to the project but before officially adopting that policy he sent Orville E. Babcock as his confidential agent to the island to make further investigations and to report to the administration. Babcock, intent upon acquiring the new territory, negotiated a treaty of annexation. He reported that conditions in the island were deplorable and that either annexation or intervention by the United States was inevita-



ble. Grant sent the treaty to the Senate with an urgent request for consent to ratification. Meanwhile he instructed naval officers to maintain peace in Santo Domingo and if necessary to repel any invasion by a foreign power.

In the Senate, however, the treaty met vigorous opposition by a powerful political faction. Hoping to secure consideration of annexation on its merits, he called upon Senator Sumner, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and asked him to support the treaty. Sumner, apparently unprepared for such a direct pledge, replied that he was an administration man and would give the question his "careful and candid consideration". The President understood this equivocal statement to mean that the Senator would work for annexation. When the treaty came up for adoption, however, Sumner led the fight against it, and the treaty was decisively rejected.

But Grant would not let the matter rest. He was convinced that annexation would rescue the island from political anarchy, lead to the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, promote American trade, and confirm the Monroe Doctrine. In his annual message to Congress in December, 1870, he proposed that a competent commission be appointed to investigate the advisability of acquiring Santo Domingo, and if the report were



favorable he suggested that the country be annexed by a joint resolution of Congress. Three remarkably able commissioners were appointed. Thus President Grant sought vindication.

Sumner knew it and flew into a rage. His opposition to the methods of conducting relations with the Dominicans and his resentment at being denied spokesmanship in foreign affairs, combined with his natural intolerance, had developed into an obsession. Up to this time he had not attacked the President in open debate, but on December 21, 1870, he took the floor to vent his spleen against the administration in a speech he chose to call "Naboth's Vineyard". "The resolution commits Congress to a dance of blood", he declared. In a "bitter and excited" manner he denounced the President's imperialistic policy in such intemperate language that his best friends were grieved.

When the new Congress was organized in March, 1871, Sumner was deposed from his chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Thenceforth he assailed the administration at every opportunity and his vehement denunciation inspired criticism by others. On March 28th, in a carefully prepared speech, Senator Sumner again attacked Grant for his alleged intervention in Santo Domingo and proposed official censure. "On evidence now before the Senate", he said, "it



is plain that the Navy of the United States acting under orders from Washington has been engaged in measures of violence and of belligerent intervention, being war, without the authority of Congress."

"It is difficult", he continued, "to see how we can condemn with proper whole-hearted reprobation our own domestic Ku Klux with its fearful outrages while the President puts himself at the head of a powerful and costly Ku Klux operating abroad in defiance of international law and the Constitution of the United States." Such a case, he declared, could not pass by without inquiry. "It is too grave for silence." Accordingly, for the sake of the Navy, "which has been the agent", for the sake of the administration, "under which the Navy acted", for the sake of republican institutions, "which suffer when the great Republic makes itself a pattern of violence", and for the sake of the Republican party, "which cannot afford to become responsible for such conduct", the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts contended that the case should be examined on the facts and the law, and in the light of precedent "so far as precedent holds the torch".

Thereupon, he contended with great fervor that the President had grossly erred in sending ships into a foreign port without authorization by Con-



gress. So strong were the arguments presented that a New York newspaper declared "Mr. Sumner makes out a case for impeachment of a much more serious nature than that worked up against President Johnson".

Following this long and critical speech by the able Senator from Massachusetts, his distinguished colleague from Missouri addressed the Senate in much the same tenor and with equal eloquence. He paid high tribute to Grant as a military leader, but argued that the President had failed in civil life, and in this instance had greatly exceeded his authority as Chief Executive, much to the disadvantage of his party and to the embarrassment of the entire nation.

With a display of unusual eloquence, he compared the President to the Duke of Wellington. No man, he said, has given so much glory to the arms of old England as has the Duke, "yet all that glory could not protect his windows against the stones thrown by multitudes of indignant citizens when, as a minister he had forfeited the favor of the people." The vote of the House of Commons, which drove him from power, the speaker continued, "did not wipe out the glories of the Peninsular campaign nor dim the luster of Waterloo".

In like manner, he contended that a disapproval



of the presidential act of General Grant "will not encroach upon our appreciation of the capture of Vicksburg and the victory of Richmond". But, he declared, "the laurels of Vicksburg and Richmond cannot make his acts now under discussion constitutional, nor can they turn a presidential blunder into an act of wisdom".

