

*Notes*, chap. xviii.). In Dickens's name I once told this anecdote to a learned German, who replied in the spirit of the renowned German candor, and in his own name, bringing his hand down upon the table with an emphasis that made the glasses ring, "That word 'smart' will break America's neck yet, unless you break the word's neck." [Applause and laughter.]

Every gentleman's political sympathies I wish to treat always with as much respect as I treat my own; but as to my own I say, Perish my political party, if it succeeds by fraud! [Much applause.]

We are suddenly entering, in our hundredth year, upon an as yet almost unnoticed, but subtly suggestive exhibition of one great weakness in our political system; namely, that, in close elections, gigantic political spoils tempt to gigantic political frauds. In presence of Centennial guests we are now in the midst of a war of affidavits; and it appears that the combatants are about equally able. [Laughter.] It is no empty sign of our times that contestants for political primacy in a territory greater than Cæsar ever ruled over cannot satisfy each other that each means to be fair. The far-seeing, fateful Muse of history, holding her pen in readiness to record what is yet to be in America, and looking on the present and coming size and fatness of party political spoils in the United States, whispers to our people anxiously the words of Shakspeare's Coriolanus: —