In the face of such a barrage of eloquence and logic centered against the President, any defense program seemed to be almost useless. There was a hurried conference, however, and it was decided that James Harlan should lead the defense forces. If he was to speak, it must be at the next morning's session. As in the case of Webster's reply to Hayne, the speaker had but a single night "to sleep upon his speech". But that proved to be sufficient. On the following day, March 29, 1871, Senator Harlan presented his defense of the President in such a masterly and forceful manner that both Sumner and Schurz were forced from their positions of attack, and the contention that the President had committed an offense, so gross as to warrant impeachment, was dispelled.

After paying tribute to the ability of the venerable Senator from Massachusetts and to his able supporter from Missouri, Senator Harlan proceeded to examine the charges made against the President. "You may travel through these long



columns of extracts and comments which required several hours for their delivery," he said, "and you will find the whole case stated in that brief sentence, that the President instructed the officers of the Navy to maintain the peace in Dominica within the limits of that republic, and if need be, to repel foreign invasion during the pending of the treaties."

In the opinion of Harlan, there was nothing in these instructions to justify the charge of belligerent intervention. Moreover, no act of hostility or force had been committed. Thus the issues were clearly joined. The two Senators maintained that the President "had no right to use force to protect the existing Government with which we were at the time in incipient treaty relations". On the other hand, there were other Senators "equally learned" who believed that the President might thus protect the territory, which it seemed the United States might soon acquire. It was a nice question, and one upon which the destiny of men and the welfare of a nation was at that moment pending. Fortunately, no act of violence had resulted from the intervention.

As the debate proceeded Senator Sumner interrupted to say that the real cause for denouncing the President was that he had seized the power to declare war, which belongs to Congress. Mr.



Harlan admitted that the Constitution gives to Congress the power to declare war, but he contended that it did not clothe Congress with the additional power to deal with those matters which might precede an actual declaration of war.

"Wars against the Indian tribes", he reminded his opponents, "have been carried on in this country, year after year, from the days of General Washington down to the days of General Grant. Armies are marched into field, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and pitched battles are fought; and yet I doubt if you can find, during our whole national history, one instance of a formal declaration of war by Congress against an Indian tribe."

As further illustrations of the exercise of war power, Senator Harlan declared that an army had been marched into Utah to suppress an armed force, without a declaration of war; that the first great battle of the Mexican War was fought before Congress took notice of our controversy with Mexico; and that even in the Civil War hostilities were begun in a manner not specifically provided for in the Constitution.

After a display of repartee and witticism, indulged in by various members of the Senate, Sumner again interrupted to say that "Everybody . . . recognizes the right of national defense." Thereupon Mr. Harlan replied: "I expected to



drive both Senators from their position before I closed. I had not expected them to yield so early in the discussion."

At that point Senator John Sherman of Ohio gained the floor to request that the Senator from Iowa be given at least the same courtesy that had been extended the other two Senators. For, he said, "I think, with a single remark or two, he has probably exploded most of their speeches, and I should like to hear him go on."

Having completed his array of arguments in support of the President's action, and having cited various cases of precedent for such action, Senator Harlan turned his attention to a consideration of the motives which animated the attack upon the President. He deprecated the whole discussion as one which had obviously been instituted for political purposes. With consummate skill and adroitness, he presented the view that certain politicians were willing that Grant should receive full glory for the victories of his military career, but they wished to rob him as President of the confidence of the American people. They were endeavoring, he said, to place either themselves or a friend in the executive chair. Moreover, it was charged that Senator Schurz had quarreled with the President because a few postmasters in Missouri were appointed without his approval.



At that point in the debate Senator Schurz sprang to his feet with an emphatic denial of the obvious assumption that "the appointment of a few postmasters" would in any way influence his course in so important a matter as that now under consideration. Senator Harlan retorted: "Mr. President, the honorable Senator leaps to a conclusion that I have not stated . . . Without the patience to wait till I drew my conclusion, he drew a conclusion for himself, a conclusion, I doubt not, that has been drawn long since by a majority of the American people."

The Senator from Iowa explained that he would not attribute to the Senator from Missouri, or indeed, to any Senator, "a consciousness of being influenced by any such consideration". He expressed a doubt, however, that Mr. Schurz "is any nearer infallible than other men of equal culture, rank, and learning". And he thought it barely possible that the Senator's judgment "might be warped a hair's breadth" by a feeling of personal unkindness, "without his being conscious of it or feeling degraded by it".

Harlan then took the position that the two opposing Senators had "testified before the Senate, rather than debated". They had testified "with great eloquence", he said, and had "given it as their opinion that President Grant is a worse man,



more worthy of impeachment than Andy Johnson because they have found, after a year's perusal of documents, that he instructed some naval officer to make a threat of the use of force if our inchoate rights in the island of San Domingo should be interfered with either by rebels or by a foreign force."

Then Harlan advanced one step further and asked a series of pertinent questions. "Has any crime been committed", he inquired, "have anybody's rights been trampled under foot, has anybody's life, liberty, or property been sacrificed by the President of the United States?" Whether an erroneous interpretation of international law may have been entertained at the State Department or by the President he believed was of but little consequence in a matter as grave as this. Accordingly, he moved that the resolution of investigation which had provoked this discussion be laid on the table, and the motion was carried by a vote of thirty-nine to sixteen.

The defense speech was widely heralded as a conspicuous success. The *New York Times* declared that Harlan was "effective beyond expectation" when he took the floor. "He pinned the cause and the object of the speeches so fast to their authors that the attempt to escape was futile". A Des Moines editor declared: "Senator



Sumner made shipwreck of his ill-advised and ill-starred expedition against President Grant and the Republican party". His first campaign, the editor continued, "closed with remarked discredit to himself," and his three weeks of "battle and bushwhacking" were brought to a sudden end by the masterly speech of Senator Harlan and by the passage of the motion that the "resolution in arraignment of Grant" be laid upon the table.

This salient victory of Senator Harlan was greeted by the friends of the President with great enthusiasm. While the speaker was concluding the debate, a crowd of Congressmen and others, filling the Senate Chamber, pressed forward "until General Sherman, rigidly erect, his arms folded, his wonderful, eagle eye flashing and gleaming as if in battle, stood but a yard away from Mr. Harlan watching him intently." The moment it was over, Sherman was gone. Zachariah Chandler, Senator from Michigan and later Secretary of the Interior in Grant's Cabinet, called a cab and drove rapidly to the Executive Mansion. But "Old Tecumseh" was there just ahead of him and, "bouncing upstairs and into the President's room, the delighted General shouted: 'Grant, Harlan's done it! He knocked them this way, and he knocked them that way!' " With eloquent gesticulation the General swung out each arm in suc-



cession, illustrating how the Iowa Senator had struck down the arguments advanced by his opponents.

In the years preceding the Civil War Senator Harlan had established an enviable reputation as a master of the forensic arts, but in his post-bellum career none of his oratorical efforts surpassed his defense of President Grant. In his own words, two eminent Senators had testified before the Senate "with great eloquence". But there are times when eloquence is placed in the balance against justice and right, and is found wanting. Harlan was pleading what he believed to be a just cause, and in the pleading of that cause he won a signal victory.

Just a week later the report of the Santo Domingo Commission was transmitted to the Senate. After a remarkably searching and impartial investigation they sustained Grant's action in the strongest possible terms. The President regarded the report as complete repudiation of the charges of corruption made against him, and shifted the responsibility for any further action to the Senate. And so the question of Dominican annexation was indefinitely postponed.

J. A. SWISHER



## Comment by the Editor

### *THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE PRESENT*

History may be regarded as a continual process of converging and diverging forces. Before every event is a long sequence of causal factors. Some trivial circumstance may alter the course of great events; and yet whatever does transpire is inevitably conditioned by its antecedents. James Harlan was not predestined to defend the policies of President Grant, but in the background of his career may be found the causes of his action. From myriad influences of heredity and environment emerged the musical talent of Hope Glenn. And who can estimate the consequences of the settlement of Iowa by people who hoped to found a Commonwealth in which their children would be proud to live. Between the diversity of causes and effects is an interval of unity in person, time, and place.

Any particular moment and place may be a focal point in history. Innumerable trains of events extending far into the past culminate in a particular episode or condition. And each situation becomes in turn a dynamic impulse which generates a multitude of forces. That the causa-



tion of human conduct is multiple seems no more axiomatic than that many consequences flow from a single circumstance.

Indeed, the course of history is a manifold repetition of the biological process. Countless ancestors produce the individual whose progeny multiply through endless generations. In a comparable phenomenon the roots of a tree merge into the trunk and the trunk divides into branches and twigs. Lines coming from infinity meet at a point and extend on into infinity. Rays of light passing through the lens of the eye create an image of an object which engenders comprehension of things that are and are to be. Men reason both inductively and deductively.

Is this eternal striving to realize the particular from the general and to generalize from the particular a universal formula? Then there is no ultimate end. Does history prove this secret of creation?

J. E. B.



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